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THE
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. XIII.]

MARCH, 1878.

[No 3.

SUCH A GOOD MAN.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

Authors of 'Ready-Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE AWAKING.

THE guests were gone.

"Good-night, uncle."

"Good-night, Rose. Stay. I want to speak to you—no—no." A sudden pang touched Sir Jacob's heart. He could not tell her that night. By a certain instinct he knew that Rose and John Gower were of natures so opposed that she could never accept him willingly. Perhaps he suspected something of the real case as regards Julian Carteret. And the girl was so bright and animated that night with the glow of new-born happiness on her cheeks that her uncle shrank from spoiling the sleep of happy us which she would have.

Good-night, Mrs. Sampson."

He was left alone in his big drawing-room. He looked around it with a sigh of relief. Had he then been so near, so very near, the losing all these things? There were the portfolios of water-colour drawings, each worth a thousand pounds. There were the pictures, all of which he fondly believed to be genuine, which he had hung upon the walls; there was the furniture, not ostentatious, but costly; above all there was the

pride of possession, the feeling as he trod on the soft thick carpet that all this was his own, and going to remain his own. As he passed down the stairs to his study an unwonted shudder came upon him, a strange sense of past peril and providential rescue. He had had an uneasy dream as if he was to lose everything, and now that the dream had passed away the recollection was left behind, a painful memory. He would go into the study and have a glass of brandy-and-water with another cigar. He carried in his hands the specifications of the patent and laid them on the table, smoothing them tenderly with something like emotion in his eyes. These papers, these simple drawings, had they come a day later, they would not have been able to save him from destruction. Had they come a week or two earlier, he might have felt strong enough to refuse the young man's terms, if only as a punishment for his audacity. They came not a day too soon, nor a day too late. Was not this, he thought, a special and manifest interposition of Providence? Was it not by a miracle, visible only to himself and to Reuben Gower, that this arm should be stretched out to save when the waters were fast closing over his drowning head? He thought of his great

speech on charity at the Hammerers' dinner, on the leading articles it had called forth, on the great Good it was doing, on his career as a philanthropist and Christian advocate, and he felt that it was more than probable—it was certain—and it was deserved. The brandy-and-water, not weak but strong, and the cigar strengthened and intensified this feeling. For whom should special miracles be wrought, if not for the man who does Good? Who should look for the interposition of Providence but a man like himself? Was he not regarded by the whole of the religious and benevolent world as a pillar and a prop? Was he not, in reality, a pillar and a prop? Why, but for his speeches, for his advocacy, for his eloquence, for his practical advice, how many societies and institutions must have gone lame and halt? A miracle, a special miracle, wrought in these latter days for the behoof of a good man. It was deserved.

A happy night for all. Rose in her room, her cheek on the pillow, her eyes closed, dreaming of the sweetness of newly-born love; Mrs. Sampson dwelling on the comforts of a home and a husband, and wondering perhaps whether Henry Bodkin after all would turn out quite what she once expected and hoped of him; Sir Jacob himself, full of old port, brandy-and-water, good cigars, and a happy conscience, giving melodious expression to a calm and blissful sleep, trumpeting forth his praises for a special Interposition. A happy night for all.

But, for one, a sad awakening.

It was after breakfast that Sir Jacob, who was early, told Rose that he had something important to say.

He would see her in the study, where, he reflected, he could sit with much greater dignity at his own table and before his papers than in the breakfast-room. The room was large, like all the rooms in his house, and furnished on all sides with books. Their titles were on their backs, like invitations to come and read them; but no one ever touched the books in Sir Jacob's library, not even their owner. The great contractor was not a man of books, save when he was looking up some point in machinery, when he wanted books of reference. All the imaginative part of literature was foreign to his experience and his sympathies. He cared for neither history, poetry, nor fiction. He never read. If he sat alone all the evening, as he

frequently did, his cigar was his only companion, except perhaps a note-book or a pencil and a sheet of paper. For when Sir Jacob was alone he had plenty to think about. To make speeches on a platform, to preside at a meeting, to be a great man at a City dinner, these were the recreations which unbent his mind and set up his nerves, as a run among the mountains, or a month by the sea-side with a few dozen novels, sets up the nerves of other men. There was a massive mahogany table with leather cover, on which were his own papers. There was another table covered with big portfolios of maps. There were more portfolios on stands, and there were more on chairs. He sat, for his own part, in a wooden chair, with wooden arms, black with long use, and in this position, half turned from the table, as if his business with his visitor was of the most trifling nature compared with that in the paper which lay before him, he showed a presence of surpassing dignity.

"Sit down, my dear Rose," he began blandly, "or if you would prefer standing, come a little nearer. I want to speak to you seriously about a matter which deeply concerns your own happiness."

"Yes, uncle." Had Julian already spoken?

"You are now nineteen, an age when some girls are already married. It is almost time to talk about things, is it not? That is, as I have a definite proposal to lay before you, I think it is not premature. Not, my dear child, that I am anxious for you to leave me, and your departure will very likely be followed by the break up of my house, which will be dull indeed after you are gone.

"My departure?" Julian *must* have spoken to him already.

"I have a proposal, Rose, for your hand, of which I beg your very careful and—and—Prayerful consideration. It is from a young man not a great deal older than yourself, who will be rich—perhaps very rich, as the world speaks of wealth. He has long loved you, he tells me. I have known him for many years, say from infancy, and know his life, in the midst of the usual temptations which beset the young, to have been everything that one could desire. He has not yet, it is true, acquired those just ideas on charitable and benevolent responsibilities which should always attach to the rich; but that will doubtless come. He presses for an

immediate answer. What do you say, Rose?"

"But who is it? You have not told me his name." As if there was any reason to ask: as if every word in Sir Jacob's description did not apply exactly to Julian Carteret—*young—rich—life in midst of temptations.* And then, there could be no one else.

"Who is it, uncle?" She was blushing, but she was happy, and her happiness showed itself in her eyes.

"The son of my secretary and an old school friend, John Gower—what is the matter, Rose?"

For in a moment the light went out of her eyes and the sunshine out of her face.

"John Gower," she cried as if struck with some heavy blow.

"John Gower," Sir Jacob repeated slowly. "Is that name one you did not expect?"

"But I cannot marry him," she began. "Oh, uncle, I am so sorry."

"Why not? Not marry John Gower? And why are you sorry?"

"Because—because Julian Carteret asked me yesterday to be his wife, and I consented; and I thought he had been already talking to you about it."

"Julian Carteret has proposed to you? And without my sanction? Is that possible?" Sir Jacob spoke as if all love-making was carried on with the previous permission of parents and guardians, and that no one tells a pretty girl how very nice she is without first going to her papa. "Without my sanction! I could not have believed this possible in my ward, Julian Carteret. And only yesterday!" As if that fact enhanced the wickedness of the proceeding enormously. "I am to understand that you, to whom I have been, for the last seven years a second father, to whom you owe everything in the world, have actually—ACTUALLY—promised yourself to a man clandestinely and without consulting me? Is this possible?" He looked around as if the walls were listening, and would echo his surprise.

"Not quite that, my dear uncle," said Rose gently. "Julian was to speak to you immediately. It depends upon your consent."

"Then understand," said Sir Jacob firmly, "that under no circumstances will my consent be given—under—no—circumstances."

"Why not?" Rose asked. She was gentle as a gazelle on ordinary occasions, but now

she was hurt and angry. "He is always here, with your permission. You have allowed him to come when he pleases, and stay as long as he likes. If you had any objections, why did you not warn him or me beforehand?"

"I give no reasons. That is my answer. And now, Rose, your answer, please, to John Gower."

"I said I could not marry him," she said. "That is my answer." Something of the North Country pluck mantled to her cheeks. "You can be cruel and unreasoning. I will be unreasoning, if I am not cruel. And if I am not to marry Julian I will never marry John Gower."

"This from the girl I have taken to my heart," sighed her uncle gently. "Rose, are you yourself? are you in your right mind?"

"I am both. I will not marry John Gower. I thank you for all you have done for me; but if you insist on—on *that*—I will accept no more from you and go away."

"With Julian?"

"If Julian will take me, I will," she said.

Sir Jacob looked steadily in her face. She reminded him of himself, of his brother. In his heart he was proud that she was obstinate and true; but—but she must be made to give way.

"You had thirty thousand pounds left to you by Lady Escomb," he said softly. "You are aware that it was left under a special condition—that unless you marry with my permission all this money comes back to me. You will therefore go to Julian penniless."

"He does not want my money," she said proudly; "Julian wants me."

"Girl"—her uncle changed his tone suddenly—"we are playing with each other, you and I. I think you *will* marry John Gower when I tell you a little story—to be kept entirely to yourself. I hoped not to tell you the story at all; but it has been forced upon me by your disobedience and wilfulness. Blame yourself, then, for the great pain that this story will give you. Blame yourself, and not me."

"The position of a great contractor is a precarious one. If at any time he fails to command the immediate disposal of large sums of money he is lost. He depends upon the assistance of the banks. The banks look for securities. Seven years ago that position faced me. I had no money. I had no more se-

curities. I could get no help from the banks. But there was then in my hands one resource. I held in trust Julian Carteret's fortune, amounting to £70,000. I took it from the funds and transferred it—in fact, invested it—invested it, Rose, in my own business, and by its help sailed safely through the storm without loss or danger to my ward by the investment." He kept repeating the word investment as if it comforted him—it did. "The same position is before me again. Unless I can succeed within ten-days or so in raising very considerable sums of money, too large for you to understand, the danger will become a disaster, and I shall be a bankrupt. All—all"—he spread his hands before him—"all will be lost."

"All? Including Julian's money?"

"Including Julian's money. He will be a beggar. I shall be a beggar. You will be a beggar. All these things will be sold. All the people whom I employ—the thousands of people—will be turned destitute into the streets, because I shall not even be able to pay their wages."

She stared at him blankly. All beggars together? And Julian too?

"If you marry this idle and helpless lover of yours, who cannot dig and is ashamed to beg, you will have a life of absolute poverty and privation, aggravated by the reproaches of your husband on me as the author of your misfortunes. You will, when you come to our senses, remember that my misery, Reuben Gower's misery, the misery of all the thousands turned upon the world, is your own doing—your own."

"Mine—mine?" She was very pale and trembling. "How is it mine?"

"Yes; all of your own selfish determination to have your own way—in what you thought the pleasant way."

"But how—how can I help it?"

"By marrying John Gower. See these papers. You do not understand their significance, and I have no time or the heart to explain them. But they are his, and by consenting to marry him you give them to me. On these papers, which contain the particulars of a great invention, I can raise enough to tide over the storm and make you all rich again. This is not a doubtful matter, Rose: if it were I would not ask you to accept this young engineer, rough and rude as he is. It is a certainty—a certainty. You understand me clearly? I repeat it, so that

there shall be no mistake possible. John Gower offers to make me a sharer in this invention, which will be put into practice at once at my own works. His conditions are a half-partnership in the works and—your hand. Now you understand. Accept, and all will be well. Refuse, and the misery that will follow is your own doing. I give you these papers, Rose. I shall return in ten minutes. If you put them back upon the table, I shall never reproach you, but that act will make us all beggars. If you give them to me, you will give yourself to John Gower."

He placed in her hand the packet of plans, and left her alone in the room.

The windows looked out upon the gardens. It was half-past nine in the morning, a beautiful morning, thought Rose; all sorts of impertinent things which had no business in her brain at the time crowding across her mind, and then she began to try and think.

To think—but how? How could she understand all in a moment the thing her uncle had put before her in its cold and naked horror? Ruin? Was such a thing possible to such a man? Had he known for long that it was coming? Had he, actually knowing it, made those speeches about the duties of wealth, men? Her brain reeled.

She had to make a decision. Stay! let her fix her mind on one thing—only one thing. What should it be? Sir Jacob ruined, her uncle and herself walking out of the grand house, and going to live—where? In some miserable hiding-place on the charity of their old friends: Rose's ideas of a great man's bankruptcy and its consequences were elementary. Then Julian ruined too. And what would he—that helpless, indolent man of the world—find to do? Reuben Gower—faithful Reuben, who loved her so much, and had worked so well for her uncle—he would be ruined as well. And then all the poor people—the factory hands, the navvies on the railways, the clerks in the offices, from low to high—all to be driven out into the streets, ruined, without pay for work done, and without work to do!

As she stood, the papers in her hand, trying to think what ought to be done, a shadow darkened the window, and she looked up.

The windows of the study were glass doors, which opened into the garden. One

of them was open. and 'in it was standing Julian Carteret. He was come to make his formal proposal to Sir Jacob. This is always a serious thing to do, because, for some reason, a man always feels himself, while he is doing it, in a false position. I think the reason is that he is obliged for the moment to see himself as others see him—to strip off the trappings of imagination. But in Julian's case the matter was simple. Sir Jacob knew his whole affairs. He had to answer two questions, and only to ask one. Still he was embarrassed by the prospect of the interview, and it was a delightful surprise to find Rose in her uncle's place.

"Rose," he cried, "I thought to find Sir Jacob here, and I find you. I have been breakfasting early, and making up my little speech to your uncle. Happy transformation. May I come in?"

"Go away." She spoke with a hoarse voice, trembling with emotion. "Go away, Julian."

"Go away, Rose? Without a word with you first? Never!"

He seized her unresisting hand, and was proceeding further in the direction common among lovers, when he was struck by her pallor and the trembling of her lips.

"What is it, Rose?" he asked.

"Go away, Julian," she repeated. "Oh, for Heaven's sake, go away!"

"Has anything happened?"

"Anything?" she echoed in despairing tones. "What has not happened?"

"What is it? Tell me, Rose."

"I cannot tell you. Go away, Julian—only go away!"

"I will go, if I must, but I will come back. When will you see me again? Oh, my dear Rose, I cannot bear to think of you in suffering. And tell me what this means? May I come this afternoon?"

"Yes, only go away now. Go away, Julian."

That was all she had to say. She had no longer the privilege and the right to keep him near her. If she married him, he was ruined, and by that act. If she refused him, better to let him know it at once, and blame her while his love-dream was yet young.

As Julian left the room he turned to once more look at the girl he loved. She was standing just as when he saw her first through the window, motionless, her eyes

gazing before her, and seeing nothing, a bundle of papers in her hand.

What did it mean? What could it mean? The girl whom he had left so blithe and happy the night before, whom he had made happier by his wooing, was standing there alone, spiritless, crushed by some misfortune, and able only to bid him go away. What did it mean?

Well, he would obey. He would go away, and come back in the afternoon to try and find out this mystery.

He went away sadly. Rose heard his step upon the gravel walk, every footfall a fresh agony, and tried to return to her thinking.

What a decision! And yet—it flashed before her in a moment—what doubt as to the step she should take? Julian ruined, and by her? All these people ruined, and by her? That could not be.

The ten minutes had gone. Her uncle returned, and she met his look of inquiry with a forced smile.

"Well, Rose, what will you do with those papers?"

"I will give them back to you," she whispered.

He took them, and kissed her with a little emotion.

"You are a good girl, Rose—a good girl, and you shall never repent your decision. The mushroom passion of yesterday against the misery of thousands: what other decision could I expect? For myself, my girl, I care little. The applause of conscience is all I seek; that, at least, will not desert me, whatever fate may have in store. I would have gone out into the world as poor as when I began life; I could have borne without a murmur the pinches of poverty: all things are sent to us: we must accept them and go oh, doing Good as best we may. But for the thousands who depend on me I care a great deal. Rose, in their name I thank you."

But she said nothing, standing rigid and pale, with her hands clasped. She was thinking of Julian's footstep on the gravel. Sir Jacob's phrases fell unnoticed on her ear.

"John Gower will call this afternoon, Rose. You will be kind to him, and—and if you cannot be warm, do not be repellent. Think of the victory you have achieved over yourself; think now of that which has yet to be won by promising what we hope, indeed, you will be able to perform. Prepare your-

self to be told a love tale of a different kind to Julian Carteret's. And when Julian comes to me, I shall know how to dismiss him. Poor Rose! it is hard on you; but, after all, you are young. This is only one of the many disappointments which are bestowed upon us, to strengthen faith and nerve the heart to duty."

Mere phrases—Sir Jacob had his quiver full of them.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW LOVER.

IT was a quiet house that morning, the villa on Campden Hill. When Sir Jacob drove off to town, Rose retired to her own rooms, and Mrs. Sampson was left alone. She sent up a message to Rose. Miss Escomb was very sorry, but she had a bad headach, and would like to be left quite by herself. There was no Julian Carteret, for a wonder. Had there been, thought the lady of experience, a quarrel? This was hardly likely.

She roamed about the great house, in the drawing-room, with its new-fashioned adornment, its dado, black furniture, looped curtains, and china cabinets; in the dining-room, massive and solemn, with pictures of game and fruit. How can any one take permanent pleasure in pictures of game and fruit? And how is it that a dead hare must always be flanked by a pile of purple grapes? As a matter of fact, a fruiterer is one thing, a poulterer is another; a hare comes at one period of dinner, and the fruit at another. She looked into the library, where the books in thousands seemed to clamour for a little change—crying out aloud to be taken down from their dull and stately prison to be read—to be read—only to be read. Don't you think sometimes that books are living creatures, who long for sympathy? And if so, what must be the sorrow and suffering of the forgotten novels? Then Mrs. Sampson, restless and uneasy, strolled round the gardens and inspected the greenhouses, where the vines, the peaches, and the wall-fruit made Campden Hill famous.

Then she came back, feeling depressed and restless.

It was not that she had misgivings about

Bodkin. Not at all. It was something which Sir Jacob had said the day before.

Could he have meant anything?

That was the trouble in her mind.

Could Sir Jacob have meant what, undoubtedly, was a natural interpretation of his words? Did he really contemplate matrimony again? And—oh! rapturous thought—matrimony is impossible without a consenting pair: was she herself to form the other member of that couple?

To be Lady Escomb!

I defy any woman in a certain rank of life to contemplate the possibility of gaining a title without an emotion which even surpasses the rapture of feeling yourself perfectly well dressed. In the rank of life to which I refer, no one ever is perfectly well dressed, so the comparison does not hold. A title! Lady Escomb—Lady Jones—Lady Brown—Lady Plantagenet de Johnes—Lady de Vere de Browyne! Ecstasy!

To be Lady Escomb?

And yet he seemed to mean it. Dear Sir Jacob! The widow, widowed a second time, sighed and purred. Dear Sir Jacob! so great, so rich, and such a good man!

But Bodkin?

Well, true, Bodkin was a little in the way. Bodkin, however, might be played with. It was not the first time that Bodkin had been made to wait. Bodkin was her first lover; but there came the real necessity, if comfort is a necessity, of marrying old Mr. Chiltern. Bodkin was her lover in her first widowhood.

Then came Bodkin's dreadful bankruptcy, and the offer from Augustus Sampson—dear, hot-headed Augustus.

Now she was free again, and Bodkin seemed sure of success. Poor Bodkin! always so sanguine, always so ready to work, so willing to hope, so very, very, very unsuccessful. What, after all, could be hoped from a man so unlucky as Bodkin? And what a dreadful thing to have to fall back upon her own little income to provide for the hungry Bodkin as well as herself. Then she sat down and began to calculate.

She had three hundred a year of her own, thanks to the united efforts of her Chiltern and her Augustus. Bodkin was going to make, say, five hundred out of the Society. Five and three make eight. At their age, she thought, with a prudent modesty which might, had Bodkin been present, have sent

the maidenly blush mantling to her cheek, there was not much reason to anticipate—a large family. Say, eight hundred a year for the pair. Well: eight hundred a year: a villa somewhere near Regent's Park, on the north-west side: a villa with small rooms, not stately rooms like those of Sir Jacob's: furnished with red carpet, red curtains, and no pictures—not like the furniture of Campden Villa: no carriage, but an occasional brougham and cabs—frowsy cabs: no great dinner-parties, where the light fell broken on brightly coloured glass, and was softly refracted on the velvet skin of peaches and the bloom of grapes, where servants moved softly about on the most noiseless of carpets, where the talk was of things rich, good, comfortable, and reassuring. None of these things: only Henry Bodkin with his jolly red face staring at one over a roast leg of mutton, a red-armed girl for a waitress, for guests some old friends of the old times, perhaps in the bagman line; for wine, hot sherry and brandied port: and after dinner, instead of the drawing-room with its soft lamps, music, tea, and gentle talk, Henry Bodkin and his friend sitting at opposite sides of the fireplace, smoking pipes and drinking brandy and water.

But did Sir Jacob mean anything?

And then she pictured herself the chate-laine of this splendid house—Lady Escomb: she swept in fancy across the carpets; she revelled in the sense, the imaginary sense—that is a sixth sense—of power, riches, and envied splendour. She felt herself equal to the post: she saw herself receiving Sir Jacob's guests, dispensing his hospitalities, and rejoicing in his greatness.

It was not a morning dream which would altogether have pleased Bodkin; but she gave the reins to her imagination, and as he never knew it, so he never grieved over it. That is the feminine motto in all ages: "He will never know, and so he won't grieve over it."

Mrs. Sampson, though past forty, was undeniably still a woman of some personal comeliness. She was stout, it is true, but not more stout than is becoming at that age, and she had a pleasant face still, with a certain shrewdness about the eyes which gave her an expression somewhat unusual, and therefore attractive. If the great Wellerian theory be true, that more widows are married than single women, then it will be found

on investigation that widows go off most readily at forty.

She had the morning entirely to herself. About a quarter of an hour before luncheon her lover presented himself. He was flushed and hot—came in wiping his forehead with a handkerchief, so unlike the calm, cold, and judicial Sir Jacob. "Lavinia," he cried, "you are quite alone, all alone? Like a Female Robinson Crusoe of quite the loveliest kind, born to blush unseen. 'When on those cheeks where rose and lily meet,' as the poet says. 'When on those cheeks where rose and lily meet——'"

"Henry, the servants may listen. Miss Escomb may be within hearing. Pray compose yourself."

"I can't, Lavinia, I really can't. I've great news for you, the greatest news. The Society is formed: a list of the committee has been drawn up by Lord Addlehed. I am secretary: five hundred pounds a year—*toi de lol*—five hundred pounds a year and a heart both light and clear.' Is that right? Lord Addlehed finds all the expenses for the first year. The enemies of that philanthropic nobleman declare that he is cracked. To be sure, his manner is a little nervous; but that is from zeal in the good cause. And I put it to you, Lavinia, what greater proof of his lordship's sanity can there be than the undeniable fact that he has appointed me the secretary of the new Society?"

"What indeed, Henry?"

"Cracked, indeed! A little nervous in his manner, as I said: and his eyes are sometimes a little wild. But all pure zeal, Lavvy—my Lavvy—name the day."

"Henry!" She was, as had happened twice previously with this swain, quite carried away by the ardour of his wooing. "Henry, always the impetuous."

"Name the day, Lavinia. Oh! would she but name the day on which I might call her mine! And not Henry any more, Lavinia. Henry is associated with trade, with patent pills, with bankruptcy: call me by my second name, Theophilus. If it were not for the associations of the name, I would say, 'Call me Henry, call me Jack; call me blue or call me black—call me Theophilus or Doris, call me Sam or call Chloris—only—only—call me thine.'"

Who could be proof against pleading so impassioned?

"I really do think, Henry—I mean

Theophilus—that you love me,” said Mrs. Sampson. “And now, I suppose——”

“Now, Lavinia, the happiness of my life is to be accomplished, like the roofing of a house, and we ought to hang out a flag. Ah! the history of Theophilus and Lavinia—Paul and Virginia—is the history of many engagements. I came, like Cæsar; I saw, like Caius Julius Cæsar; I conquered, also like C. J. C. Then I was defeated, unlike that commander: then I conquered again. Once more the enemy was too strong. Augustus the Great was master of the fort. Again I retreated. Again I present myself. Lower the portcullis: blow the trumpets: the fort surrenders.”

“Henry!—I mean Theophilus.”

By this time he had his arm round her waist, so far as it would go, and was timing his sentences by nothing less than kisses on her cheek.

“And now we are actually going to be married, Lavinia, after so many disappointments, it is not unnatural that one should feel the suddenness of the thing. It takes me in the legs. When I think of it, they go groggy. Where do you feel it?”

“Henry—I mean Theophilus—in the head.”

“I can hardly believe my own happiness. There is sure to be another cup between the slip and the lip. I mean, of course, Lavinia—only one is nervous on such an occasion—another lip between the cup and the slip. Another lip? Whose lip? Let me have his blood.”

“Tranquillise yourself, dear Henry—I mean Theophilus.”

“Twice already has the bowl been raised to my lips, twice to be dashed away. I should have been called Tantalus Bodkin. Tantalus! How well it would look at the bottom of a new prospectus! Tantalus Bodkin, Esq., Bank Side, Hades, secretary *ad interim*.”

“Come, Theophilus, do not be nervous. Will you stay to luncheon?”

“I cannot, Lavinia, I really cannot, I have so much to do.”

“Then let me ring for a glass of sherry?”

“You may, Lavinia; and, if I may venture a hint from my own experience, it will be to ask, not for the Deputation Sherry, which I know too well, but for some of Sir Jacob’s own.”

Lavinia smiled and rang the bell, and gave

the directions. The sherry was brought, and with it, though not, so to speak, a part of it, came Reuben Gower with John.

“You are in time, Mr. Gower,” said Bodkin enthusiastically, “to drink a glass of sherry with me. This is *not* the Deputation Sherry, I assure you, but some of Sir Jacob’s own particular. See how it sticks to the side of the glass, oily, and what a perfume? Nutty!” All this time he was rolling the glass round in his fingers. “The Spanish walnut seems to have lent its choicest flavour to the Spanish grape. Take a glass, Mr. Gower, if I, a guest myself, may invite you. Did you ever consider Matrimony, Mr. Gower—you have been, I infer from the presence of your son, a married man? A son is not an unusual result—did you ever consider Matrimony in the light of the wine of Life?”

“I never did,” said Reuben rather shortly. He had little imagination.

“Then begin to consider it in that light. If you marry too young it is champagne; perhaps too sweet, but always full of fizz. The wine changes as you grow older. When you arrive at my time of life you are at the burgundy or the dry sherry stage. This is the dry sherry, in fact. You hold the generous vintage to your lips, and you drink it to the full enjoyment—”

Here, to his infinite consternation, the glass fell from his hand, and was shivered into twenty pieces on the floor.

“The slip,” he cried, turning pale. “The slip between the cup and the lip. I knew it.”

“Nonsense!” said Mrs. Sampson; “that was an accident. Take another glass.”

“No, no more; I have had enough. I must get back to the office to see if anything dreadful has happened.”

“Really,” said Mrs. Sampson, “you are too superstitious.”

Mr. Bodkin shook his hand and buttoned his coat sadly. As he was looking round for his hat, Charles, the footman, brought him a telegram. With pale cheeks and trembling hands he tore it open.

One moment, and the paper fell fluttering to the ground, while he stood stupefied, eyes and mouth wide open, speechless.

“What is it, man?” cried Reuben. “Are you struck silly?”

“Worse than that, Gower,” said Bodkin; “I am struck poor, I am ruined.”

"Ruined, Theophilus—Henry?" cried Mrs. Sampson.

"The slip between the cup and the lip," he murmured. "What a devil of a slip! what a glorious cup! what a delicious lip to lose with that cup! Lavinia's lips! Lavinia, for the third time we are parted."

"What is it?" she asked again.

"This telegram." He picked it up, and put on his gold double eye-glasses to give effect to the reading. "This telegram"—he looked round, patting it with the emphasis of an undertaker in the exercise of his trade—"This telegram, my friends, announces no less stupendous an event than the removal of Lord Addlehedde to a private lunatic asylum. It was effected this morning. The stoppage of the first year's preliminary expenses is a natural consequence. I need return to the office no more."

"But is there no one else in your council who will find the expenses?" asked Mrs. Sampson.

"No one, Lavinia: there is no one else in the council at all as yet. Lord Addlehedde! poor Lord Addlehedde!"—Bodkin raised his handkerchief to his eyes—"was the president, the treasurer, the committee, all rolled into one. We had as yet only drawn up a written list of the committee. I was the secretary. Fortunately I did get a quarter's salary in advance. And, by great good luck, the cheque is already cashed. Poor Lord Addlehedde! There have been many other philanthropic noblemen, but none so abundantly gullible as he. And I had him in lavender, all to myself."

"And what was this society?" asked John, "Was it to do any good to anybody?"

"Yes, sir," said Bodkin savagely. "It was to do good to a penniless adventurer: to me, sir, to me. All the societies exist to support their secretary, or to push forward their chairman and committee. Mine was the youngest of the bubbles."

"I regret to hear, Bodkin," said Sir Jacob solemnly—he had arrived without being heard by Bodkin—"that you have induced me to lend my name—MINE—to a—a—a BUBBLE. A Bubble Society I presume to be one whose objects are not worthy of being carried out, or one whose objects are only a pretence: It is needless to say how much you are lowered in my estimation by such a connection—avowed, too—an open, barefaced con-

nection with a Bubble Society! This is indeed a depth of moral turpitude which I confess I can hardly bring myself to fathom!"

Bodkin was extinguished. He bowed his head before the storm.

"Moral turpitude!" he echoed. "You were never poor, Sir Jacob."

"Poor! I was penniless," rejoined the good man cheerfully. "And I resolved to get rich. How does one get rich? You can answer that question, Reuben, for me. By resolving to get rich."

"Ay, ay!" said Reuben, rubbing his hands as if he was congratulating himself over his own good fortune. "Ay, fortune came at a full tide."

"A tide," said Sir Jacob, "that has had its ebb occasionally, but a full tide."

Mrs. Sampson was sitting during this talk as far from Mr. Bodkin as the limits of the sofa would allow her to go. It was evident to Bodkin that the third chance was gone. He looked at her and then at Sir Jacob, and said with a humorous twist of his features:

"Something ought to be done about these tides. It is always ebb tide with me."

"If Sir Jacob," said Mrs. Sampson softly—and it seemed to Bodkin like the well-known voice which had greeted in succession the late Mr. Chiltern and the late Mr. Sampson—"If Sir Jacob cannot control the action of fortune's tide, who can?"

Said Sir Jacob: "Thank you, Mrs. Sampson. Truly, yes. I am grateful to say that I have been enabled to recognise the duties of wealth, which is the main secret of controlling these tides. I have lived, my friends, mainly for doing good. Not by—by BUBBLE Societies, Bodkin. To do good we must make money."

"Else," said Bodkin, growing desperate, "what would become of the secretaries?"

Mrs. Sampson rose from the couch as one in a kind of rapture. "Sir Jacob's noble sentiment," she said, "expresses the GREAT HEART of England. We make money in order that we may do good. That is the reason why whenever any thing happens the generous impulse is obeyed of getting up a subscription."

"Very neatly put, Mrs. Sampson," said Sir Jacob. "The Great Heart of England. Yes. We now sit at home and subscribe. We no longer fight with our enemies, we no longer send out armies and navies for the protection of old allies, we subscribe—the

Great Heart of England subscribes : what a noble thing this is ! Bodkin, secretary of a BUBBLE Society, take heed of these words. Deserving objects are founded by properly-paid agents. It is then only a question of subscription : we provide the money, and, by a beautiful arrangement, all the objects of philanthropy are attained without disagreeable contact with actual suffering."

Bodkin was crushed, but he was still present, and even a worm will sometimes turn—he turned.

"The good Samaritan," he said, "pays somebody else to hire the ass, and carry off the wounded man."

"Eh—h ?" asked Sir Jacob.

"And the glow of virtue is just the same," said Bodkin.

"Come, Bodkin," said Reuben, "you have got rid of a bubble. Well, never mind, have done with bubbles. Work !"

"I can't," Bodkin replied ; "I don't know the spoke of a wheel from the axle. 'These little hands,' he spread out his enormous red palms, "'These little hands,' as the poet says, 'were never made to dabble in the iron trade.' I will find another bubble. I will invent a new society, start a club, run a show, do something."

"Try," said Reuben, "to be a workman among the rest, Bodkin ; leave bubbles for rogues."

"I have already, Mr. Bodkin," said Sir Jacob pointedly, "more than hinted that the word 'bubble' is personally offensive to me. Let me repeat that nothing but your own assurance that the society was established on the firmest basis would have induced me to become a member of its committee."

"And nothing—nothing, Henry" (Mrs. Sampson pulled out her pocket-handkerchief), "would have persuaded me to listen to your proposals, had I not thought that your schemes had the firmest financial support."

"Be consoled, madam," said Sir Jacob, taking her hand, which he held.

At sight of this last outrage, Mr. Bodkin lost command of himself. He turned pale, he straightened himself, he held his hat in one hand and his gloves in the other, and, with head erect, quite as a man might do who had not been concerned in bubble societies, he made a little speech.

"Sir Jacob Escomb," he said, beginning in a very low voice, but gradually warming

as he went along, "you, who know how to conduct the worship of God and Mammon, are sure to command respect. Go on doing good. As for poor Lord Addlehed, he was a fool if you like ; but he was a gentleman, and he tried his best to alleviate the misery of the world. He took his lead from such men as you. You subscribe to everybody's charity that men like me start. You set us agoing. You like to see your name, with half a dozen lords, on a committee list, and the lords think, because they are gentlemen, and therefore easily deluded, that it is out of pure philanthropy. You round on me because my scheme has failed ; you welcomed me when you thought it might end in a friendship with Lord Addlehed. Did you inquire into the society, Sir Jacob ? Did you ascertain that it rested on a sound financial basis ? Not at all. You asked who was president, and you consented to become vice-president. Poor Lord Addlehed ! They have locked him up, and I daresay it was quite time. He was not so clever as you, but up to his lights he was an honourable gentleman, sincere and loyal. Your income, Sir Jacob, may be as sound as the Bank of England, but your charity is a bubble. Do you hear the truth for once ? It is a bubble. I am a humbug because I am poor ; you, Sir Jacob, because you are rich.—Lavinia, a long farewell."

He escaped in the confusion which his declamation created around. When the people felt that they were recovering a little, he was gone.

"Forget his words, Sir Jacob." It was Mrs. Sampson who spoke. "You, at least, can afford to forget and forgive."

He might forgive and forget, but he would still fume, and did fume, walking about, swinging his arms, gesticulating.

Presently, however, no one interfering, he grew calm. Reuben Gower was very silent. He had sat quite still, making no sign, while Bodkin made his oration. His son, John, on the other hand, made no disguise of the boredom of the whole thing. What did it matter to him, the practical engineer, whether Sir Jacob was a humbug philanthropist or not ? It had nothing to do with him. His head was full of other things. But Reuben looked sad.

Sir Jacob laughed—the laugh which the discomfited adopt—an unreal, hollow sort of laugh.

"What such a man says," he said slowly, "makes no difference to any of us. You agree with me, Mrs. Sampson?"

"Perfectly, Sir Jacob."

"Quite so, and therefore—and therefore — John Gower, you and I will go into the library. Mrs. Sampson, might I ask you to have the goodness to ask my niece to step into the library?"

"I bring you, John Gower," said Sir Jacob airily, "a young lady to whom, I believe, you have something of importance to communicate, and I leave her with you in order that you may say it. I have already partly prepared her for what you have to say. But you are old friends, and that, we know, is the best preparation for—for such communications."

The library door closed behind him, and Rose was left to meet her fate.

Opposite her stood the man whom she was to marry.

He was a good-looking, stalwart young fellow, with a resolute bearing, and eyes that you could trust. She knew his character well, how straightforward he was, how determined. He had been her playmate and protector in childhood, her companion every day, and sometimes all day long, until seven years before, when her father died, and she then became her uncle's charge. John Gower was the creature in the world whom she had, then, most loved in her innocent childish way. But that kind of love was not what John Gower wanted; and even the friendship, the survival of the old love—a languid plant—after so long a separation seemed cold and dead in her heart, crushed out by the resentments which were burning within her against a man who could so use his power as to force himself upon her against her will. In her eyes he was a man wicked enough to set her happiness against the life-blood of thousands to win his way—a selfish inclination.

She did not understand at all. John, in his rough, simple way, took it for granted that the kisses with which they had parted, as boy and girl, were burning still upon her lips as on his: that the girl kept alive in her heart, as he did in his own, the old childish affection grown with her growth into the love of a woman for a man: that she thought of him, as he of her, with an ever-increasing love and desire. He judged the girl's heart—it is a mistake men generally commit—by

his own. He was unused to the ways and wiles of the world. He could not, had he been told, understand how widely divergent had been their paths, and how the old image was completely obliterated from her mind.

Consider: from a rough life in a manufacturing town, among people but a step removed from the factory hands themselves, Rose had been transplanted to a fashionable girls' school. There she learned, if nothing else, the tone of the social station to which she was about to belong. She imbibed the ideas prevalent among young ladies on all points. That these are not always healthy ideas need not be stated. She came from school with a great dislike of the rough sides of life. Work and the necessity for work, either with men or women, seemed to her, though she would not have put the idea into words, a kind of disgrace—mind, that is the natural result of a fashionable girls' school. Earnestness seemed ridiculous. She loved the light, half-in-earnest, half-in-jest, conversation which could be best enjoyed with such clever butterflies as Julian Carteret. No one makes the idle life appear so beautiful, although it must be really very dull, as your clever idler. She liked art. She liked to be surrounded by the atmosphere which surrounds and clings to things beautiful, and things æsthetic. She liked the march of life to be directed where pleasant prospects can be gained without fatigue, and where you are never beyond the sound of music.

In other words, she was a fit wife for Julian Carteret, but would never mate with John Gower.

And now, too, because she did not understand, again, how he had forced his way upwards in the world, she remembered the wretched unloveliness of the square, red brick streets, all alike, all ungraced by any single redeeming feature of beauty, smirched with smoke, with squalid fronts, squalid roads, squalid gutters, squalid children, squalid men, and squalid women. And was she to give up all the things which made life a joy, and to live again among the old surroundings?

And yet, if she refused, Julian would lose his all: her uncle would be ruined: the people would be beggars—

"Rose," said John Gower softly, but with an air of confidence which made her bitter heart more angry and bitter. "you know what I am going to say to you?"

"Sir Jacob has told me," she replied quietly.

"It was only yesterday that I was able to tell him," he went on, as if Rose had been longing for the moment to arrive. "Only yesterday that I was really in a position to demand my own terms. You remember, Rose, how we parted some years ago?"

"Yes, I remember." Her tone was cold, and had but little encouragement in it, but John did not observe this. Being an active man, who brought an intense eagerness to his own work, on which his thoughts were always concentrated, he was not largely gifted with sympathetic perception: and when he had made up his own mind that another person was thinking, acting, or disposed to act in a particular way, nothing but direct ocular proof to the contrary would drive him from his belief. People who work on things which entirely seize upon and occupy the brain are not generally observant of others. "Very clever men," said a young lady to me once, *à propos* of a great philosopher, "are so often extremely stupid." John Gower was extremely stupid, incomprehensively stupid. Had he looked at her with eyes of understanding, he would have seen that her heart was changed. But his eyes were blurred with the mist of his own fancy, and he saw nothing as it was.

"Only yesterday: and after seven years of waiting. It seems long, doesn't it, looking back? But the time has come at last, Rose. I have worked hard for it. Be sure that the goal was always in my mind—when you laid your hands upon my shoulders and held up your face to be kissed, seven years ago, promising that you would always love me, you gave me such a stimulus for work as no other man ever had—the hope of winning you. There was no time for dreaming about happiness and all that. I put away such things in a corner. I said to myself, 'If you get on, John Gower, you may be able to marry the girl who loves you. It is your duty to work hard.'"

She made no kind of reply. What was there to say? She took no kind of interest in his struggles.

"Well, Rose, I did work hard. I think there is no one in the whole North of England who has worked so hard as I have. For I had so much to do. From six to six in the works. That was learning the machinery: getting to understand every nerve

and muscle in the anatomy of that great steam monster who does our work for us. I learned him at last, and then I began to see how he could be improved. All the evenings I spent teaching myself other things, French and German, so as to read scientific books: mathematics, all sorts of things, without which a mechanical engineer is not worth his salt. So the time went on, and was not tedious. After my articles were got through I stayed on at the works with a salary. That helped me too, for it is always best to be among the best kind of machinery. And then suddenly, because you were still a long way off, there came to me—my idea."

His idea! Rose looked at the pile of papers which she had held in her hands. That idea, then, was her fate. She wished that it had never been framed, or had been forgotten, like some dream of the night, the moment after it had flashed across his brain. But John Gower was not a man to let go a valuable thought.

"What a day that was!" her lover went on. "I was standing in the engine-room looking at the wheels when the thought came to me. All at once I saw it; all at once, too, I saw how great an idea it was, how rich it would make me, now powerful. I could hardly get through the day, and while I was doing my own work I was thinking over the engine of the future. And that night I drew the first plans and began the first model. I called it, in my own mind, because I spoke to no one about it, not even my own father, the 'Rose Escomb,' that model of mine, which I made and re-made, pulled to pieces and put together again, so often. It was lucky then that I had lived so solitary a life, because no one ever came to see me in my lodgings, and I had no interruption to fear. But I locked it up in the day-time for fear some wind of my invention might get about. Oh! I was cautious. And when it was quite finished and perfect, when I could think of nothing that would improve it, when I was satisfied that my machine was as complete as my hands could make it, I sent the specifications to London and registered it. And then I came up myself, and felt that the day was come at last when I could come to Sir Jacob—even Sir Jacob—and ask him for his niece. Even then," he went on, not noticing how pale was Rose's cheek, "even then I did not like to leave things to chance. So when I showed Sir Jacob the

specifications, I asked, as the condition that he should reap the benefit of the invention, a half share in the works—and the hand of his niece. Ha! ha! The hand of his niece. You never saw a man so startled. I thought how you would have laughed had you seen his face. That a man in his own employment, the son of his secretary, should show such presumption was at first too much for him. And he had to take a good look at the invention and make no end of calculations as to its worth before he could make up his mind to say yes."

"That was last night, I suppose," said Rose.

"Yes, last night, after dinner. I could not say anything to you then, because you were playing, and there was that popinjay of a fellow, Mr. Carteret, hanging about as if you belonged to him. Now, that's the sort of fellow I hate, Rose. Hands like a lady's, face always on the grin, never able to say a thing straight out, but must always playround it like a cat with a mouse. Yah! And besides, last night, Rose, the first time after seven years, I could not get over the feeling of strangeness. You looked so beautiful—too beautiful for me—and I was not able to realise my happiness. But now, Rose, now, it is all over, and you are mine at last."

He took her in his arms and kissed her on the lips and cheeks. Oh! how different were the kisses of Julian Carteret the day before! She accepted his caresses without resistance, quite passively; if the tears came into her eyes they were tears of humiliation and blind rage against Fate; if she was silent it was because she had no words to speak of her shame in playing this false part; if she accepted her lover's kisses, it was because these were clearly part of the contract. If she engaged herself to him she must accept his caresses. Not to be allowed to kiss your *fiancée* would be a thing unseemly and quite foreign to the North-countryman's notions of an engagement.

"I cannot love you as you love me, John," she murmured at length, with dry lips.

He thought she meant that she could not love him with such a passionate longing as filled his own heart.

"No, Rose; because nobody *could* love any one else as I love you. Oh! how have I longed for this moment during the long seven years of our separation!"

"Do you really love me so much?" she

said, timidly. Do you love me enough to do anything for me, like a knight of old?"

"The knights of old were humbugs," said John, laughing. "I would do any mortal thing for you but one——"

"And that one thing?" she asked eagerly. "Is to give you up."

Her face fell. That was the one thing she would have asked him to do.

"And you would be satisfied to take me as I am," she went on, "knowing that I can never—never love you as you love me?"

"Quite satisfied, Rose—more than satisfied. So long as I have you, I have everything. If you are not to be mine, I have nothing. Why, my dear, the right sort of love will come. I am not afraid. When you and I are alone—not in a great dreary palace like this, with dinners that last for hours, and black coats for evenings, and stuck up ceremonies to go through—but in a pretty cottage all our own——"

A cottage! and no black coats for evenings! and no ceremonies at all! Poor Rose!

"A cottage all our own, with a garden in front and one behind—then you will know what happiness really means. We shall have dinner at one sharp to the minute—a quarter of an hour for a pipe—off to work again—back at six-thirty, punctual—have a wash——"

Oh, heavens! he would have a wash!

"But you will not be a workman, John."

"Yes, I shall. I shall be the working partner. And I mean to work too, among the wheels with the men just as I do now. Well, I shall get home at six-thirty, wash-up for the evening, have tea, and then sit down for a couple of hours work over books or whatever else turns up. And then, my dear, at nine o'clock we shall sit side by side before the fire, while I smoke a pipe and drink a glass of grog and talk to my wife. What a life it will be!"

"What a life it will be!" echoed Rose, drearily. To sit every evening by the fire while her husband smoked his tobacco. What a life!

"No-fooling about with parties and society and all that nonsense," her lover went on; "no racing after pleasure. A quiet home life for you, and for me, a good hard-working twelve months in every year."

No parties! no fooling about! no society! What a life! The girl's heart sank very low.

"But come now," said John; "let us find out Sir Jacob."

He caught her hand and led her, his own face lit up by the most jovial of smiles, a contrast indeed to her shrinking down-cast air, out of the library and into the morning-room.

Here were Sir Jacob, Mrs. Sampson, and Reuben Gower. As the door opened and John advanced with all the pride of a bridegroom, Julian joined the party from the conservatory.

"Congratulate us, Sir Jacob; congratulate us, ma'am; congratulate us, dad. Rose has accepted me. Sir Jacob, we will sign that deed to-morrow."

"Ay—ay—ay?" asked Sir Jacob, with an air of great surprise. "My little girl has positively consented to marry my future partner, has she? Really now—really now. What are we to say, Reuben, to these young people?"

Reuben had sharper eyes than his son.

"If Miss Rose loves my boy," he replied, "then let them marry in God's name. If not——"

"Nonsense, father," interrupted John; "of course she loves me. She has loved me

for the last seven years—haven't you, Rose?—ever since she left us to come to this great house."

Reuben still looked at the girl, who made no sign, and whose eyes were downward cast.

Julian Carteret, at the door of the conservatory, listened, speechless. Was he dreaming? Was he awake? Did the girl only yesterday really tell him that she loved him?

"Rose!" he cried.

At his voice she raised her head.

"Oh! Julian."

Three of the four—her lover was not among them—who heard her cry his name, felt that it was the name of the man she loved, so pitiful, so helpless, so full of agony was the accent.

"Oh! Julian."

"What does it mean—this?" Julian asked.

She recovered herself, and took John's hand.

"I have promised to be the wife of John Gower. That is what it means, Julian Uncle, are you content?"

(to be concluded in the next number.)

MULTUM IN PARVO.

"To see the world in a grain of sand,
And eternity in an hour."—BLAKE.

CARELESS is Spring of its buds and its blossoms,
Careless the Summer of broadly-blown petals,
Autumn hangs carelessly all its rich clusters,
All its ripe harvests.

Freely the notes from the throat of the song-bird
Float in the air, and with careless profusion
All the long grass in the morning is jewell'd,
Gossamer-dew-strung.

Lavishly poured are the tints of the sunset,
No niggard hand stints the gold and the purple,
Sky cannot hold it, and earth is quite drunken
As from a wine press,

Lifting its hills and its pines through the amber,
Bathing its pines and its hills in the waters,
Where the broad streaks of the gold and the purple
Weave with the ripples,

THE ROYAL NAVY.

