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THE BRIDAL VEIL.

CHAPTER I.

A YOUNG and beautiful girl was leaning over a balcony in one of the largest houses in Eccleston Square. It was a lovely summer night, lovely even in London, now that the glare and heat had been exchanged for a soft breeze and the light of the moon. Even by this light the girl's beauty admitted of no dispute. Hers was a face Sir Peter Lely would have painted; a face that hundreds had turned back to look at once more, as she had ridden in the Row that morning. It was her *face*, people said, that had won her an offer of marriage from Sir Henry Sefton, a man who had been already talked of as the best match of the London season. Young and beautiful as Ada Willingham was, until this man came upon the scene she had played with all realities; and, like a butterfly, only sported in the sunshine, taking her homage as a queen might claim her rights, like the proud young beauty that she was. Sir Henry's wealth

and position had perhaps dazzled her a little at first; but he ended by winning her love, and, when she promised to be his wife, she gave him her heart.

As she listened for his coming footsteps that evening, her face resting on a bouquet of flowers which he had sent her, and which she had found on her dressing-table before going down to dinner, her eyes had the restless unsettled look of expectation, and one of the little feet that peeped out from beneath the soft folds of her white dress was beating impatiently on the floor. In a few minutes a cabriolet drove quickly round the corner, and a young man sprang out. The girl's face flushed in the soft light, and both her hands wandered over the bouquet, which she laid in her lap as she sat down on a low chair; but an expression of satisfaction came into her deep blue eyes, and a smile to her parted lips. A moment afterwards and the drawing-room door had opened, the lace curtains which separated the balcony had been drawn apart, and Sir Hen-

ry Sefton was by her side. Young, handsome, and distinguished in appearance, he was, to a looker-on, a man in every way fitted to wed the woman he had chosen. As they stood together on that June evening, he bending over her, whilst her beautiful face was lifted up to his with an expression of infinite love and trust, it seemed that nothing was wanting to insure their future happiness.

"How late you are," she said, after one of those long silences that are more eloquent than words.

"I have been dining in Bryanstone Square. I would not have gone, but I remembered that I was asked to meet some particular people, and that my Conservative interests required the sacrifice."

"You call it a *sacrifice*," she replied with a low musical laugh, "in the same way, perhaps, that I consider balls a part of my duty to society; and yet I gave up a ball to-night for you."

"You don't repent, Ada; you don't wish to be surrounded by admirers night after night, and never to be alone with me?"

"Of course I don't, but when we are married I can reform."

"Ada, when we are married I shall have the greatest pride in taking you out—in feeling that all men admire you, and knowing that you are mine."

She shrank back a little as he drew her vehemently towards him. Her life had hitherto been too full of sunshine and pleasure for her to pause much in order to define a serious feeling; but a sensation, as nearly approaching to pain as she had ever known since her engagement, came over her at that moment.

"You love me for myself, Henry," she said, "not for what you call my beauty?"

"I love you," he replied, "as you love me, because we were made to love each other; because we should not have fulfilled our destiny if we did not. Everything about

you is beautiful and loveable to me; I cannot separate you from yourself."

She put her hand in his, those soft white fingers on which the diamond rings he had given her flashed and sparkled, and then she leant her head against his arm and whispered something in a low voice, and he raised her hand and held it to his lips, answering her in the same tone. And so the short remainder of the evening went by. Presently the lace curtains were again drawn aside, and the butler, with the respectful air, and in the well modulated accents those functionaries know so well how to assume, requested leave for a young woman to speak to Miss Willingham on particular business.

"Say I am engaged, Palmer," his mistress said, "and at *this* hour I can see no one."

Her face flushed angrily as she spoke, and beautiful as she still looked, the expression she had worn a minute before was quite gone, and she was a proud, haughty, spoilt beauty once more. The man withdrew in silence, but only a few minutes elapsed before another interruption came, in the form of Miss Willingham's maid, Mademoiselle Victorine. She made a thousand apologies for her intrusion, but the young person was so anxious to speak to Miss Willingham, that at last she had been obliged to give way and bring the message.

"What is it she wants," exclaimed Ada—"I will not see her."

"She has brought your veil."

"Oh! indeed. I did not guess it was that. I will go immediately. Stay where you are, Henry, and I will be back in a few minutes. I am longing to see my veil."

And leaving Sir Henry standing in the balcony, Ada passed into the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, and, followed by Mademoiselle Victorine, went up stairs to her own room. At first she did not see the girl who was waiting in it, but when Mademoiselle had lit the wax candles on the dressing tables, the girl stood revealed. She was

young and slight, with large dark eyes, and pale thin cheeks, a girl who seemed to have lived all her life on just the opposite side of the wall to the London beauty—the side where the sun never comes. Her fingers were small, and most delicately shaped, but her clothes were so old and faded that they told their own tale and the wearer's—a tale of poverty and privation. The poor girl seemed dazzled by the light, and all the luxurious fittings up of a room which, to Ada, appeared only barely comfortable; but after her eyes had wandered around for a few moments, she recovered herself, and opening a box she held in her hand, took out of it a rich lace veil.

"I am obliged to bring it home unfinished," she said in a low, melancholy voice, strongly marked with a foreign accent. "I cannot help it. We are in distress enough, God only knows how great, but my mother is very ill, and I have no longer any time for work."

Ada snatched the delicate fabric from the girl's hand.

"Not going to finish it!" she exclaimed. "It was promised for next Friday, and it *must* be done."

"I would willingly do it if I could," the girl replied, "but I know I cannot. I am sorry it was promised, but I did not think then that my mother was going to be ill. She was helping me to work it, but now that she is so bad I must leave everything and nurse her."

"My wedding is fixed for Thursday week," Ada said, "my dress is all trimmed with this lace, and after all it seems I am not to have the veil. It is too bad. I shall speak to-morrow to Madame Brader, who recommended you to me.

"We are in *such* distress," pleaded the girl, "we are strangers here; Madame liked our lace, and making it has kept us from starvation."

But Ada hardly heard the words—she

was turning over the veil with Mademoiselle Victorine.

"How long would it take you to finish it?" she asked abruptly.

"I should have to work hard all this next week, and I know I could not give the time. I am so sorry, but indeed, indeed it is not my fault."

"The lace is very lovely," Mademoiselle Victorine said, "and it would be a thousand pities not to get it done, more especially since the dress is trimmed with it; the effect would not be complete without it."

"It is most provoking," replied Ada, "however I shall go myself to-morrow to Madame Brader's, and tell her positively that she must do something." Then, without even glancing at the girl, Ada swept out of the room, taking the veil away with her.

Sir Henry had come in from the balcony, and was standing alone by the fire-place. Ada's father, Mr. Willingham, generally preferred the quiet of his own library after dinner, and Mrs. Stonor had gone up stairs, finding the drawing-room dull. Ada was an only child, and her mother had died when she was quite young. Her father, during his early life, had worked hard and saved money—money that he only cared about inasmuch as it enabled him to surround his idolized daughter with the luxuries that money alone can procure. He was a man of naturally quiet tastes, but he never forgot that Ada was young, so, not liking to go much into society himself, he had engaged Mrs. Stonor, a lady of undoubted respectability, as chaperone and companion.

"What is the matter?" Sir Henry asked, seeing the angry flush on Ada's face.

"I am *so* disappointed," she exclaimed, "my veil, my beautiful lace veil, which Madame Brader promised to have worked for me by some Belgian family, has just been returned unfinished. It was to match the trimmings on my white satin dress, and now all will be spoiled."

The young man smiled; dress does not appeal to a man as it does to a woman.

"Nothing can spoil my Ada, no matter what she wears," the lover answered, and taking the veil from her hands he drew her caressingly towards him and threw it over her head. She looked up at him from beneath the clouds of lace, the angry flush all gone, only the soft love-light shining in her eyes. He drew her arm through his own and led her across the spacious drawing-room, whose gilded mirrors reflected again and again the numberless elegancies that were scattered everywhere, the blue silk hangings, the statues and pictures and the brilliant chandelier. He paused before a large mirror that reached the floor, and gazed at her with an expression of rapt admiration. It was a fair picture to see—both so young, with life and love before them, and everything that can make this world worth having. There were a few minutes silence, then something like a shadow came over his handsome face as, leaning down, he whispered to his bride elect.

"I wish I could marry you now," Ada. I wish the few days were passed that still divide us."

"It is not long," she replied, "and then —"

"Then Ada, you are *mine*—mine forever, and I shall have no fear of anything coming to separate us."

A light shiver passed through her as he spoke, but he only felt the trembling of the little hand that rested in his own, as he said, in a low firm voice:—"I take thee, Ada, to have and to hold, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part."

He lifted her veil and lightly kissed her.

"You are my wife now," he said, smiling down upon her, "are you happy, Ada?"

She leant her head against him. "I am very, very happy," she replied, "because you love me; because the world would be a blank without you."

"If it were a blank to you, what would it be to *me* without my Ada?"

She looked at him and smiled as she answered:

"You would still have Constance Brereton. I believe, in spite of the Conservative interest, it *was* Constance you went to Bryanston Square to meet this evening?"

A slight flush rose to the young man's face, but he only laughed. "They say there is no real love free from a little jealousy, but you must promise me, Ada——"

What he wanted promised did not transpire, for at that particular moment Mrs. Stonor returned to the drawing-room, the butler brought in the tray, and the conversation necessarily became general.

The next day, as she had intended, Ada ordered the carriage—which always during the height of the season came to the door at four o'clock—to drive direct to Madame Brader's; so that at about quarter past the landau, which had been built by the most fashionable makers for her especial use, drew up at Madame Brader's door, in Hanover Square. There was a little bustle of excitement among the dressmakers and milliners as Miss Willingham passed into the show rooms, and then Madame Brader came forward, with a bland and respectful air, to receive her orders. The trousseau had been committed to her care, and, great authority as Madame Brader was in the world of fashion, it was nevertheless a triumph to have secured so important a customer as the belle of the London season; a young lady who was about to make a brilliant marriage, which would be talked about for a month at least.

"I have come about my veil," Ada said, "It is in the carriage, and I will trouble you to send for it—it has come home unfinished. The young woman who undertook to do it brought it back last evening, and refuses to add a stitch more."

Madame Brader was all surprise and despair. The people had promised it. The

lace on the dress was all complete—nothing wanting save the veil.

Ada had thrown herself into a chair, her training skirt of delicate mauve silk sweeping round her, her delicately gloved hands beating impatiently on a pink lined lace parasol.

“I will see the dress presently, but the fact that I cannot have my veil remains, unless you can get some one else to finish it.”

Madame Brader feared that was impossible. It was Belgian lace, and she knew of no one who could make it but this family, poor people whom she (Madame Brader) had discovered by chance, and recommended to Miss Willingham. Would no other lace do? Should she fetch the wedding dress and try some different effects?

Ada allowed the dress to be brought, and its costly elegance excited her admiration so much that she determined to have the veil at all hazards. Madame Brader was quite satisfied with her own work; she put the dress on two chairs, and spread out the beautiful wilderness of lace and flowers.

“It is a dress unequalled in London,” Madame Brader confidently said, “and when worn by Madame would excite the envy of thousands.”

“Yes, it is very lovely,” Ada said, musingly, “but as I am bent upon having the veil, I think I shall go myself to the girl’s house, and speak to her mother.”

Madame Brader approved of the plan. If Miss Willingham was good enough to go herself she could not fail, though perhaps others might. If she would permit, one of the apprentices knew the address, and it should be given to the coachman.

Ada acquiesced, and after carelessly tossing over a number of other elegant items, which were considered the proper appendages to her trousseau, went down stairs, got into the carriage, and threw herself back on the soft cushions. She was not inclined to talk even to Mrs. Stonor, who always accompanied her on these expeditions, but who

generally remained in the carriage. She had, it is true, been once or twice into Madame Brader’s show rooms, to see the trousseau, which had been on view for some time, but as a rule, when Ada made purchases, she went alone. The direction the coachman had received was to an obscure street in Westminster, at the back of the Victoria Flats. Brought up as Ada had been, she knew little or nothing of poverty or misery. She knew it existed, for she had seen the squalid faces in the street, had given largely for charitable objects, and served behind stalls at fancy fairs, to raise funds for purposes of benevolence, but she had never been face to face with real suffering in all her life. When the carriage stopped, and the footman had, with some difficulty, ascertained that they had come to the right place, she shrank back, unwilling to get out in such a doubtful neighbourhood, and it might be she would have been contented with sending a message, if it had not happened that Mrs. Stonor begged and prayed her to remain where she was, and on no account venture into such a low-looking place.

Ada was self-willed, and opposition had often the effect of strengthening, instead of shaking, her resolutions. When her inclinations and her duty met, as in the case of accepting Sir Henry Sefton, she appeared gentle and yielding; but, when they did not, she took her own course. She was too young, too bright, too happy to be hard or bitter, but she was self-willed and imperious, as Mrs. Stonor and Mademoiselle Victorine could have testified if it had been to their interests to have done so. Her better nature, all that was most loveable, had been given to Sir Henry, and he might have moulded her to what he wished, through her affections, though she had never bowed to a sterner master. In the present instance the desire to have her veil, added to Mrs. Stonor’s feeble remonstrances, decided her, and, ordering the door to be opened, she got out. A woman was standing in the entrance, hold-

ing a sickly looking infant in her arms, and she directed her up an old rickety staircase. For another moment Ada paused, an impulse she could not define drawing her back, then gathering her dress round her, she went daintily up, the boards creaking beneath her feet, and a vague alarm filling her mind at finding herself alone in such a place. The room she sought was on the third floor, and after toiling up the steep narrow stairs to what seemed an endless height, she found herself at last standing before a door bearing on its broken frame the number she was seeking. The paint was all worn off, and the handle gone. She knocked gently, and waited a summons to enter. As it did not come, with some difficulty she pushed back the door and went in.

Surrounded, as Ada had been all her life, with everything that could make her luxuriously comfortable, the misery of the scene before her seemed like an appalling dream; she did not realize its truth. She had never imagined that her fellow creatures could support life under the wretched circumstances in which she saw them that day. A small, close room; a straw bed upon the floor, with a few rags of covering; a broken chair, a wooden table propped up by bricks; the broken window, through which the June sun even did not penetrate, mended with brown paper, the figure of a woman stretched upon that pauper bed, and a young girl kneeling beside her—such was the picture that met her eyes.

It was almost a minute before Ada sufficiently recovered herself to remember why she had come there. The girl had advanced towards her and seemed to be warning her back.

“I—I have come,” said Ada, trying to recover herself, “about my veil. I wanted to see, and speak to your mother myself;” and passing on she went to the bed side. She had not seen the woman’s face. Now, as she bent over her, the sick woman turned towards her. A cry-escaped Ada.

“Why did you let me come here, girl?” she exclaimed; “your mother has———”

“The small-pox. But indeed I did not know you were coming, or I would have prevented you. I would have told you the other evening, but my mother, they say, is dying, and we are so poor, so miserable.”

The woman had slowly risen in her bed, and all unconscious as she was, in the delirium of fever, she muttered something about “the veil.” A sudden faint sickness came over Ada as she tried to reach the door, which with difficulty she managed to do. Then she rushed down the stairs and sprang into the carriage. Mrs. Stonor vainly endeavoured to ascertain the cause of so strange a proceeding; but she was unable, for Ada had fainted away. She was taken home immediately, and the doctor was hastily sent for. The beautiful ball dress which she was to have worn that evening at a grand ball given at the Austrian Embassy was removed from her bed, and she was laid upon it. The doctor said her nerves had received a severe shock, but that he trusted time and perfect rest would restore her. For a few days an anxious watch was kept over her by her father, the doctor, and Mrs. Stonor. Then the fatal truth became known, that the beautiful Miss Willingham, Sir Henry Sefton’s bride elect, had taken the small-pox.

CHAPTER I.

SIR Henry Sefton had not seen Ada since the day she had gone to Westminster. They had ridden together in the Row that morning, and parted to meet again at the ball. The bouquet of flowers he had sent her for the occasion was standing in a glass of water on the toilette table; but Ada had been too ill to notice it or even know that it was there; though long years after, those very same flowers, all dead and faded, were found carefully preserved.

Sir Henry called every day at Eccleston

Square, and expressed all the anxiety which might be expected on the occasion. His fear of Ada's dying, and his losing her, made him for the time being a really unhappy man; but when, after a severe struggle with death, life triumphed, and the doctor pronounced the crisis to be over, he went back again into society, and consoled himself as best he might, till her complete recovery and *les convenances* allowed them to meet again.

From the day that Ada had gone from the lace-maker's room, her life had been completely a blank. As she regained consciousness, with the sensation of extreme weakness weighing down every limb, her memory failed to bridge over the intervening time. She remembered nothing, and for a time enjoyed blessed immunity from a knowledge of the trial that awaited her.

Mr. Willingham, though a man who seldom left his library, was so deeply attached to his child that, day and night, he had watched beside her bed, and, loving her as he did, she seemed as if given back to him from the dead. When Ada was told how long she had been ill, and that the day fixed for her wedding had come and gone, she listened quite patiently. They gave her the notes and flowers that had been sent from Sir Henry, and endeavoured to interest her in the things she had been wont to love. Ada's spirits were naturally bright, and the disease which had swept over her like a tempest had only bowed her for the time. But she rose again when it had passed, and clung more closely to the life she had so nearly lost. "When shall I be well?" was her constant question; "when may I leave my bed, and this darkened room? I long for the light. I cannot breathe till I have it." When it was no longer possible to keep her any more as she was, they laid her on a sofa and partly drew up the blinds.

"I *must* see myself," she said, nervously, to a young girl who was for a few minutes left in attendance upon her, "I dread being disfigured. The doctors assure me I shall

not be, but that does not content me; I must see and judge for myself."

Mademoiselle Victorine was not there, or she would, on some pretext, have prevented her mistress from having a glass—a thing which had been positively forbidden by the doctors. The girl dared not disobey, so she gave a hand mirror to her mistress. Then a wild shriek rang through the house, and Ada sank back insensible on the cushions.

Her second recovery was far more tedious than the first. She baffled the doctors' skill, and drove her father to despair. The shock, coming at a time when her constitution was weakened by disease, made it difficult for her to rally; and, besides this, she suffered from a depression which made her lie for hours at a time without taking the least interest in anything that was going on, prostrated by a melancholy it seemed impossible to divert. The London season was now nearly over, but, as Parliament had not been prorogued, some people yet lingered on, and among others, as a matter of course, Sir Henry Sefton. He expressed the greatest anxiety to see Ada, but it was Ada now who begged that the interview might be deferred. She saw his name in the papers, for she eagerly sought it. The *Morning Post* which brought sensations of gratified vanity to many breakfast tables, brought only misery to her. At all, or almost all the parties, balls, or fêtes, at which Sir Henry's name was mentioned as being present, Miss Brereton's name appeared also. She had laughed in her heart once at the thought of rivalry with Constance Brereton, but now the seamed and scarred face that had been reflected back from the mirror rose before her; and she feared that, as far as Sir Henry was concerned, when he had once seen her, her power over him would be gone. He had loved the beautiful Ada Willingham, but that Ada was no longer. She almost failed to recognise her own face, and the pain of seeing it again made her shun a glass as eagerly as she had once sought it. Still, in spite of everything,

she clung to hope. "He loved me so," she said to herself a thousand times a day. "*For better for wors, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part.*" Would that death might come sooner than he should cease to love me," but the words he had spoken on that last night kept rising in her memory, a fiend she could not lay: "Ada, when we are married, I shall have the greatest pride in taking you out, in feeling that all men admire you, and knowing that you are mine."

Would he feel that pride now? Better to know the truth at once than linger in such uncertainty. Sometimes she thought of him as so good and noble, (for we are apt to deify the object we love) that she upbraided herself for entertaining suspicions that were perhaps both cruel and unjust. What would life be to her without him, she said. To lose him would be to lose everything—everything that makes life worth having. Surely he had won her for herself; he must love her still; that he would not was too bitter a thought to be seriously entertained.

* At last the day came when her fate was to be decided; arrangements were being made for their leaving London. Sir Henry could no longer be refused; he insisted that he *must* see the girl who would have been his wife six weeks before, but for the *bridal veil* and that ill-starred visit to Westminster. Ada was placed upon her sofa, the light from the window softly shaded by partly drawn curtains; every arrangement made that could lessen the shock all her attendants felt Sir Henry must experience when he saw the fearful ravages which disease had made in the once beautiful face. Ada had tried to nerve herself to bear the interview, and the struggle had been hard and long.

"If I only look in his face," she said, "I shall know!"

When the dreaded moment arrived, and she heard the footsteps she knew so well, a faint feeling came over her. Then the door

opened, and she felt that her lover was before her.

"Ada, my darling," he exclaimed, advancing quickly. "Ada look at me—speak."

Then she turned her face, and he stood spell-bound. He saw no trace of Ada, he only saw the scarred lines, the disfigured features, a face which men would turn to look at now for its unsightliness, as they had once done for its rare loveliness. The eyes—only the eyes—had the lingering remains of the look of old, and those eyes sought his, and hung upon their expression, as criminals await their verdict. He turned white,—whiter even than she had done, and tried to speak the words that rose to his lips, but he could not. The eager look died out of Ada's eyes, though the love remained.

"Henry," she said softly, "you were not prepared for this. You cannot love me as I am."

Again he tried to speak, again he failed.

"It was not me you loved, after all," she whispered, "oh, I have hoped against hope."

"Ada," he exclaimed, kneeling beside her couch, and kissing her, "you are unjust."

"No, I am not unjust, but we are all human, you most of all. Henry, you could not bear to have your wife pointed at as I should be."

The flush she knew so well of old rose to his cheek.

"Ada" he said, "you promised to be my wife; you promised, and I accepted the promise in brighter days—I am come now, as willing to give effect to that promise as I was then."

"As willing, perhaps, but not as ready," She saw that in his face, felt it in the shrinking touch of his hand, but the words he said were so sweet to her that she tried to imagine they were real. As he knelt there beside her, as he had so often done before, she forgot everything—lived only in the present. He spoke of her illness, and of all the miserable anxiety he had suffered; he told her what he had been doing, and tried to inter-

est her with details of the outside world, but Ada remembered, after he was gone, that the future had been an avoided subject, that he had never mentioned their marriage day.

Ada got better, but returning health and strength brought no happiness with them; her life was no longer the same as it had been before her illness. Sir Henry came daily to Eccleston Square, though his visits were often hurried, and he pleaded engagements, and business that had never existed in the old times. She would watch and wait hour after hour, listening for the sound of his horses' feet in the square—wait only to be disappointed. Ada had been so accustomed all her life to love, flattery, and adulation, that her present position fretted her spirits—her existence became almost a burden to her. Her father spent more of his time with her than he had been used to do, continually leaving his favorite studies, the library, or the club, in order, if possible, to cheer her up; but everything was of no avail. At last the doctors recommended change of air, and as the Willinghams had always been accustomed to leave town in July, and it was now the middle of August, they decided to go at once.

Ada had generally chosen for their summer retreat some gay and fashionable watering-place, where the chances were they would meet again many of their London friends. Now her greatest desire was to avoid being seen; her dread of pity exceeded her former love of admiration. When Sir Henry was told of the arrangement he acquiesced at once, and promised to join them as soon as he possibly could, but he left himself tolerably free by deciding nothing. Ada did not press the point, but her heart sank when, accidentally driving home through the Park late one afternoon, she recognised her lover and Constance Brereton riding together in the Row.

Her lover! Was he her lover, or was that all over and gone—a delusion of the past?

Mr. Willingham selected, in deference to

Ada's wishes, a very retired little watering-place on the East Coast, a place where they might be as quiet as they liked. Here they were soon comfortably established, but the change of scene did not bring to Ada the rest she expected. The uncertainty of her position weighed on her mind, but she shrank from being herself the instrument of destroying all her remaining hopes. She would stand before the glass and compare her face with the face that had once been reflected back, and she knew that it was no longer one that men would care to look upon. She might be the same herself, but she could no longer inspire love. If Sir Henry had loved her as she loved him, he would be unchanged. But did he? That was the thought that rose again and again. She remembered now how often he had spoken of her beauty, and his pride in her, and how sweet the praise was then. And now even the remembrance of it was very bitter.

The end of August had come before Sir Henry Sefton fulfilled his promise of joining them at Cromer Bridge.

Ada soon found that Sir Henry's visit was likely to be a hurried one, and he still avoided the subject of their marriage. When they strolled together on the beach in the lovely summer evenings, scenes that of old would have made his tones lower and his accents more tender, now only made him constrained and absent. In vain, night after night, Ada tried to delude herself into the belief that it was something more than honour that bound him to her, but the truth, in all its bare reality, forced itself upon her. At last she could no longer endure the suspense. Sir Henry was going away again to fulfil another of those engagements which he now considered unavoidable, and still he made no mention of their marriage. "Rather," Ada said, as she knelt beside her open window in the soft twilight, the sound of the waves breaking on the grey shingle beach, "Rather anything than this; better to give him back his promise myself, than let him

give me up." Her father neither observed nor suspected any difference in Sir Henry Sefton. He thought that Sir Henry merely awaited his child's complete recovery, and Ada determined to leave him under this impression till all was decided.