THE bonds which connect Canada with the mother-country sit, in these days, so loosely and easily, that their tension has almost grown to be imperceptible, yet it is certain that our young nationality would be speedily coerced into annexation, were the protecting ægis of England withdrawn. To the Canadian, therefore, who desires the preservation of his national autonomy, the armaments, in virtue of whose power the protection of England is a solid reality, and without which that autonomy would be but a short lived experiment, cannot but present points of considerable interest; the more so, at this particular moment, owing to the threatening aspect of affairs in the East. Yet the details are but little known or understood. Most ordinary readers of newspapers have probably a general idea that England has an army of about 120,000 regular troops, backed by reserves in the shape of militia and volunteers, and that those regular troops, so far as they go, are among the finest in the world. They have further, perhaps, an indistinct notion that it is not by reason of this force, which, in comparison with the gigantic armies of many other countries, is extremely small, that England, despite an almost universal jealousy, distrust, and dislike, yet exercises so controlling a power in the councils of the world. They know, in fact, in a vague sort of way, that her supremacy and her intangibility reside in her naval power, but they have but little idea what mighty proportions that power bears to that of other countries. The navy of France is the only one which approaches it in number and quality; that of the United States is the only one which approaches it in the quality of her seamen. Neither country can lavish on her maritime force the wealth which England freely disburses for the maintenance of the institution on which, her instinct tells her, her supremacy, her independence, nay, her very safety, exclusively depend. Supreme in wealth, secure in insularity, and unequalled in seamanship, her supremacy at sea is and has ever been unquestionable. For the two periods at which her maritime glory seemed

to suffer a momentary eclipse were not only exceptional, but absolutely due to causes which present themselves to the most superficial enquirer as merely temporary.

When the mad reaction which naturally followed the excesses of Puritan cant had brought England to that point of degradation at which her king had become a pensioner of the French monarch, it was little additional wonder that she should be insulted by a brave nation whose maritime propensities had been fostered by every natural difficulty. But a few evanescent gleams of success had no power to affect the inevitable result.

Again, in the American War of 1812-14, the circumstances were altogether adventitious. Lulled into a false security by the series of naval triumphs which culminated in Trafalgar, and which had left her the perfect mistress of the European seas, England abandoned herself, as to nautical matters, to a carelessness resembling that which emasculated the military power of France previous to 1870. In the three frigate and four or five sloop actions which resulted to the credit of the United States, the success which attended the Americans was due to the foresight which led to the construction of vessels of superior size, build, and weight of metal in each class. English and American vessels encountered each other with such general equality of skill and valour, that those conditions may be assumed to have been equal, and where there was no striking disparity of force, the merest accident turned the fortune of the day. Thus, in the singular action of the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis*, the very fact which seemed to involve disadvantage to the former, that of her being an old Indiaman, gained her the victory by the simple reason of her superior height out of water, which enabled her to sweep the upper deck of the *Serapis*. On the gun-deck the *Serapis* had it all her own way, and the victor was actually sinking when the British flag went down.

But it has never suited the policy of the United States to maintain a navy commensurate with her importance, or even on a

scale to compare with that of France. Thus, during the war of 1812-14, despite her isolated single ship victories, she was made to feel, in the blockade of her coasts and harbours, and the humiliation of her capital, the weight of the power with which England swept and commanded the seas.

The United States, perhaps wisely, relies on the rapidity with which, in the event of war, her vast resources and the quick-witted energy of her great people enable her to improve armaments; and, against any power but England, such armaments may be effective. It may be said that they *have* proved efficient even against her, and the American naval successes on the Lakes could be cited in evidence. But the conditions of another war would show points of difference which it is not our present purpose to discuss. Even were it otherwise, no impromptu navy would suffice to clear the American coasts of blockading forces, and American statesmen well know that if two or three confederate privateers sufficed to sweep the seas of American commerce, and to inflict on it a blow from which, after twelve years, it has not fully revived, its chances would be small indeed, when every ocean and sea should swarm with British cruisers. And it is not to be supposed that England would refrain, as against America, from issuing letters of marque.

It is therefore evident that it is to the naval power and prestige of Great Britain that Canada owes her independence, and we purpose to afford our readers some insight into the details and magnitude of the force on which so much depends. A few preliminary explanatory remarks will tend to a better understanding of the subject.

It is an evidence of the absolutely transitional state of the navy, that, while there remains on the list but a few representatives of the line-of-battle ship of twenty-five years ago, the rating of ships, as shown in the Navy List, has undergone no alteration. As the List stands, however, it affords a basis on which an understanding of present conditions can be afforded. As such we will briefly epitomize it.

First Rate (three-deckers).—110 guns and upwards; complement 1000 men or more.

Second Rates.—One of H.M. yachts, and ships (two-deckers) of 80 to 110 guns; complement not less than 800 men.

Third Rates (practically, in late years, two deckers).—60 to 70 guns; complement not less than 600 men.

Fourth Rates.—Frigates; complement not less than 410 men; practically what were called "fifties" and "forty-fours."

Fifth Rates.—Frigates of not less than 300 men; practically "thirty-sixes."

Sixth Rates.—"All other ships bearing a captain"; *de facto* twenty-six gun frigates.

Sloops.—"All vessels commanded by a commander, and carrying their principal armament on one deck." It may be best to explain here at once, that the carrying an armament on one deck is now extended to the highest class ships in the Navy, and that the term "corvette," originally almost synonymous with "sloop," is now applied to one-decked vessels equalling the old three-deckers in tonnage.

By a three-decker is or was meant a ship having three clear gun-decks below the upper-deck, and, according to the paint formerly in vogue, showing those decks by white belts along the ship's side, on which the black-painted ports stood out in strong relief; the ports through which the upper-deck guns protruded were not set out in relief by any white line. In like manner a two-decker had two gun-decks below her upper-deck, and frigates one. Corvettes and sloops were sometimes painted all black; sometimes the gun (upper) deck was traced with the white belt; and the writer of this article remembers more than one dashing corvette of his days afloat, which might have realized Fenimore Cooper's description of the "Red Rover."

There are many amongst us sufficiently travelled, and sufficiently cognizant *de omnibus rebus* to know the appearance and capacity of 1,000 or 1,400 ton merchantmen—Green's, for instance; or of the great clipper of 1,600 to 2,000 tons which have made the Australian voyage since 1851.* To such, a reference to tonnage will suffice. To others, again, we may postulate the length, beam (breadth), and depth of a certain class of vessel. For instance, the *Queen*, 100 guns, was in 1840-50 the largest ship in the Navy. Her length was 220 feet, her beam

* To others it will be an illustration to say that the large steamers of the Cunard and Allan lines are about the capacity of the latest three-deckers, but take out their size in great length.

amidships 60 (an unparalleled breadth at that date), her draught of water about 28 feet, her tonnage 3,099. But she gained her capacity from her enormous beam. She was a three-decker. The *Albion*, carrying 90 guns on two decks, was several feet longer, and if we remember rightly, 58 feet beam only; but she came, according to the measurement of that day, within five tons of the *Queen*. The old three-deckers of the war-time were the famous old ninety-eights. They ran barely 2,000 tons. The *Victory* used to be called 1,958; she is now set down as 2,164.

Early in the present century a class of one-hundred-and-fours made its appearance. These were of about 2,400 tons, and were thought a great advance upon previous vessels. Two or three of them yet exist. The *Impregnable* and the *Camperdown* were in 1840-44, flag-ships respectively at Devonport and Sheerness. They were terrible "haystacks," of enormous strength and scantling, but helpless drifters to leeward.

About 1820-30 a large class of three-deckers was built, carrying 120 guns, the tonnage of which ranged about 2,700. Of this class were the *Britannia*, *Caledonia*, *Hibernia*, *St. Vincent*, *Howe*, *Victoria*, *Waterloo*, *Neptune*, *St. George*, and others.

Then came the *Queen*, built in 1839, and subsequently the last and greatest generation of the grand-looking old craft, built just previous to the Crimean war. These first advanced to 3,700 tons and carried 131 guns. Of them the *Duke of Wellington* was the best known, as a Crimean flag-ship. She is still flag-ship at Portsmouth. But there were yet to succeed three or four, in which, before its extinction, the magnificence of the old line-of-battle ship was to attain its fullest development. These were the *Victoria*, 4,127 tons, 1,000 horse-power; the new *Howe*, 4,225 tons, 1,000 horse-power; the *Windor Castle*, and, if we remember rightly, a new *Royal Albert*. Of these the *Howe* and the *Victoria* still remain on the active list. It will be remembered that, by this time, all the line-of-battle ships intended to be sea-going had been built with, or converted for, screw steam-power.

The two-deckers ranged from 72 to 92 guns. The seventy-twos in commission from 1840 and afterwards were unknown to the old war time. The old seventy-fours, in one

or two of which the writer of this article was "hulked"—a term applied to a sailor's existence while fitting out, before his ship is ready for him—were of a build which astonished youngsters of thirty or forty years ago. And the old forty-four gun frigates of the war time had the same characteristics. These were, extreme lowness between decks, and extreme closeness of "quarters," which means that the guns were too close together to afford fair room for working them. Many tall officers of the old school contracted a permanent stoop from the want of height between decks. Add to these characteristics, that, long after French ships were copied, ours sailed the seas with a thick coating of barnacles always rapidly accumulating on their unmetalled bottoms, and that no English genius whatever had displayed itself in the matter of a ship's lines, before Trafalgar, and some faint idea may be formed of the disadvantages under which our glorious seamen achieved their astonishing successes. For, although it may scarcely seem credible, it is a fact that, had we gone to war at any period previous to 1850, the strength of England's line-of-battle would have consisted of ships built after the old *Canopus*, and in every respect almost exact reproductions of her. The *Canopus* was an 84, on two decks; French, pure and simple. She was about 2,400 tons (three-deckers of that date did not attain those dimensions, and were low between decks and desperately crowded at quarters). She was seven feet high between her gun-decks, and almost eight in her orlops (decks half below the water line). Her stowage, a matter not always corresponding to tonnage, was splendid; her sailing qualities were excellent for a ship of her date and size; and her armanent heavy enough to be a match for a three-decker of her time. As to her time it will be sufficient to say that she was captured at the Nile, the date of which redoubtable action will be found by any one who will take the trouble to turn it up, to come within the last century. She there rejoiced in the name of *Le Franklin*, in honor of "Poor Richard," popular in those days in French reminiscence. British genius so failed to improve on her that, until Sir William Symonds, about 1830, introduced a build, the advantages of which were, after all, only questionable, we went on building in servile imitation of our prize until after that date. And, sooth to say, a noble class of

"liners" they were. Old naval men will remember them well. Many of them were "country-built," i. e., built in India, and of teak-everlasting, and bore names of Eastern association. There were the *Asia*, *Ganges*, *Calcutta*, *Bombay*, and many others of similar nomenclature, besides the *Monarch*, *Formidable*, *Thunderer*, and a host of miscellaneous names, and grander looking or more efficient ships never floated. We well remember, when at Jamaica in 1846 or 1847, seeing the noble old prototype herself sail into Port Royal harbour, looking every inch a queen of the seas. She was only "trooping," and had her lower-deck guns out, but her noble spars were not reduced, and the peculiarity of the old ships, especially as represented in French naval prints, which far exceed ours in life, vigour, and *vraisemblance*, was very striking, the great steve of her bowsprit carrying her flying-jib-boom end as high as her fore-tops. She was then commanded by Capt. (now Sir Fairfax) Moresby. It was then we went over the old *Canopus*, and those of us who thought at all about such things, stood astonished at the fearful odds against which our predecessors had fought and won. The British seventy-four of that day scarcely averaged 1,700 tons. Indeed, we are speaking over the mark when we name that figure, which is nearly that attained by the newer representatives of the class built after the great war was over. Their sailing qualities were very different.

In later days a fine class of fifty-gun frigates was procured by cutting down some of those seventy-fours which succeeded the older class of the war time. These frigates ranged about 1,750 tons, and many of them were found to sail much better when relieved of their former upper decks than they had done as two-deckers. Of this class were the famous old *Barham* and *Warspite*, the *Vindictive*, once the flag-ship on this station, the *Eagle*, and many others. Then, about 1837, came the *Vernon*, now a torpedo school-ship at Portsmouth. Sir W. Symonds, then surveyor of the navy, considered her at that time his *chef d'œuvre*. Like the *Queen*, she was too short for her size and beam, Sir William having a crochet of moulding all his ships, no matter how large, on the model of a Greek brig, the consequence of which was that the *Queen* herself, enormous as she was, was, as to the lines of her lower hull, nothing but an

overgrown cutter-yacht, and, as might have been expected, snapped off her foretop-gallant-masts in a heavy sea accordingly. But notwithstanding her shortness—a defect which she shared with the *Spartan*, an equally beautiful frigate on a smaller scale (26)—the *Vernon* was a splendid ship. She measured over 2,000 tons. Later, Sir William Symonds built the *Constance*, a frigate still larger; and, following her, came the whole new class of fifties, whose tonnage equalled that of the three-deckers of twenty years before them. The old 18 gun ships and barque sloops, of about 400 tons, began about 1840 to give place to brigs of the same tonnage, and corvettes of 700 or 800 tons. It may here be remarked that, in Admiralty parlance, a "sloop" means anything commanded by a commander. The word has no reference to rig.

One word as to armament, before we proceed to dissect the navy of the present day. The old sloops and brigs scarcely ever had a long gun, but were armed with carronades, a species of very short ordnance, mounted on sliding carriages without trucks (wheels). Carronades stood high from the deck, with little base, and were peculiarly liable to overthrow from any chance shot or other accident. "Gunnades" were improved carronade, being about eight feet long, while the carronade was only about four, and the gunnade carriage stood upon a firmer base. In the older class of three-deckers, the upper-deck carried 32-pounder carronades, the main-deck 32-pounder gunnades. The middle and lower decks were armed with long thirty-twos and sixty-eights, not more than twelve to twenty of the latter on both decks. The "long thirty-two"—the *pièce de résistance* of its period—was 9 feet 6 inches long, and weighed 56 cwt. The 68 pounder weighed 65 cwt., but was only 9 feet long. The armament of the *Vindictive*, a *rasée* fifty-gun frigate, flag-ship on this station from 1845 to 1848, a fine specimen of her class, was, on the upper deck, 4 sixty-eights and 12 thirty-two-pounder gunnades; on the main-deck, 6 sixty-eights and 28 long thirty-twos. She was of 1,758 tons, having been a seventy-four, and was a fast and powerful frigate of her day. Forty-fours ran about 1,400 tons. Thirty-six-gun frigates about 1,250, and twenty-sixes about 900.

Having thus endeavoured to convey some ideas of relative size, to conduce to a com-

prehension of the following lists, we proceed to name and enumerate the principal classes of vessels composing the imperial British Navy of the present day. We will first take the absolute equivalents of the old line-of-battle ships, the great iron-clads. Of these there are 46. They are here given with their tonnage and the old reckoning of horse-power.

	Guns.	Tons.	H.P.
Achilles	16	6121	1250
Agincourt	17	6621	1350
Alexandra	12	9492	8000
Audacious	14	3774	800
Bellerophon	15	4270	1000
Black Prince	28	6109	1250
Defence	16	3720	600
Favourite	10	2094	400
Hector	18	4089	800
Hercules	14	5234	1200
Hotspur	3	2037	600
Invincible	14	3774	800
Iron Duke	14	3787	800
Lord Warden	18	4080	1000
Minotaur	17	6621	1350
Nelson	12	7323	6000
Northampton	12	7323	6000
Northumberland	28	6621	1350
Pallas	8	2372	600
Penelope	11	3096	600
Repulse	12	3749	800
Research	4	1253	200
Resistance	16	3710	600
Royal Alfred	28	4068	800
Rupert	4	3159	700
Shannon	9	5103	3500
Sutton	12	5234	1200
Swiftsure	14	3893	800
Temeraire	8	8412	7000
Triumph	14	3893	800
Valiant	18	4063	800
Warrior	32	6109	1250

The following are Turret Ships :—

Agamemnon	4	8492	6000
Ajax	4	8492	6000
Cyclops	4	2107	250
Devastation	4	4407	800
Dreadnought	4	5030	1000
Erebus	16	1954	200
Glatten	2	2709	500
Gorgon	4	2107	250
Hecate	4	2107	250
Hydra	4	2107	250
Inflexible	4	11406	8000
Monarch	7	5102	1100
Prince Albert	4	2529	500
Scorpion	4	1833	350
Thunderer	4	4407	800
Wyvern	4	1899	350

Two of the above, the *Erebus* and *Glatten*,

are floating batteries, the remaining 46 are, sea-going ships.

The next class, one apparently growing in favour, as no less than seven are now building at Glasgow and Chatham, may be also ranked for size and power with the old line-of-battle. They are "steel and iron corvettes cased with wood," and are fourteen in number.

	Guns.	Tons.	H.P.
Active	10	2322	600
Bacchante	16	2679	700
Boadicea	16	2679	700
Carysfort			
Champion			
Cleopatra			
Comers			
Conquest			
Curacoa			
Euryalus	16	3932	5250
Inconstant	16	4066	1000
Raleigh	22	3215	800
Shah	26	4210	1000
Volage	18	2322	600

There are thirty-three of the old line-of-battle ships of various sizes remaining on the active list, but seventeen only retain their engines. Ten are flag-ships at home ports, and receiving-ships at the head-quarters of foreign stations. One, the *Britannia*, is a training-ship for naval cadets; five are training-ships for boys; one is the gunnery-ship at Portsmouth. It is probable that, in the event of immediate war, a few might take the sea, but the number could not be more than fifteen or sixteen, and would probably not be more than five or six, every successive quarter's Navy List showing an increased relegation of these noble remnants of naval beauty and dignity to absolute harbour service, and in many cases to such base uses as coal depots, &c.

The next great class, of sea-going utility, is the equivalent of the former fifty and forty-four gun frigates, called "screw corvettes." Of these there are thirty-three. One, however, the *Rover*, is of a size so large as to make her an exception to the category in which she is found. She is 3,494 tons, 4,694 horse-power, and carries eighteen guns. Four others, the *Opal*, the *Emerald*, the *Turquoise*, and the *Tourmaline*, are of nearly 1,900 tons, carrying twelve guns. The remainder average 1,500 tons and 400 horse-power, and carry from eight to seventeen guns. It will, of course, be understood that four, six, or eight broadside guns, with one

or two "long Toms" of the present day, amidships, may equal in effect a broadside of twenty-five, of twenty or thirty years ago.

In these vessels, when the telescope funnels are run down, there remains no appearance of a smoke-jack, and in them and the remains of what was, twenty years ago, the noble new class of fifty-gun frigates, may yet be seen that perfect symmetry which appealed to the heart of Jack almost as much as his Susan or his grog—nay, we verily believe, more than either. The reign of "iron-pots" has sadly shorn H.M. Navy of its dignity and beauty. We have before us, as we write, portraits of two of the latest iron-clads, and, between them, that of a ship of remarkable history, the United States frigate *Merrimac*, before the Southern authorities had shorn her of her fair proportions, cased her in railway iron, and sent her forth to the discomfiture of the Federal fleet in Hampton Roads, to be in her turn discomfited by the smaller but better devised *Monitor*. The contrast is singular. The two great iron-clads, one of them the *Inflexible*, the hugest of her kind, are brig-rigged—i.e., have two masts only, and one has no bowsprit at all! Between them, in perfect proportions, sails the *Merrimac*, every line of her graceful hull a reproach to the hideous utilitarianism of the iron abortions, one of which has "stump" topgallant-masts, and, indeed, looks altogether more like a collier than a man-of-war.

For the sake of that "auld lang syne" so fast fading into longer and dimmer distance, we must give the names of the remains of that noble fleet of fifties which, seven years ago, numbered over thirty, now reduced to fourteen—a proof of the rapidity of adaptation to changing conditions. They are the *Ariadne*, *Aurora*, *Bristol*, *Doris*, *Endymion*, *Forte*, *Galatea* (formerly commanded by the Duke of Edinburgh), *Glasgow*, *Immortalité*, *Nankin*, *Narcissus*, *Newcastle*, *Topaz*, and *Undaunted*. The last named is flag-ship in the East Indies, and four others form a detached squadron in the Chinese seas, the *Narcissus* bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Lambert, C.B.

The next great class of effective sea-going ships comes under the heading "screw sloops and gun-vessels." These are commanders' commands, and number seventy-five. They are, however, more than equal to the smaller frigates of former days. They

carry from two to nine guns, but, where the number is smallest, the gun is heaviest and with the longest range. Thirteen of them average over 1,025 tons, with a heavy horse-power. The lowest tonnage of the remainder (in three instances only) is 428, the average about 500; average horse-power about 200.

Vario s miscellaneous services are performed by thirty-two paddle vessels, which comprise three frigates, two Royal yachts, and two tenders thereto, several other steam tenders to home flag-ships, despatch vessels, surveying vessels, and four or five effective sea-going sloops. There are twenty-three tugs of various sizes, seven tank vessels, and eighty gun-boats, ranging from 245 to 455 tons, averaging about 300. There is also a separate list of 134 ships absolutely relegated to harbour service. These are of all classes—three and two deckers, frigates of all sizes, sloops, old steamers, and even several already disused iron-clads. There are three sailing sloops and two brigs, averaging about 400 tons, stationed at Lisbon, and one sloop, of 750 tons, in the Mediterranean. They carry about eight guns each. There are also five one-gun schooners, of 120 tons each, which are all put down to the Australian station.

The ordinary movements of British troops are provided for, as far as the Royal Navy goes, by twelve magnificent troop-ships. Five of these, the *Crocodile*, *Junna*, *Euphrates*, *Malabar*, and *Serapis*, are of 4,173 tons, and 700 horse-power each. These are known as the "Indian" troop-ships. The *Orontes* is still larger—5,600 tons, and 2,000 horse-power. The *Himalaya* is 3,453 tons, 700 horse-power. The *Tamar*, 2,812 tons, 500 horse-power. The *Assistance*, 2,038 tons, 1,400 horse-power. The *Simoom*, 1,980 tons, 400 horse-power. The other two are somewhat smaller. There are also four store ships of about 800 tons average, and two tenders to the Indian troopers, one at Alexandria, the other at Suez.

The greater fleets, such as the Mediterranean, would, in case of war, be provided with despatch vessels of unparalleled capacity, power, and speed. The *Mercury* and the *Iris* are at present building at Pembroke. Their size equals that of the later three-deckers (3,735 tons) of the *Duke of Wellington* class, and they are described as of 7,000 horse-power. They are also heavily

armed, carrying 10 guns, doubtless of great power.

The efficiency of the war-marine is backed by the Royal Naval Reserve, for which there are eight drill-ships stationed at Inverness, North Shields, Bristol, Sunderland, Liverpool, Dundee, Southampton, and the West India Docks. This institution is as yet untried by the exigencies of war, but it can scarcely prove other than beneficial, even if it fail to greatly augment the Navy in time of need. The acquisition of a knowledge of drill and of the habits of discipline by merchant seamen must be at least to their own advantage, while the privileges and honour accorded to them must tend to foster a fraternal spirit towards the Navy. Lieutenants and sub-lieutenants of the Reserve are allowed to wear the naval uniform, with a slight distinction in the badges on the epaulettes; and if a merchant ship is of a certain tonnage (not less, we believe, than 800), and if her master and chief officer are officers of the R. N. R., the privilege is conceded to her of wearing the blue ensign, the red being the one to which ordinary merchant ships are limited.

Less than twenty years ago the flag officers of the Navy were not only divided into three ranks, but each rank was divided into three flags—Red, White, and Blue. According to the colour of the Admiral's flag, was that of the ensigns and pendants flown by the squadron under his orders. This sub-division is now abolished, the beautiful white ensign alone being retained as the distinctive flag of the Royal Navy.

This leads us from the *matériel* to the *personnel* of the Navy. There are four ranks of flag officers, whose relative status to army officers is as follows:—

“Admirals of the Fleet” rank with Field Marshals.

Admirals rank with Generals.

Vice-Admirals rank with Lieut.-Generals.

Rear-Admirals rank with Major-Generals.

Commodore is a temporary rank, and corresponds with that of Brigadier in our service.

Captains rank with Colonels and Lieutenant-Colonels.

Commanders rank with Lieut.-Colonels.

Lieutenants rank with Majors and Captains.

Sub-Lieutenants rank with Lieutenants.

Midshipmen rank with Sub-Lieutenants.

Where the relative rank embraces two grades,

it is a matter of service. Thus, lieutenants of 8 years standing rank with majors; under 8 years, with captains.

The active list consists of three “Admirals of the Fleet,” Sir Geo. Sartorius, Sir Fairfax Moresby, and Sir Provo W. P. Wallis. The two former of these venerable officers are captains of 1814, sixty-three years ago, and must therefore, in all probability, be over 90 years of age. Sir P. Wallis was a captain of 1819. These, however, are old officers, who have chosen, being at the head of it, to remain on the active list. There is a great gap between them and the Senior Admiral, Sir Henry Codrington, who is a captain of 1836. The active list continues with 10 Admirals, 15 Vice-Admirals, and 25 Rear-Admirals; 274 Captains, 208 Commodores, 781 Lieutenants, 302 Sub-Lieutenants, 216 Midshipmen, 189 Naval Cadets, 13 Staff Captains, 89 Staff Commanders, 157 Navigating Lieutenants, 81 Navigating Sub-Lieutenants (these four ranks are the old “Masters’ line”); 10 Inspectors of Machinery afloat, 172 Chief Engineers, 573 Engineers, 158 Assistant Engineers; 95 Chaplains and 69 Naval Instructors, all gentlemen in holy orders. The health of the fleet is looked after by a Director-General, 5 Inspectors-General, 12 Deputy Inspectors-General, 81 Fleet Surgeons, 124 Staff Surgeons, and 195 Surgeons. There are 200 Paymasters, and 229 Assist.-Paymasters; and 10 Chief Gunners, 279 Gunners, 23 Chief Boatswains, 392 Boatswains, 12 Chief Carpenters, and 192 Carpenters, complete the warrant officers’ lists.

The Marine Force—the army of the sea—is officered, the Marine Artillery by 3 General Officers, the Marine Light Infantry by 9. The Artillery has 2 Colonels, 3 Lieutenant-Colonels, 46 Captains, and 4 Lieutenants. The Light Infantry has 8 Colonels, 12 Lieutenant-Colonels, 105 Captains, and 150 Lieutenants. The quota of marines to an old first-rate used to be 150. We are not aware in what proportions they are assigned to the new classes of vessels.

There is a feature which, perhaps more than any other, illustrates the gigantic scale on which England has to maintain her naval armaments. It is the Retired List. This enormous burden is unavoidable from the necessity of preventing the active lists from becoming crowded with officers too old for their rank, and of ensuring a reasonable flow

of promotion. It bears, in round numbers, 279 Flag Officers, 466 Retired Captains, 753 Retired Commanders, 164 Lieutenants, 105 Staff Commanders, and considerable numbers of many other ranks, so many, indeed, as to occupy 22 more pages of the Navy List, those already enumerated occupying about 40 pages.

We will conclude with a short summary of the effective vessels on the active list, including only such as may be regarded as perfect men-of-war in their several classes. We find, besides several floating-batteries, at Bermuda and elsewhere :

Sea-going Iron-Clads	-	-	46
Steel and Iron Corvettes cased with wood	-	-	14
Screw Corvettes	-	-	33
Screw Sloops and Gun Vessels	-	-	75
Remains of the great fifties	-	-	14
Efficient Screw Liners (say)	-	-	15
Total efficient fighting ships			197

The total number of ships in commission and in ordinary on the active list is about 300. There are at the great home naval

stations of Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, and Sheerness, respectively, about 46, 49, and 27 vessels, exclusive of mere hulks, tugs, and gun-boats.

Ships on foreign stations are distributed as follows :—

Mediterranean	-	-	23
North America and West Indies	-	-	14
South-east Coast of America	-	-	4
Pacific	-	-	9
China	-	-	27
East Indies	-	-	12
Australia	-	-	11
West Coast and Cape of Good Hope	-	-	9
Channel Squadron	-	-	5
East Coast of Africa	-	-	1
Coast Guard and Steam Reserve	-	-	8
Pembroke	-	-	5
Particular Service	-	-	7
Variously distributed round the British Coast	-	-	29
Total			164

The following is a list of the flag officers, their flag-ships, and the stations they command, which England finds it necessary to keep in employment.

STATIONS.	FLAG OFFICERS.	FLAG SHIPS.	
Portsmouth	Adm. Geo. Elliot	D. of Wellington	Three-decker.
	R. Adm. Sir F. L. McClintock, Kt.	Asia	Old 84.
Devonport	Adm. Sir T. M. Symonds, K. C. B.	Royal Adelaide	Old 104.
	R. Adm. Geo. O. Willes, C. B.	Indus	Old 78.
Nore	Vice-Adm. Henry Chads	Duncan	Three-decker.
Chatham	R. Adm. Chas. Fellowes, C. B.	Pembroke	Old 72.
Mediterranean	V. Adm. G. T. P. Hornby	Alexandra	Iron-clad.
	R. Adm. Ed. Bridges Rice	Triumph	Iron-clad.
Malta (Sup'dt)	R. Adm. W. G. Luard, C. B.	Hibernia	Old 120.
N. America & W. Indies	V. Adm. Sir A. C. Key, K. C. B.	Bellerophon	Iron-clad.
Jamaica	Comm. Algernon Lyons	Aboukir	Late 90.
China	V. Adm. Alfred P. Ryder	Audacious	Iron-clad.
Detached Squadron	R. Adm. Rowley Lambert, C. B.	Narcissus	Large frigate.
Hong Kong	Comm. Geo. W. Watson	Victor Emmanuel	Late 90.
Queenstown	R. Adm. H. S. Hillyar, C. B.	Revenge	Late 90.
Chan. Squadron	R. Adm. F. B. P. Seymour, C. B.	Minotaur	Iron-clad.
Pacific	R. Adm. Algernon F. De Horsey	Repulse	Iron-clad.
E. Indies	R. Adm. Reg'd J. Macdonald	Undaunted	Large frigate.
Australia	Com. Anthony J. Hoskins	Wolverene	Screw corvette.
C. of Good Hope and Coast of Africa	Com. Francis W. Sullivan, C. B.	Tourmaline	Screw corvette.

The two greater home ports are full admirals' commands, and they are aided and supplemented by a rear-admiral superinten-

dent of the dockyard. Sheerness (the Nore), at the mouth of the Thames and confluence of that river with the Medway, is

a vice-admiral's command, with a rear-admiral at Chatham, further up the latter river. The Mediterranean, the North American, and West India Stations, and China are also vice-admiral's commands. There are also two rear-admiral's in the Mediterranean, one of whom is superintendent of Malta dockyard. There is further an additional rear-admiral commanding the detached squadron in the China Seas; one commanding at Queenstown (Cork); one in charge of the Channel Squadron; one commanding in the Pacific; and one in the East Indies. There is also a commodore in charge at Jamaica, and one at Hong Kong. The Cape of Good

Hope and West coast of Africa and Australia are likewise commodore's commands. The service thus employs afloat 2 admirals, 4 vice-admirals, 10 rear-admirals, and 4 commodores.

The flag of a British admiral is white, with a red cross, corresponding with the ensign; that of a commodore is similar in colour, but swallow-tailed, and is called a broad-pendant. There is no sea in which they, or the long "coach-whips" of the ships under their command, are not to be encountered, ever on the cruise for the protection of an empire on which the sun never sets.

G. W. G.

OPIUM EATING.

IN these days, when strenuous efforts are being made by the advocates of "Temperance" to curb, and even to suppress utterly, the use of alcoholic liquors, we not unfrequently hear it stated that such avowed philanthropists, by the very activity and uncompromising nature of their efforts, are defeating the ultimate object which they have in view—that is, the amelioration of the condition of the human race; that in throwing obstacles in the way of indulgence in alcoholic drinks, whilst leaving the appetite for such stimulants unradicated, these well-meaning people only drive the objects of their solicitude to the use of opium, hasheesh, hydrate of chloral, and other such still more noxious substances, capable of temporarily banishing pain or producing pleasurable sensations. I believe—I may safely say that I *know*—this statement to be well founded, at least so far as concerns North America. *How* I know, may be guessed by the reader of the following pages. Partly through my own experience and direct observation, partly through the enquiries which that experience has induced me to make, I am aware that the substances just named, and especially opium, are indulged in upon this continent to an extent of which those who have not themselves been within the inner circle of its votaries have no idea. It is scarcely possible to procure statistics in

support of this—as I allege—fact. The very secrecy with which opium can be procured and indulged in, seems almost to preclude such a possibility. At the same time, the possibility of maintaining this secrecy, suggests some conception of the vast evil which must ensue from the prevalence of the drug in question.

It is not my purpose, in this paper, to enter upon any discussion of the question how far the fact, or alleged fact, just stated should, if at all, modify or change the action of the Alcoholic Liquor Prohibitionists. The whole subject is one which demands the earnest consideration of the genuine philanthropist. What I really propose to do in the following pages, is to submit some of my own experiences in the use and in the disuse of opium, in the hope that the effort may not be without effect in deterring others, who may be that way inclined, from ever tampering with opium, and, at the same time, be of service to those who, having become enslaved, are sincerely desirous of freeing themselves from its trammels. In doing this, I must necessarily make frequent use of the first personal pronoun singular; but it is hoped that *anonymous* egoism may not prove unendurable. I shall, then, treat in succession of the steps by which I became addicted to the use of opium; of some of the effects which it produced upon me; and

of the mode by which I freed myself from its use.

I must, in justice to myself, declare that it was through no vicious disposition towards self-indulgence that I became addicted to the use of opium. That habit came about in this wise. Early in life I was seized with a sudden attack of bronchitis as one of the *sequela* of that vile disease, measles. It is not necessary to dwell upon my ailment. I will only say that, under this attack, I soon became reduced to little more than a shadow of my former self; whilst what life remained in me was rendered almost unendurable by an almost incessant and excruciating cough. Various medicines were resorted to, in order to give relief to the latter. I soon discovered that the various mixtures recommended to me for this purpose afforded temporary relief about in proportion to the quantity of opium they contained. I thence concluded that it would be just as well to take the un-mixed article itself, which I afterwards did in the shape of laudanum, the form in which I have always used it.

It may be said that it was very unwise even to take opium at all, since it gave only temporary relief, and did not remove the cause of the cough. I am not pretending to write a paper on medical science. I may say, however, in my own justification, that I found even this temporary relief to contribute to a permanent benefit. It allayed for the time that tormenting irritation of the bronchial tubes—otherwise constantly aggravating itself—and thus permitted, with better effect, the use of other remedial measures tending to subdue, it not to remove, the original cause of irritation. That cause has never been wholly removed. The bronchitis became chronic in my ease, notwithstanding a battle of over twenty years' duration to overcome it. During the earlier and by far the greater part of that period, whenever, through some accession of "cold" or other derangement of the system, my cough—from which I had never been wholly free—returned with something of its original violence, I was in the habit of again resorting temporarily to the use of opium as a measure of relief. I only did this, however, when the case became an extreme one; and I resolutely discontinued the use of the drug whenever my breathing apparatus had begun to resume somewhat of its wonted tone, or when I found that its further continued

use was materially and injuriously affecting the action of the other internal *viscera*, or when I found myself, as I thought, drifting into a craving for the pleasurable sensations which the drug produced. Experience, in thus recurring from time to time to the use of opium, soon made clear to me these facts: every dose of the drug was required to be larger than the last previous one in order to produce even a like effect; if the use was interrupted, even for many months, and then resumed, I found that the system had not returned to its original tone in the meantime, but that it was still necessary to take a dose in excess of the last previous one in order to produce the same effect; every act of discontinuance of the use of the seductive drug cost a stronger effort of the will.

Thus, for about twenty years, I was addicted to the occasional use of opium. Still, the aggregate quantity consumed by me during that period was not large; for the intervals between the times of my using it at all were often of many months duration, and, in two or three instances at least, were prolonged even to years. On the other hand, the periods of my continued use of the article were never long, usually varying from three or four days to as many weeks. But now a series of rapid changes came over my experience. For a period of from two to three years, I was subjected to a succession of attacks of my old complaint more obstinate and violent than any which I had endured for several years immediately previous. One consequence was a, to me, unprecedented consumption of opium, whether considering the daily quantity taken, or the long continuance of its use without interruption. At length, with the setting in of a cold North American autumn, my old enemy seized me by the throat with a grip more violent and obstinate than ever. Consequently I used opium daily throughout the autumn and winter. Spring came; and with the arrival of the warm weather I could no longer plead to myself a *violent* cough as an excuse for my daily indulgence. But I now found that the time was past when I could discontinue the use of opium by a slight effort of will. I found myself in chains, and helpless, as it seemed to me, to free myself.

I made several efforts, founded on what I at the time thought a very vigorous determination, to regain my freedom; but they proved utterly, miserably futile. There were

several causes which conspired to make them so. I was over a thousand miles away from my own home, and among strangers who did not even know of my habit of taking opium; and who would be quite unable—perhaps unwilling—to aid or sympathise with me in the trial which, it seemed, must be endured. Then my occupation at the time was one demanding great toil of brain—requiring of me every day, as unfailingly as the rising of the sun, whether well or ill, whether in or out of spirits, the performance of a large amount of mental labour. In fact my brain was overworked at the time, and could not have maintained the struggle but for the daily use of opium; for I may here say that, in my case, however it may be in others, opium, down to within a few months of my final discontinuance of its use, operated as a powerful stimulant to the intellectual powers. This it did, not in that vehement and spasmodic action which alcohol exerts upon the brain, but with a sustained power, giving great clearness to the conceptions, and nerving especially the higher faculties of the intellect to a more than normal energy. Thus I was not only in no condition to battle against my enslaver, but the circumstances in which I found myself placed seemed to demand of me to hug the chains more closely. During the summer and autumn of this last year of its use, and only whole year of its uninterrupted use, my daily dose of laudanum had got up to rather more than three ounces. It must be remembered that on each resumption of the use of the article I had found it necessary, in order to experience any effect from it, to recommence with as large a daily allowance as that with which I had last left off. This mention of what had become my daily portion, will, perhaps better than anything else I could say, enable those having some knowledge in such matters to know at what stage I had now arrived in the use of opium.

It is doubtful if opium affects any two persons in precisely the same manner, the experience of every one under its influence being coloured and modified by his particular natural idiosyncrasy. I do not purpose going into any tedious detailed description of the sensations it produces. They have been sufficiently often described. Of its effect upon myself in stimulating the intellectual faculties, up to a certain period in my experiences, I have already spoken. The

reader may naturally expect to hear something of opium dreams. The fact is that, up to this time, when I was taking three ounces of laudanum each day, I had no dreams. The use of the drug never had the effect of even making me sleep more than I otherwise would. Quite the reverse, indeed. One effect of it was to make me especially wakeful. As that effect wore off, I would sink into a deep sleep, but not more profound, or of longer continuation, than would have been the case if I had lost sleep from any other cause than taking opium. I may here observe that I am naturally a light and brief sleeper. What my system seems to require when in ordinary health is from three to—at most—six hours sleep out of the twenty-four.

I found, however, during the summer of this, my last opium year, that the continuous use of the drug was rapidly exhausting my forces, both mental and physical, and apparently sapping my very life. I am somewhat of an athlete, and am naturally fond of, and, when in health, have always been accustomed to, much physical exercise. Now I found myself devoid of either power or inclination to indulge in anything of the sort. My inclination to take food gradually lessened until it almost entirely ceased. First, I dispensed with the formality of breakfast; then, of luncheon; until eventually and during many months I never approached the table except once a day, at the six o'clock dinner hour, and even then I but minced over a few bites of some light dish, or ate a very little fruit. Meanwhile my perspirations—especially night perspirations—were most profuse, so much so as to be alarming to those with whom I was in daily intercourse.

As to the mind, when not under the influence of the usual daily stimulus, it had no capacity except for suffering. The feeling at such times—at all events in my own case—is not easily described. The most prevalent manifestation was an excessive nervous restlessness, but most unlike the so-called nervousness which proceeds from any other cause. This seemed rather the manifestation of the combined yearnings of every single and separate organ in the system for something which was not. Combined with this was a most depressing sadness. Even the most agreeable emotions derivable from the use of opium had already, in my case, a certain dash of melancholy about them, but

this was something quite different. It was a feeling more nearly akin to despair.

At length, in the course of the autumn of the year already so often referred to, I had an opportunity of suspending my close application to business duties, and, at the same time, of returning again to the shelter of my own roof-tree. Now, too, I thought to set myself deliberately to the task of breaking off this opium habit. Although apprehensive that the task would be a severe one, I soon found that I had too lightly estimated it. Again and again I made the attempt, but in each instance, after three or four days of struggling through downright torture, I ignominiously, but in intensely conscious self-abasement, stole back to the old comforter, to enjoy its seductions more delightedly than ever.

About this period I began, for the first time, to have *opium dreams*. I have already intimated that heretofore there was nothing whatever remarkable in my sleep whilst habitually taking opium. I omitted to state that oftentimes, whilst lying wakeful in consequence of having taken it, I became aware, or methought I was aware, of a sort of double existence. It seemed that my soul, or a part of it, would become quite disembodied, and would composedly contemplate the body still lying there, noticing its breathings and its every motion; or it would, from some distant room, cogitate upon how that body was now comporting itself. I mention this as a sample of the vagaries which opium *may* put into the human brain even in waking hours.

But now a new and terrible dream-world was suddenly opened up to me. Why it was that I now commenced to dream, and not before, is a mystery which I can in no way account for. Other opium-eaters, and notably the celebrated De Quincey, have told of the grandeur of their opium dreams, but they have also given us to understand that—at least up to a certain point—there was an enjoyable charm about these sleeping visitants. My experiences were different. My dreams were grand enough, indeed; but they were always so pervaded with the element of the terrible as to make them a perfect hell of torture. A few such would, I think, suffice to drive any mortal man to burst away from the chains of opium, or to put a termination to his existence. I can still recall these dreams in all their grand

and terrible vividness; and I do not believe that any one of them will ever fade from my memory whilst memory itself endures. The recording of dreams at all is doubtless a vain—perhaps a very silly—thing to do. Nevertheless, I will venture to recount, as a sample, one of these visions of sleep, remarking, at the same time, that no language which I can command could describe it even as it remains graven on my memory; much less can words describe the harrowing terror which accompanied that dream.

I dreamed that certain friends of mine who are interested in manufacturing operations wherein machinery is largely employed, invited me to look at some new machinery which they had just got into operation in an establishment of theirs. I may here premise, as a fact accounting in some degree for the tone of the earlier part of this dream—the later portion I find it more difficult to account for—that powerful and complicated machinery in motion has always had a sort of awful charm for me. I remember, early in life, on my first visit to an extensive colliery, being impressed with downright awe at the appearance of a great pumping-engine working away mysteriously in its tower—there being no human being visible in the vicinity—quivering, groaning, and heaving up a great stream of water from a depth of some four hundred feet. The recollection of its seeming life and consciousness, and of its lonely, infernal energy, haunted me for a long time afterwards. Later in life, I had often experienced a sort of fasciation, not unmingled with awe, when gazing at vast systems of complicated machinery in motion—as, for instance, in regarding the ponderous engines of the *Great Eastern* steamship. Then I had myself had much to do with the direction of certain works in which machinery was employed on a somewhat large scale. Thus there must have been, packed away in the archives of my mind, the records of many sensations connected with the subject of ponderous machinery in motion—records in great measure forgotten until opium rummaged them out and reproduced them with hyperbolic vividness. But to return.

My friends and I were examining these works, which I at once saw were very extensive and in the open air. All was at rest at the time, all the "hands" being off duty. Whilst we were in the midst of this vast

complication of polished metal, suddenly, and without a moment's warning, the whole field of machinery was set in motion. Then, on the instant, there burst upon my ear a very chaos of harsh sounds—roaring, shrieking, clanking, hammering, buzzing, stamping—as if ten thousand steam-engines, with all the machinery they could drive, were in operation around me. I now discover that the great field of machinery covers acres upon acres. All is now fiercely and terribly in motion; and I am in the midst of it! How to get out! My friends were all cut off out of sight at the first outbreak of the terrible hurly-burly. So vast does this accumulation of enginery now appear that I can only fitly use astronomical terms in any attempt to describe it, and speak of its zenith, its nadir, and its horizon. So complicated and so compact is it that any false step on my part would ensure certain destruction, and destruction in its most appalling form; whilst any movement at all, however slight, must be attended with the utmost peril. Shout for assistance! I might as well shout under the Falls of Niagara. Occasionally I catch a distant glimpse of some workman, but I dare not attempt to beckon him. My hand would, in all probability, be severed or crushed before half uplifted. Nor could it be otherwise possible for me to arrest his attention, for his eyes are fixed, unmoved and immoveably, upon some spindle, or valve, or guage, from which nothing can distract them. Great fly-wheels roll up their huge rims, seemingly from the very bowels of the earth away up into the clouds, with an appalling energy of motion which appears as resistless as the whirling of a planet on its axis. Miles of belting are streaming like meteors between me and the sky. Vast oscillating engines are dashing from side to side with frantic clatter. Enormous trip-hammers are dropping around me with blows which seem as if they would crash through the crust of earth itself. Away on every side over this wide field I see immense and wondrously fashioned metallic masses in rapid motion—vertical motion—horizontal motion—revolving motion; and with it all there is ever the roar, the clanking, and the din. All these enormous engines, too, seem to be inspired with a sort of soul—with a fierce determination to crush and destroy, as if Abaddon's self directed their movements. I know now, somehow—I feel

—that this gigantic machinery will thus continue in motion for ever. It is only through my own efforts that I can free myself from its entanglements; and with terror and with toil I set about the all but hopeless task.

I see near me a small open space. I am about to put forth my foot to reach it, when, on the instant, from a brazen wall opposite, there shoots forth horizontally, across that space, a great beam of steel, like a flash of lightning, and as quickly returns out of sight. I have just escaped being transfixed as if by a giant's spear. I must now note and estimate, as closely as I can, the intervals between the movements of this far-shooting beam, regulated as they are by some unseen eccentric, before I can take the first step towards freedom. At last that step is taken; but only to bring me face to face with new dangers. So narrow and tortuous is the way in which I must now move amidst firmly revolving wheels and champing bars, that to move either body or limb, by so much as the fraction of an inch, from the line of safety—to be caught, even by a thread of my clothing, by one of those terrible engines, would inevitably lead to my being instantly torn into atoms or crushed to a pulp. Thus, inch by inch, I toil on and on, every instant revealing some new and terrible danger in the way of my progress; for, most unlike the experiences of ordinary dreams, I am not allowed to escape one moment's torture—not for a moment to forget where I am, or the terrors and dangers which surround me. Inexorably every instant of time presents itself in its regular sequence and laden with its inevitable quota of torture. I could, even now—years after the occurrence of this dream—fill pages with the details of that sequence, so indelibly have the imagined events been burned into my memory.

Thus, constantly watching my opportunities, constantly toiling, with every faculty—every nerve and muscle—on the strain, amidst appalling recollections of hairbreadth escapes and more appalling apprehensions of dangers to come, often discovering that the slow and toilsome progress of hours had all to be retraced, inch by inch, for many, many hours, I crept, and writhed, and sinuated amidst and through this world of labyrinthine motion, until, *at last* I found myself free.