It was not till the last day of Sir Henry's visit at Cromer Bridge that she gained sufficient courage for her purpose, but during a long sleepless night she had made up her mind, and she would not allow herself to be turned from her purpose. Sir Henry was to start by an evening train, and she expected him every moment to come from the hotel where he was staying, to wish her good bye, so she went slowly down stairs and waited in the drawing-room. It was getting dusk, for already the days were visibly shortening; and she was glad that it was so, for her heart was beating and her hands trembling. Presently he came in and stood beside her at the window. After a silence she said; "Henry, I have something to say—something I must tell you before you go."

Her voice had fallen so low that he could hardly catch her words.

"Henry, I could not marry a man who did not love me for myself. I know that everything is different now to what it used to be. *I release you.*"

Even then she clung to the thought that he would refuse his freedom, and for a few minutes he did; for a few minutes her arms were round him, and her face leaning against his as of old—then the dream was over.

"Ada, you must not be hasty. God knows I wish to do what is right, and if ever a man loved a woman, Ada, I have loved you."

"Never *me*," she said, softly.

The young man got up, and paced the room.

"Ada, I will write to you; this is a mistake—it must be overruled."

"Remember," she said, going to him and taking his hand, "whatever happens, I shall

not blame you. You are as free,—as free as if we had never met."

"Ada, you are better than I am. You are too good for me—can you forgive me?"

Once more she twined both her arms round his neck and whispered low, loving words. Then suddenly she released herself.

"It is not good bye, Ada," he exclaimed; "remember, Ada, we shall meet again."

"Yes—*we shall meet again!*" and she turned resolutely away, and left the room.

He had tried to speak, to prevent her going, but he felt that he was once more alone, and a free man.

In the depths of her heart, Ada still hoped against hope. She could not bring herself to believe that he would accept his release; but late that night a letter, with the writing she knew so well, was put into her hand. She opened it eagerly, her heart beating wildly as she did it, and read,—

"As I said, Ada, you are better than I am. You are too good for me. I shall always love you, but I accept my release, and I pray for your forgiveness for the wrong I have done you; for if unhappiness comes to you through any mistake of mine, the thought of it would cast a shadow over all my future life."

After reading the first few lines the paper dropped from her hand. She had seen enough. The words burned like fire into her brain. Everything had gone into darkness. She was no longer the lovely Ada Willingham, admired and courted wherever she went, the spoiled darling of society and the first object in life to the man she had chosen before all the world to bestow her wealth of love upon. She was no longer any of these, but a miserable, rejected woman.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER a time the Willinghams went back to Eccleston Square, but Ada refused all invitations to go into society, and determined to dismiss Mademoiselle Victorine.

Mademoiselle Victorine professed to be *désolée* at the idea, but allowed herself to become reconciled in the prospect of higher wages, and a greater scope for the exercise of her talents.

"Mademoiselle Ada" she said, "had been *charmante*, when turned out of her skillful hands in former days, but now *que voulez vous*—what could she do with any one *si affreusement laide*."

Ada debated some time whom she could get to supply her place; then the Belgian lace maker flashed upon her memory. She ordered the carriage, and that very afternoon drove once again into the obscure street in Westminster, at the back of the Victoria Flats. Once more she went up the rickety stairs—once more she pushed back the broken door. There was only one occupant of the room now, the figure of the dying woman was absent from the straw pallet. Only the girl remained. She was crouching over an empty grate, sewing by the waning light at a delicate bit of embroidery. She started up on Ada's entrance, but failed to recognise her visitor.

"I am Miss Willingham," Ada said, "the lady to whom you once brought an unfinished wedding veil."

The work had dropped from the girl's fingers, and the compassion she felt was gleaming in her dark eyes.

"It was not your fault," Ada said, quietly, "only mine, and to show you that I feel what I say, I am come here to-day to ask you if you would like to enter my service, and live with me as my maid, instead of working all by yourself. I would not have asked you, although I came on purpose, but I see that you have nothing to keep you here."

The girl hid her face and burst into tears—then she took Ada's hand and kissed it, pouring forth as she did so a torrent of thanks. She was alone, miserable, starving. Ada had rescued her from death, she would serve her all her life.

Ada tried to cheer and comfort her, then gave the girl some money to enable her to get what clothes she required, and arranged for her to come to Eccleston Square on the following day. Lizette, that was the girl's name, went with her to the door, and watched her as she went down the rickety stairs, a smile on her pale thin face that did more for Ada than all the prescriptions that were ordered for her perfect restoration by her physicians and attendants. When Ada re-entered the carriage, her heart was lighter than it had been any time since her illness: and a resolution was made that night, on bended knees, that her future life should be given more to the service of her fellow creatures. She looked upon the squalid faces in the streets now with different eyes. To help them in their poverty and wretchedness should be her appointed work in life—the life she had once thought to spend so differently. She had lost all the world considers worth having, but she could still be of use to her fellow creatures. And nobly she fulfilled her intentions. Accompanied by Lizette, she sought out the miserable homes of the sick and dying, carrying comfort and hope with her; and realizing, in a life of self-sacrifice, that peace which the world could never have bestowed, and which it was powerless to take away.

Before the bright green leaves of early spring had opened on the beech trees that skirt Rotten Row, the scene of so many of her former triumphs, Sir Henry Sefton had married Constance Brereton. Ada read the announcement in the paper, and that day was a very dark one to her. She could not rest, or take any pleasure in her usual occupations. Lizette, who had become much attached to her young mistress, wondered sorrowfully, but Ada did not mention, even to her father, what she knew he must have seen as well as herself. The bridal bells seemed ringing in her ears, and the words, "I take thee, Ada, to have and to hold, for better for worse, in sickness and in health,

till death us do part," were ever present to her mind.

Alas! something worse than death had parted them.

Sir Henry Sefton and his lovely bride went abroad on the orthodox wedding tour, and then they returned to a house in Park Lane, which had been sumptuously fitted up for their reception. Constance was beautiful enough to gratify the most *exigent* husband's desires, but somehow Sir Henry was not as much pleased as he ought to have been. He felt that all men admired his wife, but he did not feel as certain that her affections were his. He had found her, as Constance Breerton, surrounded by admirers, and had carried her away from them all; but although she professed to love him, a miserable doubt regarding her sincerity would come over him. She did not love him as Ada had once loved him. A day came when *that* truth forced itself upon him.

Dress, society, and admiration, were as essential to Constance in her married life, as they had been in her single days. Her house in Park Lane was constantly thronged with visitors, and she became a star in the fashionable world; so that before the season was over, half London struggled for the *entrée* to her kettledrums, her concerts, and her balls.

Years went by, and little children claim'd her care; but this made no difference. Sir Henry remonstrated; differences arose, and coldness crept in. One trial succeeded another, till at last a morning came when all London was electrified by the startling intelligence that the admired and courted *Lady Henry Sefton had eloped from her husband's roof*. Sir Henry's pride and honour were more wounded than his affections, and, in that hour of retributive justice, the memory of Ada haunted him like a dream. He would have gone to her but he dared not, fearing that she would turn from him, scorning even his friendship. He retired from the world, and although he remained princi-

pally in London, the opinion of society, which he had once valued so highly, became as nothing to him. Circumstance had changed and marred all his previous views of life, and left him a sadder, but perhaps a *better* man. It was not for some years after his wife's desertion of him that he saw Ada Willingham again. He had said once, "we shall meet again." Alas, he dreamt not how that prophecy would be fulfilled.

He was riding through Eccleston Square; He often went there now—went in the vague hope of meeting Ada. Suddenly a deadly pallor spread itself over his face. The blinds in the old house he knew so well were all drawn.

It might be her father who was dead, or Mrs. Stonor. Why did something whisper to him that it was Ada. In that moment the intervening time had all vanished; he was standing on the balcony again, the lovely face turned up to his, and Ada was his affianced bride once more. A sudden impulse seized him. He got off his horse, and ordered the groom to return to Park Lane. Then he went up to the door and knocked gently. The summons was answered, and the words he had so feared were spoken—

Ada was dead!

"Mr. Willingham sees no one?"

Might he speak to Mrs. Stonor, if she was still there?

The servant hesitated, but Sir Henry's importunity prevailed, and he was shown into the drawing-room. There was a picture of Ada hanging against the wall—Ada, as she had once been, dressed all in cloud-like white, and flowers in her hair. It seemed to speak to him, to be breathing of life, and love, and hope—the hopes he had destroyed. Everything reminded him of Ada, and made the past years seem only a dream. When Mrs. Stonor opened the door, he was sitting with his face buried in his hands, vainly trying to believe that his dreams had been realities.

He started up on her approach, and took the offered hand.

"I have no right," he said, "to intrude myself on you at a time like this, but I have a favour to ask, which I cannot help hoping you will grant. May I—may I see Miss Willingham?"

Mrs. Stonor started back.

"You do not know, perhaps," she said, "the melancholy event that has happened, that Ada—our dear Ada—is no more?"

"I did not know until just now," he replied.

"If you had only come before," said Mrs. Stonor. "Ada has been ill a long time, and"——

"What was the matter?"

"Well, I don't know, and it is my firm belief the doctors did not know either, but one thing is quite certain, she overworked herself. She was never the same after that time—you know—the time of—of her engagement being broken off—giving up all society and devoting herself to visiting the poor. It was not a natural life, was it, for one so young as Ada? But she always would have it she was happier in doing that than in anything else."

Something like a moan issued from Sir Henry's lips.

"They tell me she has done so much good," Mrs. Stonor continued, "that her loss will be deeply felt by hundreds in the poor districts."

Sir Henry started up, and taking Mrs. Stonor's hand, looked earnestly at her.

"Did—did Ada ever mention my name?"

Mrs. Stonor paused in her reply.

"No—she never spoke of you; but she made a request that——"

Sir Henry watched her anxiously, but she put her finger on her lips, and beckoning him to follow, opened the drawing-room door and went up stairs.

At another door she paused, and, very silently opening it, they both passed in. The shutters were closed, but enough light struggled in to reveal the long narrow coffin that stood in the middle of the room.

Prepared as Sir Henry was, he started back. He had not realized being face to face with *death*.

Mrs. Stonor looked round anxiously—she had admitted him into the sacred chamber, and perhaps she feared Mr. Willingham would know it. Sir Henry saw the look, and advanced at her bidding.

For a moment, and though he looked he could not see anything—then the darkness passed from his eyes. Mrs. Stonor had drawn aside the covering, and Ada was before him. He had fulfilled his promise; they had met again!

Death, as it sometimes does, had laid a restoring hand on the face that disease had so cruelly marred. Ada was the Ada of the long ago days, the face calm and sweet, with an expression of rapt repose.

Sir Henry stood beside her, looking and listening for the voice that had once spoken in such accents of love—the voice he would never hear again in all the coming years. How long a time passed he never knew, but Mrs. Stonor touched his arm;

"That was her request," she whispered; "her last wish." Then for the first time Sir Henry Sefton saw that she was wrapped in her bridal veil, with a bouquet of dead flowers lying on her breast.

RUNNING THE DOURO RAPIDS.

BY M. E. MUCHALL.

Three cheers for the lumbermen, wild and free,
The sweep of their long oars I love to hear,
The sound of their voices is joy to me,
For then I know that a crib is near.

Hurrah! I am off to Otonabee's side,
Not far from its steep banks I care to roam ;
They'll come in a moment to take the long slide
Right over the rapids and down through the foam.

They're heaving in sight, see the brave pilot stand,
Unawed by the wild rushing water below ;
They're ready to try it--one wave of his hand,
And down the long slide they so fearlessly go.

All covered with spray see their forms now appearing ;
The Frenchmen are tossing their caps up on high ;
The poor shivering fellows, how loudly they're cheering,
'Twould only be civil to join in the cry.

They laugh at their ducking when danger is o'er,
They care not a farthing for all their hard knocks ;
One word from the pilot, each man at his oar
Is manfully rowing to keep off the rocks.

But swift runs the stream, such a stiff breeze is blowing,
Methinks 'twill be hard work to keep the crib straight ;
Oh, yes, my poor raftsmen, in vain was your rowing,
It strikes on the hard rock—just hark to the grate.

The timbers are parting, the waters are rushing
Up, up through the opening, and off go the men ;
But still, 'tis far better than if they were crushing
Amongst the great timbers just closing again.

Come, landsmen, make ready, push quickly 'long side.
Keep cool, my poor fellows, one short moment more.
Cling to the timbers—soon out of the tide
We'll bear you in triumph and joy to the shore.

THE HALF-BREEDS OF RED RIVER.

THEIR HABITS AND CUSTOMS.

FROM different causes a great deal of attention has of late been directed to the Red River Territory, which before had been a "*terra incognita*." Although we cannot but regret some of the events, they served to advertise the country to the world, and were the indirect means of immediately opening up communication through Canadian territory.

Without referring to the different routes by which the territory can be reached, we will proceed to give a short epitome of its history, before we touch upon the present condition of the people and their peculiarities and customs.

In 1811, Lord Alex. Selkirk obtained a grant of land from the Hudson Bay Company, in the Assiniboia territory. In 1812 a small party of settlers, from Scotland, arrived in the territory, and erected houses for those who were to follow. And in 1814 the number had increased to about two hundred. After undergoing many reverses, enduring great hardships, having twice to give up their farms and leave the settlement, the people overcame all their difficulties, and attained to their present prosperous condition.

About the same time that Lord Selkirk started his settlement of Scotch, or within two or three years after that date, a few straggling families, principally of French half-breeds, took up their abode on the banks of the Red River. It was customary for the employees of the Hudson Bay and North-West Companies either to marry or cohabit with the Indian women around the posts to which they were attached. In time, and after having children, many of them looked upon their concubines as their wives, and treated them as such, taking them about

from post to post. These men, after a service of from twenty to forty years, becoming tired of it, joined the previous settlers, and sought a retreat and a quiet old age in tilling the soil on the beautiful banks of the Red River.

The officers of the companies usually entered the service when from fourteen to sixteen years of age; and it was not only the low ranks of the service that intermarried with the Indian women of the country; those holding the highest positions, the chief traders and chief factors, did the same. The consequence was, that men receiving large pay, and occupying good positions, on retiring from the service found that they had recognized families of half-breeds looking to them for support. When deciding upon a place to settle, they naturally took up their quarters where they could spend their old age among a people with whom they felt at home, and could live in the free and easy manner to which they had been accustomed from their earliest days. They did this rather than take home to the old country families that their relatives might be ashamed of—rather than undergo the restraints of a civilized life, now grown irksome to them—rather than return after a lengthened absence to their homes, either to find their old friends dead, or themselves unrecognized and forgotten.

In a statement, published in 1818, of the Selkirk Settlement, the half-breed population was then thus spoken of:—"Technically termed in that country *Metiss*, *Bois Brulés*, or *Half-breeds*. These are the illegitimate progeny, chiefly, of the Indian traders and others in the service of the North-West Company, by Indian women."

Many of the forts and posts of the Hud.

son Bay Company are now in charge of the half-breed children of the earlier chief traders and chief factors, and the name half-breed, if it ever was so, has ceased to be a term of reproach. One old officer of the Company, who died last year, was a descendant of one of the oldest and best families in Montreal. He entered the service of the Company about fifty years ago, married or cohabited with an Indian woman when he was young, and had a son by her who is now in charge of one of the Company's posts. The father died, leaving a property valued at twenty-five thousand pounds, and about a dozen half-breed children.

An intelligent half-breed thus descended is the best man that can be found for the charge of the interior posts. He has the intelligence of the white man, with the Indian sagacity. He can live on the coarsest food, can endure the greatest hardships, can bear to be isolated from the world year after year. No one better understands the Indian character, or can deal to greater advantage with the race. There are two large classes of the half-breeds—the English and French. The former appear to take more after the white and less after the Indian, while the latter, on the contrary, seem to descend more to the Indian level. This is shown in various ways. They care less than the English half-breeds for cultivating the soil, are satisfied with coarser and plainer food, are more improvident, and evince greater fondness for buffalo hunting and its gipsy life. From the earliest history of the settlement, it has been the custom to go out to summer and winter buffalo hunts. These parties are made up almost exclusively of French half-breeds. They rendezvous at a certain point in the settlement, with their ox-carts, buffalo-runners, and their whole families—in some years having been known to number as many as fifteen hundred carts. After quitting the settlement, they agree amongst themselves upon a captain, chosen for his boldness, experience and success in

the hunting field. He is to say when they shall start in the morning, how long they shall travel, and when they shall camp at night. All disputes are referred to him. When they approach the buffalo, they mount their runners, as their trained horses are called, and pursue the herd. On bringing down a buffalo, the hunter who shoots it drops a glove or something by way of token. The women, following with the carts, take the carcasses belonging to their lords, and commence converting them into pemmican.

The half-breeds, with their long hair and dark complexions, when dressed in their usual style, with fur cap, capote or cariboo shirt, leggings and moccasins to match, carrying flint-lock guns, and mounted on roving little Indian ponies, caparisoned with a gorgeously worked beaded saddle-cloth and beaded saddle, with long lassoes of buffalo hide trailing on the ground yards behind them, present really a picturesque appearance. The horses always walk or gallop. You might ride about the settlement for days together and never see a horseman trotting.

The half-breeds are uncommonly fond of horse-racing. It is a very ordinary occurrence in Winnipeg, to see a horse-race between half-breeds up and down the street. There are impromptu matches made for small stakes. Often a couple of half-breeds may be seen tearing down the street on horse-back with their hair flying and arms working, amid the applause of the bystanders. They all ride uncommonly well, being used to it from their infancy, and almost living in their saddles. They dash up the street in small troops at full gallop, stop suddenly at an hotel, throw themselves off their horses, which, if wild, are cobbled with their lassoes, enter the hotel, spend their money most freely, and after drinking a good deal come out, and dash off again in the same wild, reckless, devil-may-care style. They are rather given to gambling, and are a very intemperate race, particularly the

French. They can frequently be seen coming out of the Hudson Bay Company's store with small bottles filled with rum, which they proceed to empty before leaving the yard. A day never passes but some are seen returning home intoxicated on foot, or reeling about on their horses. They are naturally quiet and inoffensive if unprovoked, fond of a joke, and laugh a good deal, but, when under the influence of liquor, their worse nature shows itself, and their Indian passions appear for the time to predominate. In a fight they would probably be cowardly, and take an unfair advantage of an adversary where it was possible. They are passionately fond of dancing and of the fiddle. In nearly every family, one can be found who plays that instrument. After the snow falls they have numberless gatherings for dancing. They do not, as we do, assemble at 10 p.m. and break up at 1 or 2 in the morning—that would be considered utterly absurd—they meet at the reasonable hour of 6 in the evening, dance all that night until about eight the following morning, breakfast in the house by daylight, and then return home, often driving as many as twenty miles. After weddings these dances have been known to be kept up (we have it on the very best authority) for two and even three days, until the guests have eaten up every thing in the house. The dances are always crowded, as the Red River cottage usually contains but two or three rooms. The principal dance, in fact their only one, is called a Red River jig, which somewhat resembles a hornpipe, male and female participating in it, every little while some new couple cutting out those dancing; so that it can go on for hours together, till the fiddlers and their reliefs are all exhausted. As a dance for females it is most ungraceful.

Another curious custom of Red River is that at any chance meeting on New Year's day, whether at one of their dances, or in calling, or elsewhere, the men and women kiss each other. It used to be indulged in

on all hands, from the highest to the Indian, the women taking their kiss as a matter of course, sometimes from entire strangers. It is now dying out, since the advent of strangers and the opening up of the settlement. Red River has changed greatly in the last two or three years: before, it was fifty years behind the rest of the world. It was exceedingly difficult of access, being bounded on the west by a thousand miles of uninhabited prairie, and many hundreds of miles of mountainous and broken country; on the north it had access to the Atlantic ocean by way of a most dangerous river and the Hudson's Bay, only open on an average about six weeks of the year; on the east a canoe voyage of about fifteen hundred miles was required to reach Toronto; so that the settlers remained cut off from the world until they gave up the old routes to the north and east, and adopted that to the south. This was an overland journey, by the vast trackless prairie, of between five and six hundred miles, to St. Paul's, one of the earliest settlements in that quarter, and from St. Paul's to Chicago. The length of the journey deterred visitors, and the settlers were contented to remain as they were, seldom hearing from the outside world, and taking little or no interest in it.

As a rule the half-breed, like the Indian, eats inordinately. If he has fasted for a time his cravings seem never to be satisfied. The writer recollects seeing an Indian and a half-breed sit down to a pot filled with a fish that must have weighed, before it was cooked, close upon twenty-five pounds, and finish it before they stopped, leaving only the head and bones untouched; after which they swallowed a quantity of pemmican. Even then they looked as hungry as ever, and as if it would be dangerous to leave any edible within their reach.

At a citizens' ball in the village of Winnipeg, a stout half-breed happened to place himself beside the writer at the supper table. Taking up a fork he deliberately transferred

a whole duck from the dish on to his own plate, and, after totally demolishing it, proceeded with the rest of his supper. There are exceptions to all rules, and some half-breeds, of course, do not eat to excess. In fact, there are some *in every respect* like full-blooded whites.

Half-breeds naturally can adapt themselves with ease to the habits of the Indians. The half-breed whose gastronomic feat is mentioned above, was a most respectable and intelligent fellow, could read and write well, had a good farm in the settlement, stocked with forty or fifty head of cattle, and was accustomed to living very comfortably. He once took the writer into a wigwam tenanted by an old squaw, her daughter and grandchild. The owner, just returned from a long journey, had taken up his grandchild and was kissing and fondling it, with a greater appearance of feeling than one would expect to find in an Indian. The writer stood at the door, afraid to touch the sides of it for fear of vermin (Indians always being very dirty), while my friend walked in, sat down on some blankets, picked up an old pot filled with water, in which a fish had been boiled, and drank a quantity, seemingly with great relish. After he had held a long conversation with them in the Indian tongue, we came away. All half-breeds can speak some Indian dialect. The French and English can always communicate freely with each other by their common language.

The women generally dress in dark coloured clothes; out of the house they invariably wear a black shawl over their heads, which serves the place of bonnet and cloak, and looking out, with a sly glance from the corner of their eyes, with their bright red or bronzed complexions, they appear rather attractive.

On Sundays the French women may be seen in crowds crossing the ferry at St. Boniface. When delayed there, they have a way of resting themselves by squatting down on the ground, not caring whether there is grass

or not—a habit they have inherited from their Indian mothers.

It is not an uncommon thing to see a leather tent standing near the houses of the half-breeds, and used a good deal in the summer months; it is cooler for sleeping in, and they can have their smudge for keeping off the musquitoes, and can gratify a taste for out-door life.

It has always been considered totally unnecessary to have locks on the doors of the houses; doors can be left open, articles left lying about in the most careless manner, without any danger of their being stolen or the house being entered. Till lately crime was almost unknown in the settlement. There was only one Judge for the whole place, who held court at Fort Garry about every three months. The jail was a wooden building, and nearly always unoccupied.

During the summer many of the settlers employ their time in what is called "tripping," that is, in making trips between Fort Garry and St. Paul's, in Minnesota. They go with loads of fur, and return with all sorts of merchandize for the shopkeepers of Red River. They take with them all their working oxen, of which some have only six or eight, others thirty or forty. The oxen are harnessed singly to carts made completely of wood, without tires, these being the most convenient, as they can be floated over the streams on the route where there are no ferry-boats. As a general thing there is a man in charge of every five or six carts, to load and unload, attend to the oxen morning and evening, and other work. The leading ox of the train is an old stager that walks fast. He usually has blinds on, so that the driver need not be always at his head goading him on, a call being enough. The second ox is tied by the horns with buffalo thongs to the leading cart, the third to the second, and so on all through the train, consequently they are unable to lag.

All summer these trains are arriving and leaving the settlement, from the small ones

of eight or ten carts to a string of a hundred or more. They are often heard before they are seen; the wheels, through want of greasing, emit a sound anything but agreeable to the ear. A good-sized train can easily be heard a mile off.

As winter sets in this traffic is stopped, and many then go for the winter buffalo hunting. Those left devote themselves to pleasure, drive about in their little carioles, or in small sleighs with racks, their own handiwork, and appear to enjoy life as well as the best of us. After the snow falls all long journeys into the interior are made with dog trains, consisting of three or more dogs harnessed in tandem fashion, with Dutch collars, to small carioles, or, as we should call them, toboggans, a half-breed driver with a whip completing the turnout. The "huskies," or Esquimaux dogs, from the north, are considered the best for this purpose. They are only fed once a day, that is in the evening, the meal consisting of fish or about a pound of pemmican. This keeps them in good condition. In camp, with the dogs about, unless they are very well fed, nearly everything has to be hung up out of their reach, even moccasins and snow shoes. The cariole itself (on account of the deer thongs about it,) has also to be hung up, otherwise it would be destroyed. In the

dog cariole the passenger can sit or lie down with the greatest comfort and warmth; it being low, little wind is caught. The driver by practice can run all day, making from forty to sixty miles, and only occasionally jumping on the rear of the cariole, which projects beyond the place where the occupant sits, or where the load is placed.

The inhabitants of Red River, Scotch or half-breed, invariably wear moccasins made of moose or buffalo skin, called by them shoes. Winter or summer, cold or warm, dry or muddy, they always wear their moccasins—in summer generally without socks or stockings. When it is muddy their feet of course are always wet or damp; they are accustomed to this, and it does not appear to injure their health in the least. During the cold weather they wear inside the shoes pieces of warm cloth like blanket, technically termed "duffel."

They are the fortunate possessors of a splendid country. As regards soil, it is one of the gardens of the earth. It is impossible to travel over those countless acres of waving grass, without meditating on the great future which awaits Canada when they shall have been converted into thriving farms by our industrious and loyal fellow-subjects.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY HENRY RAINE.