I now find myself upon a wide area covered with cinders and slag, as if from the refuse of innumerable furnaces. I hasten across this, away from the infernal din by which my ears have been so long astounded. I soon discover that I am upon an almost boundless plain. The cinders which were lately crunching beneath my feet, have changed to branched and jagged snow-white coral, interspersed with fragments of sharp-edged and pointed obsidian. On making this discovery, I find that already the coverings have been torn from my feet; but a sense of inevitable necessity impels me onward. I must cross this Zahara. No breathing creature, no plant—not an organic object of any description—is to be seen; and a tropical sun is blazing down upon me from a cloudless, opaline sky. Slowly and toilsomely I pick my way, every single step having its distinct agony of apprehension for the results, yet yielding no sense of relief when achieved.

The plain is not quite boundless, however. Far, far in the distance, I discern what seems to be a mountain range, towards which I slowly wend my torturing way. On a nearer approach, I perceive that the range consists of an abrupt mountain wall, rising sheer up from the plain, miles in height, and seemingly composed of one mass of rock crystal and of pink and flame-colored topaz; and its summit and vertical face bristle with crystalline spires and pinnacles of those minerals, all glittering and flashing in the glare of the sunlight. But through this mountain wall, based on my own level, I observe what seems to be a wide and lofty archway, from which there surges a sound like that of an "anvil chorus" of many thousands of performers. A nearer approach informs me that this sound is caused by the breaking and falling of innumerable spear-like crystals which have been hanging stalactite-wise from the roof of this far-penetrating mountain archway, and which are now, from their own weight, falling in an incessant storm. A sense of inevitable necessity tells me that, through this archway, under this rain of gigantic needles, I must pass, although perfectly aware that a blow from any one of these falling crystals would be certain destruction. And through it, somehow, in indescribable terror, I do pass. It is only to find myself in another vast plain precisely similar to the one which I have already passed, save that, far away, obliquely

on my left, I can discern a delightfully cool-looking grassy slope, backed by a line of umbrageous forest. But, between me and this region of delicious-looking greenery, there extends a portion of the plain which is utterly impassable. It is as if a lava-like stream of many mingled molten minerals had suddenly become crystallized, and now presented a chaotic surface of jagged protuberances, knife-like edges, and lancet points, across which no human foot could possibly thread its way. I cannot cross this crystalline expanse: I must turn it.

Then—my own particular way being only in a very slight degree less terrible—on, and on, ever onwards; past another sparkling mountain wall; through another crystal rain, and another, and another; and, like a perpetual mirage, that grassy slope, with its fringe of green trees, flies ever before me, and is ever inaccessible. Thus I toil on incessantly, sleeplessly, until hours become days—weeks—months—years. Ay, years have elapsed since I commenced the tramp over this mountain-ribbed Zahara. This is no vague conjecture. I *know* it. The enumerated steps of my dreadful march would show it to be of years' duration. The accumulated moments of my torture, each moment having brought its own special agony, would make years. And all this time, that eternal sun, fixed in its opaline sky, where I know it is fixed forever, blazes down upon my burning brain. During these long years, familiarity with and repetition of pain in no degree inures me to it. The sense of perils escaped affords me no particle of comfort or consolation, until, at last, through utter lack of susceptibility of the mind to sustain a greater tension of pain and yet sleep,—I awake—trembling like an aspen, and with the perspiration trickling from every pore.

The *burden*—I know not how else to call it—of this dream was physical terror. I have therefore selected it from my memories, as one which was more nearly possible of description so far as to be intelligible to the reader. On other occasions, the burden would be the outrage of some *moral* sense, in which the agony endured would be no less keen and continuous and accumulative; but I should find it much more difficult to find any language in which to convey anything approaching to a conception of this latter class of dreams, however vividly the

recollection of them may remain graven upon my own mind.

One object which I had in the foregoing attempt to describe an opium dream, was to note the prodigious, the utterly incalculable rapidity with which ideas succeed each other in the human mind. The experiences of this dream—the sequence of distinct, however painful, ideas, each of them necessarily involving duration of time—seemed to me to extend—and, if we measured time by the succession of ideas in our minds, as we are apt to *suppose* we do in our waking hours, would have extended—to years of time. Yet some circumstances enable me to know that during the time that the above dream, in all its continuity, was passing through my brain, I was asleep for only a few minutes altogether; and I have reason to believe that the whole dream occurred within a very few seconds.

With the certainty of my nightly slumbers being haunted by such dreams, sleep became a thing to be dreaded. As another effect, doubtless, of the use of opium, I became troubled, about this time, with somnambulism. On one occasion, when thus walking in my sleep, unconsciously—not dreaming—I got a fall by which I received serious injuries and narrowly escaped being killed outright. Meantime my waking hours were extremely wretched. Life had become a burden. I finally resolved to break off the use of opium, or die in the attempt.

Having resolved upon my own cure, the momentous question arose: how was it to be effected? I read everything upon the subject upon which I could lay my hands. That all amounted to but little, and afforded me still less of the information which I wanted. Without citing my own or any particular case, I had discussed the subject in general terms with several members of the medical faculty with whom I happened to be intimately acquainted; but I found that they know little or nothing about the matter—less indeed than I did myself. In pursuance of my resolution to effect a cure, I first tried the effect of a gradual reduction of the daily dose. The only result was a prolongation and even an aggravation of misery. Then I tried various things as substitutes, in the hope of thus gradually weaning the system away from the use of opium. I tried alcohol; I tried mercurial medicines, of which I had heard in such cases; all in

vain; the stomach, unless previously prepared by a dose of laudanum, speedily rejected everything which was taken into it. Finally, and almost despairingly, I determined upon what I was constrained to believe, and believe still to be the only effectual course to be pursued in such cases. The more learned and skilled members of the medical profession may know of some “short and easy method” of dealing with the victims of opium. I know of none; nor do I believe that there is any cure for the opium habit except the simple but desperate one of promptly and determinedly refraining altogether from the use of the pernicious drug. No paltering with that most seductive of tempters, but most relentless of tyrants, can have any good result. To be effectually freed from its trammels, the victim must totally abstain and endure his agony until healthy nature reasserts her reign in his system. This I did.

To describe particularly the ordeal through which I passed would not be agreeable to the reader; and the reminiscence is far from agreeable to myself. Every organ in my system was deranged, and refused to perform its functions in the normal way. It is no exaggeration—it is the simple truth—to say that for ten or twelve continuous days and nights, I never slept for a moment, or swallowed food, or remained for two consecutive minutes in one position. The nervous restlessness was distressing beyond all description. Now writhing and rolling and tossing upon a bed—from the bed to a sofa—from the sofa to the ground—now prancing, or, eventually and through excessive weakness, tottering up and down the floor, or from room to room—it was dreadful! I make no empty boast when I say that only an iron will in myself could have carried me through that ordeal. Had the restraint been imposed by others, I should certainly have gone mad or died. You, who are now tampering with opium—could you experience but one of the many days of intense misery which I endured in passing through this trial, you would, whilst there is yet time, eschew the seductive and terrible drug forever.

Rest and relief came at last, gradually and by slow degrees. First, I was enabled to snatch a little sleep—a few minutes at a time—and the period of these slumbers gradually lengthened in duration. Then I

was enabled to swallow without being nauseated, and to retain upon the stomach a little nourishment. These symptoms continued steadily to improve from day to day ; yet I felt but as a wreck of my former self. Although always and slowly convalescent, I continued to be an invalid for months—in-capable of any but the slightest effort, either physical or mental. One predominant class of symptoms which my case presented during this period, was that which denotes what is usually called “a very bad cold.” I could now understand De Quincey, when he speaks of the excessive sternutation to which he was subject whilst attempting to dispense with the use of opium. I frequently experienced fits of that sort which would continue, with scarcely a moment’s intermission, for half an hour at a time. Indeed, every separate organ in the system seemed just recovering from a diseased state, and required the most tender treatment.

Time and perseverance and care eventually prevailed ; and, in from four to six months from the time of commencing the first struggle, I could declare myself not only effectually cured of the opium habit, but fully restored to that measure of health and strength which I had possessed previous to having become subject to the influence of opium. I had—and felt that I had—achieved a triumph. Once only did I afterwards take opium. I then did so deliberately, instigated by curiosity to see what the effect would be. I experienced no agreeable result whatever ; quite the contrary. The whole system seemed to resent the improper liberty thus taken with it ; and I have never felt any disposition to repeat the experiment. This was years since, and I know that I never can be induced to voluntarily resume

the use of opium. I cannot conceive any earthly temptation which could lead me back to renew my experiences in that way. I am free and will so remain.

The wholly inexperienced, or the one who has only slightly tampered with opium, may be pleased to believe that the foregoing record of my experience teems with exaggerations. Those who have gone to the depths of the miseries of opium-eating will know to the contrary. I can make allowance for the former class of readers. Even I myself, had it not been for the last three months of my opium-eating experience, might always have suspected that De Quincey and others who have written upon this subject had indulged in, at least, some poetical license in their highly-coloured descriptions. Now I know that no language—at least, none at my command—can meetly describe the splendour, the grandeur, or—alas !—the terrors of such dreams as opium eventually suggested to me ; or the anguish of soul and body which ensued from an irrevocable discontinuance of the use of that most insidious of poisons.

Should these lines ever meet the eye of any who have become victims and slaves to the pernicious drug, I hope they may derive some comfort from the assurance that they can be cured, I have briefly and cursorily described the process. It is simple but effective. I do not know of, nor do I believe there is yet known, any milder course of treatment which is effectual. Any mode of cure is infinitely better than a continuance in opium slavery, even although, as a part of the essential ordeal, it be demanded—as it doubtless will be—of the victim, patience to pass through the “Valley of the Shadow of Death.”

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THE LOVES OF ALONZO FITZ CLARENCE AND ROSANNAH ETHELTON.*

IT was well along in the forenoon of a bitter winter's day. The town of Eastport, in the State of Maine, lay buried under a deep snow that was newly fallen. The customary bustle in the streets was wanting. One could look long distances down them and see nothing but a dead white emptiness, with silence to match. Of course I do not mean that you could *see* the silence—no, you could only hear it. The sidewalks were merely long, deep ditches, with steep snow walls on either side. Here and there you might hear the faint, far scrape of a wooden shovel, and if you were quick enough you might catch a glimpse of a distant black figure stooping and disappearing in one of those ditches, and reappearing the next moment with a motion which you would know meant the heaving out of a shovelful of snow. But you needed to be quick, for that black figure would not linger, but would soon drop that shovel and scud for the house, thrashing itself with its arms to warm them. Yes, it was too venomously cold for snow shovelers or anybody else to stay out long.

Presently the sky darkened; then the wind rose and began to blow in fitful, vigorous gusts, which sent clouds of powdery snow aloft, and straight ahead, and everywhere. Under the impulse of one of these gusts, great white drifts banked themselves like graves across the streets; a moment later, another gust shifted them around the other way, driving a fine spray of snow from their sharp crests as the gale drives the spume flakes from wave-crests at sea; a third gust swept that place as clean as your hand, if it saw fit. This was fooling, this was play; but each and all of the gusts dumped some snow into the sidewalk ditches, for that was business.

Alonzo Fitz Clarence was sitting in his snug and elegant little parlour, in a lovely blue silk dressing gown, with cuffs and facings of crimson satin, elaborately quilted. The remains of his breakfast were before

him, and the dainty and costly little table service added a harmonious charm to the grace, beauty, and richness of the fixed appointments of the room. A cheery fire was blazing on the hearth.

A furious gust of wind shook the windows, and a great wave of snow washed against them with a drenching sound—so to speak. The handsome young bachelor then murmured—

"That means no going out to-day. Well, I am content. But what to do for company? Mother is well enough, aunt Susan is well enough; but these, like the poor, I have with me always. On so grim a day as this one needs a new interest, a fresh element, to whet the dull edge of captivity. That was very neatly said, but it doesn't mean anything. One doesn't *want* the edge of captivity sharpened up, you know, but just the reverse."

He glanced at his pretty French mantel clock.

"That clock's wrong again. That clock hardly ever knows what time it is; and when it does know, it lies about it—which amounts to the same thing. Alfred!"

There was no answer.

"Alfred! . . . Good servant, but as uncertain as the clock."

Alonzo touched an electrical bell-button in the wall. He waited a moment, then touched it again; waited a few moments more, and said—

"Battery out of order, no doubt. But now that I have started I *will* find out what time it is."

He stepped to a speaking-tube in the wall, blew its whistle, and called—

"Mother!" and repeated it twice.

"Well, *that's* no use. Mother's battery is out of order, too. Can't raise anybody downstairs—that is plain."

He sat down at a rose-wood desk, leaned his chin on the left-hand edge of it, and spoke, as if to the floor—

"Aunt Susan!"

* Published by arrangement with the Author.

A low, pleasant voice answered, "Is that you, Alonzo?"

"Yes. I'm too lazy and comfortable to go down-stairs; I am in extremity, and I can't seem to scare up any help."

"Dear me, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough, I can tell you!"

"Oh, don't keep me in suspense, dear! What is it?"

"I want to know what time it is."

"You abominable boy, what a turn you did give me! Is that all?"

"All—on my honour. Calm yourself. Tell me the time, and receive my blessing."

"Just five minutes after nine. No charge—keep your blessing."

"Thanks. It wouldn't have impoverished me, aunty, nor so enriched you that you could live without other means." He got up, murmuring, "Just five minutes alter nine," and faced his clock. "Ah," said he, "you are doing better than usual; you are only thirty-four minutes wrong. Let me see . . . let me see. . . . Thirty-three and twenty-one are fifty-four; four times fifty-four are two hundred and thirty-six. One off, leaves two hundred and thirty-five. That's right."

He turned the hands of his clock forward till they marked twenty-five minutes to one, and said, "Now see if you can't keep right for a while . . . else I'll raffle you!"

He sat down at the desk again, and said, "Aunt Susan!"

"Yes, dear."

"Had breakfast?"

"Yes, indeed, an hour ago."

"Busy?"

"No—except sewing. Why?"

"Got any company?"

"No, but I expect some at half-past nine."

"I wish I did. I'm lonesome. I want to talk to somebody."

"Very well, talk to me."

"But this is very private."

"Don't be afraid, talk right along; there's nobody here but me."

"I hardly know whether to venture or not, but—"

"But what? Oh, don't stop there! You *know* you can trust me, Alonzo—you know you can."

"I feel it, aunt, but this is very serious. It affects me deeply—me, and all the family—even the whole community."

"Oh, Alonzo, tell me! I will never breathe a word of it. What is it?"

"Aunt, if I might dare—"

"Oh, please go on! I love you, and can feel for you. Tell me all. Confide in me. What is it?"

"The weather!"

"Plague take the weather. I don't see how you can have the heart to serve me so, Lon."

"There, there, aunty dear, I'm sorry; I am, on my honour. I won't do it again. Do you forgive me?"

"Yes, since you seem so sincere about it, though I know I oughtn't to. You will fool me again as soon as I have forgotten this time."

"No, I won't, honor bright. But such weather, oh, such weather! You've got to keep your spirits up artificially. It is snowy, and blowy, and gusty, and bitter cold! How is the weather with you?"

"Warm and rainy and melancholy. The mourners go about the streets with their umbrellas running streams from the end of every whalebone. There's an elevated double pavement of umbrellas stretching down the sides of the streets as far as I can see. I've got a fire for cheerfulness, and the windows open to keep cool. But it is in vain, it is useless: nothing comes in but the balmy breath of December, with its burden of mocking odors from the flowers that possess the realm outside, and rejoice in their lawless profusion whilst the spirit of man is low, and flaunt their gaudy splendors in his face whilst his soul is clothed in sackcloth and ashes and his heart breaketh."

Alonzo opened his lips to say, "You ought to print that, and get it framed," but checked himself, for he heard his aunt speaking to some one else. He went and stood at the window and looked out upon the wintry prospect. The storm was driving the snow before it more furiously than ever; window shutters were slamming and banging; a forlorn dog, with bowed head and tail withdrawn from service, was pressing his quaking body against a windward wall for shelter and protection; a young girl was plowing knee-deep through the drifts, with her face turned from the blast, and the cape of her water-proof blowing straight rearward over her head. Alonzo shuddered, and said, with a sigh, "Better the slop, and the sultry rain, and even the insolent flowers, than this!"

He turned from the window, moved a step, and stopped in a listening attitude. The faint, sweet notes of a familiar song caught his ear. He remained there, with his head unconsciously bent forward, drinking in the melody, stirring neither hand nor foot, hardly breathing. There was a blemish in the execution of the song, but to Alonzo it seemed an added charm instead of a defect. This blemish consisted of a marked flattening of the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh notes of the refrain or chorus of the piece. When the music ended, Alonzo drew a deep breath, and said, "Ah, I never have heard In the Sweet By and By sung like that before!"

He stepped quickly to the desk, listened a moment, then said in a guarded, confidential voice, "Aunty, who is this divine singer?"

"She is the company I was expecting. Stays with me a month or two. I will introduce you. Miss"—

"For goodness' sake, wait a moment, aunt Susan! You never stop to think what you are about!"

He flew to his bed-chamber, and returned in a moment perceptibly changed in his outward appearance, and remarking, snappishly—

"Hang it, she would have introduced me to this angel in that sky-blue dressing-gown with red-hot lappels! Women never think, when they get agoing."

He ran and stood by the desk, and said eagerly, "Now, aunty, I am ready," and fell to smiling and bowing with all the persuasiveness and elegance that were in him.

"Very well. Miss Rosannah Ethelton, let me introduce to you my favourite nephew, Mr. Alonzo Fitz Clarence. There! You are both good people, and I like you; so I am going to trust you together while I attend to a few household affairs. Sit down, Rosannah; sit down, Alonzo. Good-by; I shan't be gone long."

Alonzo had been bowing and smiling all the while, and motioning imaginary young ladies to sit down in imaginary chairs, but now he took a seat himself, mentally saying, "Oh, this is luck! Let the winds blow now, and the snow drive, and the heavens frown! Little I care!"

While these young people chat themselves into an acquaintanceship, let us take the liberty of inspecting the sweetest and fairest of

the two. She sat alone, at her graceful ease, in a richly furnished apartment which was manifestly the private parlour of a refined and sensible lady, if signs and symbols may go for anything. For instance, by a low comfortable chair stood a dainty, top-heavy work-stand, whose summit was a fancifully embroidered shallow basket, with vari-coloured crewels and other strings and odds and ends protruding from under the gaping lid and hanging down in negligent profusion. On the floor lay bright shreds of turkey-red, Prussian blue, and kindred fabrics, bits of ribbon, a spool or two, a pair of scissors, and a roll or so of tinted silken stuffs. On a luxurious sofa, upholstered with some sort of soft Indian goods wrought in black and gold threads interwebbed with other threads not so pronounced in colour, lay a great square of coarse white stuff, upon whose surface a rich bouquet of flowers was growing, under the deft cultivation of the crochet needle. The household cat was asleep on this work of art. In a bay-window stood an easel with an unfinished picture on it, and a palette and brushes on a chair beside it. There were books everywhere: Robertson's Sermons, Tennyson, Moody and Sankey, Hawthorne, Rab and his Friends, cook-books, prayer-books, pattern-books,—and books about all kinds of odious and exasperating pottery, of course. There was a piano, with a deck-load of music, and more in a tender. There was a great plenty of pictures on the walls, on the shelves of the mantel-piece, and around generally; where coignes of vantage offered were statuettes, and quaint and pretty ginn-cracks, and rare and costly specimens of peculiarly devilish china. The bay window gave upon a garden that was ablaze with foreign and domestic flowers and flowering shrubs.

But the sweet young girl was the daintiest thing those premises, within or without, could offer for contemplation. Delicately chiseled features, of Grecian cast; her complexion the pure snow of a japonica that is receiving a faint reflected enrichment from some scarlet neighbour of the garden; great, soft blue eyes, fringed with long, curving lashes; an expression made up of the trustfulness of a child and the gentleness of a fawn; a beautiful head crowned with its own prodigal gold; a lithe and rounded figure, whose every attitude and movement were instinct with native grace.

Her dress and adornment were marked by that exquisite harmony that can come only of a fine natural taste perfected by culture. Her gown was of a simple magenta tulle, cut bias, traversed by three rows of light blue flounces, with the selvage edges turned up with ashes-of-roses chenille; overdress of dark bay tarletan, with scarlet satiu lambrequins; corn-coloured polonaise, *en panier*, looped with mother-of-pearl buttons and silver cord, and hauled aft and made fast by buff-velvet lashings; basque of lavender reps, picked out with valenciennes; low neck, short sleeves, maroon-velvet neck-tie edged with delicate pink silk; inside handkerchief of some simple three-ply ingrain fabric of a soft saffron tint; coral bracelets and locket-chain; coiffure of forget-me-nots and lilies of the valley massed around a noble calla.

This was all; yet even in this subdued attire she was divinely beautiful. Then what must she have been when adorned for the festival or the ball?

All this time she has been busily chatting with Alonzo, unconscious of our inspection. The minutes still sped, and still she talked. But by and by she happened to look up, and saw the clock. A crimson blush sent its rich flood through her cheeks, and she exclaimed—

"There, good-by, Mr. Fitz Clarence; I must go now!"

She sprang from her chair with such haste that she hardly heard the young man's answering good-by. She stood radiant, graceful, beautiful, and gazed, wondering, upon the accusing clock. Presently her pouting lips parted, and she said—

"Five minutes after eleven! Nearly two hours, and it did not seem twenty minutes! Oh, dear, what will he think of me!"

At the self-same moment Alonzo was staring at *his* clock. And presently he said—

"Twenty-five minutes to three! Nearly two hours, and I didn't believe it was two minutes! Is it possible that this clock is humbugging again? Miss Ethelton! Just one moment, please. Are you there yet?"

"Yes, but be quick—I'm going right away."

"Would you be so kind as to tell me what time it is?"

The girl blushed again, murmured to herself, "It's right down cruel of him to ask me!" then spoke up and answered with

admirably counterfeited unconcern, "Five minutes after nine."

"Oh, thank you! You have to go now, have you?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry."

No reply.

"Miss Ethelton!"

"Well?"

"You—you're there yet, *ain't* you?"

"Yes—but please hurry. What did you want to say?"

"Well, I—well, nothing in particular. It's very lonesome here. It's asking a great deal, I know, but would you mind talking with me again by-and-by,—that is, if it will not trouble you too much?"

"I don't know—but I'll think about it. I'll try."

"Oh, thanks! Miss Ethelton? Ah me, she's gone, and here are the black clouds and the whirling snow and the raging winds come again! But she said *good-bye*! She didn't say good-morning, she said good-bye! The clock was right, after all. What a lightning-winged two hours it was!"

He sat down, and gazed dreamily into his fire for a while, then heaved a sigh and said—

"How wonderful it is! Two little hours ago I was a free man, and now my heart's in San Francisco."

About that time Rosannah Ethelton, propped in the window-seat of her bed chamber, book in hand, was gazing vacantly out over the rainy seas that washed the Golden Gate, and whispering to herself, "How different he is from poor Burley, with his empty head and his single little antic talent of mimicry!"

II.

Four weeks later Mr. Sydney Algernon Burley was entertaining a gay luncheon company, in a sumptuous drawing-room on Telegraph Hill, with some capital imitations of the voices and gestures of certain popular actors and San Franciscan literary people and Bonanza grandees. He was elegantly upholstered, and was a handsome fellow, barring a trifling cast in his eye. He seemed very jovial, but nevertheless he kept his eye on the door with an expectant and uneasy watchfulness. By and by a nobby lackey ap-

peared, and delivered a message to the mistress, who nodded her head understandingly. That seemed to settle the thing for Mr. Burley; his vivacity decreased little by little, and a dejected look began to creep into one of his eyes and a sinister one into the other.

The rest of the company departed in due time, leaving him with the mistress, to whom he said,—

“There is no longer any question about it. She avoids me. She continually excuses herself. If I could see her, if I could speak to her only a moment—but this suspense”—

“Perhaps her seeming avoidance is mere accident, Mr. Burley. Go to the small drawing-room up-stairs and amuse yourself a moment. I will dispatch a household order that is on my mind, and then I will go to her room. Without doubt she will be persuaded to see you.”

Mr. Burley went up-stairs, intending to go to the small drawing-room, but as he was passing “aunt Susan’s” private parlour, the door of which stood slightly ajar, he heard a joyous laugh which he recognized; so without knock or announcement he stepped confidently in. But before he could make his presence known he heard words that harrowed up his soul and chilled his young blood. He heard a voice say,—

“Darling, it has come!”

Then he heard Rosannah Ethelton, whose back was to him, say—

“So has yours, dearest!”

He saw her bowed form bend lower; he heard her kiss something—not merely once, but again and again! His soul raged within him. The heart-breaking conversation went on:—

“Rosannah, I knew you must be beautiful, but this is dazzling, this is blinding, this is intoxicating!”

“Alonzo, it is such happiness to hear you say it. I know it is not true, but I am so grateful to have you think it is, nevertheless! I knew you must have a noble face, but the grace and majesty of the reality beggar the poor creation of my fancy.”

Burley heard that rattling shower of kisses again.

“Thank you, my Rosannah! The photograph flatters me, but you must not allow yourself to think of that. Sweetheart?”

“Yes, Alonzo.”

“I am so happy, Rosannah.”

“Oh, Alonzo, none that have gone before

me knew what love was, none that come after me will ever know what happiness is. I float in a gorgeous cloud land, a boundless firmament of enchanted and bewildering ecstasy!”

“Oh, my Rosannah!—for you are mine, are you not?”

“Wholly, oh, wholly yours, Alonzo, now and forever! All the day long and all through my nightly dreams, one song sings itself, and its sweet burden is, ‘Alonzo Fitz Clarence, Alonzo Fitz Clarence, Eastport, State of Maine!’”

“Curse him, I’ve got his address, any way!” roared Burley, inwardly, and rushed from the place.

Behind the unconscious Alonzo stood his mother, a picture of astonishment. She was so muffled from head to heel in furs that nothing of herself was visible but her eyes and nose. She was a good allegory of winter, for she was powdered all over with snow.

Behind the unconscious Rosannah stood “Aunt Susan,” another picture of astonishment. She was a good allegory of summer, for she was lightly clad, and was vigorously cooling the perspiration on her face with a fan.

Both of these women had tears of joy in their eyes.

“So ho!” exclaimed Mrs. Fitz Clarence, “this explains why nobody’s been able to drag you out of your room for six weeks, Alonzo!”

“So ho!” exclaimed aunt Susan, “this explains why you have been a hermit for the past six weeks, Rosannah!”

The young couple were on their feet in an instant, abashed, and standing like detected dealers in stolen goods awaiting Judge Lynch’s doom.

“Bless you, my son! I am happy in your happiness. Come to your mother’s arms, Alonzo!”

“Bless you, Rosannah, for my dear nephew’s sake! Come to my arms!”

Then there was a mingling of hearts and of tears of rejoicing on Telegraph Hill and in Eastport Square.

Servants were called by the elders, in both places. Unto one was given the order, “Pile this fire high with hickory wood, and bring me a roasting hot lemonade.”

Unto the other was given the order, “Put out this fire, and bring me two palm-leaf fans and a pitcher of ice water.”

Then the young people were dismissed, and the elders sat down to talk the sweet surprise over and make the wedding plans.

Some minutes before this Mr. Burley rushed from the mansion on Telegraph Hill without meeting or taking formal leave of anybody. He hissed through his teeth, in unconscious imitation of a popular favorite in melodrama, "Him shall she never wed! I have sworn it! Ere great Nature shall have doffed her winter's ermine to don the emerald gauds of spring, she shall be mine!"

III.

Two weeks later. Every few hours, during some three or four days, a very prim and devout-looking Episcopal clergyman, with a cast in his eye, had visited Alonzo. According to his card, he was the Rev. Melton Hargrave, of Cincinnati. He said he had retired from the ministry on account of his health. If he had said on account of ill health, he would probably have erred, to judge by his wholesome looks and firm build. He was the inventor of an improvement in telephones, and hoped to make his bread by selling the privilege of using it. "At present," he continued, "a man may go and tap a telegraph wire which is conveying a song or a concert from one State to another, and he can attach his private telephone and steal a hearing of that music as it passes along. My invention will stop all that."

"Well," answered Alonzo, "if the owner of the music could not miss what was stolen, why should he care?"

"He shouldn't care," said the Reverend.

"Well?" said Alonzo, inquiringly.

"Suppose," said the Reverend, "suppose that, instead of music that was passing along and being stolen, the burden of the wire was loving endearments of the most private and sacred nature?"

Alonzo shuddered from head to heel. "Sir, it is a priceless invention," said he; "I must have it at any cost."

But the invention was delayed somewhere on the road from Cincinnati, most unaccountably. The impatient Alonzo could hardly wait. The thought of Rosannah's sweet words being shared with him by some ribald thief was galling to him. The Rev-

erend came frequently and lamented the delay, and told of measures he had taken to hurry things up. This was some little comfort to Alonzo.

One forenoon the Reverend ascended the stairs, and knocked at Alonzo's door. There was no response. He entered, glanced eagerly around, closed the door softly, then ran to the telephone. The exquisitely soft, remote strains of the Sweet By and By came floating through the instrument. The singer was flattening, as usual, the five notes that follow the first two in the chorus, when the Reverend interrupted her with this word, in a voice which was an exact imitation of Alonzo's, with just the faintest flavour of impatience added, "Sweetheart?"

"Yes, Alonzo?"

"Please don't sing that any more this week—try something modern."

The agile step that goes with a happy heart was heard on the stairs, and the Reverend, smiling diabolically, took sudden refuge behind the heavy folds of the velvet window curtains, Alonzo entered and flew to the telephone. Said he—

"Rosannah, dear, shall we sing something together?"

"Something *modern*?" asked she, with sarcastic bitterness.

"Yes, if you prefer."

"Sing it yourself, if you like!"

This snappishness surprised and wounded the young man. He said—

"Rosannah, that was not like you."

"I suppose it becomes me as much as your very polite speech becomes you, Mr. Fitz Clarence."

"*Mister Fitz Clarence!* Rosannah, there was nothing impolite about my speech."

"Oh, indeed! Of course, then, I misunderstood you, and I most humbly beg your pardon, ha-ha ha! No doubt you said, 'Don't sing it any more *to-day*.'"

"Sing *what* any more *to-day*?"

"The song you mentioned, of course. How very obtuse we are, all of a sudden!"

"I never mentioned any song."

"Oh, you *didn't!*"

"No, I *didn't!*"

"I am compelled to remark that you *did*."

"And I am obliged to reiterate that I *didn't*."

"A second rudeness! That is sufficient, sir. I will never forgive you. All is over between us."

Then came a muffled sound of crying. Alonzo hastened to say,—

"Oh, Rosannah, unsay those words! There is some dreadful mystery here, some hideous mistake. I am utterly earnest and sincere when I say I never said anything about any song. I would not hurt you for the whole world. . . . Rosannah, dear? . . . Oh, speak to me, won't you?"

There was a pause; then Alonzo heard the girl's sobbings retreating, and knew she had gone from the telephone. He rose with a heavy sigh and hastened from the room, saying to himself, "I will ransack the charity missions and the haunts of the poor for my mother. She will persuade her that I never meant to wound her."

A minute later, the Reverend was crouching over the telephone like a cat that knoweth the ways of the prey. He had not very many minutes to wait. A soft, repentant voice, tremulous with tears, said,

"Alonzo, dear, I have been wrong. You *could* not have said so cruel a thing. It must have been some one who imitated your voice in malice or in jest."

The Reverend coldly answered, in Alonzo's tones—

"You have said all is over between us. So let it be. I spurn your proffered repentance, and despise it!"

Then he departed, radiant with fiendish triumph, to return no more with his imaginary telephonic invention forever.

Four hours afterward, Alonzo arrived with his mother from her favourite haunts of poverty and vice. They summoned the San Francisco household; but there was no reply. They waited, and continued to wait, upon the voiceless telephone. When it was sunset in San Francisco, and three hours and a half after dark in Eastport, an answer came at last, to the oft-repeated cry of "Rosannah!"

But, alas, it was aunt Susan's voice that spake. She said,—

"I have been out all day; just got in. I will go and find her."

The watchers waited two minutes—five minutes—ten minutes. Then came these fatal words, in a frightened tone,

"She is gone, and her baggage with her. To visit another friend, she told the servants. But I found this note on the table in her room. Listen: 'I am gone; seek not to

trace me out; my heart is broken; you will never see me more. Tell him I shall always think of him when I sing my poor Sweet By and By, but never of the unkind words he said about it.' That is her note. Alonzo, Alonzo, what does it mean? What has happened?"

But Alonzo sat white and cold as the dead. His mother threw back the velvet curtains and opened a window. The cold air refreshed the sufferer, and he told his aunt his dismal story. Meantime his mother was inspecting a card which had disclosed itself upon the floor when she cast the curtains back. It read, "Mr. Sidney Algernon Burley, San Francisco."

"The miscreant!" shouted Alonzo, and rushed forth to seek the false Reverend and destroy him; for the card explained everything, since in the course of the lovers' mutual confessions they had told each other all about all the sweethearts they had ever had, and thrown no end of mud at their failings and foibles,—for lovers always do that. It has a fascination that ranks next after billing and cooing.

IV.

During the next two months, many things happened. It had early transpired that Rosannah, poor suffering orphan, had neither returned to her grandmother in Portland, Oregon, nor sent any word to her save a duplicate of the woeful note she had left in the mansion on Telegraph Hill. Whosoever was sheltering her—if she was still alive—had been persuaded not to betray her whereabouts, without doubt; for all efforts to find trace of her had failed.

Did Alonzo give her up? Not he. He said to himself: "She will sing that sweet song when she is sad; I shall find her." So he took his carpet sack and a portable telephone, and shook the snow of his native city from his arctics, and went forth into the world. He wandered far and wide and in many States. Time and again, strangers were astounded to see a wasted, pale, and woe-worn man laboriously climb a telegraph pole in wintry and lonely places, perch sadly there an hour, with his ear to a little box, then come sighing down, and wander wearily away. Sometimes they shot at him, as peasants do at aeronauts, thinking him mad and dangerous. Thus his clothes were much

shredded by bullets and his person grievously lacerated. But he bore it all patiently.

In the beginning of his pilgrimage he used often to say, "Ah, if I could but hear the Sweet By and By!" But toward the end of it he used to shed tears of anguish and say, "Ah, if I could but hear something else!"

Thus a month and three weeks drifted by, and at last some humane people seized him and confined him in a private mad-house in New York. He made no moan, for his strength was all gone, and with it all heart and all hope. The superintendent, in pity, gave up his own comfortable parlour and bed-chamber to him and nursed him with affectionate devotion.

At the end of a week the patient was able to leave his bed for the first time. He was lying, comfortably pillowed, on a sofa, listening to the plaintive Miserere of the bleak March winds, and the muffled sound of trampling feet in the street below,—for it was about six in the evening, and New York was going home from work. He had a bright fire and the added cheer of a couple of student lamps. So it was warm and snug within, though bleak and raw without; it was light and bright within, though outside it was as dark and dreary as if the world had been lit with Hartford gas. Alonzo smiled feebly to think how his loving vagaries had made him a maniac in the eyes of the world, and was proceeding to pursue his line of thought further, when a faint, sweet strain, the very ghost of sound, so remote and attenuated it seemed, struck upon his ear. His pulses stood still; he listened with parted lips and bated breath. The song flowed on,—he waiting, listening, rising slowly and unconsciously from his recumbent position. At last he exclaimed,—

"It is! it is she! Oh, the divine flatted notes!"

He dragged himself eagerly to the corner whence the sounds proceeded, tore aside a curtain, and discovered a telephone. He bent over, and as the last note died away he burst forth with the exclamation,—

"Oh, thank heaven, found at last! Speak to me, Rosannah, dearest! The cruel mystery has been unraveled; it was the villain Burley who mimicked my voice and wounded you with insolent speech!"

There was a breathless pause, a waiting

age to Alonzo; then a faint sound came, framing itself into language,—

"Oh, say' those precious words again, Alonzo!"

"They are the truth, the veritable truth, my Rosannah, and you shall have the proof,—ample and abundant proof!"

"Oh, Alonzo, stay by me! Leave me not for a moment! Let me feel that you are near me! Tell me we shall never be parted more! Oh, this happy hour, this blessed hour, this memorable hour!"

"We will make record of it, my Rosannah; every year, as this dear hour chimes from the clock, we will celebrate it with thanksgivings, all the years of our life."

"We will, we will, Alonzo!"

"Four minutes after six, in the evening, my Rosannah shall henceforth"—

"Twenty-three minutes after twelve, afternoon, shall"—

"Why, Rosannah, darling, where are you?"

"In Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. And where are you? Stay by me; do not leave me for a moment. I cannot bear it. Are you at home?"

"No, dear, I am in New York,—a patient in the doctor's hands."

An agonizing shriek came buzzing to Alonzo's ear, like the sharp buzzing of a hurt gnat; it lost power in travelling five thousand miles. Alonzo hastened to say,—

"Calm yourself, my child. It is nothing. Already I am getting well under the sweet healing of your presence. Rosannah?"

"Yes, Alonzo? Oh, how you terrified me! Say on."

"Name the happy day, Rosannah!"

There was a little pause. Then a diffident small voice replied. "I blush—but it is with pleasure, it is with happiness. Would—would you like to have it soon?"

"This very night, Rosannah! Oh, let us risk no more delays. Let it be now!—this very night, this very moment!"

"Oh, you impatient creature! I have nobody here but my good old uncle, a missionary for a generation, and now retired from service—nobody but him and his wife. I would so dearly like it if your mother and your Aunt Susan——"

"Our mother and our aunt Susan, my Rosannah."

"Yes, our mother and our aunt Susan—I am content to word it so if it pleases you; I would so like to have them present."

"So would I. Suppose you telegraph aunt Susan. How long would it take her to come."

"The steamer leaves San Francisco day after to-morrow. The passage is eight days. She would be here the thirty-first of March."

"Then name the 1st of April; do, Rosannah, dear."

"Mercy, it would make us April fools, Alonzo!"

"So we be the happiest ones that that day's sun looks down upon in the whole broad expanse of the globe, why need we care? Call it the 1st of April, dear."

"Then the 1st of April it shall be, with all my heart!"

"Oh, happiness! Name the hour, too, Rosannah."

"I like the morning, it is so blithe. Will eight in the morning do, Alonzo?"

"The loveliest hour in the day—since it will make you mine."

There was a feeble but frantic sound for some little time, as if wool-lipped, disembodied spirits were exchanging kisses; then Rosannah said, "Excuse me, just a moment, dear; I have an appointment, and am called to meet it."

The young girl ran to a large parlour and took her place at a window which looked out upon a beautiful scene. To the left one could see far up the charming Nuana Valley, fringed with its ruddy flush of tropical flowers and its plumed and graceful cocoa palms; its rising foot-hills clothed in the shining green of lemon, citron, and orange groves; its storied precipice beyond, where the first Kamehameha drove his defeated foes over to their destruction—a spot that had forgotten its grim history, no doubt, for now it was smiling, as almost always at noonday, under the glowing arches of a succession of rain bows. In front of the window one could see the quaint town, and here and there a picturesque group of dusky natives, enjoying the blistering weather; and far to the right lay the restless ocean, tossing its white mane in the sunshine.

Rosannah stood there, in her filmy white raiment, fanning her flushed and heated face, waiting. A Kanaka boy, clothed in a damaged blue neck-tie and part of a silk hat, thrust his head in at the door, and announced, "'Frisco haole!"

"Show him in," said the girl, straightening herself up and assuming a meaning

dignity. Mr. Sidney Algernon Burley entered, clad from head to heel in dazzling snow—that is to say, in the lightest and whitest of Irish linen. He moved eagerly forward, but the girl made a gesture and gave him a look which checked him suddenly. She said, coldly, "I am here, as I promised. I believed your assertions, I yielded to your importunities, and said I would name the day. I name the 1st of April—eight in the morning. Now go!"

"Oh, my dearest, if the gratitude of a lifetime—"

"Not a word. Spare me all sight of you, all communication with you, until that hour. No—no supplications; I will have it so."

When he was gone, she sank exhausted in a chair, for the long siege of troubles she had undergone had wasted her strength. Presently, she said, "What a narrow escape! If the hour appointed had been an hour earlier—Oh, horror, what an escape I have made! And to think I had come to imagine I was loving this beguiling, this truthless, this treacherous monster! Oh, he shall repent his villainy!"

Let us now draw this history to a close, for little more needs to be told. On the 2nd of the ensuing April, the *Honolulu Advertiser* contained this notice:—

MARRIED.—In this city, by telephone, yesterday morning, at eight o'clock, by Rev. Nathan Hays, assisted by Rev. Nathaniel Davis, of New York, Mr. Alonzo Fitz Clarence, of Eastport, Maine, U. S., and Miss Rosannah Ethelton, of Portland, Oregon, U. S. Mrs. Susan Howland, of San Francisco, a friend of the bride, was present, she being the guest of the Rev. Mr. Hays and wife, uncle, and aunt of the bride. Mr. Sidney Algernon Burley, of San Francisco, was also present, but did not remain till the conclusion of the marriage service. Captain Hawthorne's beautiful yacht, tastefully decorated, was in waiting, and the happy bride and her friends immediately departed on a bridal trip to Lahaina and Haieakala.

The New York papers of the same date contained this notice:—

MARRIED.—In this city, yesterday, by telephone, at half-past two in the morning, by Rev. Nathaniel Davis, assisted by Rev. Nathan Hays, of Honolulu. Mr. Alonzo

Fitz Clarence, of Eastport, Maine, and Miss Rosannah Ethelton, of Portland, Oregon. The parents and several friends of the bridegroom were present, and enjoyed a sumptuous breakfast and much festivity until nearly sunrise, and then departed on a bridal trip to the Aquarium, the bridegroom's state of health not admitting of a more extended journey.

Toward the close of that memorable day, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Fitz Clarence were buried in sweet converse concerning the pleasures of their several bridal tours, when suddenly the young wife exclaimed: "O, Lonny, I forgot! I did what I said I would."

"Did you, dear?"

"Indeed I did. I made *him* the April fool! and I told him so, too! Ah, it was a charming surprise! There he stood, sweltering in a black dress suit, with the mercury leaking out of the top of the thermometer, waiting to be married. You should have seen the look he gave when I whispered in his ear! Ah, his wickedness cost me many a heartache and many a tear, but the score was all squared up, then. So the

vengeful feeling went right out of my heart, and I begged him to stay, and I said I forgave him everything. But he wouldn't. He said he would live to be avenged; said he would make our lives a curse to us. But he can't. *can* he, dear?"

"Never in this world, my Rosannah!"

Aunt Susan, the Oregonian grandmother, and the young couple and their Eastport parents are all happy at this writing, and likely to remain so. Aunt Susan brought the bride from the Islands, accompanied her across our continent, and had the happiness of witnessing the rapturous meeting between an adoring husband and wife who had never seen each other until that moment.

A word about the wretched Burley, whose wicked machinations came so near wrecking the hearts and lives of our poor young friends, will be sufficient. In a murderous attempt to seize a crippled and helpless artisan who he fancied had done him some small offence, he fell in a caldron of boiling oil and expired before he could be extinguished.

MARK TWAIN.

"SHINE INWARD."—Milton.

"O LIFE, where is the life that seemed so fair,—
 A kindled atmosphere of rapture, born
 Of joy-streams roaming o'er the fields of morn
 That smiled and waved the restless spirit there?
 Discord and gloom afflict the torpid air."
 Cease, plaintive soul! mark Love's young planet sweep—
 Her cloud-hewn cradle spurned--adown the steep,
 Impetuous to indrench her sleep-tossed hair
 In that flushed haze of crimson-kissing blue,
 Which, as she comes, more and more darksome frowns.
 See her own forehead now, deep-charged with light;
 She flames triumphant, empress of the night.
 Millions of stars leap forth as retinue;
 Archangels rise and offer her their thrones.

LAURENTIUS.

THE SPECTROSCOPE AND ITS LESSONS.

THE ether of interplanetary and interstellar space is traversed by myriads of light-waves, rushing in every possible direction, and with the inconceivable velocity of 187,000 miles per second. Every tremorous ray comes to us freighted with messages from the luminous body that sent it forth. It is the problem of science to discover the method of interpreting these messages. The telescope collects many diverging rays, and unites them in such a way as to intensify their action; and hence it is called "the light-gatherer." By this means the astronomer has learned much about the heavens around us. The spectroscope is a still more wonderful instrument of research. It is marvellous in its simplicity, and yet more marvellous in its truth-revealing power. By it we are able to analyze the light, and thus to discover its most subtle secrets. It is called the light-sifter.

In reference to this, as to most other discoveries of science, Bacon's aphorism holds good: "Truth is the daughter of time." Says Professor Tyndall, in his recent address at Birmingham, "It is not given to any man, however endowed, to rise spontaneously into intellectual splendour without the parentage of antecedent thought. Great discoveries grow. Here, as in other cases, we have first the seed, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, the last member of the series implying the first." It is more than two centuries ago that the seeds of this great discovery were first scattered, and it is only during the last twenty-five years that men of science have begun to reap the harvest of golden fruit.

We think it was Grimaldi who first noted the peculiar effect of passing sunlight through a prism. It remained, however, for Sir Isaac Newton, the intellectual Hercules of the race, to interpret at least a portion of the meaning of this strange phenomenon, and to lay the foundation of spectroscopic analysis. In 1682, in a letter to the Royal Society, he says, "I procured me a triangular glass prism to try therewith the

celebrated phenomenon of colours. And in order thereto, having darkened my chamber, and made a small hole in my window-shuts to let in a convenient quantity of sun's light, I placed my prism at his entrance, that it might be thereby reflected to the opposite wall." His prism was placed with its base uppermost, and at right angles with the vertical. To his astonishment, instead of a white spot on the wall, round like the aperture, and in the direct line of the incoming beam of light, he found that there was produced a rainbow-tinted streak or ribbon, being violet at the top and thence changing through indigo, blue, green, yellow, and orange, to red at the lowest point. Neither above nor below was the streak well defined, but passed gradually into darkness. At the sides, however, the streak was sharply defined, and in breadth it was equal to the horizontal breadth of the hole admitting the light. The whole image was shifted above the point in a straight line with the incoming beam. From this simple experiment Newton drew the conclusion that ordinary white sunlight is a compound composed of rays of different colours, which he classified as seven, the shadings from one colour to the next being caused by the mingling of the two. He experimented with prisms of different substances and of different angles, and found in all cases the rays were bent, the violet most, the red least, and the others in the order named. Hence, the violet rays are called the most refrangible, and the red rays the least refrangible.

The rainbow-tinted streak seen by Newton seemed to be continuous, that is, did not appear to be crossed by dark lines. He, however, suspected that there might be such dark lines, as he thought it possible that sunlight might not possess rays of all degrees of refrangibility between the extreme violet and red ends of what is now called the solar spectrum. It was not until the beginning of the present century that Dr. Wollaston actually demonstrated that there were these dark lines or gaps. He substituted a narrow slit,

parallel with the refracting angle of the prism, through which to admit the light, instead of the circular or triangular opening used by Newton; and thus he prevented, to a great extent, the mingling or overlapping of the different colours. He also received the refracted light directly into the eye, instead of viewing it on a screen; and he saw five dark lines across the coloured streak and parallel with the slit. He therefore concluded, that light of at least five degrees of refrangibility is absent from the solar beam.

The next important link in this interesting history is furnished by Fraunhofer, an optician of Munich. He improved on the contrivance of Wollaston by passing the light through two prisms instead of one, thus obtaining greater dispersive power. He also viewed the spectrum through a telescope, instead of the unaided eye. He saw the lines already noted with great distinctness; but, instead of five, he saw them in great numbers. In 1814, he counted no less than 576 lines. He drew a diagram of the coloured streak, and mapped with great care the exact positions of the lines, assigning letters to denote the principal ones. These are known as Fraunhofer's lines; and although the lines of the spectrum are now counted by thousands instead of hundreds, Fraunhofer's nomenclature is still used in practical science. His laborious researches did not stop here. He satisfied himself that the number and position of the lines are exactly the same, of whatever substance the prisms are composed. He then examined solar light after reflection from a variety of objects, including the moon and the planets, and found the result the same as by examining direct sunlight. He then examined the spectra of many of the fixed stars, but here he observed a considerable variation. Some lines of the solar spectrum were wanting in the spectra of the stars, and others were added. Also, no two stars gave the same spectrum. From these observations, he drew the important conclusion that these lines are not caused by any influence our atmosphere might exert on the rays of light passing through it; but must be due to the properties inherent in the light itself, which the sun and the stars severally emit. He then examined the spectra of various artificial sources of light; and it was found that an incandescent solid or liquid gives a continuous spectrum, or a simple rainbow-tinted

streak crossed by no dark lines. In the case of the flame of a lamp, also an incandescent substance, he observed two bright lines corresponding to the double dark line D in the orange of the solar spectrum.

With glowing vapours the case is entirely different. The spectra of these were carefully examined by Sir David Brewster, Sir John Herschel, and others; and they were found to consist of bright coloured bands only. In 1822, Herschel said:—"The pure earths, when violently heated, yield from their surfaces lights of extraordinary splendour, which, when examined by prismatic analysis, are found to possess the peculiar definite rays in excess which characterize the tints of the flames coloured by them; so that there can be no doubt that these tints arise from molecules of colouring matter reduced to vapour; and held in a state of violent ignition." He suggested that it might be possible on this principle to work out a new system of analysis.

Sir David Brewster initiated an important series of experiments by allowing sunlight to pass through some vapour before entering the spectroscope. In this way he obtained a number of new dark lines, varying as different vapours were used. In the case of nitrous gas, the new lines were collected in a remarkable degree in the violet end of the spectrum. He further proved that these lines are seen, whatever light was substituted for that of the sun.

In 1830, Mr. Simms placed a lens in front of the slit, so arranged that the slit was in the focus of the lens. The light passing through the slit was then turned into a cylindrical beam, with its rays parallel. In this manner the overlapping of the colours was entirely prevented, and this part of the instrument was perfected.

Hitherto, the phenomena of the lines, whether dark or bright, had defied all attempts to infer the laws by which they are governed, though the labour and thought of eminent physicists had been concentrated on them for half a century at least. Kirchhoff, a German chemist, increased the dispersive power of the spectroscope by using a battery of four prisms of flint-glass; and determined to repeat the experiment of Fraunhofer, by which, when examining the flame of a lamp, he had observed two bright lines occupying the position of the double dark line D, in the orange of the solar spectrum. It had

been shown that these bright lines were due to a small quantity of sodium present in the flame. Kirchhoff now determined with his improved instrument to see if the coincidence was exact. He says: "I obtained a tolerably bright solar spectrum, and brought the flame coloured by sodium vapour in front of the slit. I then saw the dark lines D changed into bright ones." The coincidence was exact. He then varied the experiment. "In order," he says, "to find out the extent to which the intensity of the solar spectrum could be increased without impairing the distinctness of the sodium lines, I allowed the full sunlight to shine through the sodium flame, and, to my astonishment, I saw the dark lines D appeared with an extraordinary degree of clearness." He had here two kinds of light shining through the slit, sunlight and the light of the sodium flame. The former alone would give the dark lines D, whereas the latter would give two bright lines exactly in the same place. What he naturally expected then was, that the dark lines D of the solar spectrum would be rendered less dark by the interposition of the sodium flame. On the contrary, they actually appeared darker. He at once suspected that there must be some subtle connection between the bright lines of the sodium flame and the dark lines D of the solar spectrum. He substituted for sunlight the oxy-hydrogen lime-light, which, it will be remembered, like all incandescent solids or liquids, gives a continuous spectrum. He now naturally expected that the bright sodium lines would be rendered still brighter; but, to his further surprise, they were changed into dark lines. Other metals were experimented on by the aid of the electric lamp. The spectra of various metals had been already carefully examined, and, when in the form of burning vapour, they had been found to produce spectra of bright lines, each metal having its own peculiar set. When the light of the electric lamp was made to pass through the vapour of a metal, forming, so to speak, the background for the expected bright lines, it was found that what before were bright bands on a dark ground, were now dark bands on a bright ground. This great discovery of the reversal of the lines, led to the enunciation of the important principle, that "vapours of metals at a lower temperature absorb exactly those rays which they emit at a higher." This is one of the

most important truths known to men of science, and upon it is founded "the noblest method of research yet revealed to man."

Fraunhofer had shown that the dark lines of the solar spectrum could not be due to the influence of our atmosphere, but must be inherent in the light itself. Having established the general law of spectroscopic analysis, Kirchhoff at once turned his attention to the sun, and inferred the perfectly obvious conclusion that the dark lines D of the solar spectrum must be caused by the light of the incandescent substance of the sun coming through the vapour of sodium in his atmosphere. The common metal sodium must therefore exist in the sun. The spectra of other metals were also compared with the solar spectrum, and it was found that with many metals the exact counterpart for their bright lines was to be seen in the dark lines of the latter, as regards both their identical position and their number. He found this the case with the spectra of iron, calcium, magnesium, chromium, nickel, and cobalt. "Barium, copper, and zinc," he says, "appear to be present in the solar atmosphere, but only in small quantities; the brightest lines of these metals correspond to distinct lines in the solar spectrum, but the weaker lines are not noticeable." At the present time, many other elements are known to exist in the sun's atmosphere.

The main principles of spectroscopic analysis, deduced from long series of experiments, the chief points of which we have endeavoured briefly to indicate, are as follows:—

1. "An incandescent solid or liquid gives a continuous spectrum.
2. "A glowing vapour gives a spectrum of bright lines, each vapour having its own set of bright lines, so that from the appearance of a bright line spectrum one can infer the nature of the vapour or vapours whose light forms the spectrum.
3. "An incandescent solid or liquid, shining through absorbent vapours, gives a rainbow-tinted spectrum crossed by dark lines having the same position as the bright lines belonging to the spectra of the vapours; so that, from the arrangement of the dark lines in such a spectrum, one can tell the nature of the vapour or vapours which surround the source of light."

Many improvements have been made in the spectroscope, in order to increase its dispersive power, and, at the same time, to secure easy and exact adjustment. Mr. Browning used six prisms hinged together at the angles of their basis, each prism being attached to a slotted bar running on a central pivot. This battery, in the form of the letter C, would bring the light around as far as possible without interfering with the rays falling on the first prism. By a simple contrivance, the light can be reflected back through the whole battery, thus doubling the dispersive power. Mr. R. A. Proctor devised a plan by which a second battery can be added, in the form of the letter S; and, by reflection, the light can be thrown back through the double battery. In this way a dispersive power is obtained equal to that of nineteen equilateral prisms. The modern spectroscope, then, consists of an exceedingly thin slit to admit the light, a collimating lens, a battery of prisms, the number of which depends on the nature of the investigation, and a common telescope of low power, through which the spectrum is viewed.

Spectroscopic analysis has already many applications in the chemist's laboratory, and in the useful arts. It enables the chemist to analyse compounds with an exactness hitherto unknown to him, detecting the presence of the smallest possible quantity of any element. We have it on the authority of Kirchhoff and Bunsen, that the eighteen-millionth part of a grain of sodium can be recognised. Before this method was applied, lithium was only known to exist in connection with four minerals. It is now shown to exist almost everywhere. By means of this analysis, four new elements have been discovered, viz., cæsium, rubidium, indium, and thallium, the latter being already extensively used in the manufacture of fireworks. All coloured matter can be subjected to its scrutiny. Blood can be discovered in its most diluted form. Mr. Sorby asserts that a stain of human blood, so small that it only contains the one-thousandth part of a grain, can be readily detected after a period of fifty years. He has successfully applied this method in several important criminal cases. In wines, any foreign colouring matter can be easily discovered; and even the year of vintage can be known with exactness up to six years, and after that period, within reasonable limits. The air we breathe gives certain

spectral lines; and it has been hinted that the spectroscope will yet take the place of the barometer, as, it is said, by means of it the signs of coming storms can be discovered with accuracy. It is used in the Royal Mint to detect the presence of an alloy; and, by the careful measurement of the length of the absorption lines, the exact quantity of a foreign substance can be determined, even when it is so small as the ten-thousandth part. It is of great value in the manufacture of steel by the Bessemer process. As is well known, steel is nothing but cast-iron, minus some carbon. The process, therefore, depends on getting rid of the carbon, and is of such delicacy that a mistake of ten seconds either way spoils the whole quantity operated upon. It is, then, of the utmost importance that the exact time should be known when all the carbon is expelled. This is ascertained in this way. The heat from the incandescent iron is so intense that the vapour of the different substances is visible above the retort in which the metal is placed. We have, therefore, only to examine the spectrum of this vapour, and watch carefully the moment when the carbon lines disappear, and that exact moment marks the time when the transformation of the iron into steel is complete.

It is, however, in examining the heavenly bodies that spectrum analysis is chiefly valuable. It has completely revolutionized the study of astronomy. By it many previously adopted theories have been confirmed, others have been corrected, and many new ones have been started. Identified with the very history of its development has been the analysis of the sun's substance. Already some sixteen elements have been discovered in his atmosphere, identical with those about us; from which we cannot doubt that the sun and the earth are composed of the same kinds of materials throughout. By it the existence of an atmosphere in the superior planets is verified, and we are assured that they shine with the reflected light of the sun. But we are not confined within the boundaries of our solar system; the far-off stars and nebulae have been brought under this searching method of inquiry.

The magnitude of this extraordinary triumph of science grows upon us as we contemplate the distance of these luminous bodies. The diameter of the earth's orbit

exceeds 180 millions of miles, and yet with this enormous base-line of observation, the surrounding stars exhibit no perceptible change of place. It is only when the astronomer brings to his aid the exact instruments of modern times, that he is able to detect a change of place in nine of these bright orbs; and yet his instruments will detect a displacement equal to the ten-thousandth part of the moon's apparent diameter. By the earth's orbital motion the nearest fixed star is made to appear to describe an exceedingly small oval path on this celestial sphere, the greatest diameter of which is equal to the nine-thousandth part of the moon's apparent diameter. From this it is calculated that his distance is about twenty millions of millions of miles, or 210,000 times the distance of the earth from the sun. Light travels at a rate equal to about eight times the circumference of the earth in a second. It takes this swift-winged messenger eight minutes to come from the sun to us, and from Alpha Centauri, the nearest fixed star, over three years. It is truly astounding that we should be able to decipher the messages brought us by light-waves that have been three years on their journey to us—nay, more, that the man of three score years should be able to analyze a ray of light sent forth at the time of his birth, and which has been on its abysmal flight ever since, speeding onwards in a direct line at the inconceivable rate of 187,000 miles per second, and that he should be able by that analysis to determine the elements of which its parent star is composed, some of its physical conditions, and the rate of its motion through space. And yet this is exactly what a glass prism, such as adorns our chandeliers, when properly applied, enables the astronomer to do. Drs. Huggins and Miller have successfully analyzed the spectra of many of the fixed stars, and have been able to infer with certainty the presence in those stars of many elements that we find in the earth. The very fact, that their spectra present the same general appearance as the solar spectrum, proves conclusively that they are incandescent bodies whose intense heat surrounds them with seas of metallic vapors, that their surfaces are the scenes of intense activity, cyclonic storms, and the uprush and downrush of matter, that they are veritable suns not unlike our own. Not, indeed, that there is an exact identity of composition between

star and sun, or between star and star. This might not be expected, for there may be more of some elements in one star than in another; but there is a general resemblance of structure.

When the heavens are swept with a telescope of sufficient power, it is found that "one star differeth from another star in glory"—that many of them shine with coloured light. While some are white, others are red, green, blue, purple, and so on, through all the tints of the rainbow. The noted constellation, the Southern Cross, is composed of no less than 110 stars, and when seen in a telescope of sufficient size, Herschel tells us, "appears like a casket of variously coloured stones." The French astronomer, M. Doppler, supposed that these various tints are due to the proper motions of the stars, according to a principle presently to be considered. Huggins and Miller have suggested that the cause is the difference of physical constitution. In the atmosphere of the brilliant star Sirius, they were able to recognise sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, and iron. The hydrogen lines were strong and the metallic lines faint, which seems to be characteristic of white stars. In the orange-red Betelgeuse, they detected sodium, magnesium, calcium, iron, and bismuth, but no hydrogen. In the noted red Aldebaran, they found hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, calcium, iron, bismuth, tellurium, antimony, and mercury. From these few examples it is apparent that a considerable diversity exists in the chemical composition of the stars, and their difference in colour is probably due to this fact.

The recently developed law of continuity has greatly modified our views of the old classification of substances as gaseous, liquid, and solid. We now know that these qualities only mark the different stages of molecular compactness; in other words, that a body may be made to pass gradually from a gaseous to a liquid and then to a solid condition, as its molecules are crushed more closely together. We think Dr. Frankland was the first to observe that hydrogen, when under very great pressure, gives out a white light and a continuous spectrum. Generally stated, beginning with an element in its most rarefied condition, and then following its spectrum as the molecules come nearer together, so as ultimately to reach the solid form, he found that the spectrum becomes

more complicated as this approach takes place, until at last a vivid continuous spectrum is reached. We are thus enabled, not only to differentiate between vapours and liquids or solids, but also between gases and vapours under different degrees of pressure. This is of immense value to the chemist as well as to the astronomer. Dr. Huggins applied this principle to the examination of the spectra of certain nebulae, when, instead of a continuous spectrum crossed by dark lines, as in the case of the sun and the stars, he got three bright lines only. He was able to identify two of these lines as due, one to hydrogen and the other to nitrogen. Dr. Frankland and Mr. Lockyer had already obtained, in their laboratories, spectra of these two gases, giving only one line each, in which cases the gases existed in an exceedingly tenuous condition. Dr. Huggins was able, therefore, to conclude, not only that these nebulae are gaseous, but also that their gases exist in an extremely rarefied condition. Other nebulae give more complex spectra, showing that their elements are more compact, until from some we get spectra nearly resembling that of the stars. Thus is the inference of Sir John Herschel confirmed, that nebulae are stars in the process of formation.

Astronomers have been much puzzled by the appearance of red prominences around the body of the sun during eclipses. The spectroscope has shown these to be nothing more nor less than masses of hydrogen gas. Frankland and Lockyer found, when experimenting on hydrogen under different degrees of pressure, that the F line peculiar to this gas was widened in proportion to the pressure. In the case of the coloured prominences the F line is often widened at its base and gradually tapers to a point, showing the gradual lessening of the pressure of the hydrogen from the body of the sun outwards. In this way has been determined approximately the pressure of these circum-solar regions; and it is suggested, when the pressure of the chromosphere is completely determined, we shall be able to know something definite of the temperature of the sun.

We have now to consider a still more wonderful application of the spectroscope, viz., to the detection of motion in a swiftly travelling body. The principle here involved is so interesting that we cannot forbear a somewhat detailed account of it. It

was first noted by M. Doppler in his endeavour to account for the different colours emitted by certain stars. Though in his calculations he omitted some important facts, which rendered his theory useless in application, it yet led to an important discovery. It is well known that light travels in a series of waves of extreme minuteness, and propagated with extreme velocity. The average length of these waves is about the forty-eighth-thousandth part of an inch, or the united length of five of them would be about equal to the thickness of a *razor's edge* after shaving. But they are not all of the same length, and light-waves of different lengths produce light of different colours. The length of a wave of red light is about the thirty-nine-thousandth of an inch, and of violet light about the fifty-seven-thousand-five-hundredth of an inch. Now, Doppler thought, if the body emitting the light under examination were approaching us at a sufficiently rapid rate, the light-waves would be shortened, so that those producing red light would have the effect of producing orange. In like manner all the other colours would be shifted towards the violet end of the spectrum, and what otherwise would produce violet light would disappear. We should thus have no red light, and the colour of the star would be correspondingly changed. Conversely, if the luminous body were receding from us, the light-waves would be lengthened, so that those producing violet light would have the effect of indigo, and all the other colours would be likewise shifted towards the red end. The star would thus appear to be wanting in violet light, and the red would predominate. To make the subject as clear as possible, let us borrow the illustration of another. Suppose a stream of water flows with a perfectly uniform rate, and at one place on its banks an observer is stationed, and at another place further up the stream a person throws corks into the water at regular intervals, say ten per minute. These corks will be on the surface of the water at equal distances apart, and will be carried down by the current past our observer at the rate of ten per minute. Now, let the cork-thrower slowly walk up stream and cast his corks as before. They will plainly be further apart, and will be carried past the observer at a slower rate, say nine a minute. If the observer still knows that the corks were thrown at the rate of ten

a minute, he will conclude that the thrower is moving away from him at the rate of one-tenth of the velocity of the stream. *Vice versa*, if the corks pass him at the rate of eleven a minute, he will conclude that the thrower is approaching him. Doppler, however, omitted the important fact that there are rays outside of the red and violet ends of the spectrum, which are invisible to us. If, then, there be a shifting of the whole spectrum towards the violet end, as he contemplated, the result would be that the invisible rays at the red end would simply become visible as red light; and all the colours would be present, as if the luminous body were at rest. Likewise, if the colours were shifted towards the red end, the invisible rays beyond the violet would be shifted into the violet place, and all the colours would appear. Doppler's theory, therefore, failed to account for the colours of the stars. Huggins was the first to discover that Doppler's principle, when rightly applied, would, after all, detect motions of approach and recession, and that by the shifting of the dark lines. These lines, it will be remembered, always occupy exactly the same relative position to each other for each element, line to line and group to group. Iron alone gives more than 450 lines. If then, by the shortening or lengthening of the light-waves, the colours of the spectrum be shifted towards the one end or the other, though all the colours will still be present, the lines will be shifted, and there is nothing to take their place. If we can in any way detect the shifting of the lines, we can infer whether the luminous body is approaching or receding; and, if we can measure with sufficient accuracy the amount of the shifting, knowing the length of the light-waves for every part of the spectrum, and their velocity, we can infer the rate at which the body is approaching or receding. Problems are here presented of enormous difficulty, but they have been attacked and solved by the skill and indefatigable labour of physicists. Dr. Huggins applied this new method to Sirius. He first satisfied himself that certain lines in the spectrum of this star correspond to the hydrogen line F of the solar spectrum. He then brought the spectra of Sirius and of incandescent hydrogen side by side, and he found that there was a displacement towards the red end of about the two hundred-and-fiftieth of an

inch. His hydrogen was at rest, therefore Sirius must be receding from the earth. At the time of the experiment the earth was in that part of her orbit where she was herself travelling away from Sirius. Deducting her velocity from the total, he found that Sirius was receding from us at the rate of 930 millions of miles annually. We need not now stop to consider the motion of our solar system, and the transverse motion of Sirius, which, if taken into the account, will give his true motion through space at about 1,000 millions of miles per annum.

It has been long known that at least some of the so-called fixed stars are in motion, but without the spectroscope it was only possible to detect transverse motions; and, even in such cases, only by observations carried on for long series of years. We now know that they are all in motion, some moving in one direction, and others in another; and, in case of approach and recession, we know something of their enormous velocities. They appear to us to be stationary simply because of their inconceivable distance. It had been suspected that many groups of stars have a common direction of motion, and, therefore, probably belong to a common system. Mr. R. A. Proctor had assigned the same direction of motion to five stars in the Plough, omitting the pointer and the one marking the third horse. Huggins confirmed that supposition by his new method.

Mr. Lockyer was the first to apply this method of detecting motion to solar prominences. He found that they were not simply mountains or heaps of hydrogen gas, but were vast masses ejected from the sun; and he was able to measure the rate at which they were ejected. At times they contain other elements besides hydrogen, as if a part of the photosphere itself were lifted. The velocity of ascent has been known in some cases to exceed 150 miles per second; and the prominences have reached the enormous height of 200,000 miles. Further, this new method has been applied to determine the rate at which storms travel over the sun. It is sometimes found, when examining the spectrum of the sun near his limb, that the hydrogen line F is, so to speak, torn asunder, part being inclined towards the red end and part towards the violet. This indicates a motion towards us and away from us, as would be produced by a cyclonic storm on

the side of the sun, appearing to us edge-wise. The velocity of some of these cyclones has been estimated at something like 100 miles per second.

Spectroscopists have succeeded in detecting motions where the rate is vastly less than in those cases that we have been considering. They have even recognized the turning motion of the sun on his axis, which at his equator is about one and a quarter miles per second. Indeed, Professor Young has so perfectly mastered the difficulties of the problem as to be able to rely on his measurements, and affirms that the possible error cannot be greater than a few hundred yards per second, or ten or twelve miles per minute. It is suggested, when the spectroscopy is successfully applied to measure accurately the rate of approach and recession of the planets, that we shall be able to infer, with corresponding exactness, the sun's distance—the great base-line of astronomical surveying. If so much has already been known, though it is not more than ten years since this method was first understood, what may we not expect from it in time to come.

The spectroscopy is not only valuable as a means of determining actual facts, but it opens up to us interesting fields for reasoning on those facts. If the sun and the earth be composed of the same kind of elements, may we not infer that the planets have a like constitution? Though the superior planets, at least, may not now be inhabited, is it unreasonable to suppose that they will some day become the abodes of life? Nebulæ, of which so many thousands have been recognized, are shown to exist in all stages of complexity, from the faintest cloud of luminous gas up to bodies nearly approaching the appearance of stars. Is it unreasonable to conclude that these patches of fire-mist are the beginnings of unformed stars, that will shine during the eternities to come with all the splendor of the brilliant Sirius? Stars themselves are shown to be suns not unlike our own. May it not be that they have also their families of planets and satellites, meteors and comets, circling around them in endless variety and complexity, and yet with the utmost harmony. Indeed, this is no longer a matter of conjecture. A planet has actually been seen revolving around Sirius, and the time and shape of his orbit have been calculated. The fact that the path sketched for him is not his real orbit around

his central luminary proves that there are other planets whose attraction affects his path. What a field is here open to the imagination! Sirius, the blazing Dog Star of the ancients, is one of those nine or ten stars whose distance does not actually defy computation. As we have seen, the gulf separating him from us is being widened at the enormous rate of 930 millions of miles per annum. Though one of the nearest stars, his distance is yet so vast that, notwithstanding his rapid motion of recession, his apparent brightness is probably not much less now than when first observed by man. It is shown that he shines 300 times more brightly than the sun. But it is probable that each square mile of his surface does not give out more light than each square mile of the sun's surface. Hence it follows that his volume must be 2,500 times that of our sun. If his scheme of worlds be constructed on the same relative scale of grandeur, it must be twelve times vaster than ours. We have recognized in the atmosphere of Sirius the familiar elements sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, and iron. His circling worlds must have a like constitution. May it not be that some of those worlds, at least, are now passing through a similar stage of planetary life to that of our earth? May it not be that their surfaces are diversified by land and ocean, river and lake, woodland and plain, hill and dale, mountain and valley, but on a scale of magnificence surpassing far that with which we are familiar? May it not be that their plains are fragrant with the perfume of flowers, that their woods are vocal with the melody of birds, that their landscapes are dotted with villages and cities, that their metals are put to useful purposes, that the iron horse speeds across their prairies, that great ships plough the waters of their mighty oceans? In a word, may not those worlds be the abodes of intelligent beings not unlike ourselves, engaged in similar employments, and pursuing similar methods of study? May it not be that they are now examining with their telescopes and spectroscopes our sun, and wondering if he too has a scheme of worlds circling around him? For, unless their powers of investigation far surpass our own, they could not be able actually to detect any of our planets, as we have theirs. What of their moral condition? It may be that they have not partaken of the fruit,—

“Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,—”
that they still dwell in Paradise, and that
their delight is ever to rise through nature
to nature's God. But Sirius may not be the
largest sun in the universe, nor his system of
worlds the grandest. The number of the
stars is infinite. May not the number of

their worlds also be infinite? If only a few
comparatively be now passing through that
stage of their existence when life as we know
it is possible, yet the number of inhabited
worlds must be infinite. “End there is
none of the universe of God. Lo! also,
there is no beginning.”

S. H. JANES.

LOVE AND PRIDE.

FROM AN OLD SCOTTISH LEGEND.

HE spoke in low and earnest tone,
He pled his long and faithful love,
He asked a token of her own,
If but the gift of one small glove.
She pointed to the cruel wars
That raged through the distracted land;
She bade him win his knightly spurs,
And *then* come back and seek her hand.

He heard her,—bowed a mute assent,
All silently he left her side,
And to the foremost ranks he went,
Where death was stalking far and wide.
And then she knew no craven fears
Had kept him from the battle plain;—
The lady's eyes grew dim with tears,
She could not call him back again!

And daily prayed she in her bower,
And nightly lay awake and wept,
Till came at last the cruel hour
When 'neath the victor's bays he slept.
They bore him to his ancient home,
With sorrow in each rugged face;
They laid him in his fathers' tomb,
Last scion of a noble race.

They sought to dry the lady's tears,
They brought her horse, her lute,—in vain!
New lovers came, as passed the years,—
The lady never smiled again.
“I sent away my love,” she said;
“My dearest joy to pride I gave;
Now sleeps he with the noble dead;
My heart lies buried in his grave!”

FIDELIS.

A MODERN PROSERPINE :

A LONDON STORY.

"Pluto saw a Company of very beautiful Virgins gathering Flowers in the Fields of Enna (a beautiful Place, situated about the middle of the Island). One of them, Proserpine, pleas'd him above the rest, for she surpass'd 'em all in Beauty. He came raging with Love, and carry'd her with him from that Place."

OLD MYTHOLOGY.

CHAPTER I.

THE KING IN HIS OWN LAND.

GEORGE DRAYCOTT was sitting alone in his London rooms, smoking. None of his numerous friends and admirers had yet dropt in according to their never-failing custom, so for a short while he was left to his own thoughts, which occupation just now was very grateful to him, for he was in love, very much so indeed, and the time he could devote to solitary meditations was sweet and precious to him. The young person he aspired to was far his superior in worldly position, and lived in a sphere unknown to him and his. Indeed, had it not been that a certain leader of fashion had taken it into her aristocratic head to have literary evenings when all the thinkers and *savans* of the day were supposed to congregate eagerly and gratefully at her house, and had it not been that a friend who knew the requisite "open sesame" to these entertainments, had introduced George, that young newspaper hack (for he was no better) would never have met, conversed and madly fallen in love with the belle of the season, Miss Gertrude Bruce.

But George was dauntless ; a republican amongst reformers, he could not see the outrageous impropriety of his conduct. Was he not, he argued, making a respectable income by his profession ? did not all his friends look up to him and consider his criticisms the keenest, his reviews the spiciest, and his articles the most telling amongst all their productions ?

The young women of his acquaintance

had never shown themselves backward in receiving his courtesies, then why should Lady Louisa's daughter be so far above him ? His friends knew his craze and pitied him ; *they* were not admitted to the sacred circles where George had met his fate, and they accordingly rather despised George for aspiring so high.

The meditations of this evening were not at all confined to Miss Bruce's inaccessibility ; on the contrary, George was reckoning how soon he should see her again and wondering what impression he had made upon her (a very strong one, he imagined), and he was recalling how lovely she had looked the other night while listening to Professor Hawson's lengthy dissertation on the rise and progress of a certain school of poetry, which George had found tedious in the extreme.

His recollections were broken in upon by a rushing up the stairs and a banging at his door, which he had locked.

"Oh ! you are in, then, Draycott," said one of the two young men who had entered and seated themselves ; "how long have you taken to locking yourself up here to pine in solitude ?"

"You are really getting quite thin, Draycott," laughed the other. "By-the-bye, several of our fellows are going to meet here this evening to congratulate you on that spiffing article in the —, and to drink your health according to rule."

"All right," said George, "I am glad you liked it, though I hardly thought you would all agree with me."

"Well, I never heard a dissenting voice ; we are determined to acknowledge you as king of hacks ; likest thou the name ?"

"Modesty compels me to say, No," began George, when the two friends laughed.

"Modesty ! who ever heard of such a commodity in an author ? Avaunt the idea !"

Several others now entered, and enquiring into the joke, joined heartily in the laugh, and George was loaded with such epithets

as the "bashful writer," "blushing Georgy," and others equally appropriate.

They spent a merry evening, and when they had all gone, George had imbibed enough admiration and flattery to make any young man "wise in his own conceits." They had of course alluded to his lady-love, and jokingly encouraged him to go in and win, and now that he was once more by himself the idea seemed less and less absurd to him.

"She already evidently takes great pleasure in my conversation, and seems always glad to see me," he reflected. "Next time I will be more personal and see what comes of it. I cannot help fancying I have some influence over her, and my will, I think, is a pretty strong one," concluded this self-satisfied young man.

CHAPTER II.

THE KING ABROAD.

LADY LOUISA BRUCE belonged to the *crème de la crème* of society. Fascinating in her youth, she had in later times always been foremost in whatever was fashionable or "the rage" for the time being. Now that she was no longer young, all her ambition, all her desire for admiration and applause, all her pride, were translated from her own person to that of her only daughter, Gertrude, who was without doubt a very beautiful and charming young girl. Gertrude had received an education fitted to her rank, consisting in the acquirement of numerous accomplishments; she could sing and paint, and converse freely in French, Italian, and German. She had, moreover, notwithstanding the disadvantages of her up-bringing, a latent capability of appreciating what was noble, and a dauntless courage inherited from her long deceased father, who had been an officer of great bravery and determination.

Gertrude was delighted with the gaiety of her first season, and gave herself up to it heart and soul, feeling it might be her only season of unmarried enjoyment, as her mother had already in her mind selected the Hon. Grafton Egerton, a patrician of noble birth and large fortune, as an eligible match for her, though Gertrude was at pre-

sent to consider herself unengaged, in case some one of still nobler birth and yet larger fortune should present himself.

Lady Louisa was charmed with her friend the countess's literary evenings. "It was so amusing and novel," she said, "to watch the ways of 'that sort of people.'" In fact she spoke and thought of them much as she would have done of the fishy inhabitants of the Brighton Aquarium. She never missed being present at these evenings, with Gertrude, and invariably appeared much diverted by the entertainment.

Gertrude went because she was taken, at first with no very great interest, feeling rather that she would have preferred being at the opera, but she soon took great delight in listening to the conversation of the various people she met, and in time looked forward to these *réunions* as the most enjoyable of all her evening amusements.

This, it is needless to say, was after Mr. Draycott had been introduced to her. His perfect freedom from all restraint when talking to her, and his conscious superiority of intellect, charmed and influenced her in no common degree. She would think during the week of all the most puzzling and problematical questions she could hit on to discuss, or rather to leave to his discussion, when they met, and she was delighted to find that he was never at a loss, and that she always came away with some thought or idea that had never come into her head before. Gertrude hardly liked to acknowledge to herself how much she enjoyed his society, or what a powerful influence he was gradually exerting over her.

It was a night or two after George's meditations that they met again. George was there before Gertrude had arrived, and was eagerly looking out for her when she appeared with her mother, seeming more than usually lovely, he thought. She was, of course, instantly made the centre of an admiring group of friends, but his heart beat high when he saw that she glanced round the room quickly, and somewhat anxiously, as if looking for some one. Their eyes met, and Gertrude blushed. An excellent omen, thought he, and he made use of the first opportunity to get to her side. For this purpose he stationed himself in a small conservatory where he knew she was sure to come, being particularly fond of flowers. Thither he soon had the pleasure of seeing her led by his

old friend the Professor, who soon quitted her when he found she was so much engrossed in examining some daffodils recently placed there that she forgot to pay much attention to his discourse.

This evening Gertrude had no question ready to put to George, and was unusually silent, but he was determined not to allow these precious moments to be wasted, and rushed at once into conversation.

He asked her if she had seen his article in the ——— Magazine. She had, of course, seen it, for he had long since made her acquainted with every periodical and newspaper he contributed to, but she owned it was much above her comprehension;— would he explain it?

"I am afraid," he answered, smiling, "my style cannot be very clear."

"Oh, yes it is; but it is I who am so ignorant," said Gertrude.

George then went fully into the subject, making her interested at once, and obliging her to understand.

"You must read an immense deal," she said at last; "you know everything; I never met any one so clever."

"And yet, putting aside the kind flattery of your remark, I suppose you consider me immeasurably beneath you, Miss Bruce?" He looked earnestly at her while he spoke, wondering what she would say.

"Beneath me!" she exclaimed, colouring. "I told you, just now, I feel ignorant—painfully so—beside you."

"Yes, but I mean that you consider—that is, you and the countess and Lady Louisa—that it is a great condescension to mix with us literary men in this way, do you not?"

"You are here as my aunt's invited guests," began Gertrude, with dignity.

"Oh, Miss Bruce, please don't be offered; I merely wanted your opinion on the matter, treating it as an abstract question; I do not wish to be personal. Now, don't you really think that, no matter how clever and well-educated a man may really be, he is not, and never can be, on a level with an ignorant but long pedigreed scion of your aristocracy?"

"I think you *are* personal, Mr. Draycott," said Gertrude, nervously; "but I will answer your question, nevertheless. I think you are unfair to us, and that we are always ready to acknowledge worth of any kind."

"That is no answer, Miss Bruce; to acknowledge a man's worth is not the same as feeling he is on a perfect equality with you. I acknowledge my washerwoman as a very superior person of her kind, and yet am conceited enough not to feel that she is on my level. Would you now, for instance, permit any one of us," he said, looking round the room, "to entertain a personal friendship with a member of your own circle? and could you do so without considering you were conferring a favour, but that the pleasure was mutual?"

"Yes, I think I could."

"You could!" he repeated, enthusiastically; "then I believe you to be, unique in thought and feeling, as I have always believed you to be in beauty and grace."

Gertrude made no answer except by blushing deeply, and turned to pluck a daffodil, hardly knowing whether to be offended or not; but Mr. Draycott perceived her confusion, and changed the subject with much tact, till the countess called her away from him.

"How kind of you, dear Gertrude, to talk so much to that young man; it is such a help to me; I forget who he is, but Maudsley brought him here one night, and he seems a well-informed person. Of course, one need never know these people again when one comes across them. There is your mother, dear, evidently wanting you."

CHAPTER III.

THE FIELDS OF ENNA LEFT BEHIND.

LADY LOUISA continued indefatigable in attending these *réunions*, and remained perfectly blind to the attentions Gertrude received from Mr. Draycott. Even had she noticed them they would have given her no uneasiness whatever, as she could never have brought herself to see that they might possibly mean anything. So, when the blow came, it fell upon her unprepared, and she was struck as if in the dark.

She had been talking to her daughter for some time about where they should go when flight from London became necessary, and one day, on receiving a letter from a friend abroad, begging them to join her, she rang her bell and ordered the footman to tell

Miss Bruce she wanted to see her. James returned in a few minutes, saying the young lady was not in the library or morning-room or conservatory, but that he had sent her maid up to her own room to seek her. The maid presently came down to announce no better success.

"Miss Bruce has not gone out without my knowledge, has she?" asked the anxious mother.

"No, my lady," returned the maid, "she never rang her bell for me to dress her."

"Then she must be somewhere about the house; go again and look for her."

James and Sharpe the maid made a diligent search everywhere, but could not find her; upon which they came back to Lady Louisa with the positive assurance that Miss Bruce was not in the house.

Dinner-time came, but no appearance of Gertrude. Her mother had already become most uneasy, but dissembled her anxiety as well as she could. She sat down and calmly thought of all the engagements Gertrude had mentioned for that week, but could think of none that would take her out without her mother. She racked her brain to imagine who would be likely to call for her to take her for a drive; but almost all their intimate friends had already left town. She then went up-stairs and began seeking for evidence in Gertrude's own room; nothing was disarranged in it outwardly, but Lady Louisa, locking the door, began to rummage her daughter's wardrobes. After about an hour's careful investigation, she came to the conclusion that several walking and morning costumes were missing, with many other things that Gertrude was accustomed to have about her, such as some favourite books and two medallions of her parents. Lady Louisa was now sure she had left her home of her own accord and run away, but where could she have gone, and to whom? What possible object could she have had in thus stealing off without a word? Long and deeply she pondered over the mystery. The Hon. Grafton Egerton came uppermost in her thoughts. How had he looked when she last saw him? But no, it could not be he.

At last she rose with a deep sigh, unlocked the door, and descended to her boudoir. Here she spent the evening in deep thought.

Ere she rose next morning her resolution was taken; no scandal should be made of this affair; none should hear of it; no

newspaper should report about it: to her friends Gertrude should be taken very suddenly ill; to the servants she calmly announced that she had heard from Miss Bruce, who had called on a friend and had been prevailed upon to remain; and the farce was gone through of having her clothes immediately packed and sent away. But to herself she could give no satisfactory answer to her torturing questions. Her whole life Lady Louisa would now devote to finding her child and bringing her back, but it should be done in secret and none should aid her. From that time to the end of the season she went out much as usual, lamenting publicly her daughter's ill-health, and scanning privately all countenances. Did she miss, or fancy she missed, any well-known figure, she never rested till she discovered what had become of him; but all to no purpose; she was as far from the truth as ever, and her heart sank within her more and more from day to day.

Meanwhile Gertrude had indeed eloped, and with George Draycott, whose very existence was unknown to her mother. So well had he prevailed upon her by his clever reasoning and facile tongue, that not only had he compelled her to own her love, but had persuaded her to hide their plans from Lady Louisa, whom he had long since found would never for an instant countenance such an engagement. Gertrude was completely led by him; she allowed herself to be made to believe that running away was the only thing she could possibly do under the circumstances; and such was his power over her that she felt herself utterly unable to say anything in opposition to his wishes. So one day she had slipped out of the house without being seen, and joined George at the end of the street, where he was waiting in a cab; he took her at once out of London, far away into the country to an old aunt to whom he had confided a totally different tale. And there, in an out-of-the-way village, they were quietly married.

After their marriage they came immediately to London, and took up their quarters in George's old and somewhat dark and dingy rooms. Here it was, the first excitement over and George settled down into his old routine of living, that Gertrude first began to be aware of what she had done. It was not a noble or heroic act after all, she found out; she had been cruel to her mother, who

loved her so truly, and unfair to herself. But she did not think of herself during those lonely hours when George was either busy writing and must not be disturbed, or away from home. She thought with a strange longing of the fair and joyous life she had left behind, a life serene and cloudless; but she loved her husband, and did not regret the luxuries she had all her life been accustomed to, but gladly gave them up for him.

It was when she thought over what she knew she was to her mother, and how intensely that mother would miss her, that Gertrude felt oppressed and crushed. She longed to write or go to her, but this George would not hear of. They were both much surprised when day after day passed, and still no account of a "strange disappearance in high life," nor any similar announcement appeared in the papers. Gertrude wondered each day more and more what Lady Louisa was doing and thinking about, and began to have the worst apprehensions that her mother had either utterly hardened her heart towards her and cast her off, or had fallen ill under the blow.

This last fear was, however, speedily removed by seeing her name amongst the list of fashionables at balls or at Court, and one day Gertrude came across the news that "Lady Louisa Bruce has left her London house for the season and has gone abroad." Where could her mother have gone to, poor Gertrude wondered; now all hope of communicating with her directly was cut off for the present. She began to mope and look miserable, though she struggled hard against it. She had never been in London before during those dreary months when every one was away from it. George had hoped to have taken her away somewhere, but he found he was unable to do so. He did every thing in his power to amuse her; and friends of musical, artistic, and argumentative turns, to entertain her, and even promised, seeing how pale she was growing, to let her write to her mother directly she returned to town. Of course he could easily have found out her address, but as George was not at all anxious that his august mother-in-law should suddenly bear down upon him, and do he knew not what with his wife, he kept his own counsel in the matter.

So the autumn passed wearily away, and Christmas came, and still no news of Lady Louisa. George comforted Gertrude by de-

claring she could not possibly be ill, as it would have been reported at once, but that she was no doubt perfectly happy at Rome or Vienna. Gertrude indignantly denied that she was perfectly happy, though in her heart the idea that her mother had entirely given her up was fast taking root.

In the spring a tiny creature came to bless her, and for a while she forgot every sorrow in the delight she found in her babe. But by-and-by an intense yearning to be with her mother, to be happy once more in her love, came over her; a yearning that could not be suppressed, born of this new tie on her love and duty.

"What should I do," she thought, "if this little one left me when it grew up, as I have done," and her conscience could not be appeased. At last, about the end of May, the long looked-for announcement appeared, "Lady Louisa Bruce has returned to town."

Immediately Gertrude wrote to her, being afraid to go herself, telling her of her marriage, imploring forgiveness, and begging her mother to write or come to her.

For two days there was no answer. Gertrude, during that dreadfully anxious time, never left the house, and hardly her chair by the window, where she could see any arrival at the door.

On the third morning, as she was sitting in her old place with her infant in her arms, a brougham—the well-known brougham—drove up, and a lady alighted. A fearful dread took possession of Gertrude, now that she was really so near. She wished she had never asked her mother to come to her, she wished she could hide, but still she did not move, and Lady Louisa entered the room. Gertrude could only gaze at her, she could speak no word; there stood her mother, calm and grave-looking, but oh! how much changed! Her face lined with care, her hair grey, and her whole being transformed. With no word of reproach she went up to her daughter, but Gertrude shrank away and sank into a chair. There, bending over her baby, she wept out, "Oh, mother, mother! I have killed you. What shall I do?"

"No, Gertrude," said Lady Louisa, quietly, "I have suffered, but I am not a dying woman; you may yet save me. Come away with me, come at once."

Gertrude looked up. "Can you forgive me then, mother?"

"My child, do not let us talk of forgive-

ness. I love you ; it is enough. I cannot live without you."

Gertrude's tears fell afresh. Putting down the child, she threw her arms round her mother's neck, and sobbed out all her sorrow. Lady Louisa wept too, and they both felt amidst their tears that they were again one.

"And, mother dear, will you forgive George, too?"

"George!" exclaimed her ladyship, in the tone she might have said "A serpent!" "Do not let us mention that low-bred person, my darling."

"But, mother——" and leaving the sentence unfinished, Gertrude cast a look of tenderness upon her baby.

"You will leave this life altogether, dearest," added Lady Louisa ; "you will come home now with me, and forget this miserable time."

"Oh, mother, mother, I cannot! I have taken solemn vows to love and honour my husband. I cannot, dare not leave him now."

"Gertrude!" was the only answer her surprised mother could make.

"You do not understand, mother dear," said Gertrude, humbly, taking Lady Louisa's hands lovingly in her own. "I love George and feel as much bound to him as if—-as if he were a duke."

"And you will not give him up for me?" Lady Louisa was surprised, stunned almost. She had fully meant coming with a royal forgiveness to her daughter, bearing her in gratitude away from these low scenes ; and never again, she thought, would she make any allusion to her folly. But here was Gertrude, evidently declining to go. She paused a few minutes, and then said suddenly : "You are afraid of him."

"No, oh no, it is not that," said Gertrude, shaking her head and looking despairingly at her mother, feeling she could never make her see the matter in any other light but the present one, and fearing they were very far from being on their old footing.

Lady Louisa presently said : "I will come and see you again, Gertrude. I have taken you too much by surprise ; you have grown unconsciously accustomed to your misery. You must think over it all."

She bade her then a tender farewell, and without vouchsafing a look at her grandchild, left the room and drove away.

Of course when George came in Gertrude told him all with many tears.

"I knew that would be what she would want," he said, "but you won't leave us Gerty, will you?" he asked.

"You and our baby, George! Oh! I could not," she answered.

CHAPTER IV.

POMEGRANATE SEEDS.

IN spite of Mrs. George Draycott's protestations, her mother's broken health and spirits, together with her passionate entreaties, began in due time to have much weight with her.

Lady Louisa often visited her, timing her visits most religiously with George's absence ; and she never ceased urging her daughter to leave her home and to join her once more.

Each time she came Gertrude saw, or fancied she saw, that her mother grew more aged and frail, and more eager to be reunited to her. She seldom or never upbraided her with her cruelty. And it was this mute fading away that appealed most strongly to Gertrude's heart. At last, after a lengthened visit from her mother, during which Lady Louisa appeared so weak that she several times almost fainted, Gertrude summoned up courage to say to her husband that she believed they were killing her mother, and that something must be done.

"But what can be done?" asked George. "She won't be reconciled."

"Don't you think I ought to go back to her for a little time?" suggested his wife, timidly.

"Do you wish to?" said George, quietly. "I feel—I feel," stammered Gertrude, "that it is I who have made her so ill, and that it is only I who can do her any good."

"As you wish," was George's stern rejoinder. And he immediately turned away and left the room.

Two or three days elapsed before Gertrude broached the subject again, and when she did George stopped her at once by saying, "I thought that it was all decided, and that you had made up your mind."

"But George, you cannot let us go away

in anger," said Gertrude tenderly, and putting her soft hand upon his arm.

"No, go to your mother," he said, more kindly, "and I will take care of your baby while you are gone."

"Baby!" exclaimed Gertrude; "must I leave it behind?"

"Does Lady Louisa require that sacrifice, too?"

No, Gertrude felt that her mother had no wish or desire even to look on George's child, so she could say nothing to this.

After this conversation her mind was more unsettled than ever; sometimes she felt as if she could never bring herself to part from her husband and infant; and then again the image of her mother, wan and ill, and perhaps dying, would appear before her. Finally it was settled for her by a messenger coming to her suddenly one morning, and begging her to come immediately to Lady Louisa.

Without a second thought she hastily put on her hat and hurried down stairs, where the brougham awaited her. On her arrival at her old home she at once went to her mother's room, where she found her very ill, but delighted to see her. In the excitement and impulse of the moment Gertrude said that she had at last come to be once more with her mother; and so the deed was done, and her husband and little one left without even a farewell.

Gertrude found to her surprise that the servants knew her only as Miss Bruce; and so well had Lady Louisa kept her secret that no member of the household suspected the truth.

Under the loving care of her daughter, Lady Louisa was soon up again, but not being sufficiently strong to join in the gaieties of the season, and Gertrude very much dreading meeting all her old friends, the mother and daughter very shortly left London, and took a schloss near Baden-Baden for a few months.

Once away from the city and all its memories, Lady Louisa felt indeed that her child was restored to her. The change, the idea that she was doing something to make up for her previous want of duty, for a time kept up Gertrude's spirits, and she seemed so light-hearted and so like the Gertrude of old that Lady Louisa was deceived into believing that she would never wish to recall her past life.

As her mother grew stronger and happier, so in proportion did Gertrude's health begin to decline; inward forebodings that she was still doing amiss kept coming to her. The sight of a child in its mother's arms would at times convulse her with grief; and many a bitter hour, when she was supposed to be sleeping, did she spend in her room in fruitless tears and yearning agony for the love she had thrown away. Whatever steps she took seemed to lead her into wrong-doing. Should she now go home, her mother might relapse and die, perhaps, under the second blow; did she remain—but she could not endure the thought of remaining and its consequences. She seemed indeed expelled from her recent home; a few cold words from George on her first arrival at Baden-Baden, with no expressed wish for her return and no mention of her child, were all she had received from him. She felt she had no right to write; of her own free will she had deserted him and chosen her mother.