WE crept along the pine-clad shore,
 'Mid looming hills that vaster grew,
 And said,—“Farewell, for evermore,—
 Farewell the *Old*, we greet the *New*.”

We came across the tossing foam,
 Athwart the restless sea-walls borne,
 And said—“Adieu to thee, dear Home,”
 With faces to the brightening morn.

The land grew large; and manifold
 The shining valleys vast and fair.
 Sweet voices echo from the Old,
 But yet I breathe a freer air.

The cycle of the long, long year,
 The first slow-pacing year of pain,
 With weary pulses draweth near,
 And echoes for the Old again.

Once more there breaks the sunlit glow
 Of long fled, golden memories;
 And through my soul vibrations flow,
 The heralds of sweet reveries.

I stand upon the rugged shore,
 And look, and list across the main;
 I muse—“Shall I not see them more?”
 And yet mine eyes with yearning strain.

I stand upon the rugged shore,
 And watch the homeward ships go by,
 And hearken through the breakers' roar,
 For music that will never die.

There is sweet music fancy-bred,
 That softly calls across the sea,
 Like voices from the happier dead,
 For truly dead they seem to me.

The shadows flee, back rolls the pall,
 There stand the maidens on the shore,
 They wave their beckoning hands, and call
 To one who loves them more and more.

Transfigured! in the shining track,
 Afar their radiant faces shine;
 They breathe—“O summer winds bring back
 Our friend, long lost, across the brine.”

O white-winged sea-bird flying far,
 Take my fond love-words o'er the wave,
 To where green downs and roses are,
 And tell them yet my will is brave.

Before me waves a shadowy throng,
 Behind, the snow-clad armies lurk,
 But evermore doth float the song—
 "Bide thou thy time, endure, and work."

I draw my hand across mine eyes,
 And turn a sad heart once again
 To life ;—now kindlier gleam the skies,
 The earth seems brighter for the rain.

BARRIE, Ont.

A TRUE CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

THE vast works of the railway and steamboat age called into existence, besides the race of great engineers, a race of great organizers and directors of industry, who may be generally termed Contractors. Among these no figure was more conspicuous than that of Mr. Brassey, a life of whom has just been published by Messrs. Bell and Daidy. Its author is Mr. Helps, whose name is a guarantee for the worthy execution of the work. And worthily executed it is, in spite of a little Privy Council solemnity in the reflections, and a little "State paper" in the style. The materials were collected in an unusual way—by examining the persons who had acted under Mr. Brassey, or knew him well, and taking down their evidence in short-hand. The examination was conducted by Mr. Brassey, jun., who prudently declined to write the biography him-

self, feeling that a son could not speak impartially of his father.

Mr. Helps had been acquainted with Mr. Brassey, and had once received a visit from him on official business of difficulty and importance. He expected, he says, to see a hard, stern, soldierly sort of person, accustomed to sway armies of working-men in an imperious fashion. Instead of this he saw an elderly gentleman of very dignified appearance and singularly graceful manners—"a gentleman of the old school." "He stated his case, no, I express myself wrongly; he did *not* state his case, he *understated* it; and there are few things more attractive in a man than that he should be inclined to understate rather than overstate his own case." Mr. Brassey was, also, very brief, and when he went away, Mr. Helps, knowing well the matter in respect to which

his visitor had a grievance, thought that, if it had been his own case, he would hardly have been able to restrain himself so well, and speak with so little regard to self-interest, as Mr. Brassey had done. Of all the persons whom Mr. Helps had known, he thought Mr. Brassey most resembled that perfect gentleman and excellent public man, Lord Herbert of Lea.

Mr. Helps commences his work with a general portrait. According to this portrait, the most striking feature in Mr. Brassey's character was trustfulness, which he carried to what might appear an extreme. He chose his agents with care, but, having chosen them, placed implicit confidence in them, trusting them for all details, and judging by results. He was very liberal in the conduct of business. His temperament was singularly calm and equable, not to be discomposed by success or failure, easily throwing off the burden of care, and, when all had been done that could be done, awaiting the result with perfect equanimity. He was very delicate in blaming, his censure being always of the gentlest kind, evidently reluctant, and on that account going more to the heart. His generosity made him exceedingly popular with his subordinates and workmen, who looked forward to his coming among them as a festive event; and, when any disaster occurred in the works, the usual parts of employer and employed were reversed—the employer it was who framed the excuses and comforted the employed. He was singularly courteous, and listened to every body with respect; so that it was a marked thing when he went so far as to say of a voluble and empty chatter, that "the peas were overgrowing the stick." His presence of mind was great; he had in an eminent degree, as his biographer remarks, what Napoleon called "two o'clock of the morning courage," being always ready, if called up in the middle of the night, to meet any urgent peril; and his faculties were stimulated, not overcome, by danger. He had a perfect hatred

of contention, and would not only refuse to take any questionable advantage, but would rather even submit to be taken advantage of—a generosity which turned to his account. In the execution of any undertaking, his anxiety was that the work should be done quickly and done well. Minor questions, unprovided for by specific contract, he left to be settled afterwards. In his life he had only one regular law-suit. It was in Spain, about the Mataro line, and into this he was drawn by his partner against his will. He declared that he would never have another, "for in nineteen cases out of twenty you either gain nothing at all, or what you do gain does not compensate you for the worry and anxiety the lawsuit occasions you." In case of disputes between his agents and the engineers, he quietly settled the question by reference to the "gangers." In order to find the key to Mr. Brassey's character, Mr. Helps made it a point to ascertain what was his "ruling passion." He had none of the ordinary ambitions for rank, title or social position. "His great ambition—his ruling passion—was to win a high reputation for skill, integrity, and success in the difficult vocation of a contractor for public works; to give large employment to his fellow-countrymen; by means of British labour and British skill to knit together foreign countries; and to promote civilization, according to his view of it, throughout the world." "Mr. Brassey," continues Mr. Helps, "was, in brief, a singularly trustful, generous, large-hearted, dexterous, ruling kind of personage; blessed with a felicitous temperament for bearing the responsibility of great affairs." In the military age he might have been a great soldier, a Turenne or a Marlborough, if he could have broken through the aristocratic barrier which confined high command to the privileged few; in the industrial age he found a more beneficent road to distinction, and one not limited to the members of a caste.

Mr. Brassey's family is stated by Mr.

Helps to have come over with William the Conqueror. If Mr. Brassey attached any importance to his pedigree (of which there is no appearance) it is to be hoped he was able to make it out more clearly than most of those who claim descent from companions of the Conqueror. Long after the Conquest—so long, indeed, as England and Normandy remained united under one crown—there was a constant flow of Norman immigration into England, and England swarms with people bearing Norman or French names, whose ancestors were perfectly guiltless of the bloodshed of Hastings, and made their entrance into the country as peaceful traders, and, perhaps, in even humbler capacities. What is certain is that the great contractor sprang from a line of those small landed proprietors, once the pillars of England's strength, virtue and freedom, who, in the old country have been "improved off the face of the earth" by the great landowners, while they live again on the happier side of the Atlantic. A sound morality, freedom from luxury, and a moderate degree of culture, are the heritage of the scion of such a stock. Mr. Brassey was brought up at home till he was twelve years old, when he was sent to school at Chester. At sixteen he was articled to a surveyor, and as an initiation into great works, he helped, as a pupil, to make the surveys for the then famous Holyhead road. His master, Mr. Lawton, saw his worth, and ultimately took him into partnership. The firm set up at Birkenhead, then a very small place, but destined to a greatness which, it seems, Mr. Lawton had the shrewdness to discern. At Birkenhead Mr. Brassey did well, of course; and there, after a time, he was brought into contact with George Stephenson, and by him at once appreciated and induced to engage in railways. The first contract which he obtained was for the Pembridge Viaduct, between Stafford and Wolverhampton, and for this he was enabled to tender by the liberality of his bankers, whose confidence,

like that of all with whom he came into contact, he had won. Railway making was at that time a new business, and a contractor was required to meet great demands upon his organizing power; the system of sub-contracts, which so much facilitates the work, being then only in its infancy. From George Stephenson Mr. Brassey passed to Mr. Locke, whose great coadjutor he speedily became. And now the question arose whether he should venture to leave his moorings at Birkenhead and launch upon the wide sea of railroad enterprise. His wife is said, by a happy inspiration, to have decided him in favour of the more important and ambitious sphere. She did so at the sacrifice of her domestic comfort; for in the prosecution of her husband's multifarious enterprises they changed their residence eleven times in the next thirteen years, several times to places abroad, and little during those years did his wife and family see of Mr. Brassey.

A high place in Mr. Brassey's calling had now been won, and it had been won not by going into rings or making corners, but by treading steadily the upward path of honour. Mr. Locke was accused of unduly favouring Mr. Brassey. Mr. Helps replies that the partiality of a man like Mr. Locke must have been based on business grounds. It was found that when Mr. Brassey had undertaken a contract, the engineer-in-chief had little to do in the way of supervision. Mr. Locke felt assured that the bargain would be not only exactly but handsomely fulfilled, and that no excuse would be pleaded for alteration or delay. After the fall of a great viaduct it was suggested to Mr. Brassey that, by representing his case, he might obtain a reduction of his loss. "No," was his reply, "I have contracted to make and maintain the road, and nothing shall prevent Thomas Brassey from being as good as his word."

As a contractor on a large scale, and especially as a contractor for foreign railroads,

Mr. Brassey was led rapidly to develop the system of sub-contracting. His mode of dealing with his sub-contractors, however, was peculiar. They did not regularly contract with him, but he appointed them their work, telling them what price he should give for it. They were ready to take his word, knowing that they would not suffer by so doing. The sub-contractor who had made a bad bargain, and found himself in a scrape, anxiously looked for the coming of Mr. Brassey. "Mr. Brassey," says one of the witnesses examined for this biography, "came, saw how matters stood, and invariably satisfied the man. If a cutting taken to be clay turned out after a very short time to be rock, the sub-contractor would be getting disheartened, yet he still persevered, looking to the time when Mr. Brassey should come. He came, walking along the line as usual with a number of followers, and on coming to the cutting he looked round, counted the number of waggons at the work, scanned the cutting, and took stock of the nature of the stuff. 'This is very hard,' said he to the sub-contractor. 'Yes, it is a pretty deal harder than I bargained for.' Mr. Brassey would linger behind, allowing the others to go on, and then commence the following conversation: 'What is your price for this cutting?' 'So much a yard, Sir.' 'It is very evident you are not getting it out for that price. Have you asked for any advance to be made to you for this rock?' 'Yes, sir, but I can make no sense of them.' 'If you say that your price is so much, it is quite clear that you do not do it for that. I am glad that you have persevered with it; but I shall not alter your price; it must remain as it is; but the rock must be measured for you twice. Will that do for you?' 'Yes, very well indeed, and I am very much obliged to you, Sir.' 'Very well, go on; you have done very well in persevering, and I shall look to you again.' One of these tours of inspection would often cost Mr. Brassey a thousand pounds.

Mr. Brassey, like all men who have done great things in the practical world, knew his way to men's hearts. In his tours along the line he remembered even the navvies, and saluted them by their names.

He understood the value of the co-operative principle as a guarantee for hearty work. His agents were made partakers in his success, and he favored the butty-gang system—that of letting work to a gang of a dozen men, who divide the pay, allowing something extra to the head of the gang.

Throughout his life it was a prime object with him to collect around him a good staff of well-trying and capable men. He chose well, and adhered to his choice. If a man failed in one line, he did not cast him off, but tried him in another. It was well known in the labour market that he would never give a man up if he could help it. He did not even give men up when they had gone to law with him. In the appendix is a letter written by him to provide employment for a person who "had by some means got into a suit or reference against him," out whom he describes as "knowing his work well." In hard times he still kept his staff together by subdividing the employment.

Those who, like Mr. Matthew Arnold, delight in imagining that there is no engineering skill, or skill of any kind, in England, have to account for the fact that a large proportion of the foreign railways are of British construction. The lines built by Mr. Brassey form an imposing figure not only on the map of England, but on those of Europe, North and South America and Australia. The Paris and Rouen Railway was the first of the series. In passing to the foreign scene of action new difficulties had to be encountered, including that of carrying over, managing and housing large bodies of British navvies; and Mr. Brassey's administrative powers were further tried and more conspicuously developed. The railway army, under its commander-in-chief, was now fully

organized. "If," says Mr. Helps, "we look at the several persons and classes engaged, they may be enumerated thus:—There were the engineers of the company or of the government who were promoters of the line. There were the principal contractors, whose work had to satisfy these engineers; and there were the agents of the contractors, to whom were apportioned the several lengths of the line. These agents had the duties, in some respects, of a commissary-general in an army; and for the work to go on well, it was necessary that they should be men of much intelligence and force of character. Then there were the various artizans, such as bricklayers and masons, whose work, of course, was principally that of constructing the culverts, bridges, stations, tunnels and viaducts, to which points of the work the attention of the agents had to be carefully directed. Again, there were the sub-contractors, whose duties I have enumerated, and under them were the gangers, the corporals, as it were, in this great army, being the persons who had the control of small bodies of the workmen, say twenty or more. Then came the great body of navvies, the privates of the army, upon whose endurance and valour so much depended.

There is a striking passage in one of the Erckmann-Chatrian novels, depicting the French army going into action, with its vast bodies of troops of all arms moving over the whole field, marshalled by perfect discipline, and wielded by the single will of Napoleon. The army of industry when in action also presented a striking appearance in its way. "I think," says one of Mr. Brassey's time-keepers, with professional enthusiasm, "as fine a spectacle as any man could witness, who is accustomed to look at work, is to see a cutting in full operation, with about twenty waggons being filled, every man at his post, and every man with his shirt open, working in the heat of the day, the ganger walking about, and everything going like clockwork. Such an exhibition of physical power at-

tracted many French gentlemen, who came on to the cuttings at Paris and Rouen, and, looking at the English workmen with astonishment, said, "*Mon Dieu, les Anglais comme il travaillent!*" Another thing that called forth remark was the complete silence that prevailed amongst the men. It was a fine sight to see the Englishmen that were there, with their muscular arms, and hands hairy and brown."

The army was composed of elements as motley as ever met under any commander. On the Paris and Rouen Railway eleven languages were spoken—English, Erse, Gaelic, Welsh, French, German, Belgian (Flemish), Dutch, Piedmontese, Spanish and Polish. A common lingo naturally sprang up, like the Pigeon English of China. But in the end it seems many of the navvies learnt to speak French pretty well. We are told that at first the mode in which the English "instructed" the French was "of a very original character." "They pointed to the earth to be moved, or the waggon to be filled, said the word "d—n" emphatically, stamped their feet, and somehow or other their instructions, thus conveyed, were generally comprehended by the foreigners." It is added, however, that "this form of instruction was only applicable in very simple cases."

The English navy was found to be the first workman in the world. Some navvies utterly distanced in working power the labourers of all other countries. The French at first earned only two francs a day to the Englishman's four and a half; but with better living, more instruction, and improved tools (for the French tools were very poor at first), the Frenchmen came to earn four francs. In the severe and dangerous work of mining, however, the Englishman maintained his superiority in nerve and steadiness. The Piedmontese were very good hands, especially for cutting rock, and at the same time well-conducted, sober and saving. The Neapolitans would not take any heavy work,

but they seem to have been temperate and thrifty. The men from Lucca ranked midway between the Piedmontese and the Neapolitans. The Germans proved less enduring than the French; those employed, however, were mostly Bavarians. The Belgians were good labourers. In the mode of working, the foreign labourers had of course much to learn from the English, whose experience in railway making had taught them the most compendious processes for moving earth.

Mr. Hawkshaw, the engineer, however says, as to the relative cost of unskilled labour in different countries: "I have arrived at the conclusion that its cost is much the same in all. I have had personal experience in South America, in Russia, and in Holland, as well as in my own country, and, as consulting engineer to some of the Indian and other foreign railways, I am pretty well acquainted with the value of Hindoo and other labour; and though an English labourer will do a larger amount of work than a Creole or a Hindoo, yet you have to pay them proportionately higher wages. Dutch labourers are, I think, as good as English, or nearly so; and Russian workmen are docile and easily taught, and readily adopt every method shown to them to be better than their own."

The "navvies," though rough, seem not to have been unmanageable. There are no trades' unions among them, and they seldom strike. Brandy being cheap in France, they were given to drink, which was not the French habit: but their good nature, and the freedom with which they spent their money, made them popular, and even the *gendarmes* soon found out the best way of managing them. They sometimes, but not generally, got unruly on pay day. They came to their foreign work without wife or family. The unmarried often took foreign wives. It is pleasant to hear that those who had wives and families in England sent home money periodically to them; and that

they all sent money often to their parents. They sturdily kept their English habits and their English dress, with the high-low boots laced up, if they could possibly get them made.

The multiplicity of schemes now submitted to Mr. Brassey brought out his powers of calculation and mental arithmetic, which appear to have been very great. After listening to a multitude of complicated details, he would arrive mentally in a few seconds at the approximate cost of a line. He made little use of notes, trusting to his memory, which, naturally strong, was strengthened by habit. Dealing with hundreds of people, he kept their affairs in his head, and at every halt in his journeys, even for a quarter of an hour, at a railway station, he would sit down and write letters of the clearest kind. His biographer says that he was one of the greatest letter-writers ever known.

If he ever got into serious difficulties, it was not from miscalculation, but from financial embarrassments, which in 1866 pressed upon him in such a manner and with such severity, that his property of all kinds was largely committed, and he weathered the storm only by the aid of the staunch friends whom his high qualities and honourable conduct had wedded to his person and his fortunes. In the midst of his difficulties he pushed on his works to their conclusion with his characteristic rapidity. His perseverance supported his reputation, and turned the wavering balance in his favour. The daring and vigorous completion of the Lemberg and Czarnovitz works especially had this good effect; and an incident, in connection with them, showed the zeal and devotion which Mr. Brassey's character inspired. The works were chiefly going on at Lemberg, five hundred miles from Vienna, and the difficulty was, how to get the money to pay the men from Vienna to Lemberg, the intervening country being occupied by the Austrian and Prussian armies. Mr. Brassey's coadjutor and devoted friend,

Mr. Ofenheim, Director-General of the Company, undertook to do it. He was told there was no engine; but he found an old engine in a shed. Next he wanted an engine-driver, and he found one; but the man said that he had a wife and children, and that he would not go. His reluctance was overcome by the promise of a high reward for himself, and a provision, in case of his death, for his wife and family. The two jumped on the old engine and got up steam. They then started, and ran at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour between the sentinels of the opposing armies, who were so surprised, as Mr. Ofenheim says, that they had not time to shoot him. His only fear was that there might be a rail up somewhere. But he got to Lemberg, and paid the men, who would otherwise have gone home, leaving the line unfinished for the winter. The Emperor of Austria might well ask, "Who is this Mr. Brassey, this English contractor, for whom men are to be found who work with such zeal, and risk their lives?" In recognition of a power which the Emperor had reason to envy, he sent Mr. Brassey the Cross of the Iron Crown.

It was only in Spain, "the land where two and two make five," that Mr. Brassey's powers of calculation failed him. He and his partners lost largely upon the Bilbao railway. It seems that there was a mistake as to the nature of the soil, and that the climate proved wetter than was expected. But the firm also forgot to allow for the ecclesiastical calendar, and the stoppage of work on the numberless fête days. There were, however, other difficulties peculiarly Spanish,—antediluvian finance, antediluvian currency, the necessity of sending pay under a guard of clerks armed with revolvers, and the strange nature of the people whom it was requisite to employ—one of them, a Carlist chief, living in defiance of the Government with a tail of ruffians like himself, who, when you would not transact business as he wished, "bivouaced" with his tail round your office,

and threatened to "kill you as he would a fly." Mr. Brassey managed notwithstanding to illustrate the civilizing power of railways by teaching the Basques the use of paper money.

Minor misfortunes of course occurred, such as the fall of the Barentin Viaduct on the Rouen and Havre railway, a brick structure one hundred feet high and a third of a mile in length, which had just elicited the praise of the Minister of Public Works. Rapid execution in bad weather, and inferior mortar, were the principal causes of this accident. By extraordinary effort the viaduct was rebuilt in less than six months, a display of energy and resource which the company acknowledged by an allowance of £10,000. On the Bilbao railway some of the works were destroyed by very heavy rains. The agent telegraphed to Mr. Brassey to come at once, as a bridge had been washed down. Three hours afterwards came a telegram announcing that a large bank was carried away, and next morning another saying that the rain continued and more damage had been done. Mr. Brassey, turning to a friend, said, laughing: "I think I had better wait till I hear that the rain has ceased, so that when I do go I may see what is left of the works, and estimate all the disasters at once, and so save a second journey."

Mr. Brassey's business rapidly became developed to an immense extent, and, instead of being contractor for one or two lines, he became a sort of contractor-in-chief, and a man to be consulted by all railway proprietors. In thirty-six years he executed no less than one hundred and seventy railway and other contracts. In his residence, as in his enterprises, he now became cosmopolitan, and lived a good deal on the rail. He had the physical power to bear this life. His brother-in-law says, "I have known him come direct from France to Rugby, having left Havre the night before—he would have been engaged in the office the whole day.

He would then come down to Rugby by the mail train at twelve o'clock, and it was his common practice to be on the works by six o'clock the next morning. He would frequently walk from Rugby to Nuneaton, a distance of sixteen miles. Having arrived at Nuneaton in the afternoon, he would proceed the same night by road to Tamworth; and the next morning he would be out on the road so soon that he had the reputation among his staff of being the first man on the works. He used to proceed over the works from Tamworth to Stafford, walking the greater part of the distance; and would frequently proceed that same evening to Lancaster, in order to inspect the works there in progress under the contract which he had for the execution of the railway from Lancaster to Carlisle."

In constructing the Great Northern Railway the difficulties of the Fen Country were met and surmounted. Mr. Brassey's chief agent in this was Mr. Ballard, a man self-raised from the ranks of labour, but indebted for the eminence which he ultimately attained to Mr. Brassey's discrimination in selecting him for the arduous undertaking. He has borne interesting testimony to his superior's comprehensiveness and rapidity of view, the directness with which he went to the important point, disregarding secondary matters, and economizing his time and thought.

The Italian Railway enterprises of Mr. Brassey owed their origin to the economical genius of Count Cavour, and their execution drew from the Count the declaration that Mr. Brassey was "one of the most remarkable men he knew; clear-headed, cautious, yet very enterprising, and fulfilling his engagements faithfully." "We never," said the Count, "had a difficulty with him." And he added that "Mr. Brassey would make a splendid minister of public works." Mr. Brassey took shares gallantly, and, when their value had risen, most generously resigned them, with a view to enabling the govern-

ment to interest Piedmontese investors in the undertaking. So far was he from being a maker of "corners." It is justly remarked that these Piedmontese railroads, constructed by English enterprise, were a most important link in the chain of events which brought about the emancipation and unification of Italy.

Mr. Brassey has left on record the notable remark that the railway from Turin to Novara was completed for about the same money as was spent in obtaining the Bill for the railway from London to York. If the history of railway bills in the British Parliament, of which this statement gives us an inkling, could be fully disclosed, it would be one of the most scandalous revelations that ever startled the world. The contests which led to such ruinous expense and to so much demoralization, both of Parliament and of the commercial world, were a consequence of adopting the system of free competition in place of that of government control. Mr. Brassey was himself in favour of the system of government control. "He was of opinion that the French policy, which did not admit the principle of free competition, was not only more calculated to serve the interests of the shareholders, but that it was more favourable to the public. He moreover considered that a multiplicity of parallel lines of communication between the same termini, and the uncontrolled competition in regard to the service of trains, such as exists in England, did not secure so efficient a service for the public as the system adopted in France." Mr. Thomas Brassey says that he remembers that his father, when travelling in France, would constantly point out the superiority of the arrangements, and express his regret that the French policy had not been adopted in England. "He thought that all the advantage of cheap service and of sufficiently frequent communication, which were intended to be secured for the British public under a system of free competition, would have been equally well secured by adopting the foreign system, and

giving a monopoly of the interests of railway communication in a given district to one company; and then limiting the exercise of that monopoly by watchful supervision on the part of the State in the interest of the public." With regard to extensions, he thought that the government might have secured sufficient compulsory powers. There can be no sort of doubt that this policy would have saved the country an enormous amount of pecuniary loss, personal misery, and public demoralization. It is a policy, it will be observed, of government regulation, not of government subsidies or construction by government.

For the adoption of the policy of free competition Sir Robert Peel was specially responsible. He said, in his own defence, that he had not at his command power to control those undertakings. Mr. Helps assumes rather characteristically that he meant official power; and draws a moral in favour of the extension of the civil service. But there is no doubt that Peel really meant Parliamentary power. The railwaymen in the Parliament were too strong for him, and compelled him to throw overboard the scheme of government control formed by his own committee under the presidency of Lord Dalhousie. The moral to be drawn therefore is not that of civil service extension, but that of the necessity of guarding against Parliamentary rings in legislation concerning public works.

Of all Mr. Brassey's undertakings none were superior in importance to that with which Canadians are best acquainted—the Grand Trunk Railway, with the Victoria Bridge. It is needless here to describe this enterprise, or to dwell on the tragic annals of the ruin brought on thousands of shareholders, which, financially speaking, was its calamitous sequel. The severest part of the undertaking was the Victoria Bridge. "The first working season there," says one of the chief agents, "was a period of difficulty, trouble and disaster." The agents of the

contractors had no experience of the climate. There were numerous strikes among the workmen. The cholera committed dreadful ravages in the neighbourhood. In one case, out of a gang of two hundred men, sixty were sick at one time, many of whom ultimately died. The shortness of the working season in this country involved much loss of time. It was seldom that the setting of the masonry was fairly commenced before the middle of August, and it was certain that all work must cease at the end of November. Then there was the shoving of the ice at the beginning and breaking up of the frosts, and the collision between floating rafts 250 feet long, and the staging erected for putting together the tubes. Great financial difficulties were also experienced in consequence of the Crimean war. The mechanical difficulties were also immense, and called for extraordinary efforts both of energy and invention. The bridge, however, was completed, as had been intended, in Dec. 1859, and formally opened by the Prince of Wales in the following year. "The devotion and energy of the large number of workmen employed," says Mr. Hodges, "can hardly be praised too highly. Once brought into proper discipline, they worked as we alone can work against difficulties. They have left behind them in Canada an imperishable monument of British skill, pluck, science and perseverance in this bridge, which they not only designed but constructed."

The whole of the iron for the tubes was prepared at Birkenhead, but so well prepared that, in the centre tube, consisting of no less than 10,309 pieces, in which nearly half a million of holes were punched, not one plate required alteration, neither was there a plate punched wrong. The faculty of invention, however, was developed in the British engineers and workmen by the air of the new world. A steam-traveller was made and sent out by one of the most eminent firms in England, after two years of experiments and an outlay of some thou-

sands of pounds, which would never do much more than move itself about, and at last had to be laid aside as useless. But the same descriptions and drawings having been shown to Mr. Chaffey, one of the sub-contractors, who "had been in Canada a sufficient length of time to free his genius from the cramped ideas of early life," a rough and ugly machine was constructed, which was soon in full work. The same increase of inventiveness, according to Mr. Hodges, was visible in the ordinary workman, when transferred from the perfect but mechanical and cramping routine of British industry, to a country where he has to mix trades and turn his hand to all kinds of work. "In England he is a machine, but as soon as he gets out to the United States he becomes an intellectual being." Comparing the German with the British mechanic, Mr. Hodges says—"I do not think that a German is a better man than an Englishman; but I draw this distinction between them, that when a German leaves school he begins to educate himself, but the Englishman does not, for, as soon as he casts off the thralldom of school, he learns nothing more unless he is forced to, and if he is forced to do it, he will then beat the German. An Englishman acts well when he is put under compulsion by circumstances."

Labour being scarce, a large number of French-Canadians were, at Mr. Brassey's suggestion, brought up in organized gangs, each having an Englishman or an American as their leader. We are told, however, that they proved useless except for very light work. "They could ballast, but they could not excavate. They could not even ballast as the English navy does, continuously working at filling for the whole day. The only way in which they could be useful was by allowing them to fill the waggons, and then ride out with the ballast train to the place where the ballast was tipped, giving them an opportunity of resting. Then the empty waggon went back again to be filled;

and so alternately resting during the work; in that way, they did very much more. They would work fast for ten minutes and then they were 'done.' This was not through idleness but physical weakness. They are small men, and they are a class who are not well fed. They live entirely on vegetable food, and they scarcely ever taste meat." It is obvious to suggest that the want of meat is the cause of their inefficiency. Yet the common farm labourer in England, who does a very hard and long day's work, hardly tastes meat, in many counties, the year round.

In the case of the Crimean railway, private enterprise came, in a memorable manner, to the assistance of a Government overwhelmed by administrative difficulties. A forty years' peace had rusted the machinery of the war department, while the machinery of railway construction was in the highest working order. Sir John Burgoyne, the chief of the engineering staff, testified that it was impossible to overrate the services rendered by the railway, or its effects in shortening the time of the siege, and alleviating the fatigues and sufferings of the troops. The disorganization of the government department was accidental and temporary, as was subsequently proved by the success of the Abyssinian expedition, and, indeed, by the closing period of the Crimean war itself, when the British army was well supplied while the French administration broke down. The resources of private industry, on which the embarrassed Government drew, on the other hand are always there; and the immense auxiliary power would be at once manifested if England should become involved in a dangerous war. It should be remembered, too, that the crushing war expenditure in time of peace, which alarmists always advocate, would prevent the growth of those resources, and deprive England of the "sinews of war."

The Danish Railways brought the British navy again into comparison with his foreign

rivals. Mr. Rowan, the agent of Messrs. Peto and Brassey, was greatly pleased with his Danish labourers, but, on being pressed, said "No man is equal to the British navy; but the Dane, from his steady, constant labour, is a good workman, and a first-class one will do nearly as much work in a day as an Englishman." The Dane takes time: his habit is in summer to begin work at four in the morning, and continue till eight in the evening, taking five intervals of rest.

The Danish engineers, in Mr. Rowan's judgment, are over-educated, and, as a consequence, wanting in decisiveness. "They have been in the habit of applying to their masters for everything, finding out nothing for themselves; the consequence is that they are children, and cannot form a judgment. It is the same in the North of Germany; the great difficulty is that you cannot get them to come to a decision. They want always to inquire and to investigate, and they never come to a result." This evidence must have been given some years ago, for of late it has been made pretty apparent that the investigations and inquiries of the North Germans do not prevent their coming to a decision, or that decision from leading to a result. Mr. Helps seizes the opportunity for a thrust at the system of competitive examination, which has taken from the heads of departments the power of "personal selection." The answer to him is Sedan. A bullet through your head is the strongest proof which logic can afford that the German, from whose rifle it comes, was not prevented by his knowledge of the theory of projectiles from marking his man with promptness, and taking a steady aim. That over-exertion of the intellect in youth does a man harm, is a true though not a very fruitful proposition; but knowledge does not destroy decisiveness: it only turns it from the decisiveness of a bull into the decisiveness of a man. Which nations do the great works? The educated nations, or Mexico and Spain?

The Australian Railways brought out two things, one gratifying, the other the reverse. The gratifying thing was that the unlimited confidence which Mr. Brassey reposed in his agents was repaid by their zeal and fidelity in his service. The thing which was the reverse of gratifying was, that the great advantage which the English labourer gains in Australia, from the higher wages and comparative cheapness of living, is counteracted by his love of drink.

The Argentine Railway had special importance and interest, in opening up a vast and most fruitful and salubrious region to European emigration. Their territories offer room and food for myriads. "The population of Russia, that hard-featured country, is about 75,000,000; the population of the Argentine Republic, to which nature has been so bountiful, and in which she is so beautiful, is about 1,000,000." If ever government in the South American States becomes more settled, we shall find them formidable rivals.

The Indian Railways are also likely to be a landmark in the history of civilization. They unite that vast country and its people, both materially and morally, break down caste, bring the natives from all points to the centres of instruction, and distribute the produce of the soil evenly and rapidly, so as to prevent famines. The Orissa famine would never have occurred had Mr. Brassey's works been there. What effect the railways will ultimately have on British rule is another question. They multiply our army by increasing the rapidity of transport, but, on the other hand, they are likely to diminish that division among the native powers on which the Empire is partly based. Rebellion may run along the railway line as well as command.

There were periods in Mr. Brassey's career during which he and his partners were giving employment to 80,000 persons, upon works requiring seventeen millions of capital for their completion. It is also satisfac-

tory to know, that in the foreign countries and colonies over which his operations extended, he was instrumental in raising the wages and condition of the working class,

as in affording, to the *elite* of that class opportunities for rising to higher positions.

His remuneration for all this, though in the aggregate very large, was by no means excessive. Upon seventy-eight millions of money laid out in the enterprises which he conducted, he retained two millions and a half, that is as nearly as possible three per cent. The rest of his fortune consisted of accumulations. Three per cent. was not more than a fair payment for the brain-work, the anxiety and the risk. The risk, it must be recollected, was constant, and there were moments at which, if Mr. Brassey had died, he would have been found comparatively poor. His fortune was made, not by immoderate gains upon any one transaction, but by reasonable profits in a business of vast extent, and which owed its vast extent to a reputation fairly earned by probity, energy and skill. We do not learn that he figured in any lobby, or formed a member of any ring. Whether he was a Norman or not, he was too much a gentleman, in the best sense of the term, to crawl to opulence by low and petty ways. He left no stain on the escutcheon of a captain of industry.

Nor when riches increased did he set his heart upon them. His heart was set on the work rather than on the pay. The monuments of his enterprise and skill were more to him than the millions. He seems even to have been rather careless in keeping his accounts. He gave away freely—as much as £200,000, it is believed—in the course of his life. His accumulations arose not from parsimony but from the smallness of his personal expenses. He hated show and luxury, and kept a moderate establishment, which the increase of his wealth never induced him to extend. He seems to have felt a singular diffidence as to his capacity for aristocratic expenditure.

The conversation turning one day on the immense fortunes of certain noblemen, he said, "I understand it is easy and natural enough for those who are born and brought up to it, to spend £50,000 or even £150,000 a year; but I should be very sorry to have to undergo the fatigue of even spending £30,000 a year. I believe such a job as that would drive me mad." He felt an equally strange misgiving as to his capacity for aristocratic idleness. "It requires a special education," he said, "to be idle, or to employ the twenty-four hours, in a rational way, without any calling or occupation. To live the life of a gentleman, one must have been brought up to it. It is impossible for a man who has been engaged in business pursuits the greater part of his life to retire; if he does so, he soon discovers that he has made a great mistake. I shall not retire; but if, for some good reason, I should be obliged to do so, it would be to a farm. There I should bring up stock which I would cause to be weighed every day, ascertaining at the same time their daily cost, as against the increasing weight. I should then know when to sell and start again with another lot."

Of tinsel, which sometimes is as corrupting to vulgar souls as money, this man seems to have been as regardless as he was of pelf. He received the Cross of the Iron Crown from the Emperor of Austria. He accepted what was graciously offered, but he said that, as an Englishman, he did not know what good Crosses were to him. The circumstance reminded him that he had received other Crosses, but he had to ask his agent what they were, and where they were. He was told that they were the Legion of Honour, of France, and the Chevaliership of Italy; but the Crosses could not be found. Duplicates were procured to be taken to Mrs. Brassey, who, her husband remarked, would be glad to possess them all.

Such millionaires would do unmixed good in the world; but unfortunately they are apt

to die and leave their millions, and the social influence which the millions confer, to "that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son."

This is not said with any personal reference. On the contrary, Mr. Brassey seems to have been unusually fortunate in his heir. We find some indication of this in a chapter toward the close of Mr. Helps' volume, in which are thrown together the son's miscellaneous recollections of the father. The chapter affords further proof that the great contractor was not made of the same clay as the Fisks and Vanderbilts—that he was not a mere market-rigger and money-grubber—but a really great man, devoted to a special calling. He is represented by his son as having taken a lively interest in a wide and varied range of subjects—engineering subjects especially as a matter of course, but no engineering subjects alone. He studied countries and their people, evincing the most intense interest in Chicago, speculating on the future industrial prosperity of Canada, and imparting the results of his observations admirably when he got home. Like all great men, he had a poetic element in his character. He loved the beauties of nature, and delighted in mountain scenery. He was a great sight-seer, and when he visited a city on business, went through its churches, public buildings and picture galleries, as assiduously as a tourist. For half an hour he stood gazing with delight on the *Maison Carrée*, at Nismes. For sculpture and painting he had a strong taste, and the *Venus of Milo* "was a joy to him." He had a keen eye for beauty, shapeliness and comeliness everywhere, in porcelain, in furniture, in dress, in a well built yacht, in a well appointed regiment of horse. Society, too, he liked, in spite of his simplicity of habits; loved to gather his friends around his board, and was always a genial host. For literature he had no time, but he enjoyed oratory, and liked to hear good reading. He used to test his son's progress in reading, at the close of each half year, by making him read aloud a chapter of the Bible. His

good sense confined his ambition to his proper sphere, and prevented him from giving ear to any solicitations to go into politics, which he had not leisure to study, and which he knew ought not to be handled by ignorance. His own leanings were Conservative; but his son, who is a Liberal, testifies that his father never offered him advice on political matters, or remonstrated with him on a single vote which he gave in the House of Commons. It is little to the discredit of a man so immersed in business that he should have been fascinated, as he was, by the outward appearance of perfect order presented by the French Empire and by the brilliancy of its visible edifice, not discerning the explosive forces which its policy was all the time accumulating in the dark social realms below; though the fact that he, with all his natural sagacity, did fall into this tremendous error, is a warning to railway and steamboat politicians.

Mr. Brassey's advice was often sought by parents who had sons to start in the world. "As usual, a disposition was shewn to prefer a career which did not involve the apparent degradation of learning a trade practically, side by side with operatives in a workshop. But my father, who had known, by his wide experience, the immense value of a technical knowledge of a trade or business as compared with general educational advantages of the second order, and who knew how much more easy it is to earn a living as a skilful artisan than as a clerk, possessing a mere general education, always urged those who sought his advice to begin by giving to their sons a practical knowledge of a trade."

"My father," says Mr. Brassey junior, "ever mindful of his own struggles and efforts in early life, evinced at all times the most anxious disposition to assist young men to enter upon a career. The small loans which he advanced for this purpose, and the innumerable letters which he wrote in the hope of obtaining for his young clients help or employment in other quarters, constitute a

bright and most honourable feature in his life." His powers of letter-writing were enormous, and, it seems to us, were exercised even to excess. So much writing would, at least in the case of any ordinary man, have consumed too much of the energy which should be devoted to thought. His correspondence was brought with his luncheon basket when he was shooting on the moors. After a long day's journey he sat down in the coffee room of the hotel and wrote thirty-two letters before he went to bed. He never allowed a letter, even a begging letter, to remain unanswered; and, says his son, "the same benignity and courtesy which marked his conduct in every relation of life, pervaded his whole correspondence." "In the many volumes of his letters which are preserved, I venture to affirm that there is not the faintest indication of an ungenerous or unkindly sentiment—not a sentence which is not inspired by the spirit of equity and justice, and by universal charity to mankind."

By the same authority we are assured that "Mr. Brassey was of a singularly patient disposition in dealing with all ordinary affairs of life. We know how, whenever a hitch occurs in a railway journey, a great number of passengers become irritated, almost to a kind of foolish frenzy. He always took these matters most patiently. He well knew that no persons are so anxious to avoid such detentions as the officials themselves, and never allowed himself to altercation with a helpless guard or distracted station-master."

The only blemish which the son can collect in the father's character, is a want of firmness in blaming when blame was due, and an incapability of refusing a request or rejecting a proposal strongly urged by others. The latter defect was, in his son's judgment, the cause of the greatest disasters which he experienced as a man of business. Both defects were closely allied to virtues—extreme tenderness of heart and consideration for the feelings of others.

"He was graceful," says Mr. Brassey jun.,

in conclusion, "in every movement, always intelligent in observation, with an excellent command of language, and only here and there betrayed, by some slight provincialisms, in how small a degree he had in early life enjoyed the educational advantages of those with whom his high commercial position in later years placed him in constant communication. But these things are small in comparison to the greater points of character by which he seemed to me to be distinguished. In all he said or did, he ever showed himself to be inspired by that chivalry of heart and mind which must truly ennoble him who possesses it, and without which one cannot be a perfect gentleman."

Mention has been made of his great generosity. One of his old agents having lost all his earnings, Mr. Brassey gave him several new missions, that he might have a chance of recovering himself. But the agent died suddenly, and his wife died nearly at the same time, leaving six orphan children without provision. Mr. Brassey gave up, in their favour, a policy of insurance which he held as security for several thousands, and, in addition, headed a subscription for them with a large sum. It seems that his delicacy in giving was equal to his generosity; that of his numberless benefactions, very few were published in subscription lists, and that his right hand seldom knew what his left hand did.

His refinement was of the truly moral kind, and of the kind that tells on others. It was not only that coarse and indecent language was checked in his presence; but the pain he evinced at all unkind wrangling, and at the manifestation of petty jealousies, operated strongly in preventing their being displayed before him. As one who was most intimate with him graphically observed, "his people seemed to enter into a higher atmosphere when they were in his presence, conscious, no doubt, of the intense dislike which he had of everything that was mean, petty, or contentious."

Mr. Helps tells us that the tender-hearted-

ness which pervaded Mr. Brassey's character was never more manifested than on the occasion of any illness of his friends. At the busiest period of his life he would travel hundreds of miles to be at the bedside of a sick or dying friend. In his turn he experienced, in his own last illness, similar manifestations of affectionate solicitude. Many of the persons, we are told, who had served him in foreign countries and at home, came from great distances solely for the chance of seeing once more their old master whom they loved so much. They were men of all classes, humble navvies as well as trusted agents. They would not intrude upon his illness, but would wait for hours in the hall, in the hope of seeing him borne to his carriage, and getting a shake of the hand or a sign of friendly recognition. "The world," remarks Mr. Helps, "is after all not so ungrateful as it is sometimes supposed to be; those who deserve to be loved generally are loved, having elicited the faculty of loving which exists to a great extent in all of us."

"Mr. Brassey," we are told, "had ever been a very religious man. His religion was of that kind which most of us would desire for ourselves—utterly undisturbed by doubts of any sort, entirely tolerant, not built upon small or even upon great differences of belief. He clung resolutely and with entire hope-

fulness to that creed, and abode by that form of worship, in which he had been brought up as a child." The religious element in his character was no doubt strong, and lay at the root of his tender-heartedness and his charity, as well as of the calm resignation with which he met disaster, and his indifference to gain. At the time of a great panic, when things were at the worst, he only said: "Never mind, we must be content with a little less, that is all." This was when he supposed himself to have lost a million. The duty of religious inquiry, which he could not perform himself, he would no doubt have recognized in those to whose lot it falls to give their fellow men assurance of religious truth.

Mr. Brassey's wife said of him that "he was a most unworldly man." This may seem a strange thing to say of a great contractor and a millionaire. Yet, in the highest sense, it was true. Mr. Brassey was not a monk: his life was passed in the world, and in the world's most engrossing, and, as it proves in too many cases, most contaminating business. Yet, if the picture of him presented to us be true, he kept himself "unspotted from the world."

His character is reflected in the portrait which forms the frontispiece to the biography, and on which those who pursue his calling will do well sometimes to look.

A SONG.

I.

No work, no home, no wealth have I,
But Mary loves me true ;
And for her sake, upon my knees,
I'd beg the wide world through :
For her sweet eyes look into mine,
With fondness soft and deep ;
My heart's entranced, and I could die,
Were death but conscious sleep.

II.

But life is work, and work is life,
And life's the way to Heaven,
And hand in hand we'd like to go
The road that God has given.
And England, dear old Mother-land,
Has plenty mouths to feed,
Beside her sons and daughters fair,
Whose strength is as their need.

III.

To Canada ! to Canada !
To that fair land I'll roam,
And till the soil, with heart of grace,
For Mary and a home.
Hurrah for love ! hurrah for hope !
Hurrah for Industry !
Hurrah for aye for Canada !
And the bonnie Maple-tree !

AURORA.

THE SWALLOWS OF ST. JURGENS.

(From the German of Theodor Storm.)

THE little town where I was born makes no pretensions to beauty ; it lies on a flat and treeless sea-coast, and the houses are old and gloomy. Nevertheless I have ever considered it a pleasant place, and two birds, regarded as sacred by man, seem to share my opinion. In the height of summer storks may constantly be seen hovering over the town, having their nests in the roofs beneath, and in April the first southern breezes are certain to bear the swallows hither, and one neighbour tells another that they are come.

It is even so now. In the garden, under my windows, the first violets are in blossom, and the swallow already sits on the railing, and twitters her old song—

“Als ich abschied nahm, als ich abschied nahm.”

And, as she sings, my thoughts turn to one now long dead, to whom I owe some of the happiest hours of my childhood.

In spirit I wander again up the long street, at the extreme end of which stands St. Jurgens' hospital ; for, like most towns in the north of any importance, ours can boast of such an institution. The present house was built by one of our reigning dukes in the sixteenth century, and, through the generosity of the burghers, has gradually attained to a state of prosperity which renders it a most comfortable abode for those old people who, after the battle of life, still need some haven of refuge before they attain to their eternal rest. On one side of the building lies St. Jurgens' church-yard, beneath whose mighty lindens the first reformers preached ; the other faces the inner court, with its ad-

joining narrow strip of garden, where, in my youth, the inmates were wont to gather their Sunday nosegays. A dark gateway, surmounted by two heavy Gothic gables, leads from the street into this court, whence access is had by a row of doors to the interior of the house, to the chapel, and to the rooms of the inmates.

Many a time, as a boy, have I passed through that gateway, for, since the large church of St. Mary had been pulled down, it having fallen into a state of disrepair, public worship was held, during many years, in the chapel of St. Jurgens' hospital.

How often, in summer-time, before entering the chapel-door, have I lingered in the still Sunday morning in the sunny court, filled, according to the season, with the scent of wall-flower, carnations or mignonette, from the neighbouring garden. But this was not the only charm of church-going in those days ; for often, particularly when I had risen an hour earlier than usual, I would stroll farther down the court and fix my eyes on a little window in the upper story, flooded with the morning sunshine, in one corner of which a pair of swallows had built their nest. One half of the lattice generally stood open, and, at the sound of my footsteps on the pavement, a woman's head, the grey hair smoothly braided beneath a snow-white cap, would look forth with a friendly nod. “Good morning, Hansen,” I then cried ; for we children never called our old friend by any other than her surname ; in fact, we scarcely knew that she had besides the pleasant sounding one of Agnes, which once on a time had doubtless suited her well,

when the blue eyes were yet young, and the fair hair unmixed with grey.

For many years she had been in our grandmother's service as housekeeper, and later, when I was about twelve years of age, had been admitted to the hospital as daughter of a burgher and tax-payer of the town. From that time forth, the chief attraction of our grandmother's house for us children had disappeared; for Hansen never failed at all times, and that without our being aware of it, to keep us actively and pleasantly employed. For my sister she would cut patterns for new dolls' dresses, while I, pencil in hand, copied from her design all sorts of ornamental capitals, or attempted to draw the old church from a now rare print which belonged to her. In later years it has struck me as singular that, in all our intercourse with her, she never repeated to us any of the tales or legends in which our neighbourhood is so rich; she seemed rather to discourage them as something useless or even injurious, when any one else started such subjects. And yet hers was far from being a cold or unimaginative nature. On the other hand she took great delight in all sorts of animals and birds; swallows particularly were favourites with her, and she managed to protect their nests from the all-destroying broom of our grandmother, whose almost Dutch love of cleanliness could ill tolerate the little intruders. She seemed also to have carefully studied the habits of those birds. Thus I remember once taking a black martin which I had found, apparently lifeless, on the pavement of the court. "The beautiful creature will die," I said, as I sadly stroked the shining brown-black plumage; but Hansen shook her head.

"Oh, no," said she, "That is the queen of the air, and all she wants is the free heavens! She has doubtless fallen to the ground through fear of a hawk, and has not been able to use her long wings to rise again."

Then we went into the garden; I with the swallow, which lay quietly in my hand

and looked at me with its large brown eyes.

"Now throw her up into the air!" cried Hansen.

And wonderingly I saw how, thrown from my hand, quick as thought the seemingly lifeless bird spread its pinions, and, with loud and joyful twitterings, shot like a feathered dart into the sunny firmament.

"You should have seen them flying from the tower," said Hansen. "I mean from the tower of the old church, for that was something like a tower."

Then she stroked my cheek with a sigh, and went back to the house to her usual work. "Why does Hansen sigh?" thought I. It was many years after that I heard the answer to this question from the mouth of one then wholly unknown to me.

Now she lived in peace and comfort, but her swallows had followed her, and we children, too, knew where to find her. When I entered her neat little chamber on a Sunday morning before church-time, she was always ready dressed in her best gown, and sitting with her hymn-book before her. If I then wished to seat myself beside her on the little sofa, she would say: "Eh, what! you won't see the swallows there!" Then she would lift aside a pot of geraniums or carnations from the window, and place me in her arm-chair, in the deep recess of the window. "But you must not throw your arms about that way," she would add smiling, "They are not accustomed to see such lively young folks every day." And then I would sit quietly and watch the slender birds as they darted to and fro in the sunshine, building their nests or feeding their young, while Hansen, opposite, discoursed to me of the glories of the old times; of the entertainments in my great grandfather's house; of the processions of the old companies of sharpshooters, or—and this was her favourite theme—of the paintings and altar-pieces of the old church, where she herself had stood as godmother to the last bell-ringer's little grand-daughter. Then,

when the first tone of the organ rolled towards us from the chapel, she rose, and we walked together through a narrow and apparently endless corridor, dimly lighted by the scanty rays which fell through the curtained panes in the doors of the small apartments on either side. Here and there one of those doors would open, and in the gleam which, for a few moments, dispelled the twilight, I saw quaintly-dressed old men and women hobbling along, the most of whom had doubtless dwelt here from before the time of my birth. Many a question would be upon my lips; but, on the way to church, I knew I could expect no answer from Hansen; and so we proceeded, in silence, to the end of the passage, where Hansen, with the rest of the aged company, took their places in the pews reserved for the inmates of the hospital, while I went up to the choir. Here I sat, dreamily watching the revolving chime of the organ, and when the pastor ascended the pulpit, I must confess the words of his (doubtless) excellent sermon fell on my ear like the monotonous murmur of far-off waves, for there hung on the opposite wall the life-sized portrait of an old pastor, with long curling black hair and strangely cut moustache, which never failed to absorb my whole attention. The melancholy black eyes seemed to look forth into the new time, as from a dark world of witchcraft and superstition, and to me were eloquent of by-gone days whose history is still to be found in the old chronicles of our town, down to the wicked huntsman whose last misdeed is recorded in the epitaph of his murdered victim in the old church. Then, when all at once the organ began to peal forth the dismissal, I would take myself off quietly to the open air, for it was no joke to undergo an examination on the sermon at the hands of my old friend.