In the meanwhile George Draycott was miserable enough. A nurse had been procured who took entire charge of the infant, whom he could hardly trust himself to look at. He worked away harder than ever, and his few leisure minutes he spent alone, his pipe for his sole companion. King he still was among his confederates, but a king who reigned in silent and solitary dignity. He earned for himself much praise in the path he had chosen, but he felt he had made a mistake in his marriage, and that he and his child must all their lives suffer for it.

He was in the midst of melancholy reflections one evening, and heaving many a weary sigh, when a friendly step came up the stair and an old comrade entered the room.

"Come, old fellow, this moping will never do," said his friend kindly; "come and join Howard's little party this evening; it will do you good."

"Oh! you must excuse me"—began George, when his friend interrupted him with,—

"No, no, we have excused you too much of late; we can't let you off this time."

Still George protested and urged feeling seedy and disinclined, and having work to do. But without effect; his friend would take no denial; so ultimately, though most unwillingly, he went.

He did not return to his rooms till a very

late hour, and trod softly for fear of disturbing the little one. Listening at his bed-room door, where its tiny cot was always placed, he thought he heard some one sobbing. It was not a child's weeping. Surprised, he gently opened the door and stepped in.

The light was burning faintly in the room, but he could just discern a figure bending over the cradle, with its face buried in the coverlet. He could not be mistaken—he knew it at once—it was Gertrude!

AMY RYE.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S "MATERIALISM."

DESPITE his brilliant scientific achievements, there is reason to fear that Professor Tyndall, in his theory of the universe as a whole, and of man's intellectual and moral nature, has thrown in his lot for good with the Philistines. To those who virtually assume, not only that the expenditure of immense energy in one direction leaves adequate energy at command to be put forth in another and quite different direction, but that success in the one case is a guarantee of mastership in the other, the charge of Philistinism must seem preposterous and unintelligible; as it must appear to those, also, who have found rest and repose in that 'mechanical mixture' of science and metaphysic which constitutes the philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer. "What kinship," it will be demanded, "can there possibly be between a man of splendid natural endowment, developed and strengthened by the severest mental discipline, and small-brained, unideaed, ponderous dulness? What point of likeness connects the unspeculative 'practical' man, whose every idea is a prejudice, with the fearless exponent of scientific conceptions, whose whole life has been, in one form or other, a warfare with dogged use-and-wont and pretentious ignorance?" No connection certainly, if the materialistic, or semi-materialistic, creed outlined in Mr. Tyndall's recent address at Birmingham, can be established; an undoubted connection, if that creed is not only unsound, but founded upon a misconception of the problem it pretends to discuss. Generically, Philistinism consists in impenetrability to ideas lying beyond the more or less limited circle of conceptions within which the mind

from habit finds it easy to move; and in this sense, as it seems to me, Mr. Tyndall has become a pronounced Philistine. It cannot but seem invidious to speak in this disparaging way of one whose unrivalled faculty of popular exposition has done so much for the spread of science; and certainly if no higher motive existed for doing so than the desire to draw attention to the intellectual limitations of our foremost experimental physicist, I for one should decline the task. But when Professor Tyndall lends the weight of his well-won reputation to prop up a detected sham, the matter assumes a different aspect; it becomes the duty of those who have devoted sufficient attention to the subject to warrant them in giving their results, to say emphatically that they refuse to bow down the knee to Baal; and to indicate the reasons which compel them to resist the scientific prestige which is clamorous for their submission to the idol of the hour.

The address in question may be roughly divided into three parts: the first, theological; the second, metaphysical; and the third, ethical. An examination of it in its entirety would be a tedious, and on the whole an unprofitable task; and I shall therefore confine myself to the second part, dealing with man as an intellectual being. The theory advanced is, with a reservation to be afterwards considered, a thoroughgoing Materialism, that resolves intelligence into non-intelligent elements, and explains knowledge as an effect of the molecular vibrations of the brain. Speaking of the "hypothesis of a human soul"—or, as he also puts it, the hypothesis of a "self within the self, which acts through the body as through a skilfully

constructed instrument"—Mr. Tyndall assures us that "adequate reflection shows that instead of introducing light into our minds it increases our darkness. You do not in this case explain the unknown in terms of the known, . . . but you explain the unknown in terms of the more unknown. Try to mentally visualise this soul as an entity distinct from the body, and the difficulty immediately appears. From the side of science all that we are warranted in saying is that terror, hope, sensation, and calculation are psychical phenomena produced by, or associated with, the molecular processes set up by waves of light in a previously prepared brain."

The device of setting up a man of straw, only to knock him down, is one sufficiently familiar to the reader of controversial literature; but it is not always that the man of straw is first set up, then knocked down, and finally restored to the perpendicular by the vigorous hand that dealt the blow. We have an instance of this triple process here, however. The "human soul" of which mention is made, exists nowhere except in the crude imaginations of those who have never had a glimpse of what the problem of man's nature really is. We are asked to figure to ourselves a mysterious "entity," which lies coiled up within a "prepared brain," and when we fail in our attempt to "mentally visualise" it, we are led to understand that the evidence is all in the direction of showing that everything that is intelligible lies in the domain of "molecular processes." As Mr. T. H. Green remarks,* "there are 'mysteries' that are near akin to nonsense;" and here assuredly is one of them. If the "soul" is a synonyme for conscious intelligence, as it is assumed to be, what could be more absurd than any attempt to "picture" or "mentally visualise" it? Nothing can be "pictured" except that which is extended and in space, and the only thing which will answer to this description is that which is material. We cannot even picture a force; we may aid our lagging thought by drawing lines in space that give a picture to the eye of imagination, but the force itself can only be apprehended by thought. Much less then, can it be expected that conscious intelligence—that which is for us the *sine qua non* of the existence of all reality, and therefore

of space, matter, force, and other conscious intelligences—can be "visualised," *i. e.*, thought of as that which it is not, and cannot possibly be. Consciousness may be said to be incomprehensible, either because it cannot be compressed within the frame which is wide enough for a material thing, or because it is incompetent to understand itself as it really is. Professor Tyndall confuses together these discrepant reasons for the incomprehensibility of thought, and seeing the impossibility of describing it as material, straightway flies to the conclusion that it is not comprehensible at all. The soul as "an entity distinct from the body"—in other words, intelligence as a subtle kind of matter acted upon by the vibrating atoms of the brain—certainly is not only unknown but unknowable, for the all-sufficient reason that it is said to be exactly that which it is not. Thought is not like a piece of matter lying alongside of another piece of matter, and set in motion by impact of the latter upon it. The perplexity experienced in the effort to account for consciousness in this crude way, is aroused by the self-contradictory attempt to make it yield itself passively to a materialistic explanation. And that Mr. Tyndall does not free himself from the fiction of a mysterious "entity distinct from the body," is evident from the fact that he supposes "psychical phenomena" to be "produced" by "molecular processes," *i. e.*, by the vibration of material atoms; for although we cannot "mentally visualise" the soul, it is nevertheless affirmed that "the prick of a pin suffices to prove that molecular motion can produce consciousness." Consciousness, then, is a fact just as much as molecular motion, and it is also a fact that the former is an effect of the latter. Now the only thing that gives plausibility to this account, is the assumption that the consciousness of each individual man raises around him an impassable barrier which separates him from all real existence except his own "subjective" states, and that reality gets somehow into his consciousness by the action of matter upon it. But so conceived, consciousness is just that "entity distinct from the body," against which Professor Tyndall directs such ponderous blows. Thus the "soul" is a fiction, which it is convenient to set up and demolish; it is knocked over with one hand, and lifted up with the other; and meanwhile it is assumed that the materiality of thought

* Contemporary Review for December, 1877, p. 39.

is rendered at least possible, when in reality, the only thing to which the attributes of matter have been plausibly attached, is this wretched fiction itself.

A true answer cannot be obtained if the wrong question is asked. Professor Tyndall supposes that the dispute between himself and anti-materialists is in regard to the rise and perpetuation of consciousness in man, considered as a self-enclosed individual, who knows nothing but his own feelings as they come and go in ceaseless procession. The question he asks is: How am I, an individual whose consciousness cannot transcend its own fleeting states, to be accounted for? It does not seem to have occurred to him—and yet it certainly has been more than once put before him—that there was a preliminary question to be considered, which might alter the form of the problem entirely. It is assumed that human consciousness is purely individual or separative, and hence that the only possible explanation of the phenomena of consciousness is to be sought in a supposed impact of an outer world upon a passive consciousness. But is consciousness purely individual? Does this assumption cohere with the other assumption that reality is actually known? This is the real problem, and until it has been solved all talk about “molecular processes” as the cause of “psychical phenomena” is mere shooting in the air. Should it turn out that the materialistic account of the relation of nature and thought overthrows that very supposition of real knowledge, without which the materialisation of the “soul” could not even plausibly be effected, it must become apparent that whatever be the true account of intelligence, the one adopted by Mr. Tyndall is utterly untenable.

When it is said that we can “present to our minds a coherent picture of the physical processes” of nature, it is plainly assumed that these “physical processes” exist *in rerum natura*—that there is no doubt whatever as to the actual existence of a real universe. And when we say that the universe is real, we mean that there are real objects, differing from each other in an infinite variety of ways, but all possessing real properties, distributed in space, and having certain real relations to each other. Of these relations the simplest are those of space and time; every real object perceptible by us is

in some part of space and exists in a given time. And not only are there real things, but these do, as a matter of fact, alter their spatial relations to each other; the motion of the objects known to us is as real as the objects themselves. Moreover, the changes which take place in the universe do not occur in a hap-hazard way, but according to certain fixed, unchanging laws; objects are causally connected, and act and re-act upon each other in manifold ways. Taking the world as a whole, we can say of it that its matter is indestructible, and the quantity of force in it absolute; however the parts of matter may change their position relatively to each other, there is no creation of new matter, and no annihilation of the matter already existing; and similarly there is no increase or decrease in the force stored up in the universe; there is an incessant forth-putting of force, but not the smallest quantity of it is lost, and there can be no addition to the sum of force that already exists.

Turn now to the question of our knowledge of this real world. There cannot properly be any dispute as to the reality of the fact; indeed any denial of the reality of knowledge must be subversive of the reality of the world itself; if a real world is not known, then, so far at least as knowledge is concerned, the world would not be real. No doubt it may be said that the world as it is in itself is not known and cannot be known; that our knowledge is limited to phenomena or appearances. This view I believe to be one of the most gratuitous fictions ever invented to bolster up an unsound theory, but at present it is not necessary to question it; all that is required to be admitted is that the real world—whether called a world of phenomena or not—actually is real in the sense of forming a whole of objects connected together in certain fixed and unchanging ways; and this is assumed by every materialist as the necessary fulcrum by which the spirituality of intelligence is to be overthrown. This real world of phenomena is not identical with the transient sensations and emotions of any one or of all individuals—it is in fact in contrast to the “subjective” states of the individual that it is called real. It is evident, therefore, that just so far as there is a real world is there real knowledge of the world; if there were no real world there could be no knowledge as distinguished from the creations of fancy, and, on the

other hand, if there were no real knowledge, the world, even supposing it to exist, would at any rate not be real to us. Thus, reality and knowledge are in a sense convertible, and it is mainly in view of this that real objects have been called phenomena. A phenomenon, as we have seen, is a real existence in space and time, and it is that which *appears* or presents itself to intelligent beings as real. We may distinguish the knowledge from the reality, but to express the facts of the case thoroughly we must say that the knowledge is real knowledge, and the reality a known reality. The same thing may be expressed by saying that fact and fiction are essentially different, the former being something actually existing, and the latter something only supposed to exist. It is to be observed then that, whatever we may mean by saying that all knowledge is individual, this individuality of knowledge does not in any way keep back the individual from reality. The reality exists, and he knows it to exist, and these two assertions, although they are distinguishable, are not separable from each other.

What has just been said may seem to be so trite and commonplace as hardly to merit the expenditure of so many words upon it. Should this be the reflection called up in the mind of the reader, the next step to be taken will be understood in its full force. What has just been put into words is in its essential features what is meant when it is said that anything has a real existence. Individuals may vary considerably in the greater or less completeness with which they conceive the coherence and systematic connection of things, but however incomplete may be any one's knowledge of the world, what he knows is real, and the real is known to him. Especially must the scientist maintain the objective reality and orderly connection of things, because with it the possibility of science necessarily stands or falls. So, too, every intelligible theory of the universe—dogmatic or sceptical, idealistic, realistic, or materialistic—must account for the fact of the knowledge, or seeming knowledge, of a real or apparently real world, on pain of extinction as a theory. The problem of philosophy then, shortly stated, is this—to explain by a self-consistent theory the reality of knowledge, or otherwise the knowledge of reality; and the theory which fails in this attempt is self-condemned.

Now observe the procedure of the materialist. "What is the causal connection," asks Professor Tyndall, "between molecular motions and states of consciousness?" The assumptions here are, first, that thought is a peculiar *thing*—a thing, however, which somehow or other cannot be "pictured"—placed inside the brain, with which it is, in some way that cannot be mentally visualized, connected. Secondly, the "states of consciousness" are, so far as their connection with "molecular motions" is concerned, sensations or immediate feelings, peculiar to this or that individual. Thirdly, the form of the question implies that the "molecular motions" have a "causal connection" with the "states of consciousness," the connection being such that the former excite the latter. That this is really the view he takes is evident from the whole tenor of Mr. Tyndall's language, one instance of which occurs in the sentence already quoted, which tells us that "the prick of a pin suffices to prove that molecular motion can produce consciousness."

It would seem then that the only way in which the individual knows anything about the real world is through his "states of consciousness," otherwise called his sensations, and that real objects, here called "molecular motions," act somehow—we cannot tell how—upon the self-enclosed individual, the result of which is that he has sensations. And here we get into difficulties. The theory must explain the admitted fact that there exist real things, independently of the particular feelings of any one, and if it cannot do this, it fails at the vital point. Moreover, the theory must be consistent with itself, and hence it has to explain why we are justified in speaking of a material world, or more particularly of "molecular motions," as real. Now, as we have assumed that each individual is a unit by himself, whose sensations are his own, and cannot possibly be shared by anybody else, we are at once launched on a sea of perplexities. Suppose a ray of light, falling upon my eye, sets up "molecular motions" in my brain; still this must take place unknown to me until I have the sensation produced by the "molecular motions." My knowledge of the ray of light is dependent upon my sensations, for it is through my sensations that the real world is said to be known to me. And the same must be true in all cases. The

real object must be supposed to exist, and to act before any sensation is produced in me. The same is true of every single individual; each alike is to know the real world through his sensations, and if he does not get a knowledge of it in that way, he cannot get a knowledge of it at all. And if this is true of each man individually, it must be true of all men taken together; if *each* is confined to his own sensations, *all* must be so confined. But if each and every individual is limited to his own sensations for a knowledge of the real world, how is any one to burst through the barriers which confine him within his own individual consciousness, and get out to the real world assumed to lie beyond? Shall we say that the sensations are real, and that being so, they give a knowledge of a reality distinct from them. But that hardly seems to be the case, seeing that my sensations are —*ex hypothesi*—entirely distinct from yours. Nor will it do to say that each man's sensations constitute for him the real world, inasmuch as the whole account of the "causal connection" of real things must then fall to the ground. One can understand what is meant by saying that "molecular motions," conceived as real phenomena that do not depend upon any individual's consciousness, act upon the individual's consciousness, and produce as effect sensations; but what could be the meaning of saying that sensations which are not, and cannot be, distinct from themselves, act as causes upon themselves, no man who has any regard for his reputation as a sane being would attempt to say. It is, of course, quite possible that some explanation of this difficulty may be found by which the sensations may be shown to be the only reality, but such a theory must evidently abandon its "materialism," its conception of a real world independent of sensations, and its account of the "causal connection" of that real world and the sensations excited by it. We have come, then, to the curious result that, starting from the assumption of material things as realities, we end with a theory that gets into such a dead-lock that it cannot explain how we can come to know any material reality whatever. Further, as no theory which fails to explain the real world can possibly be sound, so far the conclusion is that a materialistic theory is a complete failure. By a process which it unwittingly goes through in trying to establish itself, material-

ism begins with the assertion that all known reality is independent of consciousness, and ends with the conclusion that there is no reality knowable beyond consciousness.

The difficulties of the theory are not yet over. It is strenuously maintained by the 'materialist' that man has come to be what he is by a long process of development. By the transmission of hereditary tendencies, and the action upon him of external circumstances, the complex nature of the individual man has been gradually evolved. The truth of this theory is not at present in question; what we wish to point out is, that it is utterly inconsistent with the account of knowledge given by the materialist. We have seen that, shut up within the circle of his own conscious states, the individual, on the theory which accounts for the rise of consciousness by the causal influence of "molecular motions" in the brain, cannot have any knowledge of a reality distinct from his own sensations. Now the development of man involves that, outside of individual consciousness there is a real world of things in space and time, and moreover that there are other individuals beside himself who can act upon him in various ways. But if we are to be consistent in explaining the reality of knowledge by the action of molecular forces upon consciousness, the knowledge of other individuals can only be to the individual himself the knowledge of certain sensations which he has as individual experiences. In the illustration quoted by Professor Tyndall from Lange, of a merchant to whom a telegram is brought announcing the failure of a firm in which he is deeply involved, the "complex mass of action, emotional, intellectual, and mechanical, is evoked by the impact upon the retina of the infinitesimal waves of light coming from a few pencil marks on a bit of paper." The same method of explanation must be applied to our knowledge of human beings. Perfect consistency demands that, as the individual knows nothing until the "molecular motions" have produced sensation, all knowledge of external realities should be explained by the sensations of the individual. (Other individuals therefore are to me nothing but certain aggregates of my sensations: I cannot get out beyond my own individual consciousness, and hence I can speak of no reality except of that which alone reveals itself to me, *viz.*, the reality of my own impressions.

Need it be said that this is utterly inconsistent with a theory which assumes that there is a real world of objects apart from my sensations, and that I am myself the net product of the interaction of real existences, including human beings, upon each other, continued for an immense period of time! The development theory, like every theory which can be stated in intelligible words, assumes that the real world is completely independent of the individual's sensations and emotions; the materialistic explanation of knowledge leads to the conclusion that the individual is alone in the universe with his own fleeting impressions. Materialism is thus essentially self-contradictory: it pretends to explain intelligence as due to the impact of a material thing, the brain, upon the mind, and in doing so it comes upon a view of knowledge that leads to the denial of that very 'matter' which is to effect the overthrow of spirit. How comes it, then, that the fundamental incoherence of the theory has not been seen? The answer is that, in various ways, its self-contradictory character has been concealed. The reality of knowledge, and the knowledge of reality, cannot be seriously questioned by any intelligent being, but the explanation given of this reciprocal reality may be unintentionally such as logically to overthrow what nobody seriously questions. The course of our argument has shown that intelligence can in no proper sense be said to be purely individual: in other words, that man is not tied down by the limitations of his merely sentient nature, but on the contrary comprehends both his animal organism and a real world in which it is placed and to which it is in manifold ways related. The main reason that this universal side of human nature has been overlooked is that the real world is supposed to be independent, not only of the feelings of the individual as such—that is, of the peculiar sensations that belong to his animal organism—but of the individual as a thinking, rational, intelligent being. But we have already seen that the reality of the world is bound up with the reality of knowledge, so that if we deny the one we equally deny the other. There cannot therefore be a greater absurdity than first to speak of a real world, *i. e.*, of a world as actually known, and then to proceed to explain knowledge as if it were an effect of this reality. As reality is known reality, it is as

preposterous to say that this known reality is the cause of real knowledge, as that knowledge is the cause of known reality; neither the one nor the other is true, knowledge and reality being alike a relation of an intelligence to that which is intelligible. The reality which is to account for knowledge must be known reality, and if so, it is too late to seek to explain what is already explained. This however is not usually observed, and hence we have a compromise of the kind suggested by Professor Tyndall when he tells us that he "cannot see the connection between molecular motions and states of consciousness." The view is expressed much more clearly by Mr. Spencer in a now famous passage, and it will be most profitable to consider it in this clearer form.

"See, then," says Mr. Spencer,* "our predicament. We can think of matter only in terms of mind. We can think of mind only in terms of matter. When we have pushed our explorations of the first to the uttermost limit, we are referred to the second for a final answer; and, when we have got the final answer of the second, we are referred back to the first for an interpretation of it."

There is no reason to doubt that Professor Tyndall would endorse this theory, although in his latest utterance he does not explicitly say so. Assuming this, let us ask how it harmonises with the asserted dependence of consciousness upon material processes. Now, in the first place, it seems evident enough that if "matter" can only be thought of "in terms of mind," we can no longer say that consciousness is an effect of "molecular motions," inasmuch as these have no meaning apart from consciousness. "Matter," it is admitted, is for knowledge absolutely nothing except as interpreted by mental phenomena, and as the matter which is spoken of is matter as known, it is preposterous to say that it can be the cause of mind. If we are to use the category of causality at all, we should rather have to say that mind is the cause of matter, in the sense that it is that which renders matter possible, not only in knowledge, but—since knowledge and reality are inseparable—in reality also.

* *Principles of Psychology*, § 272. For a fuller criticism of Mr. Spencer's theory than can here be attempted, I may refer the reader to an article of mine in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, for January, 1877 (New York: John Wiley & Son).

The view here taken is therefore the contradictory of that which assumes that man is a mere individual, whose consciousness may be likened to something shut up in a box, and who is passively played upon by material forces lying beyond the range of his consciousness. According to the one view, the individual is an exclusive unit, that, as Mr. Spencer says elsewhere, is "absolutely incapable of knowing any feeling but his own," and who is therefore incapable of breaking through the walls of the prison that confines him; hence the material universe must be conceived to act upon him by impact, as one billiard ball knocks against another. According to the other view, the material world is nothing until it is interpreted in terms of consciousness, and hence it must be conceived as in some sense dependent upon that very mind which before was supposed to be dependent upon it. No amount of ingenuity can reconcile two conceptions so radically different, so that here again the attempt to carry out materialism to its logical issues lands us in contradiction. Secondly, Mr. Spencer tells us that we can only "think of mind in terms of matter." Now this is rather confusing; we can understand what is meant by saying that matter has to be translated into terms of thought before it is intelligible, for this need mean no more than that knowledge and reality reciprocally imply each other. But how it can possibly be that "matter" is first thought of in terms of "mind," and then "mind" in terms of "matter," and yet we don't know anything about matter and just as little about mind—this riddle is hard to read. Apart from this difficulty, what are we to make of the statement that we can "think of mind only in terms of matter?" If we "think"

of matter at all, we should certainly say that what we think of is *matter as known*, and hence that in thinking of mind in terms of matter, we are nevertheless thinking of mind in terms of itself. No intelligible meaning can be extracted from Mr. Spencer's statement except that mind taken in pure abstraction and matter taken in pure abstraction, are neither of them knowable: that for knowledge we must think of mind as that which knows nature, and nature is that which is known by mind. Hence, instead of speaking as if we first think of mind as a product of matter, and then of matter as a product of mind—and this is what Mr. Spencer's theory ultimately comes to—we must, tenaciously holding the two sides of the antithesis together, assert that intelligence is not identifiable with the feelings of the individual, but comprehends the real world and the feelings of the individual as contrasted with it, and therefore that it cannot possibly be shown to be dependent upon matter, one of its own objects, any more than it is dependent upon the feelings which it renders possible. Human intelligence is thus not a thing in space and time, but is of such a nature that it enables its possessor to make himself at home at once in the natural world, in the world of others' thoughts, in the world of his own feelings, and, it may be added, in the supersensible world where is revealed the absolute perfection of the Infinite Intelligence. The only view which will account for real knowledge is that which discards all such conceptions as that of the mechanical impact of unconscious atoms upon a conscious mind, and the unthinkable fiction of a consciousness that is confined by the crass limitations of animal nature.

JOHN WATSON.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

IS Margaret Fuller to be classed with the fugitive visitants of this earth? Among those who, by the strong attraction of personal magnetism and transcendent genius, influence contemporary minds and hearts, she certainly is pre-eminent, surpassed by but few; but will this influence gradually grow faint and powerless as the circle of friends who surround her, one by one, disappear? As it is impossible to look down the interminable vista of future years, this question cannot be answered. We stand too near the star to analyse the nature of its light. Her writings, though indeed inadequately representative of her genius, still remain to us, and in them was infused much of that magnetic eloquence which made her power almost unbounded. For an explanation of this we must glance at the prominent facts of her beautiful, yet sad, life. The sketch must necessarily be brief and hurried. Only in the noble record left by her three friends, Clarke, Channing, and Emerson, can a complete and satisfactory view be obtained. One will be almost bewildered by the multitude of thoughts it suggests, the strong rush of admiration, nay, of love and reverence, it inspires.

Born in 1810, her education may be said to date from the very beginning. Her father, an eminent lawyer of Cambridgeport, Mass., evidently perceiving the wonderful genius of the child, exacted a great deal of study from her, which taxed the excitable brain, made her thoughts and feelings too intense and precocious, and laid the foundation for that highly strung condition of the nervous organism which was a continual torture through life, and prevented the free and full development of her powers. At an age when most children have advanced no further than long division or spelling words of two syllables, she was analyzing the principles and mechanism of language, and absorbing the deep thoughts of the deepest minds the world has seen. There is something very sad and touching in her own description of this "unnatural childhood." But books soon became to her a world of far-reaching and inexhaustible

delight, and she paid the homage and reverence of her childish nature to those great poets whose works demand affinity of mind and heart to appreciate their hidden beauties and profound wisdom.

Underneath all this intellectual training from the close study of Latin, French, and English literature, a warm and loving heart was continually beating. Margaret had few companions in her childhood, and her affection vented itself on her mother's flowers—thus early indicating that intense love of beauty and perfection which afterwards became an absorbing passion.

At boarding-school she captivated her associates by the irresistible magnetism of her character, by her wit and her talent for entertaining them, although she was made unhappy by the consciousness of isolation from their sphere on account of the peculiarities of her education. Hence a totally different range of thought. On her return home at the mature age of fifteen, she began that course of reading which coloured her whole subsequent life. Her energy and ambition found full and unremitting exercise here. It embraced Greek, French and Italian literature, and English philosophy. She brought to the study of these authors a calm, critical judgment, rigidly analytic and untrammelled by conventional prejudice. She did not hastily accept their theories of life and destiny, nor yet was she coldly sceptical—their falsehood harmed her but little, their truth was received as a rich and abiding heritage for her intellect.

In 1829 she met James Freeman Clarke, one of her biographers. He thus alludes to their relationship: "Her intellect was intensely active. What eagerness for knowledge! What fire, what exuberance, what reach, grasp of thought, shone in her conversation. She accepted me as a friend to whom to express the ideas which were dawning and taking shape in her mind. To me it was a gift of the gods—an influence like none other. This friendship brought light to my mind, enlarged my heart, and gave elevation and energy to my aims and

purposes. And what she was to me she was to many others." Though rumours were afloat that this brilliant girl was haughty, sarcastic, and disdainful of those below her in intellectual rank, none who came within reach of her fascinating, magnetizing influence could resist, but all laid their prejudices at her feet, enthusiastic votaries at her shrine. Though exacting great attainments from her friends, she herself often created, or at least developed in them the very forms of thought and character which most won her approval. Those who had never thought deeply of life were inspired by her contagious enthusiasm—in fact, felt challenged to aspire towards a nobler state of being and action. She addressed their highest nature, and that nature seldom failed to be responsive. Her fine tact, and broad, deep, yet delicate sympathy, joined to an unerring insight into the inner recesses of their hearts, even into their most secret motives, enabled her to understand just what they needed for success or progressive attainment. Therefore, her counsel was definite and effectual. This can be best explained by a letter written to her from a prominent lawyer: "What I am I owe, in large measure, to the stimulus you imparted. You roused my heart with high hopes, you inspired me with a great ambition, and made me see the worth and meaning of life, worked in me confidence in my own powers, showed me my distinct work, and quickened my individual consciousness by intelligent sympathy with feelings and tendencies I but half understood. *You gave me to myself.*" Wherever Margaret Fuller went she commanded respect by her dignity of character, won affection and unreserved love by her warm, noble, womanly heart, and attracted admiration by her brilliancy of thought and speech; for even at this early age was displayed that wonderful genius for conversation which eventually drew around her the wise and great of America.

In 1832 she began German, and in less than three months was reading its glorious literature. Her eager eyes caught the best beauty of Schiller and Richter, but in Goethe her ideal, intense temperament found its fullest expression. Emerson afterwards said: "She found her moods met, her topics treated, the liberty of thought she loved, the same climate of mind. It was one of those agreeable historical coincidences, the appearance of a teacher and pupil be-

tween whom exists a strict affinity. Nowhere did Goethe find a braver, more intelligent or sympathetic reader." She translated "Tasso," Eckermann's Conversations, and the Letters of Gunderode and Bettina, and began to collect materials for a life of Goethe; but, amid the harassing cares of her busy life, the work progressed but slowly and was never finished.

We know not by what grand outgrowth from her deep and earnest thinking we should be enriched if only that gaunt spectre, ill-health, had given her a brief respite. In the midst of beautiful dreams and ambitious projects, "comes this great vulture and fastens his iron talons on my brain. It has been depressing to be able to do so little, when there was so much I had at heart to do. It seems that the black and white guardians depicted on Etrurian monuments are always fighting for my life. Whenever I have any cherished purpose, outward obstacles swarm around which the *hand which would be drawing beautiful lines must be always busy in brushing away.*" These nervous headaches completely took away her strength; and while she did not yield weakly to the sway of pain, she accomplished the most during the few happy days in which her naturally strong constitution was victorious. Thus her life was too intense and concentrated.

But Margaret Fuller had not only to contend with bodily disease and pain. She had to fight her faults—the weaknesses inherent in this human nature of ours. She had from childhood been "petted and praised as a prodigy;" she had lived in a society which regarded her as its queen, and as such superior; and the universal homage received from intellectual men and cultured women had caused the rank weeds of arrogance and self-love to grow in her heart, sometimes shading the lovely flowers which, nevertheless, were there. Increasing wisdom and larger experience brought humbler views of her attainments, and these egotistic tendencies afterwards, to a great extent, disappeared—a change surprising and touching in one naturally so self-possessed and dogmatic. The keen sensitiveness of her nature, underneath its independence and pride, made her feel deeply any want of appreciation or affection from those who were blinded by her faults from seeing the rare beauty of her character. Her intellectual power no one ever disputed; but the

womanly heart craved love boundless and unquestioning. When instead of this she had to endure coldness and indifference she was made very unhappy.

Then, because her conception of the possibilities for development of the human mind was exalted, because her ideal was too high for realization, she was disappointed and often discouraged. "It seems to me that I have reached the parting of the ways in my life, and all the knowledge I have toiled to gain only serves to show me the disadvantages of each. All my friends would smile or stare could they know the aching and measureless wishes which make me pause and strain my almost hopeless gaze to the distance." It is often thus. Bounds are set to our intellectual conquests, and the range of our insight is limited. The children of genius sigh after the unseen and strive for the unattainable. Like the home-sick bird whose home is in the skies they dash themselves against the bars of their prison-house and long to soar away. The outward obstacles which she had continually to brush away also caused her much unhappiness. The energy which should have been devoted to embodying fine conceptions expended itself in conflicts with circumstances opposed to the complete development of her genius. "Her athletic soul," says Emerson, "craved a larger atmosphere than it found." Impetuously desiring a more adequate sphere for culture, the trivial hindrances in the way were galling to one of her high, proud spirit; her life was forced to spend itself in small currents when the full, harmonious flow of the river might have been hers. W. E. Channing says: "I saw before me one whose whole life had been a poem—of boundless aspiration and hope almost wild in its daring—of indomitable effort amidst poignant disappointment—of widest range yet persistent unity. Yes, here was a poet indeed, who had steadfastly striven to brighten and make glad existence, to fuse most hard conditions, to piece fragmentary fortunes into a mosaic symbol of heavenly order. Here was one, all radiant with imagination, longing for communion with artists of every age in their inspired hours; fitted by genius and culture to mingle as an equal in the most refined circles of Europe; and yet her youth and early womanhood had passed away among the very decent yet drudging descendants of the prim puritans. Trained among those who could

have discerned her peculiar power, and early fed with the fruits of beauty for which her spirit pined, *she would have developed into one of the finest lyrists, romancers, and critics the modern literary world has seen.* This she knew, and this tantalization of her fate she keenly felt." But Margaret Fuller was no "pining sentimentalist," sinking into despair because hopes and plans were thwarted. A less strong and resolute woman, because of the obstructions which narrow conventionalism, her sex, and circumstances caused to rise before her, would have allowed these aspirations to dwindle into worthless dreams, and put forth no volition to quicken them into actions.

The weary, worn traveller sees before him in the darkness the faint glimmer of a light far up the mountain-side, and knows where that light is there are rest and joy. He struggles on along the rock-strewn path—often he falls—now the light is hidden by some jutting crag,—then he emerges and it shines out clearer than before.

So Margaret Fuller strove to reach the high altitude of life and experience of which in her youth she had caught glimpses. She had the true "climbing spirit," and though foiled and baffled many times, at length came as near to her ideal as mortal can. She willingly relinquished any pleasure or luxury which tended to make her forget her purpose; no earthly joy had power to allure; thus she went "onward, ever onward; then indeed she had gone far enough."*

This life-aim—this end for all her energy and self-denial—was *culture*. She did not seek knowledge to gratify ambition or vanity, or intellectual eminence to win fame or applause, nor did she make the mistake, too common, alas! among men of genius, that this comprehended culture of the intellect alone, leaving the heart so capable of the warmest, most loving impulses, to become frosty and unloving through neglect. Margaret Fuller aimed at the complete development of her *whole* nature; for the great law of culture is—to use Carlyle's words: "Let each become all that he was created capable of being; expand, if possible, to his full growth, resisting all impediments, casting off all foreign, especially all noxious adhesions, and show himself at length in his own shape and sta-

* Goethe, as quoted by Clarke.

ture, be these what they may." And Margaret Fuller herself says:—"Very early I knew that the only object in life was to *grow*. I was often false to this knowledge in idolatries of particular objects, or impatient longings for happiness, but I have never lost sight of it, have always been controlled by it, and this first gift of thought has never been superseded by a later love." Though she often came into collision with the hindrances of which we have spoken, the heroism, strength, and courage inherent in her nature increased by exercise; though in these hand-to-hand grapplings with fate and destiny her intellect lost, her heart gained.

For years Margaret Fuller's eyes had been turned wistfully towards Europe—longing impetuously to be there. Instinctively feeling that the elements lacking in her opportunities for culture could there be supplied and her highest self be developed, she formed a most alluring plan to sail with Harriet Martineau in 1835. But in October Mr. Fuller died very suddenly, leaving his family dependent upon the eldest daughter. Her duty was clear. Although urged to fulfil the plans she and her father had formed together, Margaret's self-sacrificing and noble disposition was shown by the prompt cheerfulness with which she gave them all up in order to help the family fortunes, and sustain her mother by her presence and tenderness of sympathy. The syren voices were calling to her, but with heroic decision and fortitude she lashed herself to the mast, and saw her friend Harriet Martineau depart without her. Next year she went to Boston to teach modern languages in Alcott's celebrated school. Her spirits were much depressed by grief at the loss of her beloved father and a severe fit of illness through which she had just passed; but she bravely battled grief, pain, and disappointment, and bent the gigantic powers of her mind to the means of culture still within her reach. Emerson says: "She had indeed a rude strength which, if it could have been supported by an equal health, would have given her the efficiency of the strongest men. As it was, she had great power of work. The account of her reading is at a rate like Gibbon's; and that of her letter-writing, considered with the fact that writing was not grateful to her, is incredible."

The same subtle magnetism of genius,

which in her youth had charmed and fascinated, now attracted the best and most intellectual society of Boston to her side. Next to Europe, perhaps, Boston was the most fit arena for the exercise of her varied powers. And so the cloud which had threatened to make her life shadowy and dark, rolled off, and its edges were found to be tinged with gold.

She studied art with a true artist's earnestness; and the exact discipline to which she subjected herself in reading the lives of Michel Angelo, Raphael, and Benvenuto Cellini, developed the power of mind and soul to fully appreciate the marvels of that Italy they all loved so well. Her absorbing love of beauty found partial satisfaction in the exhibitions of paintings and sculpture which Boston afforded; also, in the fine concerts. That most expressive of all arts, music, she intensely loved. It revealed to her spirit depths of joy and misery; having a representative value it "afforded a strict copy of her inward life, and led her," as Carlyle says, "to the edge of the Infinite, and bade her look down on that."

In 1840 Margaret Fuller assumed the editorship of the "Dial," to which contributed Emerson, Thoreau, Theodore Parker, and other intellectual men. It was the exponent of what was best and truest in Transcendentalism. The object in view was to elevate the minds of the people to a higher grade of culture, to point out the means for cultivating habits of independent thinking. The editor's rigid analysis of books to be reviewed, and reliable accuracy in criticism were of the greatest service in promoting this object. She wrote vigorously and fearlessly; whatever her judgment and conscience dictated she uttered honestly, even if conflicting with popular beliefs and prejudices. The article on Goethe, which has been so highly praised, was written about this time. It is certainly one of the most impartial estimates of the great German ever formed.

About this time were commenced those "conversation classes," which were not only of great practical benefit in giving accuracy, system, and consistency to woman's knowledge, but aroused many into a nobler moral life. The subjects of these conversations were abstruse and profound, based on classical literature and the best works of art of modern times. Over them all was thrown the illuminating criticism of Margaret Ful-

ler's carefully trained intellect, uttered in words of great beauty, eloquence, and delicate grace.

Thus her days were filled with bright, busy work, yet they were stern and real and earnest. The life of Goethe which she was urged "on most flattering terms" to prepare, had to be relinquished for less congenial literary work which brought in more immediate results. Nevertheless, while many of her cherished purposes had to be quietly hidden away in the deep reserve of her heart, or entirely and forever resigned, Margaret had the happiness of knowing that through her exertions a home had been bought for Mrs. Fuller, and her brothers had "gone honourably through college;" while the number was countless who daily blessed her for her wise, helpful sympathy, and inspiring enthusiasm for all that is great and noble and sublime.

Now she needed change of scene—for her health was failing—and this she found in New York, whither she went in 1844 as book-reviewer for *The Tribune*.

Her fame for great learning and wonderful eloquence in conversation drew around her a circle of friends of much the same range of culture as had been enjoyed in Boston. And yet these literary and social triumphs did not cover up the warm, womanly sympathy which made her life, with all its glaring faults, so beautiful. A high sense of duty, joined to zeal in social and moral reforms, did not allow her to rest satisfied with mere intellectual eminence. She had room in her heart for the uncultured, the wretched, and the lost. She passed one Christmas day among the poor outcasts confined in Sing Sing. "There was," said one present, "a most touching tenderness, blended with dignity, in her air and tone as she looked around upon her fallen sisters and wished them a happy Christmas. A simultaneous movement of obeisance rippled over the audience, with a murmured 'thank you,' and a smile was spread upon those sad faces like sunrise sparkling on a pool." Yes, she had marvellous power to unlock people's hearts and send the bright sunshine of joy and love to chase away the shadows there!

Her best powers are not shown in any of her writings, still less in her articles for the *Tribune*. To one of her mental and physical constitution, forced work at stated times

was exceedingly distasteful; and during her entire residence in New York, the dark shadow of headache and pain loomed over her life constantly, sometimes threatening to shroud the brilliant mind in its dusky folds.

At last, in 1846, was opened the way to a more extended career and wider fame, and she sailed for Europe. The descriptions of the distinguished men she met in England, especially Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Carlyle, are good examples of penetration into character and skill in delineation—seizing the most reserved as well as prominent traits and expressing them in a most forcible way. In Paris she formed the acquaintance of Béranger, George Sand, La Menais, and many others, but her stay there was brief and hurried, for her heart was in Italy and she "sped southward." The last three years of her life were spent there amid the marvels of ancient art. These were probably her best years, glorified by love and intense happiness, though shadowed darkly by pecuniary embarrassments, heart-sickening anxiety, illness, and pain. She loved Rome with the strength of an Italian:

There were assembled so many master-spirits, and besides,

In that imperial and hallowed city,

Each stone has language, every street a story;

And these dumb teachers in their solemn majesty
Found an attentive pupil in our poet.*

Her true position was among the most cultured and refined, and in Italy men and women of rank, fortune, and intellect became her friends. Her extensive knowledge of their literature, and her skill in the use of the sweet Italian language, gave her power to enchant and fascinate them by her wonted eloquence.

The Marchioness Visconti Arconati, who travelled with Margaret a good deal, wrote thus to Emerson: "Je n'ai point rencontré, dans ma vie, de femme plus noble, ayant autant de sympathie pour ses semblables, et dont l'esprit fut plus vivifiant. Je me suis tout de suite sentie attirée par elle."

But the lack of money brought small annoyances galling to one of Margaret's proud, sensitive temperament. "My private fortunes are dark and tangled, my strength to govern them much diminished. . . I should have been glad if God would allow me a few years of congenial life at the end of not a few

* Goethe's: "Tasso."

of struggle and suffering. But I do not hope it; my fate will be the same to the end; beautiful gifts shown and then withdrawn, or offered on conditions which make acceptance impossible. Italy has been glorious to me. In Rome I have known some happy days when I could yield myself to be soothed and instructed by the great thoughts and memories of the place, But these days are swiftly passing. Soon I must exert myself, for there is this incubus of the future. I find how true was the lure which always drew me towards Europe. Had I only come ten years earlier! Then my health would never have sunk, nor the best years been wasted in useless friction. Now my life must be a failure, so much strength has been wasted on obstructions which only came because I grew not in the right soil."

She could not have chosen a more exciting and eventful time to be in Italy. That long-suffering country was rising in arms against ecclesiastical and monarchical despotism, and Margaret threw herself into the vortex of the struggle with all the fervour and enthusiasm of a native-born. Mazzini was her personal friend, and owed much of his unyielding bravery to the stimulus derived from intercourse with her; indeed, her hatred of treason and intolerance, her advanced views on civil and religious equality, made her a firm partisan, even the friend and counsellor, of most of the leaders of the Republican party. With the wretched inhabitants she endured all the horrors of the siege of Rome, was in fact an eye-witness of the war. "I have been engrossed, stunned almost, by the public events that have succeeded one another with such rapidity and grandeur. . . . I rejoice to be in Italy at this time. It is a time such as I always dreamed of, and I shall return possessed of a great history. Perhaps I shall be called upon to act. War is everywhere."

She was indeed called upon to act. The energy which had vented itself in absorbing study, in struggles with intellectual problems, now expressed itself in heroic action which won her praise and fame. She gave no indulgence to weak nerves or womanly shrinking from scenes of horror and bloodshed, but when she was appointed director of the hospital of the Fate Bene Fratelli, performed her duties bravely. The wounded loved her for her kind, wise ministrations; and the dying, soothed and comforted by her

words of hope and joy for them and for their beloved Italy, took their flight into the spirit-world with a fervent prayer to the dear Lord to bless and reward her.

In December, 1847, she was married to Marquis Ossoli, a member of one of the oldest and noblest Roman families. So, at last, the love and happiness she had longed for refreshed her heart with its fragrance, but the marriage brought with it anxiety and care which nearly crushed her courageous spirit. Separated from Ossoli for days, weeks; not knowing whether he lived, or was dead; surrounded by spies, tormented by enemies of republican principles, she had need of all the fortitude and faith of which her noble heart was capable. In order to be where Ossoli could visit her, she went to Rieti, and there, in September, 1848, their son, Angelo Ossoli, came to them. But Ossoli the next day was obliged to return to Rome, reluctantly leaving his wife to the charge of treacherous servants. Yet she was serenely happy in the presence of her boy. "It always seemed that only the feeling of a parent for a child could exhaust the richness of one's soul. In him—my boy—I now find satisfaction for the first time to the deep wants of my heart." But the rapture was soon changed to separation. To be near her husband, to assist his brave countrymen in their struggle for freedom, and to work to better advantage on the history she was preparing, she in November came back to Rome, compelled, however, to leave the boy behind. Then came the siege, during which she was unable to either send or go for him. What her life was is told by Mrs. Story: "She had charge of the hospitals, where she spent daily seven or eight hours, and often the entire night. Her feeble frame was much shaken by such a demand on her strength, while her anxiety of mind was intense. I well remember how exhausted and weary she was; how pale and agitated she returned to us after her days' and nights' watching; how eagerly she asked for news of Ossoli, and how seldom we had any to give her, for he was unable to send her word for two or three days at a time." Her anxiety was prophetic. At the end of three months they were allowed to go to Rieti, and found Angelo near death, owing to the cruelty of his nurse. For four long weeks they wooed him back to life, but the strain upon the mother was great

and wearying. "I am tired out, tired of thinking and hoping, tired of seeing men err and bleed. Coward and footsore, I would gladly creep into some recess where I might see a few not unfriendly faces, and where *not more wretches* would come *than I could relieve*." The clouds, however, rolled aside, and through the rift the sun shone out bright and clear. But alas! the sunset hour had almost come.

After the fall of the Republic, all hopes of fortune for Ossoli were blasted. His family refused to acknowledge one who openly confessed radical and protestant principles. But this trial bound Ossoli and Margaret in devotion together by links firm and enduring as iron. Her testimony is conclusive: "His love for me has been unswerving and most tender. I have never suffered a pain which he could relieve. . . . In him I have found a home. Amid many ills and cares we have had much joy together in the sympathy with natural beauty—with our child—with all that is innocent and sweet. I feel great confidence in the permanence of his love. He is capable of sacred love. He showed it to his father, to Rome, to me. . . . He has suffered enough since we met—it has ploughed furrows in his life. He has done all he could and cannot blame himself. Our outward destiny looks dark, but we must brave it as we can." The fate of Italy saddened deeply their hearts, yet Ossoli never regretted that he had given up fortune and position in the terrible struggle of liberty with despotism and wrong. Doubtless much of his singleness of purpose was owing to his wife's influence.

During the winter of 1849 and '50, Florence was their residence. The American and English society there was most congenial to Margaret (among others may be mentioned that of Mr. and Mrs. Browning); and thus these last few months of her life were sweetened and beautified by love, the confidence and sympathy of friends, and the self-consciousness of a development in spirituality which in her proud and impetuous girlhood was unknown.

Although the tendency of her Italian life, in its hurried, intense action, was to make her mind less contemplative and ideal, her intellectual power was not spent in its course, but concentrated itself on the history of the important events which she had so closely and accurately witnessed. We have reason to

believe this was her greatest work—the one which would have insured her enduring fame.

And now, to publish this work, and to once more behold the fresh hills of her New England home, she and Marquis d'Ossoli prepared to leave Italy. Though tormented by strange misgivings and anticipations of disaster and shipwreck, they set sail from Leghorn in the barque *Elizabeth*. The voyage was long and perilous, and on the 19th July they were just off the New Jersey coast—almost home. But old Ocean did fatal work that day, and rolled his irresistible waves between Margaret and her home. The *Elizabeth* struck the rocks, and was soon a complete wreck. A few of the passengers were saved by the rafts, but "Ossoli, Angelo, Margaret" (according to the latter's prayer) "went down together, and the anguish was brief." The loss seems greater from their being so near home, in full view of spectators on the shore, who, had they possessed sufficient nerve, could have saved them.

"Was this then thy welcome home, Margaret? A howling hurricane, the pitiless sea, beach pirates, an idle life-boat, and not one friend? In those twelve hours of agony, did the last scene appear but as the fitting close for a life of storms, where no safe haven was ever in reach? Ah, no! The clouds were gloomy on the waters truly, but their tops were golden in the sun. It was in the Father's house that welcome awaited thee.

'Glory to God! to God he saith,
Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And life is perfected by death.'"^e

In casting a farewell glance over Margaret Fuller's life, we find it distinguished by three prominent characteristics: a sincere, affectionate love for humanity, which gave her almost marvellous influence; a strong egoistic tendency; and a deep religious feeling, expressing itself more or less distinctly at different times.

Of her influence in inciting her companions to live a higher life of thought and endeavour we have already spoken. It indicated a strong will and intellect, equally with deep penetration into the subtle workings of the human heart. This power of insight is the

most essential attribute of a novelist. But though Margaret Fuller wrote no novel, the experiences in which she was participator would have furnished enough romance and tragedy for the making of many such.

She has been called a great scholar and thinker. Dr. Johnson used to say that self-confidence is an essential and indispensable accompaniment of true greatness. Undoubtedly Margaret Fuller had a well-defined idea of her mental capacity and attainments, and this, joined to an individual consciousness more marked than is usual in woman, made her conduct sometimes unpleasant and her talk pedantic and arrogant. "With the intellect I always have, always shall overcome. . . . I now know all the people worth knowing in America and I find no intellect comparable to my own." But this pride was but on the surface; underneath was really a moderate conception of her intellectual power. Because she could not embody in *written* language the thoughts which enriched her mind with the brilliancy, eloquence, and effect of which her conversation was capable, she insisted that she had a "second-rate mind," and this in spite of the universal and very perceptible enthusiasm created by her genius.

She had always a deep-hearted reverence for truth, purity, and goodness; believed that these qualities existed in their perfection and infinity in the Supreme Being, whom, from her love of beauty and desire for happiness, she strove to imitate, scepticism being utterly foreign to one with her warm and ardent nature, and earnest, contemplative mind. But for years she stood aloof from a more tangible personal belief, putting in herself a proud trust which sometimes fluctuated, but never brought her anything but disappointment and heartache. And the time came when she needed consolation, "a visible refuge, a positive religion." Into the valley of gloom in which she tarried, came One—a conqueror over the pain, care, and sorrow which embittered her soul; Himself to guide her up the mountain path which Christian pilgrims take, opening to her eager, longing eyes glimpses of glory by the way—the path which ends on those sunlit mountain-tops prepared for the people of God.

A mind with such a speculative and meta-

† Goethe said, "I never accept from the public approbation which I have not already bestowed upon myself."

physical tendency could not accept a religion which did not stand the test of reason, for she repudiated with scorn that degrading philosophical belief that the facts of religion lie beyond the sphere of human consciousness. Neither did she assume for her finite, fallible intellect a complete comprehension of the infinite and absolute nature of God. An intuitive grasp of the vital truths of Christianity made her foot-hold strong, and the dangerous quicksands of scepticism and rationalism were alike evaded. And yet her heart-to-heart communion with German idealism tinged her religion with mysticism, and from the thorough study of those grand old pagan Greeks, Socrates and Plato, a taint of superstition mixed with her otherwise unvisionary thinking.

Without entering into a definition of talent and genius, we affirm that Margaret Fuller's talent was revealed by her great acquisition of intellectual wealth, and her skill in its use. Her genius was linked with every manifestation of her individual character. Even as indicated in her writings, it is a strong influence addressing our inner selves and calling our noblest thoughts and impulses into action; it casts a golden sheen of brightness over this dull and tarnished life; its attribute is depth of insight into the "open secret of the universe," and a richer, more beautiful mental existence in consequence.

Genius has existed divorced from faith and pure, loving action; but in Margaret Fuller we see their harmonious union. As far as possible she remained faithful to the rules which the highest genius enjoins—lived an heroic life, which often, as Milton would say, demands more strength of purpose and mind, and more patient renunciation than to write an heroic poem. She had confiding faith that in her soul existed something true, great, and godlike, which no mortal weakness, sin, or error could entirely destroy. Bravely she sought every experience and discipline which would develop this, though sometimes diverted from her purpose by pride and caprice.

She sleeps now: after life's fitful fever she sleeps well; her restless, yearning heart is soothed by Divine peace; and the strong, deep capacity for happiness, which no consciousness of intellectual grandeur and supremacy could satisfy, is now filled by the perfect wisdom, joy, and goodness of Heaven.

RUSSIAN SERFAGE :
ITS RISE AND ITS EXTINCTION.*

AT the present time, when anything relating to the two great nations but lately locked in the death-grip of a fatal war, is important, something relative to the great modern change in the social economy of one of them may be interesting here, and we will endeavour to trace the history, nature, and results of the bondage of the Russian people, and then the history, nature and results of that happily peaceful revolution by which Russia released herself from the fetters which restrained her progress, when she struck off those which bound her serfs, and having thrown off serfage as an unwelcome memory of the dark periods of her history, stepped into the company of the nations all whose men are free.

It may be here premised that these remarks are founded upon a paper written in 1869 for the Cobden Club by Dr. Julius Faucher, of Berlin, and upon Mr. Wallace's admirable book on Russia. Of both works liberal use is made. By Dr. Faucher's aid we may follow more readily Mr. Wallace's chapters on our subject, as well as supply much information which the latter has omitted, as one, himself thoroughly conversant with his subject, is often apt to do when imparting his knowledge to others. Wallace is the more popular in style, Faucher the more exact. Wallace we find often unconsciously supplying illustrations for the diplomat's state paper,—while Faucher's technical report has often given the key to sentences of the descriptive writer otherwise unexplained.

Let us in this paper sketch our subject by a few rough lines which, if we can draw them with a firm hand, should give a recognisable and faithful result. Let these lines be, 1st. The rise and history of Russian

serfage. 2nd. Its state at the time of its abolition. 3rd. The former efforts to that end and the cause and history of the legislation of emancipation. 4th. The nature and provisions of the great Ukase of Freedom of 1861. 5th. The effect of emancipation upon the masters or landed proprietors, and 6th, the correlative thereof, its effect upon the former serfs, the new free peasants of Russia.

1st. The servitude of agricultural labour in Russia was a growth of comparatively recent origin, and it is a point not sufficiently noted by historians that while in the earlier centuries of modern ages the Russian peasants were utterly free, those in countries claiming civilization and despising as barbarous this people of the frozen North were really *adscripti glebæ, villeins*, serfs, loaded with heavy restrictions and oppressions; that while the peasantries of the West were first quivering with suppressed excitement caused by those restrictions and that oppression, and then rising to rebel against them and gradually overthrow them, the peasantry of Russia was subject to a fate precisely the reverse; it was falling from its free state, restriction was being added to restriction, exactions first illegal then made legal added to former burdens, until long *after* the years when villenage in England at least, long dying was totally extinct, serfage in Russia took its decided form, and continued in the following century increasing in its intensity until it reached at a date as recent as Catherine II.'s reign in 1796, as its climax, a state more abject than that of the villeins of England in the time of the first three Edwards.

It is true that in the early days of Russian history we find *slaves*, properly so called, held not only by the Czar but by the nobles of his court. These, as among many nations, consisted of prisoners of war, insolvent debtors and some classes of criminals and others. They formed, however, a distinct body from the other two great classes comprising the agricultural population, which

* "The Russian Agrarian Legislation of 1861," an essay by Dr. Julius Faucher, of Berlin, published by the Cobden Club in its "Systems of Land Tenure in various countries." Cassell, Petter, & Galpin, London, 1870. "Russia," by D. Mackenzie Wallace, M.A. H. Holt & Co., New York, 1877.

consisted of men still practically free, the free labourer and free peasant of the 15th and early 16th centuries. The labourer had no permanent domicile, but settled temporarily as he could find employment, and moved when better wages or his will drew him elsewhere. The peasants, properly so called, were small farmers or cottiers, and were not wanderers, for they were possessors of small lots of land either in full property or in usufruct, and they were members of a rural commune.

These *mirs*, or Russian village communes, of which we shall have much to speak, were free private aggregations or corporations of peasants, electing their office-bearers from among the heads of families for their internal government, and to represent them in their transactions as to taxation with the state and as to rent with the noble proprietor of the soil, or with the representative of the Crown. For the commune as a whole, not the separate peasants, made contracts by which a yearly rent in money, produce, or labour done on the noble's reserved land, was given as the price of that occupied by the members of the *mir*. The Russian peasants of those days were servants of no one but the Czar. There was no feudal tenure in Russia with its gradations of military superiority. There was no master between the peasant and his Czar. The nobles were the special servants of the crown for whose maintenance it was bound to provide. This maintenance was usually arranged by the allotment, for a term of years or for the life of the servant noble, of a tract of the crown land, to be tilled by his personal slaves already mentioned, or to be leased in whole or in part to the village commune of the local peasants. The *mir* paid to the Czar a land-tax on what it occupied, which tax the Czar sometimes temporarily ceded with the land to favourite nobles. This did not in the least impair the perfect freedom of the peasant; he could remove his domicile in any year upon St. George's day, when the agricultural year ended, if his engagements with his *mir* were completed, and, having paid his share of the land tax to date, he could disregard the noble and his future rents.

The great Mongolian invasion, which lasted over 200 years, had had little effect upon the condition of the Russian peasantry. The Mongols, while practising

their exactions upon the great princes and nobles, left the peasants free as before and unoppressed. But with their withdrawal into Asia after their final defeat in 1481 by Ivan the Great, and the consolidation under his autocratic rule as Czar, a title then assumed, began the gradual disenfranchisement of the people and their adscription to the soil. From this time the villages not disposed of to nobles, as already described, were distinguished from those so granted, and called crown villages or free villages. Here we have the origin of the two great classes of serfs afterwards noted, the state serfs and the serfs of private proprietors.

The Czar Boris Godunow bears the popular odium of having chained the peasant to the soil, but there appeared long before his reign a marked tendency on the part of sovereigns, proprietors, and even of the communes to prevent that voluntary removal which the peasant was entitled to claim.

This tendency, beginning after Ivan's expulsion of the Mongols, acted gradually in the succeeding century, and culminated in the ukase of Godunow in 1596. That such a tendency should occur is explained when it is considered that land without labourers is useless, that its value decreases with the decrease of available assistance, and that at that time population was small compared to the available land. Each proprietor held that the real value of his grant depended less on the acreage than on the numbers of peasants settled on it, who would till for him as labourers, hired at rates lowered by their own numbers, the land reserved for his own use, and pay him by their unremunerated labour for his land leased to the commune. Then the communes desired to retain a number of members sufficient to properly cultivate the whole of the communal land, because, as each commune had to pay yearly to the proprietor the fixed stipulated rent in money or in labour, the greater the number available to divide it the less the burden to each member. At the same time, as these reasons for fixing the peasants to the soil began to operate, came new means of preventing migration. For with the centralization of all powers in the Czar, which had formerly been distributed among princes nearly independent, new modes of repression became possible; severe fugitive laws were enacted against those who might attempt to change their domicile without the

full consent of all interested, as well as against those proprietors who should, for the sake of the gain thereby to the number of their own, harbour the runaways of their neighbours. When all those interested thus concurred, the desired end, the retention of intending migrators, was generally in some way, legal or otherwise, attained. The communes, curiously, first went further than the proprietors in the way of violence, for many communes actually prevented members from departing until other persons to supply their places had been found, and this long before the proprietors had the authority of law to insist on such a principle. *They* certainly had endeavoured by indirect obstruction to retain all those once settled on their estates; some actually used force, others acted under cover of formalities for delay, and as the law was not accessible to the weak peasant, he was without remedy. He had in many cases accepted land without implements, cattle, or capital, and had borrowed them of the proprietors. Bad harvests had made him often the defaulting debtor of his landlord; and, in Russia, the laws of debt being terribly severe, this debt was often converted into a legal engine to crush his freedom out. Noting this, we need not be surprised when writers tell us that large numbers of the peasantry were actually serfs long before serfage was recognised by law.

Thus, *gradually*, the general interest of prince, proprietor, and commune, and their united opposition to migration, led to the formal fixation of the peasantry to the soil, and, as already stated, the idea is a mistaken, though popular one, which lays on the usurper, Czar Boris Godunow, the responsibility of serfage, an error, because, as we have seen, the power of the proprietors came into existence, not suddenly as the result of any ukase, but gradually as the consequence of active economic and political causes. Wrongly though it be, popular tradition in Russia has kept alive, in the sad wail of many ballads, the memory of St. George's day, 1596, as the dark day when the usurper published his detestable ukase. By it the peasant was forbidden to quit his village without permission and written passport either from the proprietor—if it was held by one—or from the officer placed over it, if a crown village; and it further provided that every peasant found away from his village

without such passport, should be arrested and sent back in irons, that the punishments enacted for the various degrees of fugitive crimes might be there inflicted *pour encourager les autres*.

Dr. Faucher throws out a curious surmise which, if correct, would throw on our own England the responsibility of an involuntary suggestion to Godunow on his great ukase. He says:

"A certain approach had taken place between the Russian government, isolated after the fall of Constantinople from all other governments, and at least one of the governments of western Europe. The English had found the way to the White Sea, and already Ivan IV. had exchanged embassies with Queen Elizabeth, and Boris Godunow continued amicable relations with the Queen.

"His ambassador, Mikulin, took even an active part in the streets of London in the quelling of Essex's insurrection. Mikulin had to report to the Czar on English legislative institutions. In the year 1601, the great poor law, crowning the efforts of the Tudor age in dealing with the difficulty of pilgrims and vagabonds, the bane of the country down from the time when Henry VII. abolished vassalage, had become the law of the land in England. It had been preceded by statute, 14 Queen Elizabeth, in 1572, which ordained that the abode of persons who could not or would not do work, was to be fixed in the parish in which they were born, or in which they had resided during three years, and in case of vagabonds, during one year. Might not Boris Godunow, whose legislative acts in the matter date from 1596, beleaguered by his nobility, and getting the convenient pretext of a famine, (which broke out, engendering swarms of beggars and typhus epidemic, which these beggars carried all over the country), and informed by his ambassador of the wise counsel, under similar circumstances, of the advisers of the English Queen, have tried a Muscovite version of contemporaneous English legislation? Indeed, it looks much like it. Proneness to imitation, and reckless boldness in trying it, is a Russian characteristic to this day."

All this, however, appears much more curious than real.

The consequences of thus by legislation attaching the peasants to the soil, did not at once disclose themselves. The serf

retained all the civil rights he had hitherto enjoyed, except that of changing his domicile, and that was not, for the majority, felt an irksome restriction, for change of domicile had never been very frequent, while the proprietors were restrained for a time by the force of old custom from any important alteration in the existing contracts with their peasants.

As time wore on, the changed legal relations of parties produced their natural consequences, which, however, the Czars ignored. They should have foreseen that so soon as the relation between proprietor and peasant ceased to be a voluntary contract, by being rendered indissoluble, the weaker of the two parties must fall under the power of the stronger. When the Czars withdrew from the peasant his right to terminate his contract with the proprietor, they should in fairness have determined the mutual obligations which for the future should exist between them. Taking advantage of this omission, the proprietors soon began to impose whatever obligations they thought fit, and gradually introduced a patriarchal jurisdiction similar to that which they already exercised over their slaves, with fines and corporal punishment as means of coercion.

Even then, however, the proprietor could not *sell* his serfs, except with the land of which they formed an appendage; but in time the nobles ventured on that step, long a flagrant abuse unsanctioned by the law, which had never declared the peasant the private property of the noble. The government, however, first tacitly sanctioned it, and finally recognised it by various ukases in 1675 and 1682.

Still the peasants, sunk as they were from their former freedom by these measures, retained many of the marks which distinguished them from the slaves on the one hand and the free wandering labourers, still absolutely free, on the other. These distinctions were obliterated by Peter the Great, and from his time we find the three classes melted into the common class of *serfs*, all regarded as the property of the proprietor, and saleable at his will.

Peter, in surveying the empire to which he had attained, with the view of increasing the revenue, fastened his attention on the slaves, the domestic servants, and the free wandering labourers, none of whom till his time paid any taxes, while Peter's very prop-

er determination was, that every subject must serve or support the state. He took a census of all classes of the rural population, slaves, domestic servants, labourers, and peasants all being set down in one category; and upon that census, he imposed on all an equal poll tax instead of the former land-tax, which had been borne by the true peasants only; and the proprietors were made responsible to the government for this tax due by all their serfs. This, together with another regulation, which required the free wandering labourers to enrol themselves as serfs to some proprietor on pain of the galleys, served to rivet the chains which growing custom and law had thrown around the serfs. By making the proprietors responsible for the poll-tax of his serfs, the law seemed to sanction the idea, that they were as much his property as his cattle. By this time every rustic not attached to the land was a vagrant and punished as such, and, as Mr. Wallace says, "there was no longer room in Russia for free men."

During the succeeding reigns, the growing legal pretensions of the proprietors—unchecked, perhaps favoured from reasons of policy by the government—pressed with increasing weight upon the unhappy serfs. They made numerous violent, but disorganized efforts at relief by agrarian risings, notably when, in 1773, the pretender, Pugatcheff, Wat-Tyler-like, caused them to rally to his standard by lavish promises of relief. These recent agrarian efforts also recall the Jacquerie of France and the Peasant war of Germany, the old-time risings by which the peasants of France and Germany made their first demands for freedom. From each struggle the serf fell back unsuccessful and under more galling fetters, and Catharine II. found in Pugatcheff's outbreak an excuse for enlarging the power of the proprietors as the safest means of guarding against any recurrence of such danger. During her reign, serfage may be said to have reached its climax. The serfs were regarded by the law as much a part of the proprietor's property as the trees upon it,—as the working cattle which tilled the fields; and as such they were bought and sold by the hundred and thousand, sometimes with the land, sometimes without, now in families, now individually. The only restriction was, that they should not be sold during the conscription, because that might interfere with

the levy, nor should they be sold by auction, because that was, the ukase says, "unbecoming to a European state." The line had to be drawn somewhere, and Catharine considerably drew it at the auction block.

In Russia, a noble's fortune was spoken of, not by his capital or his revenue or his acreage, but by the "souls" of which he possessed so many, and over these poor "souls" he exercised an authority well-nigh absolute. The serf was utterly without defence; no court was open to such as he; and did he send a complaint to the Czar or his representative, that alone was ground for the application of the knout, or sentence to the deadly mines of Ural or to black Siberia.

We have now reached the darkest days of serfage. Its turning point was in the closing years of last century; till then we have seen the power of the proprietors constantly increase, but now under the Emperor Paul we find the first decided symptoms of a reaction. He placed the first limitation (and it was a great one) on the demands of the proprietor, when he enacted that the serfs should not be compelled to work for their masters more than three days in the week.

With his successor, Alexander I., commenced a long series of attempts to correct the more glaring abuses, and during the long reign of Nicholas, commissioners were appointed to consider the agrarian questions; but the results were really small. A ukase of 1841 allowed proprietors to enfranchise their serfs, make them tenants on a certain style of lease, the conditions of which the government undertook to see fulfilled. The object was to ascertain by experiment the nature of the contracts which the parties would voluntarily form, as a guide for future legislation.

Little use was made of this permission. In 1848 Nicholas removed the restrictions which prevented any but nobles from acquiring land, and the peasant who could save enough might buy freedom and his little field. He also issued a ukase endeavouring to stop the sale of peasants without land, and of land without peasants, when the communal acreage should thereby be reduced below 12 acres per head.

Yet till near the present reign the serf could make no complaint; action was only taken against a proprietor when some grosser cruelty reached the ear of the government,

and that ear was often dull. In fact, Faucher says, "serfage was dealt with very tenderly as the only sure basis of autocracy."

The state peasants, or serfs on the state lands, had a lot somewhat better than those of proprietors, for they were managed by officials acting under instructions liberally framed by the government as an example to the proprietors. These state lands consisted of those large tracts which had never been granted away by the Czar, those estates which had been resumed on expiration of temporary grants, those forfeited for maladministration or sedition, and in the time of Catharine II. there was added the whole of the extensive church estates which she secularized and added to the crown lands, instead of distributing them among the nobles who had been, perhaps with that very distribution in prospect, the most zealous for such reforms, as was done in other lands of which we know.

2. Let us now turn to the second division of our subject, the state of serfage at the period of its abolition in 1861. At the outset it is interesting to view the numerical distribution of the Russian people. In the year of emancipation we find that the total population of Russia was about 61 millions, of whom over 49 millions were serfs, nearly five-sixths of the whole. Of these serfs about 23 millions were serfs of private proprietors, while over 26 millions were serfs of the state and public lands. The distribution of serfage was unequal but still somewhat symmetrical. It attained its greatest proportion in the centre of the empire, around Moscow, while speaking generally, we find the proportion decreasing as we radiate to the confines of the empire.

As already indicated, the dues exacted by proprietors from their serfs were of three kinds, farm produce, labour, and money. Of the first the quantity was generally small, but it was entirely dependent on the will of the proprietor. As to the amounts of labour and money, much variety prevailed depending on local or personal circumstances. When a proprietor farmed on his own account and had not a large complement of serfs compared to his arable land, he exacted from his serfs all the labour for his fields which he could, and probably dispensed with any money dues. If, on the contrary, he had more serfs than his own fields required,

he put the surplus number on *obrok*, i. e., he allowed them to hire themselves to others on condition of his receiving a fixed annual sum from each. If the proprietor did not farm at all, he probably put all his serfs on *obrok*, and generally gave the *mir* or commune the whole of his arable and pasture land in usufruct.

We must consider that on each estate the serfs formed, dependent on its size, one or more communes or *mir*s, and that the *mir* played the part of tenant to the proprietor for the ground on which the communal village was built, and of the fields around it to a variable extent, and distributed upon the peculiar principles of the *mir* among its members, and farmed by them for their own advantage, while the remainder of his estate was retained and worked by the proprietor by the labour of these serfs for his sole profit. The proportion of reserved land was, as already indicated, very variable; the average may be said to have been one-half.

Since the ukase of Paul I. it was illegal to exact more than three days labour per week; but, as until late in the reign of Nicholas, the serfs could make no complaints to any authority to control their proprietors, they were often compelled to perform illegal exactions of labour and to suffer in consequence perhaps the loss of their own crops.

In reference to the working of serfage as a whole, Mr. Wallace introduces the often heard principle, "that the practical results of institutions depend less on the intrinsic abstract nature of those institutions than on the character of those who work them," and remarks truly that so it was with serfage.

If the proprietor happened to be of the enlightened and humane sort, the lot of his serfs was probably better than that of the average agricultural labourer of England. The serf had his house, his kitchen garden, and a share in the communal land; he probably had acquired a horse, a cow, some sheep, and a good supply of implements, while his share of the proprietor's labour was exacted in a manner not oppressive which left him ample and seasonable time to cultivate his own land. But the proportion of proprietors of this class was unfortunately small; there were many who demanded of their serfs excessive labour and who treated them inhumanly.

Mr. Wallace, treating of the means of oppression, divides them into the legal and illegal. The legal were alone very complete. He quotes from the Russian Code: "The proprietor may impose on his serfs every kind of labour, may take from them money dues (*obrok*), and demand from them personal service, all with this one restriction, that they should not be thereby ruined, and that the number of days fixed by law (three) should be left for their own work."

Until 1848, he might transform peasants into domestic serfs, which deprived them of their share in the communal land and made them saleable at will, while he also might hire them out to others of his proprietary class.

For all offences against his orders he could inflict corporal punishment to the extent of forty lashes; and if he chose to view any case as a serious one, might present the offender as a recruit to the army or have him exiled to Siberia.

The above was legal, and, as will be seen, the sole judge of the matter was the proprietor. From the ignorance of the serfs and the blindness of the authorities, it is not wonderful that these powers were extended greatly and that the serfs suffered many exactions and punishments not included in the above extensive privileges. Of all the proprietor's powers, that of giving offenders away as conscripts was the most dreaded, and the threat of it the most common means of extortion.

Against all these the serf had no effective remedy; he was prohibited from complaining to the police, but required by law to be "docile and obedient," and the master was never interfered with by an obsequious police unless he made himself unwontedly notorious by his cruelty. To resist oppression, serfs sometimes, but seldom, tried mutiny; it was put down by the stern hand of the military power, and some executions served to restrain the peasants from repetition. The most common remedy was flight, but unless the peasant got away to a distant province where labour was scarce and no questions about his missing passport were asked, he was taken by the police, returned to his master, and received all of the lash which the law, or the blindness of authorities, allowed him to inflict. Occasionally the oppressions of their masters drove their serfs to burning the manor-house and barns, and even to agrarian murder, but in this direction their

efforts never attained the frequency often known in certain parts of the United Kingdom.

The serfs just described were the peasants, members of the *mirs*, who cultivated shares of the communal land, but about seven per cent. of the whole number of proprietor's serfs were *duvoronie*, or domestic serfs, domestic *slaves* they might be called. They received no wages, could not change masters, possessed no practical legal rights, and might be punished, hired out, and sold at the will of their owners. Their lot was really little different from that of the negroes on a former Alabama plantation. They were obliged to live near the manor-house in a quarter allotted by the owner, where, however, they generally had each a hut and a little patch of ground. They received a monthly allowance of food and a yearly allowance of clothes from the proprietor. They were often trained by their owners as mechanics, and hired out to master-tradesmen. Often if a proprietor had an excessive number, and the labour market in the neighbourhood was well supplied, he could not hire them all, and they had a lazy life, but they were always liable to perform whatever duty he called for.

Before attempting any mention of the emancipation movement and its effects, it is necessary to view a Russian estate with its internal component, the *mir* or commune, of which we have often spoken, its organization, and its working.

An average Russian estate may contain 3,000 or 4,000 acres, divided, probably, about equally between the proprietors and the peasants forming the *mir*. On large estates there may be two or several *mirs*; the proprietor's reserved land being usually around his manor, in which reside those domestic serfs who are his indoor slaves, while near by are the huts of those other domestic serfs who are his outdoor slaves. At a considerable distance, nearly in the centre of the communal land of the *mir*, stands the village of the peasants, consisting of a number of large, rough wooden houses, where the families live in a patriarchal fashion, the sons and grandsons bringing their wives to their father's and grandfather's house, seldom building new houses or setting up separate establishments, but all residing together unless the house, crowded beyond belief, is insufficient, and actually compels a

separation. The head of each family, generally an aged grandfather, exercised a patriarchal control, but the members of the family possessed everything in common; their horses, implements, the produce of their lots of the village land, and the money earned by any member who adopted a trade or went away from home on *obrok*, these were all poured into the common purse held by the patriarch, who was called *khozain*, or administrator of the family. When a family was broken up by reason of having become too large, and when the death of the patriarch gave a fitting time, the whole family joint property was divided between the adult male members. The proprietors, for economic reasons, because their serfs could earn more by saving the expenses of several houses, and thus be open to the levy of larger dues, gave all their influence to the maintenance of the system of large families, however inconvenient for the parties. No family could be broken up or a new house erected without the proprietor's consent. One of the first consequences of emancipation was that vast numbers of families fell to pieces when not held together by the proprietor's power, and the number of peasants' houses was vastly increased.

The communal land of the village may contain 2,000 acres. About half, probably, is arable land, the remainder is composed of meadow or hay field, where the cattle of the *mir* graze in common, or of woodland, where the villagers cut wood for fuel, repairs, &c. The arable land is divided in the greater part of Russia into three immense fields, each of which is parcelled into as many long, narrow, equal-sized strips as there are commoners. The first field is for winter grain, *i.e.* rye, whence the common black bread, their main food, is made. The second grows oats for the horses and buckwheat for the inhabitants. The third lies fallow and is used as pasture land. The three-field system indicates the common triennial rotation of the crops—the rye field of this year may grow buckwheat and oats next year and lie fallow on the third. Each family possesses one strip in each of the three fields. The meadow is not generally divided, but the hay crop is mown by the labour of all, and then the result divided.

3. Coming to the third division of our subject, the cause of emancipation and the history of the legislation which effected it, it

may be broadly stated that the accelerating cause was the Crimean War, and its result to Russia, which, if not disastrous, humiliated the national pride and confidence in its armies. These unbared to the national eye the weakness caused by the bondage of the mass of the people. As to the legislation, it may be said to have been carried by the great personal interest and energy of the present emperor. Nicholas had ruled Russia with one main end in view—the maintenance of a large and perfectly equipped army, and with the holding in readiness of the whole population in one reserve behind another for great and victorious war. The war long prepared for came, and all the preparation was found vain; the army was everywhere defeated, not from want of bravery, but from departmental inefficiency and physical obstacles imposed by distances and want of communication. The people were astounded, disappointed, indignant at the ministers of the emperor, while, torn by his own feelings of defeated ambition, the iron Czar died. Whether Nicholas would ever, as the result of reform rendered necessary by defeat, have adopted emancipation as his essential measure, may well be doubted of the man who said, "I cannot change; my successor may if he choose."

Alexander, whatever he may be now, was then a man of different disposition from his father. He was humane and kind-hearted, saw clearly the necessity of internal reform, and especially in the social condition of those who formed the bulk of his subject population—the serfs.

At the same date as his accession, the educated classes of Russia, all driven by the one cause, the result of the war, were seized with reform enthusiasm, but there appeared no clear conception at first as to where the great work should begin. Administrative, judicial, social, economic, financial, and political reforms seemed all equally pressing, but it gradually became clear that to the question of serfage the precedence in reform must be given, for it was absurd to speak of progress, education, self-government, equality in law, while five-sixths of the people were subject to the personal will either of private proprietors or of the representatives of the Czar. There could be no real agricultural or industrial progress without free labour. The thinking classes had seen the necessity, and it was discussed much in

private, but Russian reformers were chary of expression until the views of the Emperor were by himself announced. This he did in March 1856, a few months after the conclusion of peace, in a speech to the nobles of Moscow, when he clearly indicated a desire, an intention, to emancipate his serfs. He told them, "it is better to abolish serfage from above, than to await the time when it will begin to abolish itself from below," and he was wise.

We have not space here to trace the various means, some of them rather subtle, by which the Emperor pursued to completion, in 1861, his cherished intention of universal freedom. Many were the obstacles which even in that autocratic land, he encountered. The opposition of the nobles was as active, as strenuous as they dared make it, until becoming convinced that the work must be done—for the Czar said so—they acknowledged to themselves that it would best be done quickly and by their own order, rather than by the hated bureaucrats. If the proprietors did the work themselves, their interests could be properly cared for, while by the bureaucrats their interest would be perhaps neglected in favour of that of the many. Accordingly, in most provinces, the nobles gradually fell in and lent their aid.

In the consideration of the subject, it was generally admitted that to sever the link between master and serf, and at the same time break the link between the peasants and the soil, would be false reform charged with direst consequences. For cut off from the land what was to become of the freed serf? The whole peasantry would have been free wandering labourers, often homeless, and the pretext of Boris Godunow would have become a reality. The resolve, therefore, to do away with serfdom involved, admittedly, a second resolve, that of so settling the land question between the master and the late serfs that the bulk of the peasants would be prevented from becoming suddenly unsettled and homeless, and that both parties should stand in equitable relations to each other and to the land. The project of emancipation involved also the land question as between peasant and peasant,—the consideration whether the old institution of the *mir* should be continued. A fourth matter had also to be considered, namely, the form of local self-government which

should replace the patriarchal government of the proprietor now to be abolished.

The original scheme contemplated gradual emancipation, *i. e.*, emancipation with a probationary period; but when the matter came to be fully and finally considered in the commission which elaborated the reports received from the various quarters of the empire, an entirely new project was formed, which ultimately received, with trifling amendments, the imperial sanction. By this the serf was to be *at once* emancipated, a line of demarcation at once drawn between the communal land and that reserved by the proprietor, and a price or rent determined, which should be made for this communal property, as well as for the village land, and the commune was to remain until dissolved by the voluntary act of the peasants.

By his strong will, Alexander I. overcame all obstacles, even those which in the last stages his great council endeavoured to raise, and on 19th February, 1861, he signed and proclaimed his Ukase of Emancipation. It was read in every church and listened to with wonder, but, as might have been expected, hardly with joy by the now free peasants, for in their ignorance they had formed hopes of a freedom which could not equitably have been conceded; they would have taken everything and left their former masters nothing.

4. The nature and provisions of the great ukase, which form our fourth division, are summarised by Mr. Wallace under four fundamental principles, thus:

1. That the serfs should at once receive the civil rights of free rural classes, and that the civil authority of the proprietors should be replaced by communal self-government.

2. That the rural commune should, as far as possible, retain the land they actually held, and should in return pay to the proprietor certain yearly dues in labour or money.

3. That the government should, by means of credit, assist the commune or separate peasants to redeem these dues, or, in other words, to purchase in freehold the lands ceded to them in copyhold tenure.

4. That as to the domestic serfs, they should continue to serve their masters for two years, and be thereafter completely free; but that they should have no claim to any land.

The task of regulating the future relations

between the proprietors and peasants, and of organising the new communal self-government, was entrusted to certain officers taken from the local proprietors called "Arbiters of the Peace." The first duty undertaken by each of these officers, after visiting his district to explain the law in public meetings of the *mir*s, was to organise the intended new self-government of the peasants. The old unit was there already in the *mir*, which regained its ancient vitality when the overshadowing authority of the proprietor was removed. By the regulations, however, a new administrative unit of larger size was established, termed the *volost*, a form of municipality comprising several contiguous *mir*s, the officers of which were elected by the voices of all male residents holding land.

When this was done the arbiter entered upon the really arduous portion of his duty, that of regulating the future agrarian relations between the communes and their late proprietors, for, as before emancipation, so now the latter had no direct relations with individuals. The new relations were to be left as far as possible to voluntary contract, and each proprietor was invited to come to some agreement with his serfs. If such could be made, it was drawn up in form of a charter, and submitted to the arbiter of the district for his approval, and if he found it just and in accordance with the law, it was confirmed. These documents set forth the number of male serfs, the quantity of land actually held by their commune, any proposed changes in the quantity, the dues to be levied, and other details. One year was allowed for the completion of such voluntary settlements; if the parties did not come to an understanding within that time, the arbiter visited the estate, examined its acreage and condition, number of serfs, their existing relations with the proprietors, and after hearing the views and complaints of proprietor and serf, proceeded to draw up according to his judgment, but as directed by the law, as we will describe, a charter for the estate, and presented it to the central authority of the province. At the outset, amicable settlements were seldom made; for, though the proprietors often were willing to make arrangements at least as liberal as the law required, the expectations of the serfs had been so excited that they could not understand that they were not to have the proprietor's reserved land as well as the com-

munal, and that they were really to pay dues to the nobles for what they had. They failed to see that equity required some compensation to the noble for the loss of his former privileges. This expectation was the great obstacle encountered by the arbiters, but they generally did their work judiciously and well. It was universally admitted that the government had made admirable appointments to these offices, and having shaken itself clear of the old corrupt class of civil officers which had so long disgraced the administration, had secured men to whom, as Mr. Wallace says, "Russia is in great part indebted for the peaceful character of Emancipation."

Let us now endeavour as concisely as possible to state the substance of this very elaborate and lengthy ukase.

We first find that the domestic serfs were to be absolutely free after serving their proprietor for two years. They received no land because they never had worked any on their own account, and because they were to pay no future dues. In their case all compulsory relations with the proprietor then ceased.

Then, as to the partition of the land in any estate between the proprietor and his peasants, members of the *mir*, the proprietor was bound to transfer over to the *mir*, in hereditary copyhold, against payment of rent in labour or in money, an amount of land, the exact size of which depends on local circumstances stated in the law, and to which we will allude, or else decided by friendly agreement between the proprietor and the peasant.

There was, however, in all cases a minimum amount per adult male fixed by the law, varying in different sections of the country. This provision rendered it possible to correct any infringements, committed by proprietors, of that law of Nicholas already mentioned, but not strictly enforced, that no proprietor should sell land without peasants, unless he left at least four djessastines (about twelve acres) per adult male of the peasants. Then the law, as if to yield a point to the proprietor, enacts for each district a maximum amount for each peasant. Naturally, in the most densely populated country, which was also generally the richest soil, the maximum was smaller than in sparsely settled and barren land, and approached the legal minimum.

For this matter of maximum and minimum, the whole empire was tabulated carefully by experts after surveys, which established what had been the usual quantity held by the *mir*s, and what was actually necessary for subsistence.

In the result it will be found that the real extent of the grant to which the peasants were thus entitled was—and indeed such was the general intent of the law—that of the *nadel*, *i.e.*, the land which the peasants had under cultivation for sustaining themselves while serfs.

If the *nadel* exceeded the legal maximum, the proprietor could insist on its being reduced to that amount, and careful provisions are enacted to prevent injury to the compactness of the reduced *nadel*.

Again, if the *nadel* fell short of the legal minimum, which generally occurred when the proprietor had, by sales or illegal measures, diminished the original quantity, the *mir* could claim an addition under regulations similarly framed to insure the grant of new land contiguous to the former *nadel*.

These precautions were taken to prevent the proprietor from mutilating the self-sustaining completeness of peasant husbandry. These matters were among the troublesome details regulated between proprietor and peasant by the arbiters after hearing all parties and visiting the premises. Thus, then, was effected the division of the land: the proprietor held what was left him, absolutely; farmed as he wished or could, by the hired aid of his former serfs, as ordinary labourers, or leased it in whole or in parts to such peasants as could farm more than their own shares, or to such speculative farmers as desired it. The *mir* held the allotted land in copyhold against, as the law calls it, a perpetual compulsory copyhold fee,—compulsory, because not generally matter of agreement by the peasant; the law fixed it and he must pay it even if he thought it high.

Let us then note the form and mode of fixing these fees, the most difficult part of the whole scheme.

It was assumed that a sudden transition in the form of compulsory dues, from that of labour to that of money, would be impolitic, if not impossible, if the peasants were everywhere to be able to discharge their new liabilities. It was thought that, as money was generally scarce, the excess of produce would, at places distant from markets, de-

press local prices, enable the proprietor, when unpaid in money, to force his tenants to sacrifice their crops, which he might then buy himself as the one large capitalist of the locality; in fact that each proprietor could and would "corner" the markets of his estate. It was therefore thought necessary, Dr. Faucher says, "in order to preserve a numerous peasantry, to acquiesce in a remnant of compulsory labour," the law prescribing in lieu of what amount of money it should in each district stand.

Accordingly the rent in labour is the normal form established by the law, but every encouragement is held out to adopt the money-rent in substitution for it. In either case the maximum of peasants' land per male head was made the legal starting-point of the calculation. The rent, in the form of labour for a share equal to the legal maximum of the locality, was fixed at 70 days labour. If the share was less than the maximum then the labour-rent was reduced in proportion. Elaborate regulations are made to determine how these days are to be taken throughout the year.

Here, it will be perceived, is where the emancipation process touched the proprietor in his privileges most seriously. Before that event he could claim three days per week, which gave him in practice, when holy weeks and days were allowed for, about 130 days per annum. Now he has only 70 days to claim.

The retention of the allotted land on the above terms was *obligatory* on the peasants for *nine* years. In some parts of the empire (as the rich country of the black soil) this was no burden, because the market-rent value of the land was equal to sometimes more than the *obrok*, but in the poorer lands of the north and of the steppes, the *obrok* was generally more than the normal rent, and it was a burden which the law, for the general good, compelled the peasant to bear for this period. It, however, afforded him some options which might be advantageous. If he chose to abandon to the proprietor one-half of the share which he held in copyhold, he could retain the other half rent-free as freehold.

"This," Dr. Faucher remarks, "in the interest of arriving as quickly as possible at the establishment of a proprietary peasantry holding common or individual property, was rather an ingenious provision, but in form

very Russian. First, the peasants are compelled to remain as copyholders *peasants* for the space of nine years after they had ceased to be *serfs*. Thus it was hoped to get them accustomed to peasant life under freedom by means of a little coercion, as the only pardonable and transitory remnant of seridom, namely, the coercion of continuing to till the soil as copyholders instead of as serfs.

"If they should feel the burden of compulsory payment of the copyholder's fee too extensive, an escape is left them by their becoming proprietors of a smaller amount of land, and the proprietor of the estate, too, is stimulated to secure to himself a less curtailed estate, by assisting the peasants in becoming freeholders."

We now come to one of the most important provisions of the law of 1861, that which confers on the peasant the right to purchase the freehold of the copyhold on which he lives, in other words, to redeem his rent by capital payment. He was *compelled* to accept the copyhold, but the proprietor was compelled to accept his money if he wished to buy his share. This may be done by individual peasants, thus dissolving *pro tanto* the community, or it may be done by the whole *mir*, thus continuing the commune. The price is obtained by capitalizing the *obrok* at six per cent. when a whole *mir* commutes at once; when individuals commute they must pay one-fifth additional as compensation to the proprietor for breaking the uniform nature of his estate.

The government has undertaken to assist the peasants in thus redeeming their rents by advancing to the proprietor, on the security of the *obrok*, to be paid for the future to the government officers, four-fifths of the capital in government five-per-cent. bonds. The remaining one-fifth was to be paid by the peasants to the proprietor as might be agreed, while they were to pay to government six per cent. for 49 years on the four-fifths advanced in order to extinguish it, a very advantageous arrangement for the government when it is considered that the sinking-fund of one per cent. extra over five per cent., the rate carried by the bonds, improved at the same rate, will, even when heavy expenses of administration are allowed for, accumulate in the period much more than the necessary capital. Generally the proprietors were anxious to have this settlement adopted, for it gave them at once

ready money and freed them from the trouble of collecting the dues in detail ; but the peasants, Mr. Wallace says, held aloof, expecting that greater emancipation from rent as well as from serfage, and generally declined to commute until, in many cases, the proprietors were compelled to forego the one-fifth and to accept the government advance of four-fifths *in full*. This they had always the right to do, and this was called compulsory redemption, for the peasants were not consulted ; the proprietors in effect sold the *obrok* to the government for four-fifths of its capital.

Mr. Wallace furnishes an idea of the extent to which the redemption of the dues has proceeded, and states that in 1875, there being about ten millions of male adult peasants, about seven and one-fourth millions had made redemption of dues, but that in the case of about 63 per cent. of these the redemption had been obligatory, as above explained, on the demand of the proprietor.

Thus was the peasantry of Russia liberated from its old yet modern thralldom, and enabled to seek the position of peasant proprietors of their own holdings.

Mr. Wallace answers the question, "Who effected this gigantic reform?" by giving the chief merit to the Czar, who pushed the measure forward with autocratic zeal, which ill brooked the favourite devices of those who dare not oppose reform—delay and mutilation. Then, to the proprietors Mr. Wallace gives large credit, saying that "when they saw that emancipation was inevitable, they 'hastened to make holocaust of their ancient rights,' " and that when the law was passed it was the proprietors who faithfully carried it to its result, obstructed as they often were by the peasants, who ignorantly expected that freedom meant free land. Yet to the peasantry credit must be given for great patience under what was to the masses a disappointing measure. By the good temper of the two orders of her people Russia is enabled to point with satisfaction to this great social reform, which involved changes and interests so vast, and was yet effected without a national convulsion or a deluge of her nobles' blood.

5 and 6. We have left ourselves little space to treat of the fifth head of our subject, the effect of emancipation on the proprietors, or of the sixth, its effect on the peasantry, but they have been incidentally touched on as we

have passed the others. Mr. Wallace points out with care how different the effect has been in the various provinces, both on proprietor and on peasant, differences caused chiefly by variety of soil and modes of cultivation, affirming that in some districts the proprietors have lost heavily, while in others, by being forced to adopt new methods of management, they have, after a few years of depression, actually largely increased their revenues.

It may be noticed, however, that in Mr. Wallace's able and generally thorough book, he nowhere, in treating of the proprietors' new position, mentions that at the very outset they were, by the settlement of the labour-rent of shares, compelled to suffer the heavy reduction of the former rights, to which, guided by Dr. Faucher's essay, we have referred. He omits to note that under the new law the labour-rent was limited to 70 days per annum, while under the old régime the proprietor could exact about 130 days. Nor does Mr. Wallace refer to the often greater loss sustained by the absolute freedom given to the domestic serfs, for the deprivation of whose unpaid services the proprietors received no compensation. Again, Mr. Wallace, in his long and interesting chapters, gives none of those details of the operation of the law which Dr. Faucher enumerates so carefully. On the whole, it seems that Mr. Wallace underrates the sacrifices which the proprietors were required to make in order that Russia might be a land of freemen. He is confirmed, however, in his opinion that the reforms on the management of estates, rendered necessary by emancipation, have conduced to much better farming by both proprietors and peasants, and much greater acreage returns from the soil, by which in many cases the prudent proprietor has ultimately obtained a revenue greater than his former.

As to the comparative past and present position of the peasant, similar differences occur, caused by locality, soil, and other matters, but more by the nature of the former proprietors. When the serf had a good, lenient, humane proprietor, his position, now shorn of all the little claims for delay and consideration which he could make on a liberal master, and limited strictly to his legal rights and his legal dues, strictly exacted by government officers, as is so generally the case under compulsory redemption contracts,

is often found more burdensome. While if the proprietor of the former time had been of the needy and exacting sort, cruel, and addicted to imposition of fines and corporal punishments regulated by his will alone, his peasants are now in a condition vastly improved.

In short, as might be imagined of such a sweeping measure—one which overthrew the whole social system of the empire, the growth of centuries, to build at once a modern structure upon its ruins—it cannot be affirmed in positive terms that every individual proprietor or peasant is either in a better or in a worse position in consequence.

Nor does it surprise us to learn that a measure so vast has had its attendant difficulties in execution. There is a large party of the disappointed in Russia. There are those who foretold that at once, without a throe, Russia free would, in contentment, wealth, and national happiness, put all the nations to shame. These men, and of them the Emperor is one, were doomed to disappointment. The effects have not been instantaneous; there

have been drawbacks. The peasants are ignorant, they are accused in many cases of abusing their freedom by drunken habits, and by indolence when no longer compelled to work—and in this there appears to be much truth. But could aught else have been expected from a slave-class kept in densest ignorance and suddenly set free, and no longer held to work by the terror of the knout. Until the measures for the education of the people, which the government has been convinced form the corollary of freedom, are carried into complete operation—the work has but begun—Russia cannot expect to enjoy the full benefit of her great and noble effort.

Still the changes of the last sixteen years, if not all her people looked for, are grandly progressive. The progress has been real, and the effects of emancipation are not limited to the sentiment of Alexander, uttered when he signed his great ukase, "Now slavery is past, my children are all free, Russia joins the free nations of the world." This may be sentiment, but it has had a real result in Russia.

X. Y.

ROUND THE TABLE.

THE following is a tolerably correct report of a *veritable* conversation, reported for the benefit of the Table:—

Diogenes to Urbanus.—Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Urbanus.—Reason enough! You see before you the latest victim to the testimonial-giving mania,—one of the pet manias of this enlightened, high-toned, sensible nineteenth century! I've just added my ten dollars to the pile which is to be presented, with much flourish of trumpets, to a man I know little and care for less, for simply doing what we used to be told, on Nelson's authority, England expected *every* man to do.

Diogenes.—And why did you submit to be victimized?