Hansen seldom spoke of her own past life; it was not till I had been a student for several years that, during a vacation visit to

my home, she, for the first time, told me something of her history.

It was in April, on her sixty-fifth birthday. I had to-day, as in former years, brought her the customary two ducats from my grandmother, and some small gifts from our family, and had been treated to a glass of Malaga, which she kept in her little cupboard for such occasions. After we had chatted for a short time I begged her to shew me the state-hall, where for centuries the directors of the hospital had held their banquet, after the settlement of the yearly accounts. To this Hansen agreed, and we went together along the gloomy corridor; for the hall lay beyond the chapel, at the other extremity of the building. In descending the back stairs my foot slipped, and as I stumbled down the last few steps, a door in the passage below me was jerked open, and an old man of ninety thrust forth his bald and ghastly head. He muttered indistinctly some angry words, and then stared after us with his glassy eyes until we entered the chapel-door.

I knew him well. The inmates of the hospital called him the "ghost seer," for they maintained that he was gifted with second sight.

"His eyes are enough to frighten one," said I to Hansen, as we passed through the chapel.

"He does not see you at all," she replied; "he can now only look backward upon his own foolish and sinful life."

"But," I continued jestingly, "he can see the open coffins standing in the corner there, while those in them still wander about among the living."

"These are but shadows, my child; he can do no more evil." "But," she added, "he has no right to be in the hospital, and only managed to slip into a vacancy which was in the bailiff's gift; for we others must shew proof of our character as burghers before we are admitted here."

Meanwhile we had obtained the key from

the housekeeper, and now ascended the staircase to the banquet-hall. It was only a moderately large, low-roofed apartment. At the one end stood an antique time-piece, the legacy of a deceased inmate, while on that opposite the life-sized portrait of a man in a scarlet doublet was hung. These were the only ornaments the room possessed.

"That is the good Duke, the founder of the hospital," said Hansen; "but people enjoy his gifts and never think of him, though he must have wished to be remembered when he was gone."

"But you, at any rate, think of him, Hansen."

She looked at me with her soft eyes.

"Ay, my child," she said, "that lies some how in my nature; I cannot easily forget."

On both sides of the room was a row of windows, looking to the street and to the churchyard; the small panes were set in a leaden frame, and in almost every one a name was engraved in black colour, chiefly out of well-known burgher families; and beneath: "Manager here, Anno —," and then followed the respective dates.

"Look, that is your great grandfather," said Hansen, pointing to one of these panes; "I shall never forget him either; it was with him my father learned his business, and afterwards he often got both advice and help from him; only when the hardest times came, his eyes were already closed."

I read another name: "Liberius Michael Hansen, Manager here, Anno 1799."

"That was my father," said Hansen.

"Your father? Then how was it——?"

"That I spent half my life in service when my family were people of some position?"

"I mean what was it that brought misfortune on your family?"

Hansen had seated herself on one of the old leathern chairs. "It was no uncommon thing, my child," she said. "It was in the year '7, the time the continental ports were closed; in those days the rogues flourished

and honest folks were ruined. And my father was an honourable man! He took his good name with him to the grave," she continued, after a short pause. "I can still remember how once, when we were walking through the streets together, he showed me an old house which has long since been destroyed. 'Mark that,' said he to me, 'that is where the pious merchant, Mericke, gravely lived in the year 1549, when the great fire broke out on the third Sunday after Easter. When the flames came near he rushed into the street with measure and balance, and prayed to God that if he had ever wittingly injured his neighbour by so much as one grain, his house might not be spared. But the flames passed over it, while all around fell in ashes. 'See, my child,' added my father, lifting up his hands, 'I, too, could say the same, and the Lord would leave our house unscathed.'"

Hansen looked at me. "We should never boast," she then said. "You are old enough to hear it now; you must know, too, about me when I am no longer here. My good father had one weakness; he was superstitious. In the time of his greatest misfortune, this weakness led him to do that which soon broke his heart; for he could never again tell the story of the pious merchant.

"Next door to us there lived a master carpenter. When he and his young wife both died, the son they left was put under my father's care. Harry—for that was the boy's name—was a great reader, and had soon got as far as the third class in our grammar school; but he had not the means to study, and so he took to his father's trade. Then, afterwards, when he was a journeyman, he travelled two years, and came back again to work with his master, and soon he came to be known for his great skill in all the finer kinds of work. We two had grown up together; when he was still an apprentice he often read to me out of the books he borrowed from his old schoolfellows. You know we lived at the Market Place, in the

old house with the balconies, opposite the Town Hall; there is still a great box-tree in the garden. How often have we sat with our book under that tree, while the bees hummed above us among the little green blossoms. After his return it was just the same, he often came to us; in short, my dear boy, we were both fond of each other, and did not seek to conceal it.

"My mother was no longer alive; what my father thought, if, indeed, he ever thought of the matter, I never knew. Nor did it ever get so far as to be a formal engagement.

"One morning, in the early spring, I had gone out into our garden; the crocuses and pink hepaticas were just beginning to bud, and everything around was so young and fresh; but I felt troubled and oppressed with a sense of my father's misfortunes. Although he never spoke to me about business, I yet felt that it was always the longer the worse. In the last months I had often seen the town-beadle entering his office door, and when he was gone my father would lock himself in for hours; and many a day he rose from the dinner-table without tasting a morsel. The week before he had passed a whole evening reading the cards, and, when I ventured, as if in joke, to ask what he was consulting his oracle upon, he only motioned me away in silence, and soon after went to his room, bidding me a short 'good night.'

"All this weighed upon my heart; and my eyes, which looked inward, knew nothing of the sweet sunshine which transfigured the whole outer world. All at once I heard a lark singing from the marsh below; and you know, my child, in youth the heart is still so light, that even a little bird has power to lift it up again. In a moment all the clouds of our troubles seemed to have vanished, and the future lay bright and sunny before me. I still remember how I knelt down beside the flower-beds, and with what delight I gazed upon the tender buds and the fresh green which everywhere burst from the teeming earth. I thought of Harry, too, and at

length, I believe, only of him. Then I heard the click of the garden gate, and when I looked up, there he was coming towards me.

"Whether he, too, had heard the lark, I know not—he looked the picture of hope.

"'Good morning, Agnes,' he cried, 'have you heard the news?'

"'Is it good news, Harry?'

"'Of course, what else should it be? I am to be made master, and that very soon, too.'

"You may guess how surprised I was! for my first thought was—'Oh me! Now he will be able to take a wife.'

"I dare say I looked quite confused, for Harry asked—'Is anything wrong with you, Agnes?'

"'With me, Harry? Nothing at all,' said I, 'the air felt a little chilly.' This was certainly not true; but it is somehow always the case—at such a time we cannot say the words the other would best like to hear.

"'But there is something wrong with me now,' said Harry, 'the best of all is still awaiting!'

"To this I made no reply, not even a word. Harry, too, walked a short way in silence beside me; then suddenly he said—'Agnes, do you think a merchant's daughter ever before married a master carpenter?'

"When I looked up and met his good brown eyes fixed on me so beseechingly, I gave him my hand, and said at once—'May-be this will be the first time it has happened.'

"'Agnes,' cried Harry, 'what will people say?'

"'I don't know, Harry. But supposing the merchant's daughter were poor?'

"'Poor, Agnes?' and he seized me joyfully by both hands, 'Is it not enough if she is good and pretty?'

"That was a happy day; the spring sunshine was bright; we walked hand in hand; and, while we were silent, the larks above us sang from a thousand clear throats. Thus we had come, without being aware of it, to the well opposite our house, which lay beneath the row of elder trees by the garden

wall. I looked over the wooden frame-work into the depths below. 'How the water glistens down there,' I said.

"Happiness makes people light-hearted. Harry began to teaze me. 'Water?' said he, 'that is gold you see glittering there.'

"I did not know what he meant.

" 'Don't you know that there is a treasure hidden in your well?' he continued. 'Just look closer; a little grey man, with a cocked hat, sits at the bottom. Perhaps, after all, it is only the light in his hand that shines so strangely, for he keeps watch over the treasure.'

"The thought of my father's urgent need shot through my mind. Harry picked up a stone and threw it in, and it was some time before the sound reached us.

" 'Do you hear, Agnes,' said he, 'that struck the chest.'

" 'Harry, don't be foolish!' I cried, 'what nonsense you talk!'

" 'I am only repeating what I hear from other folk!' he replied.

"But my curiosity was awakened; perhaps, too, the desire for the hidden riches, which would put an end to all our difficulties.

" 'Who speaks of such things?' I asked again, 'for I never even heard of it.'

"Harry looked at me and laughed. 'How should I remember? Hans or Kung; or, I believe, after all, that rascal, the wizard, spread the report.'

" 'The wizard?' All sorts of thoughts came into my mind. The wizard, who was a broken-down pedler, was one who wrought charms on man and beast, gave counsel and dealt in all the mysteries by which, in those days, a profitable trade was driven at the expense of the credulous. He is the same they now call the ghost-seer, a name he has just as much right to as to his former one. Within the past few days I had seen him several times, when at work in the entrance-lobby, going into my father's business-room, and he had always slunk past me with a suspicious glance, and without waiting an an-

swer to his whining enquiry: 'Herr Hansen at home?' On one occasion he had been nearly an hour within; shortly before he left I heard my father's well-known desk unlocked, and, as I thought, the clink of gold pieces. All this now came back to my mind.

"But Harry roused me. 'Agnes, are you dreaming?' he cried; 'or do you wish to seek for the treasure?' Alas, he did not know of my father's distress; his thoughts were occupied only with his own future, in which I, too, was bound up. He seized both my hands and cried joyfully: 'We want no treasure, Agnes; your father has already lifted my small fortune, and that is enough to furnish a house and workshop. For the future,' he added with a smile, 'we'll trust to these not altogether unskilled hands.'

"I could make no response to his hopeful words; my thoughts were busy with the treasure and the wizard; I knew not whether it was over-sanguine expectation or the shadow of coming misfortune which so oppressed my bosom. Perhaps it was a presentiment that this well would, ere long, swallow up all the treasure of my life.

"The day after this I had gone to a village in the neighbourhood, where the pastor's wife, a relative of ours, had asked me to help her in nursing her sick child. But when there I had no peace; of late my father had been so silent and yet so restless; I had seen him repeatedly pacing to and fro in the garden, or standing by the well gazing into its depths; a fear seized me that he might do himself an injury. On the third day I fancied I could call to mind his having urged me, in a strange manner, to the journey; as night came on my anxiety became almost unbearable, and when, at ten o'clock, the moon rose, I begged my cousin to drive me to town that same night. And so it was, after vainly endeavouring to calm my fears, he gave orders to yoke, and, as midnight was striking on the church-tower, the carriage halted before our house. All was quiet; it was not till I had knocked for some time

that the chain was withdrawn, and the apprentice, who had a closet on the ground floor, opened the door. Everything was as usual. 'Is the master at home?' I asked.

"'Master went to bed at ten o'clock,' was the reply.

"With a lighter heart I went up to my room, whose windows looked out upon the garden. The night without was so bright that, before lighting my candle, I approached the window. The moon stood above the elder trees, whose yet leafless branches were clearly outlined against the night-sky; and my thoughts followed my eyes up from the earth to the great loving God beyond, to whom I confided all my sorrows. Just as I was in the act of turning back into my room, I saw a red glow shooting upwards from the mouth of the well, which lay hidden in shadow; the tufts of grass around, and the branches of the trees above, were illumined as with golden fire. A superstitious dread seized me, for I thought of the taper of the little grey man who was said to sit at the bottom. On looking more closely, however, I observed a ladder against the side of the well, of which only the upper end was visible to me. At the same moment I heard a shriek from the depths, then a rumbling noise, followed by a confused sound of voices. All at once the light vanished, and I heard distinctly steps ascending the ladder. All my ghostly terrors fled, but an undefined fear for my father's safety took possession of me.

"With trembling knees I sought his bedroom, which was next to mine. As I cautiously drew aside the bed-curtain, the moonlight fell on the vacant pillows, on which, doubtless, it was long since his poor head had found repose; now they lay untouched. In an agony of terror I rushed down stairs to the back door; it was locked and the key gone. I went into the kitchen and got a light; then to the business-room, which also looked towards the garden. For a time I stood helplessly gazing from the window; I heard footsteps among the elder trees, but

could distinguish nothing, for the wall behind, in spite of the moonlight, cast deep shadows. Then the door outside was unlocked, and soon after the door of the room opened. My father came in. I am old now, but I have not forgotten that moment; his long grey hair was dripping with water or sweat; his clothes, which he usually kept so scrupulously clean, were covered all over with green slime.

"He gave a great start at sight of me. 'How is this? What are you doing here?' he said harshly.

"'My cousin gave me a drive home, father!'

"'At midnight? He might have let that be.'

"I looked at my father; he stood motionless and with downcast eyes. 'I had no peace,' said I; 'I felt as if I were wanted here, as if could not stay away from you.'

"The old man sank into a chair and covered his face with both hands. 'Go to your room' he murmured; 'I wish to be alone.'

"But I did not go. 'Let me stay beside you,' I whispered. My father took no notice of me; he raised his head and seemed to listen to something outside. Suddenly he started up. 'H-sh!' he cried, 'do you hear it?' and gazed at me with distended eyes.

"I turned to the window and looked out. All was silent as the grave, only the elder-branches, swayed by the night wind, smote against each other. 'I hear nothing,' said I.

"My father still stood, as if listening to a sound which filled him with horror. 'I thought it was no sin,' he said as to himself, 'nor is there anything wrong in it; and the well stands, as yet at least, on my own ground.' Then turning to me he continued: 'I know you have no faith in it, my child, but it is nevertheless quite true; the divining-rod turned three times, and the information, for which I paid too dear, agreed in every particular; there is a treasure in our well, buried there at the time of the Swedish war. Why should I not seek for it! We

dammed up the spring, drew off the water, and to-night we dug for it.' ”

“ ‘ We ? ’ I asked. ‘ Who is the other you speak of ? ’ ”

“ ‘ There is but one in the town who understands such things. ’ ”

“ ‘ You surely don't mean the wizard ? He is no good assistant ! ’ ”

“ ‘ There is nothing wicked in the divining rod, my child. ’ ”

“ ‘ But those who use it are impostors ! ’ ”

“ My father had seated himself again on his chair and looked despairingly before him. Then shaking his head he said : ‘ The spade had even struck upon it, but something happened ; ’—then interrupting himself he went on : ‘ Eighteen years ago your mother died ; when she realized that she was going to leave us, she broke out into a bitter fit of weeping, which never ceased till she fell into her death-sleep. That was the last sound I heard from your mother's mouth. ’ He paused a moment, then hesitating, as if afraid of the sound of his own voice, he said : ‘ This night, eighteen years after, when the spade struck the chest, I heard it again. It was not merely in my ears, as it had been so often during all these years, under me ; from the bottom of the earth, it came up. Such work must be carried on in silence, but I felt as though the sharp iron pierced your dead mother's heart. I shrieked aloud, the lamp went out, and—and so, ’ he added gloomily, ‘ it has all vanished again. ’ ”

“ I threw myself upon my knees before my father, and put my arms around his neck. ”

“ ‘ I am no longer a child, ’ said I, ‘ let us cling together father ; I know that misfortune has fallen upon us. ’ ”

“ He said nothing, but leant his damp forehead upon my shoulder ; it was the first time he had sought support from his child. How long we sat thus I know not. Then I felt my cheeks wet with scalding tears, which streamed from his old eyes. I clung closer to him. ‘ Don't cry, father, ’ I entreated, ‘ we are able to bear poverty. ’ ”

“ He stroked my hair with his trembling hand, and said in a low voice, so low that I scarcely caught the words : ‘ Poverty perhaps, my child, but not dishonour. ’ ”

“ And now, my boy, came a bitter hour ; but one which I can yet look back upon with comfort. For now, for the first time in my life, I could show my father his child's love, and from that moment it was his chief consolation, and soon too the only thing on earth he could call his own. While I sat by him, and secretly gulped down my tears, my father poured out his heart to me. I now learnt that he was on the verge of bankruptcy ; but this was not the worst. During a sleepless night, while tossing on his hot pillows, vainly seeking some way out of his difficulties, the half-forgotten legend of ‘ the treasure in the well ’ came back to his mind. The thought haunted him ever after ; by day, when he sat over his ledger ; by night, when at last he fell into a troubled sleep. In his dream, he saw the gold glittering in the dark water ; and, when he rose in the morning, the same spell drove him out to the well, to gaze, as if enchanted, into its mysterious depths. Then he sought out his evil counsellor. He, however, did not enter into the scheme at once, but demanded, in the first place, a considerable sum for the necessary preparations for the undertaking. My poor father, already in desperation, gave him what he asked, and soon a second, and even a third time. The visionary swallowed up the real gold, which was still in his hands ; but this gold was not his own, it was only in his keeping, and belonged to his ward. There was no possibility of repaying it ; we had no relations able to help us, your grandfather was no longer alive ; at last, we were forced to confess that we could look for no help from man. ”

“ The candle had burned down, my head rested upon my father's breast, my hand lay in his, thus we sat on in darkness. What else was spoken between us on that night I do not remember now. But never before,

not even when my father had appeared to my eyes faultless, almost as God himself, had I felt such tender affection for him as in that hour when he confessed his guilty act. Gradually the stars faded in the heavens without, a little bird sang from the elder-trees, and the first gleam of morning light pierced the gloomy chamber. My father rose and went to his desk, on which his great ledgers lay. The life-sized oil-painting of my grandfather, with pigtail and leathern coloured waistcoat, seemed to look down sternly upon his son. 'I shall go over it all once more,' said my father; 'if the sum total remains the same,' he added hesitatingly, and casting a supplicating glance at his father's portrait, 'then a sad prospect lies before me, for I shall have to seek mercy from both God and man.'

"At his wish I left the room, and soon all was astir in the house—it was day. When I had put things in order, I went into the garden, and through the little back gate out to the highway, where Harry generally passed in the morning, on his way to the workshop.

"I had not long to wait; as six o'clock struck, I saw him approaching. 'Harry, one moment!' I said, beckoning him to come with me into the garden.

"He gave me a strange look, for my bad news was no doubt written upon my face; and when I had led him to a corner of the garden and had taken his hand in mine, I stood a long time without being able to utter a word. At last, however, I told him all, and then said: 'My father will speak to you himself, do not be hard upon him.'

"He had turned deadly pale, and an expression came into his eyes, perhaps only of despair, but which frightened me.

"'Harry, Harry, what will you do to the old man!' I cried.

"He pressed his hand upon his breast. 'Nothing, Agnes,' said he, as he looked at me with a sad smile; 'but now I must go away from here.'

"I was startled. 'Why so?' I faltered.

"'I dare not see your father again.'

"'Oh, Harry! you will surely forgive him!'

"'Yes, Agnes, I owe him more than that; but—he must not bow down his grey hairs before me. And then'—he added, as if this was but of small importance. 'I don't think I can become a master quite so soon now.'

"I made no reply; but I saw the happiness, towards which only yesterday I had stretched forth my hand, fading away into the dim distance. But there was no help for it; it was best as Harry proposed. I only asked: 'When will you go, Harry?' I scarce knew myself what I said.

"'Only see that your father does not seek me out to-day,' he replied; 'by to-morrow morning I'll have settled all my affairs here. And don't distress yourself about me, I shall easily find employment.'

"'With these words we parted; our hearts were too full to let us say more.'

The speaker paused for a time. Then she continued: "The next morning I saw him once more, and never again; all my whole long life, never again."

Her head sank upon her breast; her hands, which had lain in her lap, she pressed gently together, as if thereby to calm the grief which now shook the frail old form, as it had once done the heart of the fair-haired maiden.

She did not remain long in this posture; regaining her composure with an effort, she rose from her chair and approached the window. "Why should I complain!" she said, pointing to a pane on which her father's name was inscribed. "Tha man suffered more than I did, but I must tell you about that too.

"Harry was gone. He had bidden farewell to my father in a heartily kind letter; they did not meet again. Soon afterwards legal proceedings were taken against us, the publication of the bankruptcy was shortly to follow.

"In those days it was the custom in our

town that all public announcements were made, not as now, by the pastor in church, but were read by the town clerk, from the open window of the town-house; and, beforehand, the small bell in the tower was tolled for half an hour. As we lived opposite the town-house, I had often looked on and seen children and idlers gather under the windows, and on the door-steps of the town-house, during the ringing of the bell. The same took place on the publication of a bankruptcy; but there it was looked upon in a different light, and the phrase: 'The bell has tolled over him' was held as a disgrace. On such occasions, too, I had listened without much thought; but now I trembled at the effect such a proceeding would have on my father's already depressed spirits. He had told me that he had applied to the Burgomaster on the subject, through a friendly Senator, and this Senator had comforted him with the assurance that the announcement would be made, for this time, without the bell being tolled. But I knew, on good authority, that this was not to be relied upon. Nevertheless, I did not seek to disturb my father in his harmless illusion, but tried to persuade him to go into the country and spend that day with our relations. But, as he said with a sad smile, he did not wish to forsake a sinking ship before the final breaking up. In my anxiety, it came into my mind that, in the back division of our deep vaulted cellar no sound of a bell had ever reached me. On this I built my plans. My father went in with my proposal that we should together draw up a list of the goods stored there, which might help to shorten the bailiffs' unpleasant duties, when they came afterwards to make out the inventory.

"By the time the dreadful hour arrived, we had already been long at our under-ground labours. My father arranged the goods, while I, by the light of a lantern, wrote down what he told me on a sheet of paper. Several times I had fancied I heard the distant tolling of a bell; then I spoke some loud words

till all sounds from without were again drowned in the pushing and dragging of casks and boxes. All promised well; my father was quite engrossed in his work. Suddenly the cellar door above burst open; our old maid-servant summoned me, I don't remember: now about what, and at the same time the clear full tones of the bell came down to us. My father stopped short and put down the box he had in his hands, upon the ground. 'The bell!' he moaned out, and fell as if powerless against the wall. 'I am spared nothing.' This was only for a moment; then he stood erect, and before I had time to utter a word he had left the place, and, immediately after, I heard him ascending the cellar-stair. I, too, now quitted the cellar, and, after vainly seeking my father in his business-room, found him in the sitting-room, standing with folded hands at the open window. At this moment the bell ceased ringing, the three-winged window in the town-house opposite, on which the bright morning sun shone, was thrown open, and I saw the beadle putting out the scarlet window-cushions. A crowd of half grown lads already hung about the iron railings of the door-steps. My father stood motionless and looked on with anxious eyes. I sought, with gentle words, to lead him away, but he put me aside. 'Let me be, my child,' said he, 'this is my concern. I must hear it.'

"So he remained. The old town-clerk, with white powdered hair, appeared in the middle window opposite, and read in his shrill voice, from a paper which he held before him with both hands, the declaration of the bankruptcy, while two Senators at his side leant upon the scarlet cushions. Every word was borne to us distinctly in the clear spring atmosphere. When my father heard his full name proclaimed over the market-place, I saw him shudder; still he kept his place till all was over. Then he drew out his gold watch, which he had inherited from his father, and laid it upon the table. 'It belongs to my creditors with the rest,' he

said, 'put it into its case, that it may be sealed with the other things to-morrow.'

"The following day the men came and sealed everything; but my father could not leave his bed; in the night he had had a shock of paralysis. When, some months after, our house was sold, he had to be carried on a stretcher, borrowed from the hospital, to the small lodging we had taken on the outskirts of the town. Here he lived on for nine years, a helpless and broken down man. In his better hours he did a little in the way of writing and making out accounts for others; the greater part I had to earn with the work of my hands. But at the last he passed away peacefully in my arms, in calm assurance of God's mercy. After his death I came among good friends; that was in your grandfather's house."

My old friend paused. But I was thinking of Harry. "But did you never during all that time hear anything of Harry?" I asked.

"Never, my child," she replied.

"Do you know, Hansen," I said, "I don't think much of your Harry; he didn't keep his promise."

She laid her hands upon my arm. "You must not speak so, child. I knew him. There are other things besides death which men must obey. But let us go to my room; you have left your hat there, and it must be near dinner-time."

And so we locked the empty dining-hall again, and returned by the same way we had come. This time the ghost-seer's door did not open; but within we heard the sound of his footsteps on the sanded floor.

When we had reached Hansen's room, where the last ray of the noonday sun still shone through the window, she drew out a drawer and took from it an old-fashioned, highly polished mahogany box, which, once on a time, might have been a birthday gift from the young carpenter.

"You must see this too," said Hansen, as she unlocked the casket. It contained

a number of bills of exchange, all in the name of Harry Jensen, 'son of the late master-carpenter, Harry Christian Jensen, of this place,' and all bearing a date within the last ten years.

"How do you come by this money?" I asked.

She smiled. "I have not worked for nothing."

"But the bills are not in your name."

"It is my father's debt which I repay. All the property of those who die here goes to the hospital. That is why I had the bills made out in Harry Jensen's name at once." Yet a moment, before locking it fast again, she weighed the box in her hand. "The treasure has come back again," she said, "but the happiness, my child, the happiness which was once along with it—that is no longer there."