Urbanus.—Why? Well, for the reason most people do, I suppose. I held out as long as I could, intimating mildly that I knew of no particular reason why I should sub-

scribe. But the collector was zealous and blandly obtuse to objections, I got tired out first, and in despair put down my subscription to get rid of him and get back to pressing work.

Diogenes.—And so you go on helping to keep up the very shams and manias you denounce, for want of moral courage to follow your own judgment.

Urbanus.—Oh, I know well enough all you can say about it; but some things that are very fine in theory are awfully hard in practice, and it isn't very pleasant to have people set you down as a scrub or a churl, or even jealous of distinctions to others.

Diogenes.—It won't be much of a distinction long! By and by the distinction will be, *not* to have had a testimonial given to one. Why, there is hardly anything anybody can do that isn't supposed to deserve a testimonial—except, indeed, *my* line of

philanthropy. I fear all my growling at the follies of society will never bring me so much as a new tub,—the gift of a grateful people,—notwithstanding my most genuine and disinterested efforts for their welfare. But how do you explain this remarkable development of human generosity? People used not to be so eager to spend their substance on folks they didn't specially care about.

Urbanus.—Oh, that's easily explained. Some admiring friend, or some one perhaps who merely wants to recommend himself, starts the thing, gets others to go in, and most people follow like a flock of sheep, though some, like me, are a little refractory at first and try to get out of it decently. The dread of being thought mean is the lash by which, finally, most people are driven into the pen of the subscription list. Now, don't frown so; I meant no pun there! Of course I don't mean to say that some testimonials are not genuinely deserved and heartily contributed to. I have known a few such; but the abuse of the thing is getting intolerable. Why, even in our schools it is becoming oppressive. I think I pay high enough school-fees, and that my children's teachers are about as well paid for their work as I am. Yet, at Christmas, one of my extra expenses is, regularly, so much for a Christmas present to each child's teacher. And then there is a presentation address and a glowing report in the papers; and the present—squeezed for the most part out of grudging parents like me—is supposed to be a beautiful and spontaneous emanation of the gratitude of the children and their appreciation of the 'devoted labours of their indefatigable teacher.' That is how the reports put it. I should like to put an authentic report in for once, and say: "The Christmas tax, levied on the children of—school, amounted to \$—, which was expended in purchasing a handsome copy of Shakespeare," or whatever the article might be. It would be a good deal more satisfactory if it were just put into the school-bills, as they put *douceurs* for waiters in some hotel bills. Fancy my going down to my office on Christmas Eve, and finding a body of admiring and grateful clients armed with the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, as a trifling token of their appreciation of my long and faithful services! But I fear that is postponed *sine die*.

Diogenes.—I fear it is, Urbanus. Lawyers, you see, are popularly supposed to

keep a pretty sharp look out on the interests of number one.

Urbanus.—A popular superstition, my dear friend. Lawyers, like everybody else, have to do a good deal of work that is never paid for. You wouldn't believe me, I know, if I were to tell you of my own good deeds in that line, and, indeed, it would be doing violence to the modesty of my disposition. But you see it isn't the quiet, solid work, but the more showy outside things that, as a rule, meet with recognition. There's my friend Chatterton, who is "everybody's body," and delights in running about, doing everyone's business but his own; poor man, he has shown me four parlour clocks which have been presented to him, and I hear he has just been made happy by a fifth.

Diogenes.—Hope they will teach him the value of time, at least. But if people must give testimonials, why don't they find out what a man wants, or, if not, why not give money.

Urbanus.—There seems to be a fatuity about it, often. There's my teetotal friend Aquarius, who was lately presented with a handsome stand of liqueur glasses, while Porter, the most unpoetical mortal I know, rejoices in a presentation set of Tennyson, Browning, and Wordsworth, into which, of course, he never looks. Then there's my clerical friend Theophilus, who really can't afford, out of his limited income, to buy the theological works his heart yearns to possess, who is presented with some silver ornaments for his table, which he holds in as great contempt as you do. And in addition to the vexation of getting what they don't want, they have the feeling which every one who knows anything about testimonial-giving must have, that their ill-chosen gifts represent just a certain amount of grudging and grumbling; disguised taxation; giving because it is expected and one feels one must.

Diogenes.—I have an idea, Urbanus.

Urbanus.—What is it?

Diogenes.—Every reform has to be accomplished by means of a Society nowadays. Suppose you form an Association, to be called "The Society for the Prevention of Disguised Taxation in Testimonial-giving." (If you can hit upon a shorter name, do!) Let all the members bind themselves to discourage the giving of testimonials generally, except in the rarest and most exceptional cases, to be decided upon after the most

rigid sifting of their merits, and let them also make a rule that these rare testimonials should be given in money—thus saving all risks of waste and unsuitableness—except where some sufficiently valid reason exists for departing from this rule. Let school-presentations be persistently discouraged, and, if necessary, let the school fees be raised, so that the teacher may be sufficiently paid. And let those insufferable impertinences called ‘donation parties,’ which lower the standing of our ministers and deprive them of the privacy of their own homes, be utterly and uncompromisingly denounced. If the people *won't* pay their ministers properly, let them not add insult to injury.

Urbanus.—I am afraid such a Society would hardly be very popular.

Diogenes.—The more a reform is wanted, the less popular it usually is. But here, let us form the nucleus of this Society on the spot. You and I can be the first members. Give me your hand now, and swear on our ancient friendship that you will positively frown upon, discourage, and oppose any and every attempt to reward by a testimonial my distinguished services to humanity.

Urbanus.—I swear it, Diogenes!

Diogenes.—And I, in turn, will swear by the same token to do the same good office towards you.

Urbanus.—So be it! I much fear, however, that our virtuous determination is not likely soon to be strengthened by resisting temptation. And people in general are hardly likely to appreciate the good we would do them. Everyone thinks his testimonial deserved, at least—or nearly every one. But, for my part, I would sooner have my name and character drawn through a contested election than through a testimonial canvass. And now that I have got my ten dollars' worth of grumbling out of the subject, I must bid it and you farewell for the present.

—It is noticeable that Mr. Spencer in the first volume of his “Sociology” does not speak so confidently in regard to “evolution” as, in his earlier works, he seemed to do. Relying upon his authority, many persons seem to think that a gradual and uninterrupted improvement in all the conditions of life may confidently be expected. Mr. Spencer, however, in his Sociology, page 106, uses words which place the matter in a somewhat different light, and

which supply a useful corrective to a too hastily formed conclusion. “Evolution,” he says, “is commonly conceived to imply in everything an *intrinsic* tendency to become something higher, but this is an erroneous conception of it. In all cases it is determined by the co-operation of outer and inner factors. This co-operation works changes until there is reached an equilibrium between the environing actions and the actions which the aggregate opposes to them. A complete equilibrium if the aggregate is without life, and a moving equilibrium if the aggregate is living. Thereupon evolution, continuing to show itself in the progressing integration that ends in rigidity, practically ceases.” He proceeds to say that every change made of conditions in an organism or a species does not constitute a step in evolution. “*Only now and then* does the environing change initiate in the organism a new complication and so produce a somewhat higher type.” Certain types have “for immeasurable periods neither advanced nor receded,” and there are “many in which retrogression has happened. Of all existing species of animals, if we include parasites, the greater number have retrograded from a structure to which their remote ancestors had once advanced.” Coming more immediately to the question of the future of human society, Mr. Spencer says: “As with organic evolution so with super-organic evolution. Though, taking the entire assemblage of societies, evolution *may be held inevitable*” (italics mine) “as an ultimate effect of the co-operating factors, intrinsic and extrinsic, acting on them all through indefinite periods of time; yet it cannot be held inevitable in each particular society, or even probable.” Then follow instances, taken from history, of nations once great that have fallen from their high estate to a very low level.

This whole statement of the case will, I fear, prove very unsatisfactory to a considerable class of persons who have been planting their feet upon evolution as upon a real “Rock of Ages.” They will not care to be told merely that upon the whole evolution “may be held inevitable.” A thing that “may be held inevitable,” may also *not* be held inevitable, and Mr. Spencer seems to me to furnish good reasons for thinking the negative view quite as plausible as the positive. If “in all cases evolution is deter-

mined by the co-operation of inner and outer factors," and if there is no law—and so far as I am aware, Mr. Spencer's philosophy affords us no hint of any—causing the outer factors to co-operate for the higher development of the organism or species to which they serve as environment, what can we say of evolution, except that it is all a matter of chance? The conditions may or may not be favourable. In most cases, Mr. Spencer tells us, they are not favourable. Evolution then, considered as the progressive improvement of a type, is a thing which may or may not take place; but which, when it does take place, does so by virtue, so far as the highest human philosophy can discern, of a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances. If this is the truth let us know it by all means, and I would certainly recommend Mr. Spencer's exposition to some who have run away with the idea that in the word evolution they have, as it were, a charter for all human good.

For my own part, I am prepared to admit with perfect cheerfulness that there is no necessary tendency in things to improve. If we had to get better in spite of ourselves, what poor machines we should be! Man with his free intelligence should make his own destiny; and the higher souls will ever be ready to show the way to higher conquests over self and over the manifold forms of evil. The very knowledge that there are in society evil tendencies to be combated will nerve many to heroic efforts and sacrifices, and so long as there is room for moral action and reaction, the highest dignity of man will be preserved.

"Oh, well for him whose will is strong,
He suffers, but he cannot suffer long—
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong."

These words are to me a presage of the moral victories of the future, asserting as they do the predominance of will and of conscience. We can do without demonstrations that things *must* mend if we feel within ourselves some power to make them mend.

—The high character and ability of our judiciary are constantly a subject of felicitation among our countrymen, especially during the moments of generous expansion which succeed a well-furnished banquet. A few weeks ago, a learned Vice-Chancellor

grew eloquent, in words selected from the best authorities, over the ennobling nature of legal studies. To apprehend fully the point and truth of the lecturer's eulogy, students who are troubled with distressing doubts should attend in Court when judgments are being pronounced. The sweet security and sober fame of the place suggest the very *templa serena* of divine philosophy. Long years of eloquent wrestling with irritable judges and simple-minded jurors have furnished one learned counsellor with a multitude of profound maxims and well pondered principles, which it needed only the warmth of judicial robes to bring to a successful birth. These priceless drops of wisdom now overflow with unchecked spontaneity, and fertilize the too arid waste of legal argument. It is true that, to the untutored lay intelligence, the relevancy of the maxims to the matters under consideration may not be clear. When the prosaic question of a counsel's right to sue for fees suggests the enunciation of the new and profound truth that "in large communities division of labour is conducive to excellence," who would be so dead to those grand principles which have made the English nation what it is, as to utter a word of depreciation or cavil. That our eulogy is well deserved, a glance through the recent volumes of our Law Reports would convince the most sceptical. Indeed we know no words which would form so useful an addition to the library of a popular preacher or lecturer. They would indeed prove a well, if not of "English undefiled," at least of lofty and irrefutable principles which may always be uttered without fear of contradiction. And if any too-hardened wretch should question this truth, he can at once be annihilated by the production of authorities which are cited for every sage maxim: "Two and two make four." See Sangster's Arithmetic, page 8. "An officer is one who holds an office." See Harrison's Municipal Manual, page 475. "Cassio, I love thee: but never more be *officer* of mine." See William Shakspeare's "Othello," Act II., Scene 3.

But it is not merely by infusing philosophy with legal judgments that our Bench strives to ennoble their profession. With an *argus* eye, each ignoble attempt to destroy the old bulwarks of professional honour and dignity is discerned and defeated. Recently the oft-repeated effort to break in upon the old

rule, which prevents counsel fees being the subject of contract, was again renewed. It is indeed to be deplored that our judges are not of one mind on this important point, but let us congratulate ourselves that there still exist those who "as long as they have any being" will "glory" in the maintenance of this cherished rule. It may be said that the rule is based upon a lie, but we must remember that it is due to it that "there has existed in England for centuries as able, learned, and distinguished a bar as ever existed in any, or does exist in any part of the world." Let it not be forgotten, too, that "in a country like ours, where honour and dignity depend more on personal conduct than on trappings of office," a counsel should not lower his mind by contemplating the degrading fact that his services are to be paid for. We already knew, on the highest authority, that "base is the slave that pays;" we now know, on authority equally unimpeachable, that "base is the slave that accepts payment." *Pay! hiring! service! Pah!* Feelings like those which the Friend of Humanity felt toward the unworthy Knife-grinder, are excited by such vile words.

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first!"

exclaims the indignant judge, when counsel, forgetful of the honour and dignity of his profession, makes a sordid claim for payment. Then, too, consider the feelings of a jury towards a counsel, knowing him to be guilty of the "effrontery and selfishness" of working for *hire*, no matter how worthy the labourer, instead of remaining under the beautiful illusion that the turgid eloquence which assails their patient race is the unpurchased utterance of enthusiastic philanthropy. It is impossible to read the assertion of such sublime principles without tears of gratitude, "without increased veneration and increased love for the profession to which we owe so much."

—One cannot rise from the perusal of "The Irishman in Canada," without feeling that he has been reading a very remarkable book. There appears, however, to be some misconception as to the exact intention of the title. My own conviction is that "The Irishman in Canada" refers, not to Irishmen in this country generally, but to one Irishman in particular, *the Irishman in Canada par ex-*

cellence. The title is used merely as a label for the views on subjects comprised in a very wide range, of a single Irishman, just as Dr. Holmes names his collection of discursive essays—"The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table." It is well that readers should understand this at the outset, otherwise they will be liable to disappointment. It is true that they will be told in the book itself that its motive is to trace the fortunes and influence of Irish immigrants in Canada, but it will be found that this, if not Irish modesty, is simply Irish humour. In any other view it would be quite impossible to understand the object of the greater part of a highly interesting volume. For instance, the first three chapters have no more connection with the Irishman in Canada, in the extended sense, than they have with the Irishman in any other place, or, indeed, with any other particular Briton. When our author, starting out with "The Celt in Europe," and proceeding to "the barbarising effect of Danish incursions," leads us an extended tour through Europe, and lands us in India at the end of his second chapter and first fifty pages, while professing to treat of our Irish fellow-citizens in Canada, we are not deceived. We detect the sort of humour in which the late lamented Artemus Ward was wont to indulge when, under the guise of a lecture entitled "The Babes in the Wood," he gave us much fascinating composition, but no Babes in the Wood whatever. The jest is well sustained in chapter three, in which a delightful journey of twenty pages is made through the United States, Australia, Mexico, California, and South America. We are still with the Irishman, happily now a sojourner in Canada; we never forget that fact; but not in the sense the genial writer amusingly requests us to assume. I am aware that, after some two hundred and fifty pages, we arrive at a certain historical narration which gives colour to the view that the author had at times serious intentions of carrying out the idea expressed at the outset. From this point out, we are pretty well confined to Canada, and quite a number of Irishmen, of whose claims to fame most of us were probably ignorant, are introduced to our notice. "Callaghan Holmes," sings the Muse of History, "died of the cholera, on his way to Ireland, in 1868. Pat Deashy remained only a short time with Mr. Hayden after he was left alone. Pat went to Buffalo, where he

soon died. Hayden sold his lot and purchased another, and sold this and opened a store on the Kingston Road." I learn with interest that "Mr. John Dobson is one of the most prominent merchants in Lindsay. He came originally from Cavan. After some stay at Toronto he settled at Lindsay, where he has now conducted a successful business for over fourteen years. His partner, Mr. Thomas Niblock, is also an Irishman." I confess that these facts are new to me.

Many pages of this thick volume are enriched with historical facts no less valuable than the above, but The Irishman asserts himself all through, in his own individual person. The history of Canada needs re-writing; three chapters and ninety pages, with such appropriate reflections and digressions as would occur to the Hibernian genius, are devoted to the rise of responsible government, the good-humoured pretext of writing about Irishmen being kept up by treating as an Irishman the Honourable Robert Baldwin, who was, as we all know, a Canadian. The Irishman's views on "Religion and Education" are set forth in the last chapter but one, and in the closing chapter he summons the historic muse again to his side, and writes "the history of Canada from 1856 to 1877." A friend of mine, who failed to see through the humour of the introductory chapter, said that the book should be called "The Irishman in Canada and elsewhere, with digressions historical, moral, philosophical, and poetical on everything in general and nothing in particular," or, briefly "The Irishman in Canada, and all that sort of thing," but on my explaining the sense in which the title can be justified, he admitted cordially that it must be interpreted in that way. Take it as a whole, "The Irishman in Canada" is undoubtedly an astonishing book. It combines history and philosophy, statistics and sentiment, narrative and rhapsody, the beauties of an epic poem with the advantages of a county directory in a manner which, I think I may safely say, few authors have ever attempted. As a single example—and there are a hundred others equally striking—of exaltation of feeling expressing itself in language and imagery almost startling in their vivid power, take the following passage, interesting also as containing what every one will feel to be a just and delicate tribute to a worthy judge: 'Vice-Chancellor of his University, ulti-

mately Judge of the highest court in the province, he was a strong swimmer who had never to battle with heavy seas, whose teeth never proved the toughness of the *rache enragée*, whose iron fibre has nourished so much human greatness of the Alpine sort—thunder-scarred, solitary, sublime—which flings its vast shadow over the future, and to which generations, as they spread their sails and skim lightly along, turn ere they pass away, once and again from love and laughter, from hoaxing and huxtering, to contemplate with admiration and awe, the slowly piled up monuments of Titanic energy, and mournful immortal longings begotten of some divine despair."

"Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds!" one exclaims enraptured. Many brave men lived before Agamemnon, and for want of a poet have perished in the night of oblivion. The Judges of the Ontario Law Courts need fear no such fate. I observe that the London *Academy*, in its amiable notice of "The Irishman in Canada," ventures on one mild criticism, and only one. Singularly enough, the *Mail*, in reprinting the article, compelled perhaps by the usual "pressure upon its columns," omitted this single sentence. The *Academy* gently suggested that the book was not altogether "artistic" in the execution. But there are many indications of art in this work. Take only the lists of Irish names—catalogues are admissible, on the authority of Homer, in an epic—scattered through some of the chapters. An American humourist dedicated one of his books to "John Smith," in the belief that every man who found a book dedicated to himself would feel bound in honour to purchase it. What Muldoon or Murphy, O'Poole or O'Doherty, with the faintest sense of self-respect, can refrain from buying the book which makes him, perhaps to his own surprise, a character in history. If the conception of these lists is not artistic, no one can deny that it is artful.

—Talking of Bishops—and who does not talk of Bishops just now?—reminds me to make a remark upon the recent attempt to elect a coadjutor in Toronto. I protest, my fellow guests, you need not seem alarmed. I do not know anything of the ins and outs of parties in the Synod. I have had no secret and confidential information imparted to me by any back-stairs

route, and I am sufficiently impartial to exclaim with Mercutio, amidst the jar of opposing factions,

“A plague o' both your houses!”

But one letter which I noticed in the papers merits a remark. It appears that certain of the voters withdrew from their places in order to prevent the election of a candidate who was distasteful to them. Upon this the person who wrote the letter I allude to waxed wroth. He apostrophised these erring individuals in energetic language, and the burden of his complaint, the argument which he launched forth against them with evidently the fullest belief in its power to crush and confound them, was this:—You wicked men, ten minutes ago you were praying for the guidance of the Spirit in the selection of a Bishop, and now, eaten up by partisan feelings, you leave your seats so as to render an election impossible. From what little I know of denominational religion this will be accepted by many good men as a grave and almost unanswerable reproof. This is why I want to draw attention to it, and to show the transparent fallacy on which it is based. It is founded on that erroneous and truly atheistical or God-banishing idea, that in some peculiar and extraordinary way Providence watches over and directs the Church, and that a Priest and, *a fortiori*, a Bishop is expressly chosen by the Holy Spirit. I say this is an idea which banishes God, by curtailing the sphere of His active interference, so to speak, and limiting it to things ecclesiastic, so that there is as it were an absence, or at least a deficiency, of God's choice in other matters. If a Bishop is more chosen by the tongue of flame than a minister or a monarch, then I can understand the indignation of our friend; but, all the same, I say his notion of God is a petty one, and he pictures his Deity as being too much engrossed with the care of the Church to attend to the care of His world. On the choice of a minister, on a party vote given in a heated debate among acrimonious bickerings, may hang the issues of peace or war; that is to say, life and death for hundreds of thousands of human beings. A contested election may turn the balance between a true and a false economic policy, which will influence the well-being—what am I saying?—the very existence of thousands of families, may hurry scores of lives in every

town out of existence, and send griping despair into all the hearts it still permits to beat on feebly. What then? According to our friend these are purely mundane affairs, matters which, as George Eliot puts it, are only brought under Providential Government in an imperfect, colonial sort of way, and we need not concern ourselves as to how such issues are worked out. But a Bishop, or even a coadjutor Bishop, is quite a different thing, seeing that he might snuff out a candle or light it again, which, as every sensible person knows, is a far more important point than the decision between peace and war, starvation and plenty.

I do not want to be mistaken. To my mind there is nothing so humble and unimportant, nothing so great and world-stirring (and it all depends upon the Bishop himself whether his election or non-election is to rank at the one end of the ladder or the other), but the Spirit of God moves in it. But in the name of honesty and common-sense let us look things in the face, and confess that if there is nothing unmanly or disgraceful in refraining from voting for a member of Parliament we dislike, if thereby we can secure his rejection, so also there can be no change in the moralities involved because a Bishopric is at stake, and that the mere fact that we have kept up a form of prayer before the one election and not before the other, can affect neither our duty to God nor our duty towards our neighbour.

—I should like to lay before the Table for discussion the question, which has often occurred to me, whether it is morally right or justifiable that the administration of oaths in courts of law should be enforced. My own views are strongly opposed to the practice. To me it seems a strange and humiliating thing that people living in a Christian country and, as it is said, in an advanced age of civilization, should be compelled to go through the degrading ordeal of taking an oath before any confidence is placed in their testimony. That most salutary rule of law which says that every man shall be held innocent until his guilt is proved, is here reversed. Before taking the oath every witness is presumed to be a liar. Surely, in all consistency, the legal presumption should be the other way—that, until the contrary is shown, every man should be presumed truthful. The present practice is a slur upon

Christianity and the clerical profession. It certainly denotes a very low estimate of the effect of eighteen hundred years of religious teaching, that the affirmation of a Christian should be considered false, or at least valueless; until substantiated by oath. No greater confidence is now, by law, placed in a man's word, than before the advent of Christianity; hardly so much, indeed, in proportion to the superior enlightenment of the present age.

An English journalist well says: "The oath-taking of our law courts must have an injurious effect, because it tends to lower the standard of ordinary affirmations, and makes a man's word of no effect unless he (seemingly) adds to its power by calling on the Supreme Being to witness to it. In the eye of the law all persons are liars until they have 'kissed the book;' then they may be expected to speak the truth. Is not the truth as necessary in the ordinary communications that pass between man and man as in statements that are made in our law courts? If it is necessary that witnesses should take oaths in courts of law, it is equally necessary that the Supreme Power should be called on to witness to the ordinary asseverations of life, unless the truth is more valuable in the one case than in the other." Again: "To doubt a person's veracity is one of the gravest acts we can possibly commit, yet every witness in courts of law is as good as told point-blank that he will be suspected of lying unless he has taken the oath."

Is it wonderful that so insulting a practice should defeat its own end? Suspicion begets crime. To cast doubt habitually upon a man's word is the best way to make him a liar. It is notorious that swearing does not encourage truthfulness, but the reverse. When, in ordinary life, a person backs up an assertion by oaths and strong asseverations he may at once be suspected of lying; and there can be no question that judicial oath-taking is largely responsible for making the practice of taking the name of the Almighty in vain, in the most trivial affirmations of daily life, so frightfully common as it is. An oath will not prevent a man from lying if he be so inclined; and so long as men are looked upon as incapable of speaking the truth without the aid of an oath, so long will perjury continue. The uselessness of judicial oaths is shown by the fact that the testimony of Quakers and others who have

conscientious objections to take an oath, and whose evidence is admitted without that formality, is, if anything, more trustworthy than the average run of evidence taken under oath. If the law is satisfied with the mere word or affirmation of a Quaker, why should it not be so with that of any other man? Does any one believe that the slovenly, matter-of-course, and irreverent manner in which oaths are administered, or, rather, gabbled over, in our law courts, is calculated to, or actually does, inspire a witness with awe, or make him conscious of the aid or the presence of the Almighty? On the contrary, does it not impress one strongly with the idea that the oath is a mere formality, of no importance whatever, a mockery, a mere relic or "survival" from a time of barbarism, which has become practically obsolete, and should long ago have been discontinued? That it has not been so is to my mind additional evidence of the ultra-conservatism of the legal mind of which such ample proofs were given in an article on "Law and the Study of Law," in the last number of this Magazine. Nor is the demeanour of counsel in cross-examination generally such as to inspire a spectator with the idea that any additional solemnity or weight is lent to evidence by its being given under oath. The irrelevant, trivial, and offensive questions which are often put—the browbeating and the attempts to confuse an honest witness, so as to make him say the exact contrary of what he wishes to say—the insulting reminders to the witness to "remember, sir, you are on your oath;"—these things, it must be confessed, are rather calculated to inspire contempt and disgust, and to indicate that the oath is not so much a guarantee for the extraction of truth, as an instrument of torture, by means of which an unscrupulous legal bully may frighten a timid witness into saying that which is not true.

The fact is, the judicial oath is an antiquated and barbarous method—the offspring of a barbarous and lying age—of attempting to obtain the truth by appealing, not to a man's love of truth, but to his terrors, by placing before his imagination, as the penalty for false-witnessing, an eternity of torment amid the flames of hell. A thousand years ago an appeal to such fears would have been logical and cogent. In this age it is an anachronism. With regard to eter-

nal damnation we are now told, *ex cathedra*, that "eternal" does not mean eternal, nor "damnation," damnation; and hell and its flames have become so attenuated as to be hardly visible. In any case, what vitality the doctrine still possesses, it owes to that same book—the very book which the wit-

ness kisses—which says, as distinctly as words can put it: "Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne; nor by the earth; for it is his footstool. But let thy communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these *cometh of evil.*"

CURRENT EVENTS.

IT now appears certain that the present House of Commons, which was elected amidst a blaze of moral indignation, will expire in a wild storm of party rage and re-primination. Whether the Session which opened on the 7th of February prove the last of the present Parliament or not, it will certainly be recorded as the worst. The tone of debate has gradually and steadily deteriorated during the past few years, and it is not possible that a lower depth remains to be sounded. The acrid and virulent discussions in the House are doubtless an inevitable result of the mad rhetoric indulged in at the pic-nics; yet they are none the less degrading to the dignity of Parliament and deeply injurious to the fair reputation of Canada and its free institutions. These party wristlings have been marked with unwonted bitterness from the outset; the record of them, when completed, will form an unanswerable indictment against the existing party system; and the charges formulated by each set of public men against its opponents, if massed together, may readily supply ample material for the condemnation of them both.

Whether political parties are or are not necessary to the working of representative government, is an important theoretical question, but it is not the pressing question of the time. What the electorate has soon to decide is whether the existing factions have not clearly forfeited such claims to public confidence as they may have once possessed; whether their *raison d'être*, however valid it may originally have been, has not passed away, and the hour for their disrup-

tion arrived. If there be any who have hitherto failed, from party prejudice or otherwise, to recognise the handwriting on the wall, the protracted debate on the address ought certainly to have read and interpreted it for them. It has proved, beyond reasonable doubt, that both the factions are not merely ripe, but rotten. They have overpassed the natural term of their corporate life; principles which serve as the muscular and circulating systems of such bodies have disappeared and are replaced by a galvanic energy of vituperation, not vitality, manifesting itself in the grossest personalities and the most truculent charges of peculation and corruption, disloyalty and intrigue. Not only is there no incisive issue at stake before the electors, but the very semblance of such an issue has vanished in that mist of vindictive accusation which beclouds the political atmosphere and fills it with a foggy phantasmagoria of its own creation. If at times a frank and earnest discussion of the fiscal question seems to shed a gleam of honest sunshine, it is soon overshadowed and disappears, because party exigencies are too pressing to admit of its calm, fair, and honest examination. The leaders of one party appear to use the question as a bait, and so keep it dangling, a fuzzy and indefinable compact of wool and feathers, before the people. On the other hand, members of the ministerial phalanx are compelled to stifle their convictions, and persistently vote in diametrical opposition to the views they have repeatedly avowed. Thus are not only the dignity of Parliament and the honour of our public men seriously compromised,

but the interests of the Dominion are overtly and undisguisedly subordinated to party successes at the polls.

There is but one remedy for a political disease which is thus manifestly poisoning the very springs of our constitutional vitality, and it is in the hands of the people. There is little use in appealing to the patriotism of partisans, one group of whom is as tenacious of official life as an eel or a leech of its physical existence, whilst the other set has almost reached the border-line limiting sanity, in its passionate longing to regain that power which was snatched from its grasp more than four years ago. Obviously both of them have arrived at that stage of party decadence, when, for such useful purposes as they once served, they are of use no longer, and, when, for their own sakes, as well as for the people's, they should be put—quietly and painlessly—out of the way. Can any one believe for a moment, that if either of the factions stood upon firm and tenable ground, this last session of the Third Parliament would have been marked by such scenes as have already been witnessed at Ottawa? Personal assaults may doubtless be made even when men are fired by the enthusiasm of great principles; but where that is the case they are usually episodic, sometimes the consequences of personal antipathies or idiosyncrasies, and always mere eddies in the strong current of political activity. It is when there are no longer principles to contend for that personalities usurp the vacant place. Then place and power become the end, with slander and scandal as the means. The history of England, which is our best political schoolmaster, teems with stern lessons illustrative of this fact. All that remains, then, is for the people to assert at once its will and its character, by sweeping the wrangling factions out of the arena. In January, 1874, one party was hurled from power; in the autumn of 1878, or the spring of 1879, it remains for the electorate to sweep both of them out of the path—the path of progress, of political honour, of sound and honest principle. In other words, the disintegration of the factions is an urgent necessity; for upon their ruins will soon arise the fair and stately fabric of a policy which will be truly national, because it has been reared by the people and for the people.

There is no strong temptation, and but slight profit, in reviewing the early struggles

of the present session; yet a cursory examination of the salient points may point a moral, even if it fails to adorn a tale. The circumstances in which the House met were, as Sir Erskine May is reported to have said, "exceptional;" the question with which we are most concerned is, how came they to be "exceptional?" The mere technicalities are of very small importance as compared with the broader and more serious issue involved in the re-election of Mr. Anglin to the Speakership. There seems no reason for objection to the Premier's argument regarding the rules; and, notwithstanding the professional simulation of confidence running through Sir John Macdonald's plea, it is not difficult to conjecture that it was not sincerely urged. In England, the members elect proceed to the choice of a Speaker without having taken the oath; in Canada, the oath is administered by the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, and the indentures and returns are in his possession. Mr. Mackenzie evidently quoted from some old authority, because he referred to the now obsolete provision regarding property qualification; still that does not invalidate his position. In the Imperial Parliament there is nothing to prevent any person who chooses to obtrude himself there, from voting on the Speakership; and, although we speak from memory, instances may be found of both claimants to a seat in a contested election voting on that occasion. The tendency of modern procedure is obviously and properly to melt up old forms, and run them into the moulds required by recent practice. In the sentences read by the Premier from an opinion by Sir Erskine May, this tendency is apparent; yet it must be added that that judgment was formed upon an *ex parte* statement of facts, and to that extent is unsatisfactory. What he would have said, had his opinion been asked as a constitutional historian, upon the relations between Mr. Anglin, the Government, and the House, is quite another question. Dr. Kenealy's case was irrelevant, except so far as it made against Sir John Macdonald. The member for the Claimant and for Stoke-upon-Trent had not been sworn, and could not be sworn except by the Speaker, and on some reasonable security that he was the individual he professed to be; Mr. Anglin, on the other hand, had been sworn-in; his return, as well as his identity were guaranteed by the Clerk of the

Crown, and there was no doubt about either. In the case of new members it is, of course, desirable that personal identity should be established; but, as Mr. Disraeli remarked in Dr. Kenealy's case, there was no such question involved in reference to Mr. Anglin. Moreover even if, as Sir John correctly enough urged, the House were not properly constituted, it did not lie with him or any other member to dispute Mr. Anglin's *status* as a member or his eligibility to the Speakership. For aught the House knew, Sir John Macdonald, who was never introduced, and Mr. Holton, whom he proposed as an acceptable successor to Mr. Anglin, might within the previous twelve hours have forfeited their seats. If the "assembly," as Sir John called it, was not a House, then he had no right to contest the ex-Speaker's claim to the seat or his elevation to the chair. In fact this attempt at a *reductio ad impossibile* was a palpable failure, since it would effectually prevent the organization of a newly elected House at the outset. The citation from the British North America Act was equally unfortunate; since Mr. Anglin, who never resigned the Speakership, became "another" member by re-election; that is, he was a new member possessing no disability for the office created either by statute or by the rules of the House. Like most other written constitutions, our Confederation was framed with some wisdom, but with no infallible prescience, and it therefore erred here through want of foresight. The substitution of "one" instead of "another" would at once have deprived an astute statesman of a quibble, and have fully met the object of the clause. At best, it was only a quibble. Clearly the House, without a Speaker, was, *quoad hoc*, a new House, and its members had equal rights, so far as the Speakership was concerned, whether elected one month or four years before.

So far, an independent survey of the technical points of the case leads one to decide in favour of the Government; on the moral and constitutional aspects of the re-election, a very different judgment must, we are satisfied, be given. Fortunately here, the sound common-sense of a layman is worth an entire quarto of professional refinements. To that honest common-sense we venture to appeal in the remarks following. That Mr. Anglin has perhaps surprised, and certainly gained the good opinion of many members

opposed to him, is true, and it further seems highly to his credit that the strongest partisans have distinctly disavowed any hostility to him as Speaker. If he had been the only member of the House who was qualified by his impartiality, calmness of temper, and knowledge of Parliamentary law—even on his own side of the House—there would nothing more be said. That, however, was not alleged; and, therefore, so far from its being in "bad taste" to "discuss matters" which were fully discussed last Session, as the Premier alleged, it was the extreme of "bad taste" to urge Mr. Anglin's re-election "without fully considering those matters." When Mr. Mackenzie spoke of Mr. Anglin's case as "fully discussed," he presumably forgot his clever device by which the report of the Committee was delayed, and only presented when Black Rod was knocking at the door of the House. No one will be disposed to blame the Government on that score, because the disorganization of the Commons at the moment it was being summoned by His Excellency to the bar of the Senate would certainly have been awkward; but then the query remains unanswered, when was the question "fully discussed?" And further, why was not the report presented in time to admit of full discussion?

Now, in what position did the Speaker stand at the opening of the present Session? There is no ground at all for crediting the scandalous story that, as some recompense for being excluded from the Cabinet, Mr. Anglin was promised the Speakership and a *doubleur* supplementary from departmental funds. It is incredible, simply because Mr. Mackenzie is personally too honest a man to make any agreement, strong partisan though he may be, so flagrantly in violation of the letter, no less than the spirit, of the law as that. Mr. Blake's plea, triumphantly quoted by Sir John, has no bearing on the question, so far as Mr. Anglin's status is concerned; and, besides that, the hon. gentleman's speech has been garbled rather than quoted. The pith of the matter may be unfolded in short space. Whether with or without the connivance or conscious complicity of the Government, and with or without any positive knowledge on his part that he was violating the charter of Parliamentary Independence, he did violate that Independence. From the first of January, 1876, both he and the Government were well aware

that he had forfeited his seat; yet they remained silent. It is not necessary to press the dilemma, upon one horn or other of which both the Speaker and Mr. Anglin must be impaled; all it is desirable to say here is that, under the circumstances, Mr. Mackenzie ought not to have imposed Mr. Anglin upon the House as Speaker; and Mr. Anglin himself should have declined the honour had it been proffered.

It is not so long since a subordinate member of the present Imperial Administration, a man of admitted probity, of unquestionable ability, and exceptional promise, was compelled to retire from office and to resign the brilliant prospects before him, because he had carelessly allowed his name to be used by a tribe of bubble speculators of whom he knew nothing. If that gentleman, against whom no suspicion of fraud had cast even the penumbra of its sinister skirts, felt it incumbent upon him to resign his place, what verdict should be returned in a case where the Ministerial accomplices of a palpable violation of statute law replaced in the Chair of the House the man who was not merely *sub rosa* aware of the wrong, but actually signed receipts for the money? Was it ignorance or carelessness, or some numbness of the judicial faculty which paralysed all regard for the dignity of the House, or the independence and purity which should attach to the Speaker's office? When Sir John Macdonald alludes to "Cæsar's wife" in that connection, it seems almost ludicrous when one remembers that his own hands and his own skirts have not always been clean or clear of suspicion. Still the fact remains that the first commoner ought not to have laid himself open to the imputation of violating the statute. He, of all men, ought to have been keenly alive to the proprieties of his position, and certainly cannot be permitted to plead ignorance or inadvertency. At all events, so soon as he and the Government became aware of the unfortunate dilemma in which Parliament had been placed by the Speaker's acts, he should have resigned. It was certainly wrong that for an entire year, and then only after an investigation by Committee, which elicited facts long in possession of Mr. Anglin and the Government, the Speaker was retained in his position in a House of which he had so long ceased to be by law a member. And it was merely an aggravation of the wrong,

after the truth had been fully disclosed, to force the same gentleman upon Parliament and, by the pressure of a party majority, place him again in the Chair. From first to last there has been a lax morality evident regarding the entire business. Mr. Anglin has shown a want of delicate appreciation of the predicament in which he had placed himself; and the Premier added to the discredit of the unfortunate position by not only supporting Mr. Anglin's re-election, but himself proposing, and, in fact, pressing him upon the House. In whatever aspect the affair is viewed, it must be pronounced unfortunate—a new stab at our constitutional system and a woful sequel to a ministerial career begun with so much promise, not to say pretence, of purity and propriety.

The debate on the Address was a series of not over creditable scuffles between the leaders on both sides of the House. The published report of the debates was merely made use of to place in tangible and permanent form the old stories of jobbery and corruption with which the public ear has been vexed for years past. The longer the existence of the present House is prolonged, the worse it appears to grow, and at present it appears to have met solely to vent its bile and show how much it has deteriorated during the brief time it has played an undignified figure upon the scene. Little complaint can be made of the introductory speeches. The mover's remarks were unexceptional, and Mr. Charlton's harangue, which must have caused him much agony in the preparation, was a trifle too ambitious. From the moment the leaders joined in the fray, all prudence and calmness of debate seem to have been abandoned. Sir John Macdonald is too old a tactician to lose his temper at the first onslaught; but the Premier unwarily betrayed his infirmity at once. He seems to be incapable of restraining himself as a leader of the House should learn to do, and, while making every allowance for the provocation he at times must perforce endure, there would obviously be an improvement in the tone and complexion of the debates if its leader were more self-possessed than he appears to be. It scarcely needs to be pointed out that one who cannot control himself, even when sorely pressed, is not likely to wield any moral power over the proceedings of the House.

It appears to be the strategy of the Opposition, judging by the speeches of its leaders, Sir John Macdonald, Dr. Tupper, Mr. Masson, and the rest, down to the melodious Plumb, to irritate Ministers as far as possible. This may be wise policy, yet we are disposed to doubt whether it will prove so in the end. The savage onslaughts of Dr. Tupper, in which the same subjects for sledge-hammer declamation are hammered at until the din has begun to pall upon the ear, have grown wearisome from their very monotony. The steel rails, the Lachine Canal, Goderich, and Neebing jobs, had a freshness about them once they no longer possess. It is, after all, not surprising, though rather ludicrous, to find the Premier delving in the mythical past so far back as the burning of the Parliament buildings and the pelting of Lord Elgin in 1849. Politics have become archæological, and henceforth the study of antiquities will be one necessary branch of a statesman's education. At the same time, it would, perhaps, be as well if our modern Reformers would study their great exemplars of the old time, when Reformers had something to reform, rather than the vagaries of a crazy faction in an agony of frenzied excitement. The careers of Baldwin, Blake, Lafontaine, and their congeners are worthy of profound attention; the recalcitrants of 1849 have doubtless a place in history, but it seems scarcely necessary to hunt for it in the unindexed Sibylline leaves.

To follow the debate on the Address through its week would be at once an idle and a thankless task. With "Hansard" before one it seems out of the question to give an intelligent account of a debate which was, more or less, intended to be unprofitable and fruitless from its inception. That there were some speeches of notable ability is unquestionable; yet, after all, to what did they tend? Mr. Laurier's Ministerial appearance in the House was graceful; but what can be said of Mr. Jones? His utterances ever since the Session commenced have been not so much coarse and bullying, as rude and impertinent. It is difficult, as between him and Dr. Tupper, to give the palm in dement; it is only to be hoped that Nova Scotia politicians are not all of their character. The mutual recriminations of Dr. Tupper and the new Minister of Militia occupied the

greater part of an entire day. It is no business of ours to examine the crop of scandals each of these gladiators from the sea-board had garnished up during some years of vindictive personal and political hostility. Mr. Jones may be the arch-priest of corruption Dr. Tupper pronounced him; he may have been guilty of all the offences against good taste, purity of election, and common honesty laid to his charge. And on the other hand, Dr. Tupper may have speculated in mines, trifled with the public interests in the Pictou Railway matter, and be devoid of veracity—or, as the parliamentary Minister put it, of both credit and character. Yet why should these scandalous revilings be brought up from Nova Scotia? Surely the springs of vituperation are flowing freely enough at Ottawa, without introducing a conduit-pipe—we had almost said an aqueduct—from Halifax. The discussion on the 15th was scarcely conducted with even a semblance of propriety or regard for parliamentary decorum. Any one who chooses to wade through the authorised debates of that date, may form his own conclusions on the dignity of the Parliamentary duel. Dr. Tupper's speech was unconscionably long; Mr. Jones's was not much shorter; and the palm for bitterness of abuse may rest with whichever one the reader deems entitled to the disgraceful distinction. The Minister was probably right in charging the doughty Doctor with merely repeating stale scandals for electioneering purposes; but for what purposes were his own old stories embalmed in speech and print? The singular feature in the squabble was the alternation of mock respect—expressed for each of the combatants by the other with the most virulent personal abuse of which we have yet had experience in a Canadian legislature. Mr. Plumb, the dulcet, characterised the debate, with more than ordinary felicity, as one which had "taken a wide range;" the fact was, however, not strongly enough stated. It was not so much the "range" of the warfare, as its irregularity that one notices. In these days people are getting used to long-reaching weapons and far-extending lines. Yet even in the guerrilla warfare of politics, there have usually been some compactness in the organization of party forces and much less wildness of aim than we are beginning to be accustomed to. Whether it be consistent with party interests to make such an

exhibition as this on the eve of a general election is questionable; but, presumably, the leaders know best what will tell at the polls, and their choice of tactics is not by any means complimentary to the intelligence and discernment of Canadians.

The previous section of the debate, which was almost wholly conducted by Quebec members, was more reputable; yet the net results of it were scarcely more satisfactory. It is much to the credit of Messrs. Masson and Langevin that, perhaps under their guidance, instigated probably by Mgr. Conroy, the Ultramontane bull has ceased to butt with his horns or trample with his hoofs. There was a little too much effusiveness in their protestations that they never desired to confuse religion with politics; still it is not well to inquire too closely into that matter. Those Liberals who were ready with Episcopal pastorals, or the utterances of clerical organs and politicians, had little difficulty in proving a case against their opponents; yet, as Mr. Desjardins and others pointed out, the fault was not wholly on one side. Whenever the Rouge party has found or devised an opportunity of coquetting with the hierarchy, it has never felt any scruples of conscience against the political manœuvre. The amnesty question, the New Brunswick School question—anything which turned up—was readily snatched at by the *Reds* as well as the *Blues*. Sir George Cartier, faithful as he always proved to his Church, was tripped up by these sharpshooters, who temporarily formed the orthodox skirmishing corps.

It is singular to notice how each party endeavours to lay claim to uniformity and consistency in principle and practice from first to last. In point of fact neither Quebec party has any substantial claim to such a distinction, as a cursory glance at the debate may serve to show. Mr. Masson's remarks on the subject were, as already stated, temperate, if not conciliatory, in tone, and Mr. Laurier's reply was conceived in a similar spirit. The question between them turned upon the remark in Mr. Laurier's Quebec Lecture, in which he charged the French Conservatives with "endeavouring to form a Catholic party" in the Province. This accusation Mr. Masson indignantly denied, but the new Minister not only repeated, but emphasized it, adducing evidence in proof, much of which must be familiar to the reader.

Now, though the member for Terrebonne personally repudiated the design of which complaint was made, that by no means relieves his party of the charge. Certainly, if the French Conservatives were innocent of the purpose attributed to them, it seems unfortunate that they should have done so much to arouse misconception of their aims and motives. In the first place, the hierarchy—especially the Bishops of Montreal, Three Rivers, and Rimouski—encouraged the formation of a Catholic crusading party, and, in fact, gave it life and inspiration by their pastorals. In the next place, the press teemed with pamphlets and treatises, written chiefly by ecclesiastics, and authorized and recommended by their superiors, in which the wildest claims of Ultramontanism in the sphere of civil government were urged. Not only were the propositions of the Syllabus enforced and enlarged upon, but purposely exaggerated. The supremacy of the Church over the State, the right and propriety of sacerdotal dictation in political matters, and the claim to priestly interference from pulpit and altar, as between candidates of different parties, were all broadly insisted upon. Nor was this all. The Conservative party, in the press and at the hustings, distinctly claimed to be *par excellence* the Catholic party, the defenders of the new and true faith first delivered to the saints in its entirety at the Vatican Council. The celebrated Programme was only one feature of an assault along the entire line, and it continued without any appreciable interval from 1871 to 1877. The *Nouveau Monde* and the *Franc-Parleur* were its special exponents, established for the purpose; but the same doctrines were promulgated in all the French Conservative papers, without rebuke from the leaders of the party—Mr. Masson amongst the rest. One extract from the *Canadien*, quoted by the Minister of Inland Revenue, is worth a waggon-load of Parliamentary sophistry. The Liberal party, claiming to be a political combination simply, and opposed to making religion a party question, are represented as having accused the Bishops of falsehood, because, although the Liberals had warned them that they desired to sever religion from politics, the hierarchy was in fact waging a religious war upon them in the interest of the Conservative party. But there is no need of multiplying proofs, since, from the spring of 1871 until Dr. Con-

roy made his presence felt, every Conservative newspaper in the Province had the same story to tell of their peculiar prerogative, as political partizans, to represent the Church, and to be its champions, not as a religious organization solely, but in its battles with the Government, with Parliament, with the Supreme Court, or, if need be, with the Crown itself.

When Mr. Masson speaks of his desire to keep religion apart from politics, we hope he is not using those words in a peculiar sense, not unfamiliar to the readers of Ultramontane special pleading. When Bishop Bourget denounced any party which refused a complete amnesty to Riel and his friends, there certainly could be no pretence that the interests of religion were at stake. If any question ever were a purely political one, the amnesty question was that one; indeed, we may go further, and affirm that in meddling with it, the Bishop was arrogantly assaulting the royal prerogative, and aiming a treacherous blow at the supremacy and dignity of an Empire to which he and his Church owe the liberties they enjoy—including the liberty to abuse and assail the Imperial authority itself. Perhaps Mr. Masson's views of the sphere of religion are as extended as those of the late Bishop; if so, it is pure trifling to talk of separating it from politics, since the latter only occupy a small corner in the all-embracing domain of the Church, which, in the last resort, is supreme over all. The member for Terrebonne, however, is not quite so wedded to the newly revived notions of Boniface VIII. as either the late Pope or the late Bishop. He is a politician, and not a mere ecclesiastic—the most unreasonable and impracticable type of human being the world has yet seen. Therefore, he may be credited with merely standing aloof from a crusade of which he, like every rational man not a designing partizan, sincerely disapproved. The charge against the party thus preferred, remains valid, and Mr. Laurier has not far to seek for irrefragable and overwhelming proofs of its truth.

Mr. Langevin's speech was the most striking perhaps in the debate; and although it is difficult to look on it as ingenuous, it was certainly a sign of the changed attitude of the high-flying party in Quebec. No one has yet forgotten the *exposé* made in the Charlevoix case, and the decision pronounced so emphatically by the Supreme Court, still

less the violent assaults made upon that decision by the Ultramontane press. Notwithstanding the clear evidence upon which the judgment was based, Mr. Langevin has the temerity to declare that he contested the county on purely political grounds; that he was unseated solely because "certain priests had delivered sermons in his county regarding the election; but that honourable gentlemen knew perfectly well that he was not responsible for these discourses, because he knew nothing about them." Now if one fact established by judicial records be clearer than another, it is that, even although Mr. Langevin may have known nothing of any particular addresses from pulpit and altar, he had taken care, through the bishop and the clergy, to ensure the exercise of the whole power of the Church on his behalf. The facts are too plain and notorious to be disputed. Nor is that all; for, as Mr. Lafamme urges with clearness and point, this was only one particular instance of a general system until lately prevalent throughout Quebec. "There never was to his knowledge one contested election in any part, in which was a warm contest, where the clergy, and the press which denominated themselves the organs of the clergy, did not declare that no man could vote conscientiously, and compromised his eternal salvation, if he did not support the Conservatives." He also avers—and this illustrates the distinction between religion and politics from a conservative standpoint—that the Conservative party has "made of every question for ten years a religious question." The one side was "holy," the other sustained by "infidels"—people who had no other end in view but the subversion of everything that was sacred; and "religion, order, and society" would be completely upset by a triumph of the Liberals at the polls. These are, of course, the utterances of a partizan, still they must have been acknowledged truths, or they would at once have been contradicted, if not disproved; and it is a significant fact that although some individual members repudiated any sympathy with a reckless religious crusade, so called, by which they profited, they had no denial or repudiation to make on behalf of their party. The old query, "*Cui bono?*"—for whose benefit was the movement carried on?—and the further question, did they protest against it? remain a sufficient answer to the idle professions of innocence

and disapproval made at this late hour. If the ecclesiastical authorities have repented them of the disloyal assaults made upon the Constitution, the Courts, and the freedom of the people, so much the better; yet there is no reason for attempting to ignore or deny the facts of history; still less is it wise to be lulled into fancied security by the soporific dose lately administered from the Vatican.

That Mr. Desjardins was correct in retorting the charge of connivance with clerical influence upon the Liberals has already been admitted; yet surely the member for Hochelaga, the editor of the *Nouveau Monde*, which has always been the most inveterate and uncompromising friend of the Church, as against the State, is not the man to make such a retort. If the Liberal party were induced to forget its first love and tamper with the Duessa of sacerdotalism, Mr. Desjardins, and such as he, must chiefly bear the blame. It was they who rendered fair political warfare impossible, by entering into a disgraceful compact with the Church; and it was Sir George Cartier who provided the opportunity to the Liberals for coquetry of this sort, when he paused on the path indicated by the extremists of his party. At a later stage of the debate, and after the Nova Scotia fracas, Mr. Fr chet te, on the Liberal side, made a singularly unwise and indecorous speech. It is said that the member for L vis is angling for a seat in the Cabinet. If so, his outburst on the 15th of February can hardly be a recommendation in the eyes of the Premier, with Messrs. Cartwright, Huntington, and Jones already on his hands. The hon. gentleman gave the lie almost direct, whenever he was interrupted, and he was called to order several times by the Speaker for such unparliamentary language as "utterly false," "slandering," and "a bag of wind," and might have been arrested in his reckless course for words of a similar import or even still more offensive. Mr. Blanchet's reply was certainly in better taste; still the passages between him and Mr. Fr chet te were utterly disgraceful. Illegal clerical interference, and the advantages taken of it by the Conservatives, are no doubt galling enough; but yet there is surely a nobler method of encounter with them than that adopted by the member for L vis.

1870-1871

At a *reste* the dreary waste of this pro-

longed debate on the Address affords but slight room for admiration. Some few pointed speeches of intrinsic merit were made; yet the Premier was right in bringing it to a close without delay, even if he had infringed upon the hours of Sunday in order to do it. Surely if there ever was a work both of necessity and mercy, it was the work of bringing that series of passionate declamations and violent personal attacks to an end. The discussions on railway and canal contracts may be passed over, and there is not much to be said about the Budget speech, with Dr. Tupper's onslaught and the Finance Minister's reply. Mr. Cartwright was in his hopeful mood on this occasion; and the confidence with which he looked to wiping off his deficits was refreshing, to say the least of it. It is always a bad sign when he speaks with hope; because it is almost certain that he will be disappointed. So far as regards the loans negotiated in London, the Finance Minister defended them on the ground that by his prescience he had secured them in the nick of time; and yet he foreshadows new drafts upon the English capitalist this year, when he expects the market to be less propitious. The journals on both sides are reaping a rich reward by delving into the Public Accounts and sundry other blue books of equal interest. It has been already proved by figures, "which cannot lie," that the present Government has been at once the most extravagant and the most economical that Canada has ever had; that it has increased the liabilities of the Dominion at an alarming rate, and also that it is rapidly reducing them materially; and, finally, that it is living from hand to mouth on borrowed money, and also that it has nearly made both ends meet. The balance between the two sets of inferences from the same figures may be struck by who-so will. The measures of the Government are hardly under discussion as yet, and Parliament is only beginning to settle down to its ordinary legislative duties. A survey of these must be left until a future occasion.

The Local Legislature of Ontario has been proceeding tranquilly enough, in spite of some party rencontres. The general aspect of the Session has not been over lively or inspiring, but, on the whole, the actual work done has been creditable because of its practical character. The passage of the

Revised Statutes will, no doubt, prove the culminating work, and then there will be few to regret the prorogation. The Hon. Mr. Fraser has been charged with some sinister design in the Voters' Lists Bill, and Mr. Mowat has also fallen under suspicion for some interpolated amendments in the Consolidated Laws. These slight breezes on the surface of the Provincial pond are of slight interest as compared with the subject of exemptions, and that, as everybody foresaw, has been, not very cleverly, thrown over until the Greek Kalends, if Ministers can project it so far.

In Quebec, on the other hand, a sudden squall has overturned the De Boucherville flat-boat, and a crisis has arisen of which we cannot as yet divine the cause or foresee the issue. There are, of course, two sides to the shield, only one of which appears to each political party. Every one knows that the Lieutenant-Governor, the Hon. Letellier de St. Just, is as Radical as his *sans culottes* namesake of the French Revolution, and that he is afflicted with a Ministry which is of the reactionary sort—Tory and something more. Considering the attitude Mr. de Boucherville and the other Ministers have assumed, not merely to His Honour, but to his political friends both in Quebec and at Ottawa, a rupture was inevitable sooner or later. The Dominion elections are not far off, and a Local Government, with so many face-cards to play, must be peculiarly distasteful to the Reform party in a Province where the odds are already against it. Opposition journals, therefore, are not slow to cry out lustily that a *coup d'état* has been struck, and with it the sacred cause of responsible government. In obedience to orders from Ottawa—so the story runs—the Governor suddenly, and without apparent cause, dismissed a Ministry having a majority, and installed a Joly Cabinet in its stead. In brief, he has committed a McMahanism, with the simple difference that the offence was committed at the expense of the Right instead of the Left.

That is one side of the story; the *Globe* tells the slightly different one, that the De Boucherville Ministry resigned in high dudgeon, because the Lieutenant-Governor refused to sign two of their measures.¹ Until further light is thrown upon the subject it may be as well not to prejudge either side; yet it is not impossible to say that his Honour may

be right on the former hypothesis and wrong on the latter. It is quite within the province of a Governor to dismiss his advisers at any time, provided he substitutes in their place another set who shall prove to possess the confidence of the people. If the existing Chamber refuse to extend the necessary measure of confidence, a new one may, and that can easily be tested by a dissolution. On the other view it seems hardly possible to see how two important measures like the Railway and Tax Bills can have been formulated without his Honour's authority being in some form or another pledged to them; and, in that case, the refusal to sanction these Bills when passed, would seem arbitrary in itself and unfair to the Government. In either view the subject requires further elucidation.

It is not difficult to understand in some measure the attitude of a Lieutenant-Governor who, having been a Reformer, perceives with surprise the wasteful extravagance of his advisers. It is a singular fact, that, whilst Frenchmen as individuals are frugal and saving, they have generally been ruled by the most reckless and extravagant Governments. Now, in the Province of Quebec, there have been more Conservative Cabinets than one; but their characteristics in a less or more marked degree appear to be two; and these have been especially the attributes of the De Boucherville Government which has just resigned or received the *coup de grâce*. The first is a perfect mania for intolerance and reaction. The French habitant still cherishes with childlike and unquestioning faith the beliefs of his forefathers, much as the peasant used to do in old France, but can scarcely be said to do, as a class, any longer. The Canadian is tolerant and indulgent by temperament; but he is readily worked upon, if necessary, through his religious hopes and fears, and thus the terrors of the Church become a potent weapon in the hands of designing men, clerical and lay. Conservative politicians have become deft operators with sacerdotal machinery; and they are well aware that they must pay a price for the use of it. If the people are not intolerant, the bishops and priests are, or, shall we say, have been; obviously, if partizans desire ecclesiastical assistance, they must defer to the claims and obey the commands of their spiritual pastors and masters. Hence the eagerness with which the

Conservative party threw itself into the movement of 1871-2, and strove to identify its interests with those of the Church. Hence the introduction upon the statute-book of the ominous words, "the decrees of our Holy Father the Pope are binding," in direct violation of the Act of 1st Elizabeth, which originally extended over all possessions of the Crown, and was expressly applied to Canada by the Quebec Act of 1774. Hence the alacrity with which the House passed a Bill to render nugatory the Judicial Committee's decision *In re* Guibord, enabling the Bishop to unconsecrate any portion of a cemetery, and consequently deprive a man's property of its value as a burial spot. In brief, without multiplying particular instances, the entire tendency of Conservative action has been to make the Legislature a mere registry office for ecclesiastical decrees.

In the House of Commons lately, Mr. Masson complained "that Mr. De Boucherville had been accused of being a reactionist, and behind the times in his ideas; yet he had given Quebec the North Shore Railway and—*quantum distat ab illo*—the ballot. The truth is, that the ex-Premier is not only a reactionary, but an extravagant one. The machinery of legislation and administration has been wasteful and improvident in the extreme. The recklessness with which public works have been undertaken is unprecedented in the annals of colonial legislation. Ministers seem to have imagined that the treasury was practically inexhaustible; they complain that French Canadians are driven to the United States, and yet they have done all they could to make their Province uninhabitable. The Railway and Tax Bills are new devices for grinding the faces of the people, and, therefore, it is not surprising that the Lieutenant-Governor has expressed his repugnance for them. It was high time that a change of administration took place for many reasons; and any possible change that can be made will not fail to be an improvement. Mr. Joly has been charged with the task of forming a Government, and, although the list of Ministers has not been definitively announced, there can be little doubt that, though in great part Liberal, a Conservative element of a rational type will be introduced, which may give strength and stability to the whole. Messrs. Irvine and Starnes do not belong to the *Parti National*, and their presence

ought to be a reassuring guarantee to the timid spirits within and without the walls of Parliament. It is impossible to conjecture what the present House may do when the names and programme of the new Government are presented. Probably, rather than precipitate a general election, a majority will pass the balance of the Estimates and allow the prorogation to take place at an early date. Still, some of the members are quite self-willed and imprudent enough to be obstructive, and then there is but one way.

President Hayes has only done his duty as an honest man by his veto of the Silver Bill. Fears were expressed that he might allow it to become law by not paying any attention to it during the ten days prescribed by the Constitution. It is greatly to his credit that he has proved equal to the emergency, and exposed the dishonesty of the measure in a terse and remarkably lucid message. As this document has been published in the daily press, it seems only necessary to call attention to its chief points. Mr. Hayes repeats his desire to concur with Congress in any measure "to increase the silver coinage of the country," which would not impair the obligation of credit. He apparently is an advocate of a bi-metallic currency, although he does not expressly say so. His objections to the Bill are of a different complexion. He protests against calling a coin of 412½ grains of silver a dollar, when it is actually worth only 90 or 92 cents, and especially making such a coin "a legal tender for debts contracted when the law did not recognize such coin as lawful money." Prior to 1873, silver dollars existed, but were used solely as bullion, and were not in circulation; of the funded debt now outstanding, over eleven hundred and forty three millions of dollars belong to that period. The seven hundred and eighty-three millions since issued belong to the gold coin period. Thence, Mr. Hayes argues justly that it would be dishonest to pay interest or principal of any portion of the bonded debt in a depreciated silver coinage. Of course, by a parity of reasoning, the same remark applies to private obligations. Further, in anticipation of the use which may be made of a tricky introduction of the word "coin" into the Bill, the President shows that the public faith was distinctly pledged by the Government in this matter. Doubts

were expressed as to the character of the coin which might be tendered to the bondholders--doubts fully justified by the event. The United States Government then made a public announcement that no retrospective legislation or action of the Treasury should sanction such payments being made, "except in coin exacted by Government in exchange for the same"—in other words, as the United States received gold coin or its equivalent, it should pay in the same. Thus the Bill is not only a piece of national dishonesty, but also of international dishonour. It is surprising to notice a belief entertained by some that the depreciated silver dollar will soon grow to be the equivalent of the gold coin—a notion too wild and absurd to deserve serious examination. The capital defect of the measure, Mr. Hayes urges, is independent of chimerical expectations of that sort, and the objections he makes to it are not in the slightest degree affected by them. The Bill "authorizes the violation of sacred obligations," and no more need be said concerning it. Notwithstanding the clear and incisive logic of the President the Bill was passed over the veto by the two-thirds rule—in the House by 196 to 73, and in the Senate by 46 to 19. This result was not unexpected; but the dignity of the Senate might have been saved if such men as Mr. Conkling had exerted themselves. They are, however, for the most part, Presidential aspirants, and although they voted against the measure, they were too chary of their popularity all over the Union to risk it, even in the cause of national honour and good faith. The consequences of this iniquitous measure are already apparent, and we venture to think that it will be bitterly regretted before long, even by the most infatuated of its supporters.

The death of Pio Nono, and the elevation of Cardinal Pecci, as Leo XIII. must not be passed over without notice, notwithstanding the voluminous literature that has accumulated regarding both since the beginning of February. The romantic life of the venerable Pontiff who expired on the 7th of February, has often been outlined by friends, foes, and indifferentists—and it was essentially romantic. The delicacy of health which turned the current of his life from the army to the church; the early love interrupted by the transition; the Archiepiscopal career at

Imola; the mission to Chili; the shipwreck and imprisonment; the Episcopal career of later days, and the elevation of Mastai Ferretti to the Papedom, on the demise of Gregory XVI. on the 16th of June, 1846, as Pius IX. are all too well known to need recapitulation. His election was the result of an accident, and the issue of a career begun so promisingly must have appeared little short of impossible, had it been read to contemporaries by some apocalyptic seer from the mysterious and changeful volume of the future. Almost entirely unknown by the people of Rome, Pius was soon hailed as the *Ré Sacerdote*, their priest-king, who was inspired, like themselves, with burning hatred of the Austrian, and a fervent longing to drive the Tedeschi from Italian soil. The sunshine was soon over, however, and the permanent shadows that fell upon the Papacy deepened apace. The Pontiff's aspirations were not as his subjects'; and soon were heard the connected cries, "War with the Austrian" and "*Ma stai*"—his own name long drawn out—"but you pause." The revolutionary fever of 1848 followed; the reaction of the Holy Father, the assassination of Count Rossi, his minister, the flight to Gaeta, and so on through the wonderful panorama of that eventful period. The year 1850 found the Pope in Rome, on the downfall of the Roman Republic, under the sinister auspices of Louis Napoleon, protected from his subjects by French bayonets, with the redoubtable Antonelli as his Prime Minister. Thenceforth the progress of the temporal power was swiftly downwards, until in 1871 the venerable Pontiff posed, not without a natural dignity and grace, bizarre though the stratagem seemed, as "Prisoner of the Vatican." And so he remained in the palace and its gardens until death took him home into its peaceful embrace in the 86th year of his age, and the thirty-second of his Pontificate. The years of Peter had at last been overpassed, and although His Holiness had long been moribund, it is singular to find that the excitement attendant on the death of the King of Italy was the proximate cause of his own decease. His character is at once too simple and too intricate to be analyzed in a sentence. His simplicity of life, his sincere and undoubted piety, his devotion to his Church, his somewhat prominent vanity and fondness for posing in a dignified and striking situation, are evident upon

the face of his biography. His intellect was not powerful; but with will once thwarted and passions aroused, he was the prince of scolders and the most firmly set of men, priests, or angels. "Death wins this time," was the serio-comic expression of the man in his death-struggle; "Guard the Church I loved so well and faithfully," the fitting passage from a life in which he had loved ecclesiasticism not wisely but too well. Of Cardinal Pecci—Leo XIII.—we have ample materials for biography; but they seem of little practical use. He is sixty-eight years of age, and was, until his elevation, the Papal Chamberlain or Chancellor—the first occupying that office who has ever won the tiara. It is idle to conjecture what his career may be, since he must run more or less in the old grooves. The limits within which a Pope may diverge to one side or the other are much narrower than we are apt to suppose, and it can only be presumed that, as he is not a pronounced fanatic or a determined irreconcilable, he will look towards liberality. Simeoni's dismissal seems to point in this direction; but it is an indication upon which too much stress may easily be laid.

In the chaos of rumour and babblement touching the Eastern question, only one fact stands out clearly—that the treaty of Peace has been signed at last; the war party is, for the time, discomfited, and the world at large considerably relieved. The interests of England, whatever they may be, are secured; Russia has withdrawn some demands which it does not appear that she ever made; Austria is tranquil, because she

cannot help herself; and the peace of Europe fully secured—until the next scare. It is somewhat surprising that England, after all the gush of sympathy she poured forth for Bulgaria, eighteen months since, should leap with joy at the prospect of an Austrian alliance. Does not every intelligent Englishman know that an alliance with the Hapsburgs means the undoing of all the work of Christian emancipation already accomplished? An autonomous group of Christian states south of the Danube would meet with determined opposition from the Austro-Hungarians; and no earthly consideration, other than fear of the consequences, would prevent their resisting it. They do not love Turkey much; but they hate Slav freedom and independence still more. We hear much of Poland; what of Austria's Hungary of 1849, and the butcher Haynau, who flogged women and was flogged by the draymen of Barclay and Perkins? Turkey's "integrity and independence," for which England fought in the Crimea, are irretrievably gone, and Austria's assistance in curbing Russia would be the very worst that could possibly be asked or accepted. If England has any good reason for going to war, let her certainly do so, and every true Briton will say "good speed" to the gallant men who bear her standard, but let us know that she has a cause and that it is a good one, and repudiate at once any entangling alliance with the selfishness of any European power. If our cause be just, we need not fear to fight for it alone; to go to war along with the jealousies and ambitions of the mongrel empire of Vienna would be a blunder, as well as a crime.

March 5th, 1878.

BOOK REVIEWS.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS. By Walter Savage Landor. Vol. 5. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Hart and Rawlinson.

De Quincey regretted that Landor was a comparatively unknown author, and, in spite of the evidence afforded by this new and convenient reprint, we are afraid the ground for the

regret remains. Here and there, from the upper shelves of some old library, the 'Conversations' have looked down in their dingy paper boards upon the ephemeral productions of the day, and seen these flippant or trashy books handled or tossed aside by readers who yawned to find nothing new in them. Perhaps now and then a young reader would climb up

to the height of their position, lug one of them out, and posture on the top of the hand-steps while he tried the contents. Ah! those bygone days when an old writer like Landor (for everything that is grand is old at once) was new to one! Then there were the lofty thoughts of all the sages before us, from the beginning of historic times, all locked in their magic web of words; all waiting for our touch to set them free again. What joy is comparable to the joy of those old days, when amongst our searchings and blind gropings through the infinite possibilities of those shelves, we hopped upon such a treasure as Landor? Happy times never to return again:

'A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.'

But there is a most happy thought vouchsafed us, that though those early flowers have lost their bloom and first fragrance for us, we can live over again our first love for them. We cannot pluck them again, but yet they flower afresh for each new generation, and as we turn our children in among the blossoms we may feel that sacred warmth again refresh and kindle us. If words could tell what pleasure we found when we first read Landor, this new edition would not sleep upon its shelf as did the old one.

In the first place, before his poetry, before his imagery, before his style, before his depths of insight and criticism, there is his love of liberty. He thinks and he writes, a freeman for freemen; let no one with a slavish heart draw near to its shrine or listen to its oracles! Alas! too often will even the liberal-minded find cause to shrink in self-reproach at finding some inward likeness or meanness depicted there. Love of freedom gives Landor his strength, it even at times betrays him into weakness. Viewed from his standpoint, Bonaparte, the extinguisher of French liberty, the creator of mushroom monarchies, the tyrannical general and administrator, appears as small and contemptible as Bonaparte, the head of the Republican armies, the destroyer of legitimate royalties, the audacious administrator and legislator, appeared from the far different standpoint of the English Tory. Nor need we think that since two such different critics found Napoleon I. petty and insignificant, denied his courage and found fault with his generalship, that their criticism must be just. Both viewed him from afar off, one from an inferior, the other from a superior position; both looked only at the qualities they hated, and ignored the rest of his nature; and it is only by examining their contradictory suffrages in an impartial manner that we can detect the real man lying hidden beneath them.

So far did love of freedom warp the merely historical accuracy of Landor. But we must remember that he lived in Italy, where Napoleon's victories had, perhaps, been the most

brilliant, but were certainly the soonest obscured by faults of administration. Listening to a brave people recounting the wrongs they had suffered from the leaders of an avowedly republican army, what manner of man would it have been who would not have felt his heart bleed with them?

If it be true, as it has been said, that to know some men is a liberal education in itself, surely there is a charm about Italy which makes a residence there a politically liberal education. Is it the traditions of the past? Is it the prospects of the future? Can we put it down to the strange contrasts that have ever made it their shifting scene? Is it the memory of the old republic, modelled like an army in battle array, succeeded by the vastness of the world-embracing empire, then shrinking till our interest centres in a few persecuted heretics among the tombs, expanding again with triumphal music into an Imperial Church, following the renovated nation into a mad carnival of beneficent despotism, small republics, and mercenary wars, all environed in the blaze of poetry and of art, celebrated by the tongue of Dante, made immortal by the chisel of Angelo? Italy has certainly had much attraction for English heroes, and our northern blood has seldom or never taken a nobler cast of feature than when it has sojourned awhile among the olives and chesnuts of the Apennines. Here Milton walked, and long years after Shelley sang; and the burning love of freedom that inspired them both does more to bind them together than religious acrimony can do to tear their names asunder. The two Brownings also—where will you find braver thoughts clad in sweeter words than when they uttered fearlessly the inmost wish of the soul-stifled thousands around them? where will the future historian of Italy find the verses to deck his patriotic pages, if not on their lips? And it was thus that Landor wrote, and in this spirit that he lived. Oppression anywhere was poison to him. He had seen the wars of the revolution lie down. Europe had succumbed in the vast combat. The bravest voices were quenched, some on the scaffold, some on the battle-field, some, more unfortunate still, had turned with Burke and blasphemed against their former principles. It was the era of little great men and petty overgrown kingdoms. The Holy Alliance ruled the continent; Poland, Hungary, Greece were ground to powder; Louis Philippe might do to Spain with impunity what the great Napoleon was not allowed to do; reaction reigned supreme, but not unchallenged. In wrathful denunciation, in crushing irony, in scathing scorn, Landor spoke from time to time. The Greek patriot might be hunted down in his mountains, the Hungarian leader cast into prison, the Arab chief stifled by French cruelty in the caverns of Algeria. But there was one spot where they could meet their antagonists on equal terms, nay on

such superiority of terms as conscious right possesses over conscious villainy. The voice of the child of the desert might be smothered by the rolling smoke that still tarnishes the glory of the French eagles, but in Landor's pages it could be heard. Face to face with Marshal Bugeaud, the Bedouin could rebuke him and his master, and all the civilized world could overhear it. If any man would fain have his sons hate vice, oppression, despotism, and superstition, let him teach them to read and love Landor early.

We need not mention particularly any one of the conversations in the volume now before us. There is not one that will not repay careful study; you can read Landor more than once and can learn something from him every time. One thing we regret in this edition; it is that Landor's erratic spelling has been corrected, and one source of piquant pleasure, one peculiar flavor of his style, has gone with it. The generation which learns its Landor from this Websterized issue will not understand De Quincy's playful allusion to our author as an 'orthographic mutineer.'

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY: Bits of Gossip about Books and Those who wrote Them. By George Stewart, Jr.: Toronto: Belford Bros.

This little book consists of papers first published separately in *Belfora's Magazine*, consisting of light and gossipy critiques of a number of modern authors, almost exclusively American. Had the author entitled his book "Gossips about American books," &c., it would have been better described. He gives us no reason for this preference, except that he has selected "such of the great names of literature as please me best." It is a little curious, that, with the exception of Carlyle, these great names should be taken entirely from our neighbours across the line,—that about Tennyson or Browning, George Eliot or George Macdonald, and a host besides, he should have nothing to say. However, he has a right to make his own choice, though hardly to make the title of his book so general. Possibly he may have thought that we, in Canada, stand more in need of information about American authors. It is not easy to see, moreover, why he should have thrown his critiques into the dialogue form. Where there is no attempt at characterization, where question and answer clearly do duty only as pegs to hang opinions on, it seems to us they are generally *de trop*, and that the author would have done better to follow the straightforward essay form, as Leslie Stephen has done in his "Hours in a Library," which probably suggested the title of this little volume. However, it is possible that the dialogue form may catch a few readers who shrink from pages of unbroken essay. Apart from these

minor exceptions, the book is pleasant reading, and contains a good deal of information about the authors discussed. As to Emerson, the writer grows in our opinion a little too enthusiastic over "the apostle of a new faith;" but Holmes and Aldrich and Howells he describes very truly and with a good deal of vividness of expression and discrimination of quality. The criticism of Whittier, enthusiastic as it is, strikes us as very inadequate, because some of the poet's noblest poems and passages are entirely ignored. In such poems as "The Eternal Goodness" and "The Master," he strikes some of the highest chords he touches, yet these are left entirely unnoticed. It is a happy comparison, however, to say that, "in many ways Whittier is another Wordsworth. He is fully as homely, and as eager a lover of nature as the English bard. He has written nothing like the 'Excursion,' as a whole, but there are bits in his composition which sound the same echoes."

Taken as a whole, the book contains a good deal of information for young readers, pleasantly expressed, and we heartily endorse the author's hope that it may lead these to "turn to the pages of [some of] the great geniuses who have enlightened an age, and read the delightful poems, sketches, and stories, which they have given us."

PETITES CHRONIQUES POUR 1877. Par Arthur Buies. Quebec: C. Darveau. 1878.

The writer of this little work desires to be better known than he is by his English-speaking fellow-subjects. He is an able and graphic writer, as readers of the persecuted *Réveil* know well; and he is an earnest and honest man, as his struggles and sufferings testify. Perhaps the best account of M. Buies will be found in Mr. Charles Lindsey's "Rome in Canada" (pp. 31 and 217). His purpose in establishing *Le Réveil* was to ascertain whether politics had any sphere apart from religion. All that was asked was freedom of political discussion, without interference in any way with the proper domain of religion. It might have suggested itself to M. Buies—and probably did—that the effort was hopeless from the outset. Before the journal appeared, the hierarchy and its sleuth-hounds had smelt danger. The prospectus had announced the promise to avoid religious questions, and that was deemed a sufficient reason for its condemnation. The Archbishop of Quebec denounced this promise "as a species of apostasy," because "the very nature of political, social, and educational questions recalls the idea of religion." Perhaps the new advocates of separating politics from religion will condescend to inform us what independent standpoint is left for the former? *Le Réveil* was placed under the ban of the Church; every

priest in the diocese was ordered to find out if the proscribed journal were read by any persons in his parish; and, if any such there were, to interdict them for a repetition of the offence. Now the offences alleged against *Le Réveil* were—copying something written in favour of evolution, without refuting it; copying an extract from an address of Castelar in favour of religious liberty; but really, for advocating toleration. M. Buies, in his journal, encroached in no respect upon the domain of dogmatic religion; his offences, in the shape of clippings, were such as no one in an English country need fear to publish, in apprehension of penalties, either civil or ecclesiastical. In Quebec, unhappily, our French neighbours live in another atmosphere—rather Spanish, than French—in which, if a *littérateur* refrains from the expression of religious opinions which might prove unacceptable, he is ostracised by the hierarchy, deprived of his livelihood, and pilloried before a superstitious people as an atheist or a communist—a pariah, breathing and moving in the atmosphere of free British institutions—the liberties of which are withheld from him by the illegal and meddlesome intrusiveness of the Roman hierarchy. If it be necessary to protect the freedom of election from priestly interference, it is equally necessary to strike a blow for the freedom of the press.

M. Arthur Buies is a Canadian martyr to freedom of action, more than of freedom of opinion, though he has suffered in the attempt to assert both. For that reason it seems to us that he deserves fitting introduction to the free English-speaking people of the Dominion, and cordial recognition at their hands. It was our intention to attempt, by translation, to give some notion of the author's lively and clear style in these *Petites Chroniques*. They relate to a variety of subjects, and it might be possible to make some extracts which would show, to some extent, the author's power and piquancy of expression. It is to be feared, however, that the aroma would evaporate in the process of translation, and therefore we recommend the lively little papers to the attention of French readers. They will find in them, photographed by the hand of a master in the literary craft, the social life, the politics, and the intellectual life of Quebec as it is to-day. The sketches of our Canadian watering-places on the Lower St. Lawrence and Saguenay are exceedingly graphic—indeed, it would be difficult to find their counterparts in English. Finally, the writer's views on the Temperance question will strike the reader as fresh, original, and certainly worthy of attention.

It is sad to think that the advent of the Liberal party to power has not improved M. Buies's fortunes, or returned him any recompense for the persecution he has undergone. This is the opening of his "Prologue," in which, in a humorous pathetic fashion, he makes his

complaint: "More Chronicles! Yes, Chronicles again. I desire, however, from the opening page, to dissuade my readers from perusing them. And since they are the only resource left to me, whose name is marked on no other budget, to me, an advanced *Rouge*, so far advanced that my friends had lost sight of me on their advent to power, now ere long four years ago. Four years! It is nothing in the career of governments, may be; yet, how it reckons in the life of individuals! I have beheld my fortunes dwindle in proportion as the Liberal vote increased, and so soon as the Liberal majority becomes overwhelming, I shall be nearing the verge of starvation. If my party remain in power two years longer, the Ultramontanes will find themselves obliged to bury me at their own expense, and—I shall be avenged. I am not even an Honorable, in spite of my grey hairs, and I have seen Fabre pitchforked into the Senate without having any such fate threatening myself. Already I am drifting, with full sail, to a mature age—an age without rashness, because it has lost its illusions—and have not been an office-bearer for a single day; I know not the blessing of an official chief, and already my past is reckoned by lustres whose numbers inspire me with solemn disquiet as to the number of them which are left for me to run. All official delights are unknown to me, and I have spent whole nights in dreaming of a sinecure which would enable me to erect a literary monument for the benefit of posterity—I mean the posterity nearest; that which will follow the monument at once on its erection, and prove itself worthy of it, by heaping up for me the proper reward." Then follows a passage worthy of the irony and serio-comic vein which pervades the foregoing, in which M. Buies assures us that he despises all earthly things, and amongst them either office from the party or contributions from the public. Indeed, there is a Parisian flavour throughout, which seems to come as an hereditary gift to some choice spirits in Canada—the humour and the plaint, the sadness and the jest, are so inextricably wedded in one compound. And if we could hope, as reasonably we may, that M. Arthur Buies, with the limpid and vigorous language at his command, might be induced to try his hand at some sustained *Causeries de Lundi*, more earnest in purpose, though not less lively and critical than those of Paris, he might be the Ste. Beuve of Quebec, if only the ecclesiastics would but leave him severely alone.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO ENGLISH VERSIFICATION; with a Compendious Dictionary of Rhymes; an Examination of Classical Measures, &c., &c. By Tom Hood. A New and Enlarged Edition. London: John Hogg; Toronto: James Campbell & Son. 1877.

This little volume has a superabundance of title and sub-titles, of which that on its cover, "Rules for Making English Verse," best describes it. The present edition is a reprint of "The Rules of Rhyme," by the same author published some years ago by James Hogg & Son; the only difference that we have been able to detect being the addition of Bysshe's "Rules for Making English Verse," in the appendix; which contains also so much of the introductory matter of the "Young Poet's Guide" (on which this treatise is founded) as appears to the author to contain profitable hints, though it differs somewhat from his views. The result of all this is, that the little book is somewhat of a patchwork performance, of which the appendix rather overweights the body. It would have been preferable had the author extracted the essence of this appendix and merged it into his own part of the work, especially in view of the excellence of that part. As it is, the first principles of versification are impressed on the reader a good deal on the "poll-parrot" plan; and the differences of opinion between the three "treatises" in one and the same volume are less likely to aid the novice in verse than to make him ask usefully, "who shall decide, when doctors disagree?" As we have said, the author's "Rules of Rhyme" are excellent. They are written in a pleasant, concise, and common-sense style, with here and there such touches of humour as are to be expected from the editor of *Fun*. There are as few technicalities as possible, and a clear explanation of such as are necessarily used. The intention of the book is adequately carried out, and its purpose is deserving of more sympathy than commonly accorded it,—the teaching of the art of versification. The preface disclaims as its object that of being "a hand-book for poets, or a guide to poetry. . . . A poet, to paraphrase the Latin, "is created, not manufactured." But to become a *versifier* is generally esteemed by no means desirable. Certainly, to insist on versifying in print is not only undesirable, but morally reprehensible. But we fancy that a knowledge of some of the difficulties of versification would serve to restrain the ingenuous self-confidence of the "bards" of newspaper "Poet's Corners;" or would, at any rate, abate the evil they commit by infusing some metre into their mediocrity. Among persons of sound mind, however, a knowledge of versification, accurate if not profound, is really very well worth having, as it is by no means common. The most

obvious advantage of it is in the increased appreciation it necessarily gives of the metrical beauties of our poets. But; besides this, we would urge that the writing of verse, as a part of education, cannot be too highly valued as conducing to clearness of thought, conciseness of expression, choice of language, and power of building it skilfully, delicately, and, last not least, musically. It is hard to see why the cultivation of a delicate ear for language should be deemed unimportant, especially in a country where it must be acknowledged that there is a predominance of harsh voices and inelegant speaking. To quote from Mr. Hood's Preface: "Were English versification taught in our schools, I believe the boys would acquire a better understanding and appreciation of their own tongue. With such a training, a lad would shrink from a mispronunciation as he does from a false quantity in Latin or Greek. He would not fall into the slipshod way of pronouncing 'doing,' as if it were spelt 'doin,' 'again,' as if 'agen,' and 'written and spoken,' as if 'writun and spokun.' He would not make dissyllables of words like 'fire' and 'mire,' or of the trissyllable 'really'..... The purging of our pronunciation would be of general benefit. At present it is shifting and uncertain,—because it is never taught..... There being no standard set up, the pronunciation of English becomes every day more and more degraded by the mere force of the majority of uneducated vulgar. The Americanizing of our language—which seems to me a less remote and no less undesirable possibility than 'the Americanizing of our institutions,' about which we hear so much—can only be checked by some such educational system. Surely the deterioration of our language is not a minor matter, and when it can be removed by the encouragement of verse-writing at our schools, strictly and clearly taught, it seems astonishing that no effort has been made in that direction." For detailed criticism we have not left ourselves space; and the little fault-finding which might be done is not enough to burden our conscience. The Dictionary of Rhymes is well arranged, trustworthy, and sufficiently exhaustive to have met all the tests to which we have been able to put it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- A HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. 2 Vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1878.
- AN IDLE EXCURSION. By Mark Twain. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co. 1878.

the Session took place on the 14th. In his speech the President alluded to the state of war then existing between the United Kingdom and the United States, and recommended a careful revision of the Militia Laws and such other measures as might be necessary for the defence of the Province.

February 15th.—The 104th (New Brunswick) Regiment, being under orders to proceed to Canada on active service, the following resolution was passed by the House of Assembly :—

“*Resolved*, That the House of Assembly of New Brunswick cannot view the departure of the 104th Regiment from this Province without feeling every solicitude for a corps raised in this country, and destined they trust long to continue its pride and ornament ; the House have observed with peculiar pleasure that the merit of the officers and men of this regiment has been such as to have induced His Majesty to confer upon it a high mark of his favour and approbation in numbering it with the line ; and the House takes this occasion to express the high sense they have of the propriety of conduct observed by this regiment during its continuance in this Province.” To which Colonel Halket replied as follows :—

“Fredericton, 15th Feb., 1813.

“Sir,—I have this day had the honour to receive through you, their Speaker, the resolution of the House of Assembly of this Province, expressive of their sentiments upon the removal of the regiment under my command from the country, and also their marked approbation of its general good conduct whilst in it.

“Such honourable testimony of merit must always dwell in the recollection of every individual of the corps to whom I have communicated the same, and serve for the future to create an emulation amongst them for its long continuance,

in the certain hope of rendering themselves worthy of such marked distinction from the country in which they were formed. I have, therefore, united with our sincere regret at parting, to offer you the uniform thanks of myself, the officers, non-commissioned officers and privates of the 104th Regiment, and to remain, with the greatest respect,

“Sir, your most obedient servant,

“(Signed) A. HALKET, *Colonel,*
Lieutenant-Colonel 104th Regt.

“To John Rawlinson, Esq.,

“Speaker of the House of Assembly.”

The 104th Regiment left St. John in February on their march through New Brunswick to Canada ; the people on their route turned out to help them with sleighs.

The Session terminated on the 3rd of March. Acts for regulating the Militia, for vesting in the Crown such lands as might be required for fortifications or other military purposes, and for billeting troops and militia when on the march, were passed, and provision was made for such expenditure as might be necessary for the defence of the Province.

Colonel Desbarres was succeeded in the government of Prince Edward Island by Charles Douglas Smith, brother of Sir Sidney Smith. Lieutenant-Governor Smith summoned the Assembly to meet on the 15th of November. His opening speech was indicative of that eccentricity of character which tended so greatly in subsequent years to mar his usefulness as a public man. He remarked that he would have called them together earlier, but he was not certain that the public good would be served by it.

1814—February 6th.—Captains Sherwood and Kerr, with a small party of Marines and Militia, crossed over the St. Lawrence from Cornwall to Madrid in the State of New York, and brought away a

considerable quantity of merchandise which had been plundered from British merchants near Cornwall in October, 1813, when *en route* to Upper Canada. The inhabitants of Madrid made no opposition to the seizure and removal of these effects, and they, in consequence, were not molested by the British, who returned to their quarters with the goods they had seized.

The third session of the sixth Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada was opened at Toronto on the 15th February by Lieutenant-General Gordon Drummond, who, in the absence of the Lieutenant-Governor, was President of the Province. Nineteen Acts were passed during this session, of which no less than thirteen were measures providing either directly or indirectly for the collection of revenue and the defence of the country. One of these Acts was to vest in the Crown all lands belonging to inhabitants of the United States who, having come into Upper Canada and received grants of Crown lands, had withdrawn voluntarily from their allegiance and from the defence of the Province. Another Act altered the law with reference to the forfeiture of inheritance upon attainder for treason. The session closed on the 14th of March.

March 4th. — A party of the enemy having entrenched themselves at Longwood, Captain Barsden of the 89th, with the light company of that regiment, the flank companies of the Royal Scots, and a detachment of Kent militia attempted to dislodge them. The attack failed, but the enemy shortly after abandoned the position. The loss of the British upon this occasion was two officers, Captain D. Johnston, Royal Scots, and Lieutenant P. Grame, 89th, and twelve men killed, and three officers and forty-nine men wounded. In the latter were included an officer and six men of the

Kent militia, who behaved with great steadiness.

May 4th. — General Drummond, with six companies of De Watteville's regiment, the light company of the Glegg's, the second battalion of the Royal Marines, a detachment of Royal Artillery with two field pieces, a detachment of a rocket company, and a few sappers and miners, set sail from Kingston with the intention of making an attack upon Oswego. On the morning of the 6th a body of troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Fischer, supported by about two hundred seamen under Captain Mulcaster, R. N., effected a landing in face of a heavy fire of round shot and grape from a battery, and of musketry from a detachment of about three hundred United States troops posted on the brow of a hill and in the edge of the woods commanding the landing-place. The British on landing pressed up the hill and stormed the battery; the enemy soon gave way, leaving some sixty men, chiefly wounded, behind them. The British having taken possession of the stores found in the Fort and in the neighbourhood, dismantled the fortifications and destroyed the barracks. On the 7th May the force re-embarked and returned to Kingston. In these operations the British troops lost one officer (Captain Holtaway, of the Marines) and fifteen men killed, and two officers and sixty men wounded. The naval force had three men killed, Captains Mulcaster and Popham (both severely), and two other officers and seven men wounded. Three thirty-two-pounders, four twenty-fours, one twelve, and one six, all iron guns, were captured, and one twelve and one six-pounder were destroyed. One schooner, and several boats laden with ordnance, naval, and other stores were brought away, three schooners and other craft were destroyed. The garrison flag

had been nailed to the staff, but Lieut. Hewitt of the Royal Marines climbed the staff and pulled it down. The result aimed at in this attack was but partially attained, as it was found that a large portion of the naval stores in the enemy's possession had been conveyed to the Falls, some miles up the river and deposited there.—15th May. A detachment of United States troops, under Colonel Campbell, landed at Long Point, and at once proceeded to pillage and lay waste as much of the surrounding country as they could reach. The Village of Port Dover was burned, as were all the mills in the vicinity; the cattle were killed, and every portable article of value, even to the clothing of women and children, was carried away. The loss of property by this raid was estimated at upwards of fifty thousand dollars. On the 29th May, a boat having on board two 24-pounders and some naval stores was taken by the British on its way from Sackett's Harbour to Oswego.

The Naval Commander having ascertained that fifteen other boats had left Sackett's Harbour for Oswego at the same time as the boat which had been captured on the 29th, directed Captains Popham and Spilsbury, with two gunboats and five barges, to go in quest of the enemy. These officers, having learned that the enemy's boats had taken refuge in Sandy Creek, proceeded up the creek for the purpose of attacking them. The enemy were posted in strong force, and the attacking party were overpowered with great loss, eighteen being killed and fifty wounded.

July 3rd.—The United States forces from Buffalo, Black Rock, and other places on the United States frontier, consisting of two brigades under Brigadiers Scott and Ripley, the whole being under the command of Major-General Brown, effected a landing without oppo-

sition at two points; the one about a mile above, and the other about the same distance below Fort Erie. Major Buck, of the 8th regiment, was stationed with about seventy men at Fort Erie, and he at once surrendered his post without firing a shot. Having thus easily obtained possession of Fort Erie the United States army advanced without delay to Chippewa, which was reached on the evening of the 5th July. Here Major-General Riall, with the 100th Regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel the Marquis of Tweeddale, the 2nd Lincoln Militia, part of the Royal Scots, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, and 8th Regiments, and a body of Indians, was prepared to oppose the further advance of the invading force, and gave battle on the evening of the 5th, when, notwithstanding the determined bravery and steadiness of the British troops, they were compelled by the great superiority of the enemy's numbers to give way, and General Riall accordingly fell back upon Chippewa; and after throwing such reinforcements as he could spare into Forts George, Niagara, and Missisaga, he retired to Twenty Mile Creek, so as to cover the route to Burlington Heights, lest the enemy should push on, and by a forced march succeed in occupying that important position. In this action the loss of the British amounted to six officers and one hundred and forty-two men killed, and twenty-six officers (among them Lieutenant-Colonels the Marquis of Tweeddale, Dickson (Militia), and Gordon, the former severely) and two hundred and ninety-five men wounded, and one officer and forty-five men missing. The loss of the United States force was stated at seventy men killed and nine officers and two hundred and forty men wounded, and nineteen men missing.

After the battle the United States

forces advanced along the Niagara and occupied Queenston. Demonstrations were made against Forts George and Mississaga, but as Lieutenant-Colonel Tucker, who commanded at these posts, was prepared for a resolute defence, General Brown made no further attempts upon them.

July 25th—General Brown retreated from Queenston, to which he had previously retired, with his whole force to Chippewa. The village of St. Davids was burned by the detachment of United States troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Stone, who was severely censured by General Brown for this act of vandalism. On the retreat of the United States army General Riall immediately advanced; whereupon General Brown wheeled about with the intention of crushing the British before reinforcements could reach them. General Riall's force soon became hotly engaged and, being greatly outnumbered, were already beginning to retire when General Drummond, who had sailed from York on the evening of Sunday the 24th and reached Niagara at daybreak on the following day, reached the road leading towards the Beaver Dam over the summit of the hill at Lundy's Lane. At once countermanding the order to retire which had been given to that part of General Riall's force composed of the Glengarry Light Infantry and Incorporated Militia, Gen. Drummond, who had brought with him the 89th regiment, and detachments of the 41st and Royal Scots, immediately prepared to renew the conflict.

The formation was hardly completed when the whole British force was warmly and closely engaged; the enemy attacked again and again, but were met with the most perfect steadiness and intrepid gallantry, and repulsed with heavy loss as often as they advanced. So hotly

was the contest carried on that the British artillerymen were bayoneted at their guns, and when, at the close of the action, the guns were limbered up, two United States guns remained with the British troops whilst one British gun was carried away by the enemy. About nine o'clock in the evening the enemy brought up the remainder of his force, and renewed the attack with fresh troops, but he was again everywhere repulsed with great gallantry. General Drummond was joined about this time by that part of General Riall's division which on the advance of the enemy had been ordered to retire, consisting of the 103rd regiment, detachments of the Royal Scots, 8th, and 100th regiments.

The enemy continued his efforts to carry the British position until midnight, when the severe loss inflicted upon him by the steadiness, valour, and discipline of the British force, compelled him to desist and withdraw his troops, which immediately fell back to the camp at Chippewa.

On the 27th, the United States army, the command of which had, owing to the severe wounds received by Generals Brown and Scott, devolved upon General Ripley, burned Streets' mills, destroyed the bridge at Chippewa, threw a quantity of baggage and provisions into the river, and then continued its retreat to Fort Erie, where entrenchments were thrown up and every effort was made to secure itself against the British, who immediately invested the works. The United States force engaged at Lundy's Lane was estimated at about five thousand; the loss was, by their own statement, twelve officers and one hundred and forty-eight men killed, fifty officers and four hundred and sixty-seven men wounded, Major-General Brown and Brigadier Scott being among the wounded.