As she spoke these words a flock of swallows outside darted by with loud cries, and immediately two of the birds fluttered near to the window, and alighted twittering upon the open casement. They were the first swallows I had seen that spring. "Do you hear their congratulations, Hansen," I cried. "They have come back on purpose for your birthday."

Hansen only nodded. Her still beautiful blue eyes gazed sadly on the friendly little songsters. Then she laid her hands on my arm, and said gently: "Go away now, my child; thank all those who remembered me. I would rather be alone now."

Several years later I was on my way back to my native town, after a tour in central Germany. At one of the principal stations on the railroad—for the age of steam had already set in—an old white-haired man entered the carriage, of which I had hitherto been the sole occupant. A small portmanteau was handed in after him, which I helped him to put under the seat; then he sat down opposite me, with the friendly remark: "Well, this is the first time we have travel-

led together." As he spoke, there came around the mouth and into the brown eyes an expression of such kindliness as inspired one, involuntarily, with the utmost confidence. The scrupulous cleanliness of his exterior, visible not alone in his brown cloth coat and white neck-cloth, the natural refinement and courtesy of the man, all attracted me, and before long we had become quite communicative about our several homes and family circles. I learnt that he was a maker of pianos in a pretty large town in Swabia. Hereupon I was struck with the fact that my travelling companion spoke the southern dialect, although I had read the name "Jensen" on his box, which, as far as I knew, belonged only to the extreme north of Germany.

When I made this remark he smiled. "I dare say I am almost a Swabian now," he said, "for I have lived over forty years in that goodly land, and have never been out of it during all that time; but I come originally from the north, and that is where I got my name." And then he named my own native town as his birthplace.

"Then you are a countryman of mine, as near as possible," I cried; "I too was born there, and am just now on my way home."

The old man seized both my hands, and looked lovingly at me. "That is the good Lord's doing," he said, "and so we shall travel all the way together, if it so please you. I too am returning to my native place; I hope to see an old friend there, if God will." I agreed with pleasure to his proposal.

When we had arrived at the railway terminus of those days, twenty miles of our journey still lay before us, and soon we were seated side by side on the comfortable cushions of a carriage, the cover of which we had thrown back, to enjoy the splendid autumn weather. Gradually the country became more familiar, the woods disappeared, then the hedgerows on either hand, and soon even the banks on which they stood,

and the vast treeless plain lay stretched out before us. My companion gazed silently upon it. "I am so unused to this wide expanse," he remarked, "I feel here as if I looked into eternity on every side." Then he relapsed into silence, and I did not disturb him.

About midway on our journey, as we left a village through which the highway passed, and emerged again into the open country, I observed that he bent forward his head and eagerly scanned the distance. Then he shaded his eyes with his hand, and became visibly uneasy. "In general I can see a long way," he said at length, "but I look in vain for our tower; and yet in my youth it was always from this point I was wont to greet it, when I returned from my wanderings."

"You must be mistaken," I replied, "it is impossible that the low steeple can be seen from this distance."

"Low!" cried the old man, almost indignantly, "that tower has for centuries served as a landmark to ships many miles out at sea!"

Then his mistake was apparent. "You must be thinking," I said, with some hesitation, "of the tower of the old church, which was pulled down more than forty years ago."

The old man stared at me with his large eyes, as if I was raving. "The old church pulled down—and forty years ago! My God, how long have I been away; and never to have heard a word of it!"

He folded his hands and sat for some time as if sunk in a train of sorrowful recollections. Then he said: "On that beautiful tower, which it seems exists now only in my imagination, I promised, nearly fifty years ago, to return to her for whose sake I have taken this long journey. If you care to listen, I shall tell you that part of my history. Perhaps you may then be able to give me some idea of whether my hopes are likely to be realized or not."

I assured him of my interest, and while

the postilion nodded on his seat, beneath the glowing noon sunshine, and the wheels rolled slowly through the sand, the old man began his story.

"In my youth I had a great wish to study for one of the learned professions, but as my parents both died early, and I had not the necessary means, I took to my father's trade, that is, turned carpenter. Already in my travels, as apprentice, I had a notion of settling in some distant part, for I was not altogether without means; the sale of my father's house had brought in a good round sum, enough to set me agoing. Still I went back to my home again, and this was for the sake of a fair young girl. I don't think I ever saw such blue eyes again. One of her friends once said to her in joke: 'Agnes, I'll pluck violets out of your eyes.' I never forgot the words." The old man sat silent a time, and gazed before him with a glorified expression on his face, as though he looked once more into those blue eyes of his youth. Then, while I almost involuntarily pronounced the name of my old friend in St. Jurgens to myself, he began once more: "She was the daughter of a merchant who was my guardian. We had grown up together as neighbours' children; her mother was dead, and the girl led a quiet, solitary life with her father. Perhaps it was on this account that she came to have such a regard for me, the only playmate of her own age she ever had. Soon after my return at any rate, we were, between ourselves, as good as engaged. It was already settled that I was to begin business in our native town, when, by an unexpected event, I lost the whole of my small fortune. And so it came that I was obliged to leave the place.

"On the last day Agnes had promised to meet me in the evening, on the road that ran behind their garden, to speak a last word with me, but when, at the stroke of the appointed hour, I reached the place, she was not there. I stood listening behind the wall, under the overhanging linden

branches; but I waited in vain. At this time I could not enter her father's house: not that there had been any coolness between us; on the contrary, I believe he would have given me his daughter's hand without much hesitation, for he was fond of me, and he was not a proud man; there was another reason, but one which I would rather let remain buried in the past.

"I remember it well even now. It was a dark and stormy April evening. More than once I was deceived by the weathercock on the roof, and thought I heard the well-known door of the courtyard open, but no step came down the garden path. Long I stood leaning against the wall, and watched the black clouds driving across the heavens; at last with a heavy heart I went away.

"The next morning it had just struck five on the tower when I descended the stair of my lodging, after a sleepless night, and said farewell to my landlord and his wife. In the narrow, ill-paved streets, were still the darkness and dirt of winter; the town seemed yet sunk in sleep, not a single familiar face met me, and thus sad and solitary I went my way. Just as I was about to turn the corner of the church-yard, a bright ray burst forth, and suddenly flooded with spring sunshine the high quaint gables of the old apothecary's house, whose under-story, with its sign of the carved lion, still lay in the misty shadows of the street. As I glanced upward a long-drawn tone rang through the air high over me, then again, and yet again, as if calling aloud to the world.

"I stepped into the church-yard, and when I looked up at the tower I saw the bellringer standing on the gallery, and saw that he still held his long horn in his hand. Then I knew that the first swallows were come, and Jacob had sounded a welcome to them, and had called aloud to the town that spring had come into the land. For this he got his time-honoured draught in 'the wine vault of the town-house, and a bright dollar from the Burgomaster. I knew the

man, and had often been up beside him—as a boy to look down upon my pigeons flying, afterwards, now and again with Agnes, for the old man had a little grand-daughter who lived with him, who was Agnes' god-child, and a great pet of hers. Once, on a Christmas eve, I had even helped her to drag a complete Christmas tree up to the top of the tower. Now the well-known oaken door stood open; involuntarily I entered, and in the darkness which suddenly surrounded me, slowly ascended the stair, and, when this ceased, the narrow ladder-like steps which formed the continuation. The only sound that broke the solitude was the creaking of the machinery of the huge clock. I remember in those days I had always a horror of the lifeless thing, and was seized now with a strong desire to clutch hold of the wheels, and bring it to a standstill. Just then I heard old Jacob clambering down from above. He seemed to be talking to a child, and exhorting it to be cautious. I called up good morning to him through the darkness, and asked if it was little Meta who was with him.

“‘Is that you, Harry?’ cried the old man; ‘of course Meta must go with me to the Herr Burgomaster.’

“At length they both came down to where I had stepped aside into a niche. When Jacob caught sight of me standing beside him, prepared for travelling, he cried, in astonishment, ‘What is the meaning of this, Harry? What are you going up the town for, with knapsack and glazed cap on? You’re surely not going to leave us all again?’

“‘It’s too true, Jacob,’ I replied, ‘it will not be for long, we’ll hope.’

“‘Ay, ay, I thought there was something else in the wind!’ muttered the old man. ‘Well, what must be must; the swallows are back again, and that’s the best time for travelling. And thank you kindly for coming to say good-bye.’

“‘Well, good-bye, Jacob!’ said I, ‘and

when you look down from your tower some fine sunny day, and see me coming back again through gate, you’ll blow me a welcome as you’ve done to the swallows to-day!’

“The old man shook me by the hand, as he took his little granddaughter upon his arm. ‘That I will, Master Harry!’ he cried, smiling; as he was accustomed to call me in jest. But as I was preparing to descend again with him, he added, ‘If you would like a ‘God speed’ from Agnes, she has been up above since early morning; she is as fond of her birds as ever.’

“Never in all my life had I mounted the last break-neck steps so quickly as I now did, although I could scarce draw my breath for the throbbing of my heart. Yet, when I stepped out on the little gallery into the dazzling brightness of the heavens, I stood still involuntarily, and cast a glance over the iron railing. There, far below, lay my native town, in all the beauty of early spring; cherry trees, already white with blossom, peeped everywhere from between the roofs. Yonder gable, opposite the little tower of the town hall, belonged to my guardian’s house. I could see the garden, and the road behind it; my heart was full, and an overwhelming feeling of home-sickness took possession of me. Unconsciously, I may have uttered a cry, for suddenly I felt my hands grasped, and when I looked up, Agnes stood beside me. ‘Harry,’ she said, ‘have you come once more?’ And a joyful smile flitted across her face.

“‘I didn’t expect to find you here,’ I replied, ‘and I must go now; why did you keep me waiting in vain yesterday?’

“Then all the joy faded out of her face. ‘I could not help it, Harry; my father would not let me leave him. Afterwards, I ran down to the garden, but you were already gone; you did not come back again; and so early this morning I climbed the tower. I thought I might perhaps see you as you went out of the gate.’

“The future lay uncertain before me, but I

had formed a plan. Once before I had been in the employment of a piano maker; now I intended to follow out this trade, hoping in time to earn enough to set up business on my own account; for these instruments began even then to be in great demand. All this I now told the girl, and also where I meant to go to first.

"She stood leaning upon the railing, and seemed to be gazing absently into the heavens. Now she slowly turned her head. 'Harry,' she said, in a low voice, 'don't go away, Harry!'

"But, when I looked at her without answering, she cried again, 'No, don't listen to me; I am a child, I don't know what I am saying!' The morning wind had loosened a little lock of her fair hair, and blew it across the pale face which now looked so patiently up into mine.

"'We must wait, Agnes,' said I; 'I must now go in search of fortune, and try to bring it home with me again. I shall not write; I shall come myself at the right time.'

"She gazed at me a while with her large eyes; then she pressed my hand. 'I shall wait,' she said in a steady voice; 'Go, Harry, and God be with you!'

"I did not go just yet. The tower, on which we two stood, lifted its head high into the solitude of the blue heavens; only the swallows, whose steel-blue plumage glistened in the sunshine, fluttered around us, and bathed in the sea of air and light. I still held her hands; I felt as though I could never leave this spot, as though already we were both free from all our troubles. But time pressed—the quarter-bell beneath us rang out its warning. Then, while the waves of sound still vibrated around the tower, a swallow came flying so near that it almost touched us with its wings, and, alighting fearlessly upon the edge of the railing at arm's length from us, suddenly poured forth a flood of rapturous sounds from its distended throat, while we stood, as if spell-bound, gazing into its bright

little eye. Agnes threw herself upon my breast. 'Don't forget to return!' she cried. The bird spread its wings and flew away.

"How I came down to earth through the dark tower I know not. When I had reached the high-road beyond the gate of the town, I stood still and looked back. There, on the tower, in a flood of sunlight, I could discern her dear form; she seemed to me to be leaning far over the top of the railing, and involuntarily a cry of terror escaped me. But the form remained motionless.

"And at last I turned, and went with hasty steps along the high-road, without once again looking behind me.

The old man sat silent for a time; then he said, "She waited for me in vain; I never returned. I must now tell you how this could happen.

"The first employment I found was in Vienna, where the best pianos were made in those days; after a year and a half I went into Wurtemberg, to the place where I still live. A fellow apprentice of mine had a brother there who was in want of a trustworthy assistant. They were a young couple, and I lodged with them. The business was only a small one, but the master was a kind man and skilful, and I soon learnt more with him than I had done in the large factory, where I had only worked in one department. As I applied myself diligently to my trade, and also found my Vienna experience of some value, I soon gained the confidence of these good people. They were pleased, too, that in my spare hours I gave the eldest of their two boys German lessons; for in those days I still had the northern accent, which they liked, and wished, as they said, that their children might learn to speak as good German. Soon the younger brother joined us, and we did not stick to the dry grammar; I got hold of books, out of which I read to them both for their instruction and amusement.

Thus it was that the children, too, became warmly attached to me. When, after a year, I succeeded for the first time in constructing, without assistance, a piano of a particularly fine tone, there was as great rejoicing in the whole house as if one of the family had completed his master-piece. And now I thought of my return.

"But my young master fell sick. A cold brought on a serious chest complaint, the seeds of which had, perhaps, long lain dormant within him. The care of the business fell, as a matter of course, entirely into my hands. Now I could not possibly leave. I began, too, to get more insight into the circumstances of the family with whom I lived on terms of the closest friendship. Unity and industry dwelt beneath their roof. But there was a third, an evil inmate, which these good spirits had not been able to expel. In every dark corner the sick man saw it crouching. This was anxiety for the future.

"'Take the broom and sweep it away,' I would often say to my friend; 'I shall help you, Martin!' Then he would press my hand, and for a moment a melancholy smile spread over his pale face; but soon again he saw the dark shadows on everything.

"Unhappily these were not merely in his imagination. The capital with which he had started business had been all along too small. During the first years he suffered losses through bad workmen, for which he had not laid his account; the sale of the stock, too, was not so rapid as was necessary under the circumstances; now, to crown all, came an illness of which none could foresee the end. At length they were entirely dependent on me, both for their actual support and for consolation in their sorrows. The boys held fast my hands when we sat by the father's bed, which soon he was unable to leave. With him the failing of the bodily strength seemed but to increase the unrest of the spirit; brooding he lay upon his pillows and built plans for the future. At

times, when he felt the icy breath of approaching death, he would start up suddenly and cry, 'I cannot die, I will not die!' and then again, with clasped hands, 'My God, my God, Thy will be done!'

And at last came the hour of release. We stood all beside his bed; he thanked me, and took leave of us all. But then, as if he saw before him something from which he must protect them, he drew his wife and the two boys suddenly towards him, gazed at them with woeful eyes, and groaned aloud. When I exhorted him, 'Cast thy care upon the Lord, Martin!' he cried, despairingly, 'Harry, Harry, it is no longer care, it is utter want! Over me it will have no power now, but my wife, my dear children, how can they escape from it!'

"There is a strange power in a death-bed; I don't know if you have ever experienced it, my young friend. But in that moment I promised to my dying master that I would stand by his family until they were beyond reach of the phantom which disturbed his last hours. And when I had made this promise, death waited no longer. Softly he entered the door. Martin stretched out his hand; I thought it sought mine, but before I touched it, it was grasped by God's invisible messenger—my young master had ceased to live."

My fellow-traveller took off his hat and laid it upon his lap, his white hair was lifted by the warm mid-day breeze. He sat silent, as if consecrating these moments to the memory of his long departed friend. But I was forced to think of the words my old Hansen had once spoken; "There are other things beside death which man must obey." And yet it was death which had sundered the living. For, of course, I could no longer doubt the identity of him who sat by my side. After a time the old man resumed his story, as he slowly covered his head.

"I kept my promise," he said, "but in making it I had broken another; for now I

could not go away. It was soon evident that matters were even worse than I had thought: A few months after the husband's death, too, a third child—a girl—was born; under the circumstances only a fresh burden. I did my best, but year after year passed, and we were little better off. I gave not only my whole strength, but the savings of past years as well, yet I was scarcely able to keep the phantom of poverty at bay. I saw clearly that if any one, in the smallest degree less faithful, were to take my place, those committed to my care would assuredly fall a prey to him.

“Often, often, in the midst of my work, did unutterable home-sickness take possession of me, and gnaw and tear my very heart; more than once when, unconsciously, I sat with the chisel idle in my hand, I was startled by the sound of the good woman's voice; for my thoughts were far away in my home, and quite another voice was in my ears. In my dreams I saw the tower of our native town; at first in bright sunshine, encircled by a flock of swallows; later, when the dream returned, I saw it black and threatening against the desolate sky, the autumn wind howled, and I heard the great bell tolling; but always, even then, Agnes stood above, leaning upon the railing of the gallery; she still wore the blue dress in which she had bidden me farewell; but now it was all torn, and the shreds fluttered in the air. “When will the swallows return?” was the cry I heard. I knew her voice, but it had a wailing sound in the stormy blast. When I awoke from such dreams I would hear the swallows in the faint dawn twittering in the eaves above my window. In the earlier years I would raise my head and let them sing my heart full of yearning and tearful longings; later I could not endure it, and more than once, when the twittering would not cease, I have thrown open my window and driven the dear birds away.

“It was on such a morning that I once declared that I must now leave; that at last

the time was come that I must think of my own life. But the two boys broke out into loud lamentations, and the mother, without speaking a word, put her little daughter on my lap, who immediately clasped her little arms tightly round my neck. My heart yearned over the children; I could not forsake them. I thought, ‘Stay, then, one year more!’ But the year passed and still I did not go. The gulf which separated me from my youth grew ever wider. At length all the past seemed to lie far out of reach behind me, like a dream of which I dared no longer to think. I was already over forty, when, in accordance with the wishes of the children, who had, meanwhile, grown up, I married the mother, whose sole support I had been so long.

“And now a strange thing came to pass. I had always had a sincere regard for the woman, as she well deserved, but now that she was irrevocably bound to me, there arose within me a feeling of aversion, nay, almost of hatred, towards her, which I had often difficulty to conceal. Such is man. In my heart I threw all the blame upon her of that which was in reality only the consequence of my own weakness. But God, for my deliverance, suffered me to fall into temptation.

“It was on a Sunday in the height of summer. We had set out on an excursion to a village among the hills, where a relative of the family lived. The two sons, with their little sister, had outstripped us old folks; the sound of their voices and their laughter had died away in the forest through which the road ran. My wife now proposed that we should take a footpath which she knew, alongside of a quarry, by which we could overtake the young people. ‘I was once here with Martin when we were engaged,’ she said, as we turned aside into the fir trees. A little further on I remember gathering a dark-blue flower; I wonder if it is still to be found there.’

“In a short time the wood ceased on one

side, and the path ran close to the edge of the sloping ground on the one hand, while on the other it was overgrown with bramble-branches and other underwood. My wife walked briskly on before me. I followed slowly, and was soon sunk in my old dreams. Like a lost paradise my old home lay before my eyes, which I knew I never could regain. Only as through a veil I saw that the rocky declivity was blue with gentians, which my wife stooped down to pluck now and again. What was all that to me! Suddenly I hear a shriek and see her hands thrown up into the air; I see the loose stones give way under her feet and roll down over the face of the rock, which a few paces lower falls in a perpendicular line into the abyss below.

"I stood as if paralysed. The thought rushed through my brain: 'Stay, let her fall; thou art free!' but God helped me. In an instant I was beside her, and, throwing myself over the edge of the path, I seized her hands and drew her up to me in safety. 'Harry, my good Harry,' she cried weeping, 'again it is thy hand that has rescued me.'

Like burning drops these words fell into my soul. During all these years no word of the past had crossed my lips; at first from youthful shyness to unveil my inmost secrets, later from an involuntary desire to conceal the conflict that rent my heart. Now, suddenly, an impulse seized me to confess all without reserve. And so, seated on the edge of the precipice, I poured out my heart to the woman whom shortly before I had wished buried beneath it. Nor did I keep back that either. She burst into a violent flood of tears; she wept for me, for herself, but loudest of all she lamented over Agnes. 'Harry, Harry,' she cried, laying her head upon my breast, 'I never knew of that; but it is too late now, and no one can take this sin from us!'

"It was now my turn to console her, and it was some hours later before we reached the village, where we had been long expected

by our children. But from that time forth my wife, with her gentle and loving heart, was my best friend, and there was no longer a secret between us. So the years passed away. In time she seemed to have forgotten that the welfare of herself and the children had been bought at the expense of another's happiness, and I, too, grew more tranquil. Only in spring, when the swallows returned, or when, later in the year, they alone of all the birds sang in the deepening evening red, my old sorrow woke, and I heard ever the dear young voice, and ever in my ears sounded the words: 'Do not forget to return!'

"So it was one evening this summer—I was sitting on the bench in front of our door watching the fading daylight, which was visible over the vine-clad hills through an opening in the street. Our youngest son's little girl had climbed into my lap, and, tired with play, had lain down in grandfather's arms. Soon the little eyes closed, and the crimson too had died out of the sky, but a swallow still sat on the neighbour's roof opposite, and twittered softly in the gloaming as of long past days.

"Just then my wife came out. She stood for a time silently beside me, and when I did not look up she asked gently: 'What ails thee, old man?' And when I made no answer, and only the bird's song sounded from out the dusk: 'Is it then the swallow again?'

"'Thou knowest me, mother,' said I. 'Thou hast ever had patience with me.'

"But I did not yet know her entirely; she had more than that for me. She laid her hands upon my shoulders. 'What thinkest thou?' she cried, as she looked at me with her kind old eyes. 'Thou must see Agnes once more, now we are able; thou wouldst else have no peace in the grave beside me!'

"I was almost frightened at this proposal, and tried to make objections, but she said: 'Nay, it is right thou shouldst go!' So I

followed her counsel, and that is how it comes that I am on my way home once again ; but when we drive through the gate, I fear old Jacob will not blow a welcome now."

My fellow-traveller was silent, but I held back no longer, for I was deeply moved. "I know you," said I, "I know you well, Harry Jensen ; and Agnes too I know ; she lived many years in my grandmother's house, and has been as a mother to me. I have heard everything from her own mouth ; that, too, which you kept back."

The old man folded his hands. "God be praised !" said he, "is it possible that she lives, and still forgives me !"

I little thought I had kindled a hope whose fulfilment already lay within the kingdom of shadows ; I only replied : "She knew the friend of her youth ; she never blamed him." And now it was my turn to speak. He listened in breathless silence, and drank in greedily every word from my lips.

The postilion cracked his whip. The low spire of our native town appeared above the horizon. When I pointed it out to the old man, he took hold of my hand. "My young friend," said he, "I tremble before the approaching hour."

Before long our carriage rattled over the pavement of the town. The lovely autumn weather had filled the streets with people, and, as I had been long absent, passers-by greeted me on all sides with friendly nods of welcome. Only a glance of surprise, or at most of curiosity, was cast on the aged stranger at my side. At length we halted before the inn-door, and here I thought to take leave of my friend for the day, for he wished to pay his first visit to St. Jurgens alone.

A few minutes later I was at home, surrounded by parents, sisters and brothers. "All well?" was my first enquiry.

"All here are well, as you see," replied my mother, "but—there is one you will see no more."

"Hansen !" cried I ; for of whom else could I then have thought.

My mother nodded. "But what is the matter with you, my child? Her time was come ; early this morning she fell asleep quietly in my arms."

In a few hurried words I told them of the fellow-traveller I had had, and, while all yet stood deeply moved, I left the house without changing my clothes, for I could not now leave the old man alone.

I went first to the inn, and, having heard there that he was gone, proceeded straight up the street towards St. Jurgens.

When I had got so far I saw the ghost-seer, whom death seemed to despise, standing in the middle of the street in front of the hospital. His hands behind his back, he swayed himself to and fro from the knees, while he stared up, from beneath the broad brim of his cap towards one of the gables. As my eyes followed in the same direction I saw upon the highest ledge, even upon the bell which hung up above in an opening in the wall, a great conclave of swallows sitting one beside the other, while single ones hovered around them, now rising high into the air, then returning again with loud twitterings and chirpings. Some of those seemed to bring new companions with them, who then sought to find place upon the eaves beside the others.

Involuntarily I stood gazing. I saw that they were preparing to take flight ; our northern sun was no longer warm enough for them. The old creature beside me pulled his cap off his head and waved it to and fro. "Shoo !" he screamed, "away with ye, ye brutes !" But yet awhile the spectacle upon the gable lasted : then suddenly, as if upborne by a breeze, the whole of the swallows rose straight into the air, and in the same moment were lost to sight in the blue vault of the heavens.

The ghost-seer still stood muttering half-intelligible words, while I passed into the court yard of the hospital, beneath the dark

gateway. One wing of the casement of Hansen's window stood open as of old; the swallow's nest too was still there. Hesitatingly I ascended the stair and opened the room door. There my old Hansen lay, still and peaceful; the linen cloth which had covered her was half thrown back. On the edge of the bed sat my fellow-traveller, but his eyes passed over the corpse and were fixed on the bare wall above. I saw well that his rigid gaze spanned a vast gulf, and on the other side stood the bright vision of his youth, now quickly fading into the dim air.

I had seated myself, apparently unobserved by him, in the arm-chair by the open window, and looked at the empty nest, from which peeped forth blades of grass and feathers, which had once served as protection to the little fledglings. When I again cast a glance into the room the head of the old man was bent down close above that of the corpse. He seemed to be gazing per-

plexedly into the aged sunken countenance which lay before him in all the calm solemnity of death. "If I could but see her eyes once more!" he murmured. "But God has closed them!" Then, as if to convince himself that nevertheless it was indeed she herself, he took a lock of the shining grey hair, which flowed down on either side of her head upon the linen sheet, and passed it caressingly between his hands.

"We have come too late, Harry Jensen!" I cried sorrowfully.

He looked up and nodded. "By fifty years," said he, "just as life has passed." Then slowly rising he turned back the sheet, and covered up the peaceful face of the dead.

A gust of wind struck the window. Methought I heard afar, from out the high heavens where the swallows fly, the last words of their old song:

"Als ich wiederkam, als ich wiederkam,
War alles leer."

THE DANCE OF THE WINDS.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

The Wind-god, Eolus, sat one morn
In his cavern of tempests, quite forlorn;
He'd been ill of a fever a month and a day,
And the sun had been having things all his own way,
Pouring o'er earth such a torrent of heat
That the meadows were dry as the trampled street,
And people were panting, and ready to die
Of the fires that blazed from the pitiless sky.

But the King felt better that hot June day,
So he said to himself: "I will get up a play
Among the children, by way of a change;
No doubt they are feeling, like me, very strange

At this dreary confinement—a month and more,
And never once stirring at all out of door !
It is terribly wearisome keeping so still—
They all shall go out for a dance on the hill.”

Then aloud he spake, and the dreary hall
Re-echoed hoarsely his hollow call :
“ Ho ! Boreas, Auster, Eurus, ho !
And you, too, dainty-winged Zephyrus, go
And have a dance on the hills to-day,
And I'll sit here and enjoy your play.”

Then Boreas started with such a roar
That the King, his father, was troubled sore,
And peevishly muttered within himself—
“ He'll burst his throat, the unmannerly elf !”
But Auster, angry at seeing his brother
Astart of him, broke away with another
As fearful a yell from the opposite side
Of the wind-cave, gloomy, and long, and wide.

One from the South, and one from the North,
The rough-tempered brothers went shrieking forth ;
And faster, and faster, and faster still,
They swept o'er valley, and forest, and hill.
The clouds affrighted before them flew,
From white swift changing to black or blue ;
But, failing to 'scape the assailants' ire,
Fell afoul of each other in conflict dire.

Now hot, now cold—what a strife was there !
Till the crashing hailstones smote the air,
And men and women in country and town
Were hastily closing their windows down,
And shutting doors with a crash and a bang,
While the rain-drops beat, and the hail-stones rang,
And the lightnings glared from the fiery eyes
Of the furious combatants up in the skies,
And burst in thunder-claps far and near,
Making the timorous shake with fear.

Then Eolus with affright grew cold,
For his blood, you'll remember, is thin and old,
And his turbulent sons such an uproar made,
That, watching the conflict, he grew afraid

Lest, in the rage of their desperate fight,
The pair should finish each other outright.

So he shouted to Eurus: "Away, away!
And come up from the East by the shortest way,
And try and part them; and you, too, go,
Zephyrus! why are you loitering so?"

Then away sped Eurus, shrieking so loud
That he startled a lazy, half-slumbering cloud,
That fled before him white in the face,
And dashed away at a furious pace.
But he drove it fiercely betwixt the two,
Who parted, and scarce knowing what to do,
Descended, and each from an opposite place
Began to fling dirt in the other one's face.

Then round, and round, and round again,
They raced and chased over valley and plain,
Catching up, in their mischievous whirls,
The hats of boys and the bonnets of girls;
Tossing up feathers, and leaves, and sticks,
Knocking down chimneys, and scattering bricks,
Levelling fences, and pulling up trees,
Till Eolus—oftentimes hard to please—
Clapped his hands as his wine he quaffed,
And laughed as he never before had laughed.

Cried Eurus: "Ho, ho! so th's furious fight
Ends up in a romp and a frolic!—all right.
I am in for a share!" Then away went he,
And jor'ed with a will in the boisterous glee,
Till, out of breath, ere the sun went down,
They all fell asleep in the forest brown.

A full hour after, ambling along,
Came dainty Zephyrus humming a song,
And pausing—the truant—to kiss each flower
That blushed in garden, or field, or bower.
But no one was left to be merry with him,
So he danced with the leaves till the light grew dim—
And, as twilight was going to sleep in the West,
He, too, fell asleep on a rose's breast.

LORD ELGIN.

(Concluded.)

I N Jamaica Lord Elgin had become acquainted with a Planter Colony; in Canada he had become acquainted with a free and self-governed Colony. In China, to enlarge still further the circle of his Colonial experience, he was to become acquainted with what might be called—with regard to a portion at least of its inhabitants—a filibustering Colony. The relations of nations styling themselves civilized with barbarous or semi-barbarous populations, fill one of the darkest pages of the history of mankind in general, and of British history in particular. And, perhaps, on that dark page there is nothing of deeper hue than the record of British opium-smugglers and kidnappers in China.

“Unless I am greatly misinformed,” says Lord Elgin, in replying to an address from some missionaries, “vile and reckless men, protected by the privileges to which I have referred, and still more by the terror which British prowess has inspired, are now infesting the coasts of China. It may be that for the moment they are able, in too many cases, to perpetrate the worst crimes with impunity; but they bring discredit on the Christian name; inspire hatred of the foreigner, where no such hatred exists; and, as some recent instances prove, teach occasionally to the natives a lesson of vengeance which, when once learnt, may not always be applied with discrimination.” “It is a terrible business,” he says, in another place, “this living among inferior races. I have seldom, from men or women, since I came into the East, heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world. Detestation, contempt, ferocity, vengeance, whether China-

men or Indians be the object. There are some three or four hundred servants in this house. When one first passes by their *salaaming*, one feels a little awkward. But the feeling soon wears off, and one moves among them with perfect indifference, treating them not, as dogs, because in that case we would whistle to them and pat them, but as machines with which one can have no communion or sympathy. Of course those who can speak the language are somewhat more *en rapport* with the natives, but very slightly so, I take it. When the passions of fear and hatred are engrafted on this indifference, the result is frightful—an absolute callousness as to the sufferings of the objects of their passions, which must be witnessed to be understood and believed.” Is it very wonderful that, under such circumstances, missionary enterprise does not make more progress among the natives? Is there not, in fact, a need of missionary enterprise in another direction?

The event which led to the rupture with China, and finally to a revolution in our relations with that country, and in the policy of the Chinese Government, are too well known to require minute recapitulation. The *Lorcha Arrow*, a pretended British vessel, was boarded by the Chinese on a charge of piracy. The British on the spot seized the occasion for a quarrel, and, finding arms in their hands, took the opportunity of enforcing what they styled treaty obligations, and bombarded Canton. There was no doubt, in Lord Elgin's mind at all events, as to the character of the transaction. “I have hardly alluded,” he says, “in my ultimatum to that wretched question of the *Arrow*, which is a scandal to us, and is so considered, I have

reason to know, by all except the few who are personally compromised." In another passage, he distinctly intimates his conviction that the *Arrow* was one of a class of vessels which fraudulently carried the British flag for the purpose of levying piratical exactions on the junks. The House of Commons passed a vote of censure against the Government; but the feelings engendered by the Crimean war were still dominant in the nation; and an appeal to the country, by the dissolution of Parliament, resulted in a complete triumph for Lord Palmerston and the *Arrow*.

Lord Elgin, during the two years of his residence at home, had given a general support to the Government, and the qualities which he had displayed in Canada pointed him out as the right man to be sent to China. The choice proved a most happy one: he secured the diplomatic objects of his mission with the least possible infringement of the laws of humanity; and, by his whole conduct and bearing, did much to redeem the tarnished honour of his country. Fortunately for us he kept a pretty regular journal, and he has thus enabled us to see countries which he visited, the people with whom he came in contact, and the events in which he bore the leading part, through the eyes of a clear-sighted, sagacious, and right-minded man. His command of language was also remarkable, and he had great descriptive power.

He went, of course, by the Overland route. Passing through Egypt, he says, "What might not be made of this country, if it were wisely guided.

"I am glad to have had two days in Egypt. It gave me an idea, at least, of that country—in some degree a painful one. I suppose that France and England, by their mutual jealousies, will be the means of perpetuating the abominations of the system under which that magnificent country is ruled. They say that the Pacha's revenue is about £4,000,000, and his expenses about £2,000,000: so that he has about £2,000,000 of pocket money. Yet I suppose that the Fellahs, owing to their industry and the incom-

parable fertility of the country, are not badly off, as compared with the peasantry elsewhere. We passed, at one of our stopping places between Cairo and Suez, part of a Turkish regiment on their way to Jeddah. These men were dressed in a somewhat European costume, some of them with the Queen's medal on their breast. There was a harem in a sort of omnibus with them, containing the establishment of one of the officers. One of the ladies dropped her veil for a moment, and I saw rather a pretty face; almost the only Mahomedan female face I have seen since I reached this continent. They are much more rigorous, it appears, with the ladies in Egypt than at Constantinople. There they wear a veil which is quite transparent, and go about shopping; but in Egypt they seem to go out very little, and their veil completely hides everything but the eyes. In the palace which I visited near Cairo (and which the Pacha offered, if we had chosen to take it), I looked through some of the grated windows allowed in the harems, and I suppose that it must require a good deal of practice to see comfortably out of them. It appears that the persons who ascend to the top of the minarets to call to prayer at the appointed hours, are blind men, and that the blind are selected for this office lest they should be able to look down into the harems. That is, certainly, carrying caution very far."

He arrives at Ceylon, and is charmed with its greenness and beauty, its luxuriant vegetation, its bright nights, and the brilliant phosphorescence of its seas. He takes a ride into the interior, and finds one of the most magnificent views he ever witnessed—in the foreground this tropical luxuriance, and beyond, far below, the glistening sea, studded with ships and boats innumerable, over which again the Malay peninsula, with its varied outline.

"I had hardly begun to admire the scene, when a gentleman in a blue flannel sort of dress, with a roughish beard, and a cigar in his mouth, made his appearance, and was presented to me as the Bishop of Labuan! He was there endeavouring to recruit his health, which has suffered a good deal. He complained of the damp of the climate, while admitting its many charms, and seemed to think that he owed to the dampness a bad cold with which he was afflicted. Soon afterwards his wife joined us. They were both at Sarawak when the last troubles took place, and must have had a bad time of it. The Chinese behaved well to them; indeed they seemed desirous to make the bishop their leader. His con-

verts (about fifty) were staunch ; and he has a school at which about the same number of Chinese boys are educated. These facts pleaded in his favour, and it says something for the Chinese that they were not insensible to these claims. They committed some cruel acts, but they certainly might have committed more. They respected the women, except one (Mrs. C., whom they wounded severely), and they stuck by the bishop until they found that he was trying to bring Brooke back. They then turned upon him, and he had to run for his life. The bishop gave me an interesting description of his school of Chinese boys. He says they are much more like English boys than other Orientals; that when a new boy comes they generally get up a fight, and let him earn his place by his prowess. But there is no managing them without pretty severe punishments. Indeed, he says, that if a boy be in fault, the others do not at all like his not being well punished ; they seem to think that it is an injustice to the rest if this is omitted."

In the midst of the beauties of Ceylon, however, Lord Elgin received the terrible news of the Indian mutiny, with urgent calls from Lord Canning for aid. With a moral courage, and a self-sacrifice really commendable, though, perhaps, rated rather too highly by his friendly biographer, Lord Elgin despatched to India the troops destined for his own support in China. At first he hoped that these troops might be speedily restored to him ; but, finding that this would not be the case, and feeling that if he remained at Hong-Kong without the means of doing anything he would damage the position of England with the Chinese, he resolved himself to go to Calcutta. His arrival there in the *Shannon*, in the midst of the awful crisis, called forth great enthusiasm. "I shall never forget," he said, "to my dying day—for the hour was a dark one, and there was hardly a countenance in Calcutta save that of the Governor-General, Lord Canning, which was not blanched with fear—I shall never forget the cheers with which the *Shannon* was received, as she sailed up the river, pouring forth her salute from those sixty-eight pounders which the gallant and lamented Sir William Peel sent up to Aliahabad, and from those twenty-

four pounders which, according to Lord Clyde, made way across the country in a manner never before witnessed."

He evidently formed a high opinion of Lord Canning, and he saw something of the difficulties with which the authors of the policy of "clemency" had to contend. "*August 22.* — tells me that yesterday, at dinner, the fact that Government had removed some commissioners who, not content with hanging all the rebels they could lay their hands on, had been insulting them by destroying their caste, telling them that after death they should be cast to the dogs to be devoured, &c., was mentioned. A reverend gentleman could not understand the conduct of Government ; could not see any impropriety in torturing men's souls ; seemed to think that a good deal might be said in favour of bodily torture as well ! These are your teachers, O Israel ! Imagine what the pupils become under such leading !"

Fresh troops arriving for China, Lord Elgin proceeded to Hong-Kong, where he at once experienced the caprices of the Chinese climate. "I wish," he says, "I could send you a sketch of that gloomy hill, at the foot of which Victoria lies, as it loomed sullenly in the dusky morning, its crest wreathed with clouds, and its cheeks wrinkled by white lines that marked the track of the descending torrents."

"The weather cleared about noon. I remained in my cabin, as usual, till after five, when I ordered my boat and went on shore. There were signs of the night's work here and there. Masts of junks sticking out of the water, and on land verandahs mutilated, &c. Loch accompanied me, and we walked up the hill to a road which runs above the town. The prospect was magnificent—Victoria below us, running down the steep bank to the water's edge ; beyond, the bay crowded with ships and junks, and closed on the opposite side by a semicircle of hills, bold, rugged and bare, and glaring in the bright sunset. When we got beyond the town, the hill along which we were walking began to remind me of some of the scenery in the Highlands—steep and treeless, the water gushing out at every step

among the huge granite boulders, and dashing, with a merry noise, across our path. After somewhat more than an hour's walk we turned back, and began to descend a long and precipitous path, or rather street—for there were houses on either side—in search of our boat. By the time we had embarked the hues of the sunset had vanished, a moon, nearly full, rode undisputed mistress in the cloudless sky, and we cut our way to our ship through the ripple that was dancing and sparkling in her beams."

The descriptions of scenery in the journal are excellent, and show that, beneath the practical statesman, there lay a good deal of the poet.

"Head Quarters, House, Hong Kong, Nov. 22nd. —I wish you could take wings and join me here, if it were even for a few hours. We should first wander through these spacious apartments. We should then stroll out on the verandah, or along the path of the little terrace garden, which General Ashburnham has surrounded with a defensive wall; and from thence I should point out to you the harbour, bright as a flower bed with the flags of many nations, the jutting promontory of Korsloom, and the barrier of bleak and jagged hills that bound the prospect. A little later, when the sun began to sink, and the long shadows to fall from the mountain's side, we should set forth for a walk along a level pathway of about a quarter of a mile long, which is cut in its flank, and connects with this garden. From thence we should watch this same circle of hills, now turned into a garland, and glowing in the sunset, lights crimson and purple, and blue and green, and colours for which a name has not yet been found, as they successively lit upon them. Perhaps we should be tempted to wait (and it could not be long to wait, for the night follows in these regions very closely on the heels of day), until, on these self-same hills, then gloomy and dark and sullen, tens of thousands of bright and silent stars were looking down calmly from Heaven."

But other work than gazing on the scenery and the stars was at hand. Lord Elgin sent in his demands to the Chinese Governor, Yeh. "I made them," he says, "as moderate as possible, so as to give him a chance of accepting: although, if he had accepted, I know that I should have brought on my head the imprecations both of the navy and army, and of the civilians, the time being given by the missionaries and the women. And now, Yeh having refused, I shall do what-

ever I possibly can to secure the adoption of plans of attack, &c., which will lead to the least destruction of life and property * * The weather is charming: the thermometer about 60° in the shade in the morning: the sun powerful, and the atmosphere beautifully clear. When we steamed up to Canton, and saw the rich alluvial banks covered with the luxuriant evidences of unrivalled industry and natural fertility combined; beyond the barren uplands, sprinkled with a soil of a reddish tint, which gave them the appearance of heather slopes in the Highlands; and beyond them again, the white cloud mountain range, standing out, bold and blue, in the clear sunshine, I thought bitterly of those who, for the most selfish objects, are trampling under foot this ancient civilization."

The miserable people of Canton were, already suffering deeply from what Lord Elgin calls "this horrid war." The Admiral having sent on shore some casks of damaged biscuit, there was such a rush for it that some people were drowned. The ships were surrounded by boats filled with women, who picked up orange peel and offal. One of the gun-boats having got ashore, the officer coolly ordered the Chinese on the quays to pull her off, which they did. "Fancy," says Lord Elgin, "having to fight such people!"

He fought them, in pursuance of his recorded resolution, as humanely as possible, but very little to the contentment of the "civilized" community, of which he was the representative. "The truth is that the whole world, just now, is raving mad with a passion for killing and slaying, and it is difficult for a person in his sober senses, like myself, to hold his own among them." People wanted "what is styled a vigorous policy in China; in other words, a policy which consists in resorting to the most violent measures of coercion or repression, on the slenderest provocation." "The settlement here (at Swatow), is against treaty. It con-

sists, mainly, of agents of the two great opium houses, Dent and Jardine, with their hangers-on. This, with a considerable business in the coolie trade—which consists in kidnapping wretched coolies, putting them on board ships, where all the horrors of the slave-trade are reproduced, and sending them, on specious promises, to such places as Cuba—is the chief business of the ‘foreign’ merchants at Swatow.” These worthies did not, by any means, want China opened to fair trade. What they wanted was, a privileged monopoly of smuggling and kidnapping, protected by British guns.

Lord Elgin’s general testimony is strongly in favour of the Chinese, in their relations with foreigners, provided the foreigners behave well to them. “I have made it a point,” he says, “whenever I have met missionaries or others who have penetrated into the interior from Ningpo and Shanghai, to ask them what treatment they experienced in those expeditions, and the answer has almost invariably been that, at points remote from those to which foreigners have access, there was no diminution, but, on the contrary, rather an enhancement of the courtesy exhibited towards them by the natives.” He gives more than one instance of prejudiced misconstruction of the conduct of these unfortunate people, and of the ignorant and unsympathizing insolence with which they are treated by Europeans. “I heard that in the Western suburb (of Canton), the people looked ‘ill-natured,’ so I have been, the greater part of my last two days, in that suburb, looking in vain into faces to discover these menacing indications. Yesterday, I walked through very out-of-the-way streets, and crowded thoroughfares, with Wade and two sailors, through thousands and thousands, without a symptom of disrespect. * * * I know that our people for a long time used to insist on every Chinaman they met taking his hat off. Of course it rather astonished a respectable Chinese shop-keeper to be poked in the ribs by a sturdy sailor or soldier, and told in bad

Chinese, or in pantomime, to take off his hat, which is a thing they never do, and which is not with them even a mark of respect. I only mention this as an instance of the follies which people commit, when they know nothing of the manners of those with whom they have to deal.”

At Canton, Lord Elgin visited two of the prisons, and found them in a very bad state. The condition of the inmates of one cell was appalling. The authorities offered excuses connected with the bombardment. But the cruelty of the criminal law is one of the things which clearly stamp the imperfect character of Chinese civilization.

After leaving Canton, Lord Elgin paid a visit to Chusan, which he calls a charming island, and wonders how people could have preferred Hong-Kong. From Chusan he visited a Buddhist monastery in the islet of Potou.

“We entered the buildings, which were like all the Buddhistic temples—the same images, &c.—and were soon surrounded by crowds of the most filthy and miserable looking bonzes, some clad in grey, and some in yellow. All were very civil, however, and on the invitation of the superior—who had a much more intelligent look than the rest—we went into an apartment at the side of the temple and had some tea. After a short rest we proceeded on our way, and mounted a hill about one thousand five hundred feet in height, passing by some more temples on the way. I never saw human beings apparently in a lower condition than those bonzes, though some of the temples were under repair, and, on the whole, tolerably cared for. The view from the top of the hill was magnificent, and there was glorious music here and there, from the sea rolling in upon the sandy beach. We met some women (not young ones) going up the hill, in chairs, to worship at the temples, and found in the temples some individuals at their devotions. In one there was a monk hidden behind a great drum, repeating in a plaintive tone, over and over again, the name of Buddha, ‘ameta fo,’ or something like that sound. I observed some lumps on the forehead, evidently produced by knocking it against the ground. The utter want of respect of these people for their temples, coupled with this asceticism, and apparent self-sacrifice in their religion, is a combination which I cannot at present understand. It has one bad effect, that, in the plundering expeditions which we Christians dignify with

the name of wars, in these countries idols are ripped up in the hope of finding treasure in them, temple ornaments seized, and in short, no sort of consideration is shown for the religious feelings of the natives."

Lord Elgin remarks that the absence of any strong religious antipathies on the part of the Chinese removes one great obstacle to intercourse, which operates most powerfully in other eastern countries. "The owner of the humblest dwelling almost invariably offers to the forerunner, who enters it, the hospitable tea-cup, without any apparent apprehension that his guest, by using, will defile it; and priests and worshippers attach no idea of profanation to the presence of the stranger in the joss-house. This is a fact, as I humbly conceive, not without its significance, when we come to consider what prospect there may be of our being able to extend and multiply relations of commerce and amity with this industrious portion of the human race."

The taking of the forts at the mouth of the Peiho, to secure the passage of the Envoys up to Tientsin was, in Lord Elgin's opinion, a more creditable affair, in a military point of view, than the taking of Canton. "Our gun-boats and men appear to have done well, and though they were opposed to poor troops, still they were troops, and not crowds of women and children, who were the victims of the bombardment at Canton." Still it was, at best, a wretched war. The Chinese were incapable of directing even such fire-arms as they had, and they were totally without tactics or discipline. Lord Elgin was convinced that twenty-four determined men, with revolvers and a sufficient number of cartridges, might walk through China from one end to another. On his way up the Peiho, he writes in his journal: "The night was lovely—a moon nearly full, the bank, perfectly flat and treeless, at first became fringed with mud villages, silent as the grave, and trees standing like spectres over the stream. There

we went ceaselessly on through the silvery silence, panting and breathing flame. Through the night watches, when no Chinaman moves, when the junks cast anchor, we laboured on cutting ruthlessly and recklessly through the waters of that glowing and startled river which, until the last few weeks, no stranger keel had ever furrowed! Whose work were we engaged in when we burst thus, with hideous violence and brutal energy, into these darkest and most mysterious recesses of the traditions of the past? I wish I could answer that question in a manner satisfactory to myself. At the same time, there is, certainly, not much to regret in the old civilization which we are thus scattering to the winds. A dense population, timorous and pauperized, such would seem to be its chief product." The last words require some qualification, for Lord Elgin afterwards says of the peasantry on the river Yangtse-kiang, "We took a walk, conversing with the peasants, who live in a row of cottages, with their well cultivated lands in front and rear of their dwellings: the lands are generally their own, and of not more than three or four acres in extent, I should think; but it is difficult to get accurate information from them on such points. We found one rather superior sort of man, who said he was a tenant, and that he paid four out of ten parts of the produce of his farm to the landlord. They gave me the impression of a well-to-do peasantry. Afterwards I walked through the country town of Paho, which is built of stone and seemingly prosperous." His description of the country on the road by which he afterwards advanced to Peking, with the hamlets smiling amidst their clumps of trees, also seems to indicate a good deal of prosperity among the people. Indeed he says, in broad terms, that what he has seen leads him to think that the rural population of China "is, generally speaking, well-doing and contented."

The Envoy's anxious thoughts, on the subject of his mission, never prevent his

mind from being open to the beautiful or curious features of the scenes through which he is passing on the Yantse. He writes :

"After awhile we (the *Furious*) put out our strength and left gunboats and all behind. When the sun had passed the meridian, the masts and sails were a protection from his rays, and as he continued to drop towards the water, right ahead of us, he strewed our path first with glittering silver spangles, then with roses, then with violets, through all of which we sped ruthlessly. The banks still flat, until the last part of the trip, when we approached some hills on the left, not very lofty, but clearly defined, and with a kind of dreamy softness about them which reminded one of Egypt. Altogether it was impossible to have had anything more charming in the way of yachting ; the waters a perfect calm, or hardly crisped by the breeze that played on their surface."

And again,—

"The sun has just set among a crowd of mountains which bound the horizon ahead of us, and in such a blaze of fiery light that earth and sky in his neighbourhood have all been too glorious to look upon. Standing out in advance on the edge of this sea of molten gold is a solitary rock, about a quarter of the size of the Bass, which goes by the name of Golden Island, and seems as the pedestal of a tall pagoda. I never saw a more beautiful scene or a more magnificent sunset."

Further on he writes : "We have just passed a bit of scenery on our left which reminds me of Ardgowan—a range of lofty hills in the background, broken up by deep valleys and hillocks covered with trees ; dark-green fir and hardwood, tinted with Canadian autumn colours, running up towards it from the river." And he makes the rather aristocratic reflection—"With two or three thousand acres, what a magnificent situation for a park !"

After beating the Chinese in war, and what was a good deal more difficult, surmounting the impediments which their ignorance, stupidity and duplicity placed in the way of diplomacy, Lord Elgin succeeded in concluding a treaty which met the entire approbation of his Government. It was not however on the terms of the treaty, but on the manner in which it was obtained, that

he reflected with most satisfaction. "Any one," he says, "could have obtained the Treaty of Tientsin. What was really meritorious was that it should have been obtained at so small a cost of human suffering. But this is also what discredits it in the eyes of many, of almost all here. If we had carried on war for some years—if we had carried misery and desolation all over the Empire—it would have been thought quite natural that the Emperor should have been reduced to accept the terms imposed upon him at Tientsin. But to do all this by means of a demonstration at Tientsin ! The announcement was received with a yell of derision by connoisseurs and baffled speculators in tea."

Gladly the Envoy departed from China. "I have gone through a good deal since we parted. Certainly I have seen more to disgust me with my fellow-countrymen than I saw during the whole course of my previous life, since I have found them in the East among populations too ignorant to resist and too timid to complain. I have an instinct in me which loves righteousness and hates iniquity, and all this keeps me in a perpetual boil." His is not the only true English heart that has boiled under the dishonour brought by filibustering iniquity on the British name.

Pending the negotiations in China, Lord Elgin visited Japan, where he also negotiated a treaty. He was pleased with the country and with the state of society which he found in it. On leaving it he writes : "We are again plunging into the China sea, and quitting the only place which I have left with any feeling of regret since I reached this abominable East—abominable not so much in itself as because it is strewed all over with the records of our violence and fraud and disregard of right."

The biographer plaintively contrasts the ovation which awaited Lord Elgin on his triumphant return from China with the indifference of the British public to the great work which he had done in Canada. The

indifference of the British public to the work of Canadian government, and to Colonial concerns generally, is an undeniable fact. While the result of a general election and the fate of the Government depend on the affair of the *lorcha Arrow*, nobody ever heard a Colonial question even mentioned at the hustings. But this indifference is the effect not of disrespect but simply of ignorance, and the ignorance is inevitable and incurable. How can we expect the mass of the British constituencies, the farmers, tradesmen, mechanics, or even the men of business, to know anything about that which does not immediately concern them? What nation is there in which ordinary men give a thought to the affairs of any country but their own? How much do we ourselves know or care about what is going on in other portions of the Empire? What Canadian can give an account of Australian politics, or tell who is the leading statesman of Natal?

Lord Elgin flattered himself that he had come to repose in the happy home to which in his letters and journal his heart always turns. But he was disappointed. Fresh troubles arose with the Chinese Government about the ratification of the treaty; and Lord Elgin, upon an appeal being made by the British Government to his patriotism, consented to undertake a second mission. He was again associated with his old friend, Baron Gros, with whom, as the French envoy, he had cordially co-operated on the former occasion.

On his way he visited the Pyramids, the excursion to which from Cairo he was obliged to make by night, on account of the intensity of the heat and the risk of sun-stroke. The moon was nearly full, and by its light he had his first view of the Sphinx.

"We pushed on over the heaps of sand and *débris*, or, probably, covered up tombs, which surround the base of the Pyramids, when we suddenly came in face of the most remarkable object on which my eye ever lighted. Somehow or other I had not thought of the Sphinx till I saw her before me. There she

was in all her imposing magnitude, crouched on the margin of the Desert, looking over the fertile valley of the Nile, and her gaze fixed on the East, as if in earnest expectation of the morning. And such a gaze! The mystical light and deep shadows cast by the moon gave to it an intensity which I cannot attempt to describe—to me it seemed a look earnest, searching, but unsatisfied. For a long time I remained transfixed, endeavouring to read the meaning conveyed by this wonderful eye; but I was struck, after a while, by what seemed a contradiction in the expression of the eye and of the mouth. There was a singular gentleness and hopefulness in the lines of the mouth, which appeared to be in contrast with the anxious eye. Mr. Bowlby, who was a very sympathetic inquirer into the significance of this wonderful monument, agreed with me in thinking that the upper part of the face spoke of the intellect striving, and striving vainly, to solve the mystery—(what mystery? The mystery, shall we say, of God's universe or of man's destiny?)—while the brow indicated a moral conviction that all must be well, and that this truth would in good time be made manifest."

The interpretation of the Sphinx's look conveyed in the last sentence is pretty subtle, and must have been a good deal assisted by the moonbeams. Mr. Bowlby, who so readily concurred in it, must have been "very *sympathique*" in the same sense as Polonius. This gentleman was the correspondent of the *Times*, and the closeness of his relations with Lord Elgin is, to tell the truth, a little indication of the one weak point in Lord Elgin's generally fine character—a too anxious desire for public approbation. The public service, as well as the independence of the press, has suffered severely by more than one liaison of this kind.

"Transfixed and awe-struck" Lord Elgin stood before the Sphinx. His French companion exclaimed, "*Ah, que c'est drôle!*"

Again the Envoy finds himself in the "abominable East." From Ceylon he writes: "Have you read Russell's book on the Indian Mutiny? I have done so, and I recommend it to you. It has made me very sad; but it only confirms what I believed before respecting the scandalous treatment which the natives receive at our

hands in India. I am glad that he has had courage to speak out as he does on this point. Can I do anything to prevent England from calling down on herself God's curse for brutalities committed on another feeble Oriental race? Or are all my exertions to result only in the extension of the area over which Englishmen are to exhibit how hollow and superficial are both their civilization and their Christianity? * * *

The tone of the two or three men connected with mercantile houses in China, whom I find on board, is all for blood and massacre on a great scale. I hope they will be disappointed; but it is not a cheerful or hopeful prospect, look at it from what side we may."

The single infirmity which has just been mentioned as besetting Lord Elgin enhances the credit due to him for the firmness with which he adhered to his humane policy—in defiance of the depraved opinion by which he was surrounded in the East—and thus saved the honour of the country.

On his way to Peytang, near the mouth of the Peiho, where the landing of the allied forces was to take place, he makes the following, among other entries, in his journal:

"I have just heard a story of the poor country people here (at Talién Whan). A few days ago a party of drunken sailors went to a village, got into a row, and killed a man by mistake. On the day following, three officers went to the village armed with revolvers. The villagers surrounded them, took from them the revolvers (whether the officers fired or not is disputed), and then conducted them, without doing them any injury, to their boat. An officer, with an interpreter, was then sent to the village to ask for the revolvers. They were at once given up, the villagers stating that they had no wish to take them, but that as one of their number had been shot already, they objected to people coming to them with arms."

* * * * *

I am reading the '*Lettres édifiantes et curieuses*,' which are the reports of the Jesuit missionaries who were established in China at the commencement of the last century. They are very interesting, and the writers seem to have been good and zealous people.

At the same time one cannot help being struck by their puerility on many points. The doctrine of baptismal regeneration, pushed to its extreme logical conclusions, as it is by them, leads to rather strange practical consequences. Starting from the principle that all unbaptized children are certainly eternally lost, and all baptized (if they die immediately) as certainly saved, they naturally infer that they do more for the kingdom of heaven by baptizing dying children than by any other work of conversion in which they can be engaged. The sums which they expend in sending people about the streets to administer this sacrament to all the moribund children they can find; the arts which they employ to perform this office secretly on children in this state whom they are asked to treat medically; and the glee with which they record the success of their tricks, are certainly remarkable."

A series of military operations and negotiations seemed about to lead to the desired result, when the negotiations were broken off by the treacherous seizure of Mrs. Parkes and others. Then came the advance to Peking and the looting of the Emperor's summer palace.

"*Sunday, Oct. 7.*—We hear this morning that the French and our cavalry have captured the summer palace of the Emperor. All the big-wigs have fled, nothing remains but a portion of the household. We are told that the *prisoners* are all in Peking. * * *

Two p.m. I have just returned from the summer palace. It is really a fine thing, like an English park—numberless buildings, with handsome rooms, and fitted with Chinese *curios* and handsome clocks, bronzes, &c. But, alas, such a scene of desolation! The French general came up full of protestations. He had prevented *looting*, in order that all the plunder might be divided between the armies, &c., &c. There was not a room that I saw in which half the things had not been taken away or broken to pieces. I tried to get a regiment of ours sent to guard the place, and then sold the things by auction; but it is difficult to get things done by system in such a case, so some officers are left, who are to fill two or three carts with treasures, which are to be sold. * * *

Plundering and devastating a place like this is bad enough, but what is much worse is the waste and breakage. Out of £1,000,000 worth of property, I daresay £50,000 will not be realised. French soldiers are destroying in every way the most beautiful silks, breaking the jade ornaments and porcelain, &c. War is a hateful business. The more one sees of it the more one detests it."

The Envoy got on very well with the

French authorities. But he did not admire the habits of the French soldiery. "I am anxious," he says, "to conclude peace as soon as possible after the capture of the Peiho forts, because from what I have seen of the conduct of the French here, I am sure that they will commit all manner of atrocities, and make foreigners detested in every town and village they enter. Of course their presence makes it very difficult to maintain discipline among our own people."

The outrage on Mr. Parkes, and the murder of some of his companions, seemed to Lord Elgin to call for some signal chastisement; and the chastisement which appeared to him likely to produce the most salutary effect on the Emperor, and at the same time to be attended with least suffering to the innocent people, was the burning of the Summer Palace. The palace was accordingly given to the flames.

Lord Elgin afterwards visited the Imperial city, from which the Emperor had fled.

"*Pekin, Nov. 2nd.*—Yesterday, after the mail had left, I mounted on horseback, and with an escort, and Parkes and Credock, proceeded to the Imperial city, within which is the Imperial palace. We obtained access to two enclosures, forming part of the Imperial palace appendages; both elevated places, the one ascended by a pathway in regular Chinese intervals on a large scale, and really striking in its way; and the other being a well-wooded, park-like eminence, covered by temples, with images of Buddha. The view from both was magnificent. Peking is so full of trees, and the houses are so low, that it hardly had the effect of looking down on a great city. Here and there temples or high gateways rose above the trees, but the general impression was rather that of a rich plain densely peopled. In the distance the view was bounded by a lofty chain of mountains, snow-capped. From the park-like eminence we looked down upon the Imperial palace—a large enclosure crowded with yellow-roofed buildings, generally low, and a few trees dotted among them. It is difficult to imagine how the unfortunates shut up there can ever have any exercise. I don't wonder that the Emperor preferred Yuen-ming-yuen. The yellow roofs, interspersed here and there with very deep blue ones, had, however, a very brilliant effect in the sunshine."

Having wrung from the Emperor an edict ratifying and extending the treaty of Tientsin, with an indemnity for the expenses of the war, and having further settled some troubles at Shanghai, the Envoy was at liberty to depart, and joyfully he departed.

On his homeward voyage he visited Manila and Java, and made copious entries concerning both in his journal. Of Java he says in conclusion:

"Altogether I was much interested by Java. As I have said, it is ruled entirely for the interest of the governing race. No attempt is made to raise the natives. I believe that the missionaries are not allowed to visit the interior. I asked about schools, and ascertained that in the provinces of which the regency of Bantong forms a part, and which contains some 600,000 inhabitants, there were five; not, I suspect, much attended. It was clear from the tone of the officials that there was no wish to educate the natives. There is a kind of forced labour. They pay a tithe of the produce of their rice fields; are obliged (in certain districts) to plant coffee, and to sell the produce at a rate fixed by the Government; in others to work on sugar estates, and on all to make roads. Nevertheless I am not satisfied that they are unhappy, or that the system can be called a failure. In those districts which I visited there was no appearance of their being overworked; and I was assured that on the sugar estates the proprietors have no power of punishing those who do not work; that it rests with the officials exclusively to do so. The tone of the officials on the subject is, that no punishment is necessary, because, although they are so lazy that if they had the choice they would never do anything, they do not make any difficulty about working when they are told to do so. Economically it is a success. The fertility of the island is very great, so that the labour of the natives leaves a large surplus after their own subsistence is provided for. There are twenty provinces, in each of which the chief officer is the president—a Dutchman; but the native chief (Regent) has the more direct relations with the people, arranges about their labour, &c. The Dutch officials look after him, and see that he does not abuse his power."

At a Royal Academy dinner, on his return to England, Lord Elgin justified the burning of the Summer Palace. He then proceeded to give his views on Chinese intellect, and the probable results of its being

brought into contact with the intellect of Europe.

“And now, Sir, to pass to another topic. I have been repeatedly asked whether, in my opinion, the interests of art in this country are likely to be in any degree promoted by the opening up of China. I must say in reply, that in matters of art I do not think we have much to learn from that country; but I am not quite prepared to admit that even in this department we can gain nothing from them. The distinguishing characteristic of the Chinese mind is this, that at all points of the circle described by man's intelligence, it seems occasionally to have caught glimpses of a heaven far beyond the range of its ordinary ken and vision. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to military supremacy when it invented gunpowder, some centuries before the discovery was made by any other nation. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to maritime supremacy when it made, at a period equally remote, the discovery of the mariner's compass. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to literary supremacy when in the tenth century it invented the printing press; and as my illustrious friend on my right (Sir E. Landseer) has reminded me, it has caught from time to time glimpses of the beautiful in colour and design. But in the hands of the Chinese themselves the invention of gunpowder has exploded in crackers and harmless fireworks. The *mariner's compass* has produced nothing better than the coasting junk. The art of printing has stagnated in stereotyped editions of Confucius, and the most cynical representations of the grotesque have been the principal products of Chinese conceptions of the sublime and beautiful. Nevertheless I am disposed to believe that under this mass of abortions and rubbish there lie hidden some sparks of a diviner fire, which the genius of my countrymen may gather and nurse into a flame.”

Lord Elgin had not been more than a month at home, when he was made Viceroy of India. Much as he abhorred the East, it was destined to be the scene of the last act in the varied drama of his public life.

Calm reigned in India after the storm of the great mutiny. The successor of Lord Canning was not called upon to cope with any great peril or to undertake any new enterprise. Abstinence from new enterprises while the land enjoyed the needful repose, and the wounds of the recent struggle were healing, was in fact an obvious part of his duty. The feeling that he would have little

opportunity for distinction in truth conflicted with patriotic motives in his mind, when he was debating whether to accept or decline the appointment. But he made a careful study of all the great Indian questions, with a view to triumphs other than those of war. He was remarkably patient in investigation, cautious in forming his conclusions, and sedulous in availing himself of the knowledge and opinions of those around him, while he always acted ultimately on his own judgment. At Calcutta, he had two or three people to dine with him every day when he had not a great dinner. “By this means,” he says, “I get acquainted with individuals, and if my bees have any honey in them, I extract it at the moment of the day when it is most gushing. It is very convenient besides, because it enables me to converse by candle-light with persons who want to talk to me about their private affairs, instead of wasting daylight upon them.”

We have valuable letters from the Viceroy to Sir Charles Wood, on several questions of importance, such as the Army, the mode of treating the native potentates and the natives generally, and the relations of the Indian Empire with Affghanistan, with regard to which country he was very far from favouring the meddling policy by which Lord Palmerston had brought a terrible disaster on the British arms, and deep dishonour on the British name. The relations between the subject and the dominant race were his great difficulty, as they must be the great difficulty of every Viceroy of India. The mutiny had of course left behind deep feelings of hostility and suspicion. Fearful things had been done by the British as well as by the mutineers. Lord Canning was nicknamed “Clemency Canning,” but Lord Elgin says that it was only the clamour for blood and indiscriminate vengeance which raged around him that imparted by contrast the grace of clemency to acts which carried justice to the verge of severity. In proof of this he quotes the report of an officer as to the reign of terror

which followed the fall of Delhi. "The terrors of that period when every man who had two enemies was sure to swing, are not forgotten. The people declare that the work of Nadia Shah was as nothing to it. His executions were completed in twelve hours. But for months after the last fall of Delhi no one was sure of his own life, or of that of the being dearest to him, for an hour." The natives, as Lord Elgin says, looked with gratitude to the men who alone had the will and the power to arrest this course of proceeding, and prevent its extension over the land.

The panic among the dominant race naturally continued even when the mutiny had been suppressed, and it sometimes manifested itself in ridiculous and disgraceful forms. Stories were spread of designs for the secret assassination of Europeans. Such stories, Lord Elgin says, were the conversation of every mess table, before the native servants, who would be the agents in the plots.

"But talking is not all. The commanding officer at Agra has acted on these suspicions, and, in the face of the native population, taken extraordinary precautions on the assumption that the wells were poisoned. We have no report as yet on the subject. All we know is from the newspapers; but of the fact I fear there can be little doubt. If there be disaffected persons in that locality (and no doubt there are many such), it will be strange indeed if they do not profit by so broad a hint. Then again this panic, beginning with the officers, spreads to the men. Some cases of terrorism have occurred at Delhi, which are a disgrace to our race. And of course we know what follows. Cowardice and cruelty being twins, the man who runs terror-stricken into his barracks to-night, because he mistook the chirp of a cricket for the click of a pistol, indemnifies himself to-morrow by beating his bearer to within an inch of his life."

The Viceroy himself received, from some of these panic-mongers, letters warning him of plots against his life. "By the bye," he says, "last night was fixed upon, by my anonymous correspondents, for my own assassination,"

The habitual disregard of native life by Europeans was painfully brought under the

Viceroy's notice. In stating his reasons for refusing to exercise the prerogative of mercy in the case of a European who had murdered a native, and in whose favour an agitation had been got up, he says: "It is true that this murder was not committed with previous preparation and deliberation. It had not, therefore, this special quality of aggravation. But it was marked by an aggravation of its own not less culpable, and unfortunately, only too frequently characteristic of the homicides perpetrated by Europeans on natives in this country. It was committed in wanton recklessness, almost without provocation, under an impulse which could have been resisted if the life of the victim had been estimated at the value of that of a dog. Any action on my part, which could have seemed to sanction this estimate of the value of native life, would have been attended by the most pernicious consequences." "It is bad enough," he proceeds "as it is. The other day a station-master kicked a native, who was, as he says, milking a goat belonging to the former. The native fell dead, and the local paper, without a word of commiseration for the victim or his family, complains of the hardship of compelling the station-master to go to Calcutta, in this warm weather, to have the case enquired into. Other instances, in which the natives have died from the effect of personal chastisement administered by Europeans, have occurred since I have been here."

The imprudence of missionaries, who, after trampling on native prejudices, claimed the protection of the Government, was another source of occasional anxiety.

"You (Sir C. Wood) may be interested by reading a letter (of which I enclose a copy), written by the officer commanding the country at Delhi, on the subject of the alleged assault by a native trooper on a missionary. I should think that the cause of Christian truth and charity would be as well served by preaching in a Church or building of some sort, as by holding forth in the streets of a city full of fanatical unbelievers.

If I am told that the Apostles pursued the latter course, I would observe that they had the authorities, as well as the mob, against them, and took, not only the thrashings of the latter, but also the judicial penalties inflicted by the former, like men. It is a very different matter when you have a powerful Government to fall back upon, and to quell any riot which you may raise. However, these are burning questions, and one must handle them cautiously."

Indian railways were another great subject of deliberation, and one on which Lord Elgin has left some sensible remarks, derived partly from his American experience. There are some who wished, in the English fashion, to build all the lines, both main and subsidiary, on the most expensive scale, so that railways could not be introduced into any part of India where an expenditure of ten thousand pounds to fifteen thousand pounds a mile could not be afforded. Lord Elgin, on the contrary, advocated the policy of having cheap railroads where you could not afford dear ones. "I have been a good deal in America, and I know that our practical cousins there do not refuse to avail themselves of advantages within their reach, by grasping at those which are beyond it. In 1854, I travelled by railway from New York to Washington. We had several ferries to cross on the way, but we found that the railway with the ferries was much better than no railway at all. In short, in America, where they cannot get a *paccha* railway, they take a *lutcha* one instead. This, I think, is what we must do in India.

The terrible climate of India had proved fatal to Lord Elgin's predecessor, and he had himself, on leaving England, expressed a mournful presentiment as to its probable effect on himself. We find him, while hard at work in the deadly vapour-bath of Calcutta, rushing out to get a breath of fresh air, and a little of the exercise which was habitual and indispensable to him, before the sun appeared, "angry and glaring," above the

horizon. And again he writes, "It is now dreadfully hot. In search of something to stay my gasping, I mounted on to the roof of the house this morning, to take my walk there, instead of in my close garden, where there are low shrubs which give no shade, but exclude the breeze. I made nothing, however, by my motion, for no air was stirring even there. I had a solitary and ghastly stroll on the leads, surrounded by the *adjutants*, a sort of hideous and filthy vulture. They do the work of scavengers in Calcutta, and are ready to treat one as a nuisance if they had a chance." The luxuries of India, even those which surround the Viceroy, are in part mere palliations of misery.

After a time Lord Elgin fulfilled at once the requirements of his own failing health, and those of his Viceregal duty, by making a progress through the Northern provinces, ending with the great Indian sanatorium, Simla. On the road, the pageantry which surrounds the splendid trust of the Indian Viceroy was displayed in all its magnificence. At Agra, which was to be the scene of a grand Durbar, or gathering of the native chiefs, the Viceroy, as we are told by his secretary, met with a reception worthy of the East.

"The road, thickly lined with native troops, crossed the Jumna by a bridge of boats, and wound along the river's banks beneath those lofty sandstone walls; then, mounting a steep hill, and leaving the main entry into Agra fort upon the right, the Taj remaining to the left, it led through miles of garden ground, thickly studded with suburban villas, to the Viceroy's camp, which occupied the centre of an extensive plain, where tents were pitched for the accommodation of the Government of India and an escort of ten thousand men. Beyond these were ranked, according to priority of arrival, the far spreading noisy camps of those rajas, the number of whose followers was within some bounds; and beyond them again stretched miles and miles of tents, contain-

ing thousands upon thousands of ill-conditioned looking men from Central India and the wildest part of Rajpootana, the followers of such maharajas as Jeypoor, who marched to meet the Viceroy with an army thirty thousand strong, found in horse and foot and guns, ready for the field."

Lord Elgin himself was deeply impressed by the splendour and picturesqueness of the scene. "Perhaps (he wrote) months of the monotony of a Calcutta existence may render the mind more sensitive to novelty and beauty; at any rate, the impressions produced on visiting Agra at this time have been singularly vivid and keen. The surpassing beauty of the buildings, among which the Taj stands pre-eminent; the vast concourse of chiefs and retainers, combining so many of the attributes of feudal and chivalrous times, with the picturesqueness in attire and the gorgeousness of colouring which only the East can supply; produced an effect of fairy-land, of which it was difficult to divest oneself in order to come down to the sterner realities of the present. These realities consisted mainly in receiving the chiefs at public and private Durbars, exchanging presents and civilities with them, and returning their visits. The great Durbar was attended by a larger number of chiefs than was before assembled on a similar occasion."

The Grand Durbar itself was thus depicted, by an eye witness, in one of the Indian newspapers:

"It is difficult to describe, without seeing it impossible to conceive, a scene like that presented at a grand Durbar of this kind. One may imagine any amount of display of jewels, gold and glitter, gorgeous dresses, splendid uniforms, and handsome faces. You may see far more beautiful sights in the shape of Court grandeur at our European palaces, at Versailles and St. James'; but nothing that will give you an idea of an Indian Durbar. The exhibition of costly jewels, the display of wealth in priceless ornaments and splendid dresses, the strange mixture of wealth and poverty, the means of accomplishing magnificence and splendour, enjoyed to such profusion, yet rendered almost void to this end from want of taste. 'Barbaric wealth,' indeed,

you behold; barbaric from its extent and profusion, and barbaric from the hideous use made of it. The host of chiefs, who sat on the right side of the huge Durbar tent, close packed in a semicircle, and who rose as one man when the band outside began 'God Save the Queen,' and the artillery thundered forth the salute, were a blaze of jewels. From underneath head-dresses of every conceivable form and structure—the golden crown studded with rubies and emeralds, the queer butterfly-spreading Mahratic cap, the close-fitting Rajpoot turban, the common *pugree* of the Mohammedan chief, ordinary in shape, but made of the richest material—from under each and all these, are dark, piercing faces, and bright glancing eyes, eager to catch the first view of the great Lord Paramount of Hindostan. What a multitude of different expressions one notices, while scanning that strange group of princes of royal descent, whose ancestors held the very thrones they now hold—far back beyond the range of history. The scheming politician, the low debauchee, the debased sensualist, the chivalrous soldier, the daring ambitious descendant of a line of royal robbers, the crafty intriguer, the religious enthusiast, the fanatic and the sceptic, side by side, you can trace in each swarthy face the character written on its features by the working of the brain within."

High on a throne of massive gold, with crimson velvet cushion, and for arms two lions of gold, the Viceroy addressed all these principalities and powers in weighty words, uttered in a clear and distinct voice, so that he could be heard at the further corner of the vast tent.

It was the gorgeous sunset of his long official day. For a few weeks afterwards, at Dhurmsala, amidst the magnificent scenery of the hills, he was attacked by a disease which his physician pronounced to be fatal. He met his end with religious fortitude. Lady Elgin, with his approval, rode up to the cemetery at Dhurmsala to select a spot for his grave; and he gently expressed pleasure when told of the quiet and beautiful aspect of the spot chosen, with the glorious view of the sunny range towering above, and the wide prospect of hill and plain below. On that grave a grateful country has inscribed the epitaph due to eminent administrative ability and high-souled devotion to public duty.

THE BATTLE OF THE HUNS.

(There is at Berlin a world-renowned picture by Kaulbach, suggested by the legend which is told in the following verses. Through the shadowy gloom of night that has gathered over the deserted battle-field,—strewn with corpses,—are dimly discerned the spectral figures of the combatants, whose spirits were fabled to have renewed the deadly combat above their lifeless bodies,—a combat which is said to have continued without intermission for three days and nights.)

THERE is an ancient legend
Of a fierce and bloody fray ;
When, beside the yellow Tiber,
Barbarian cohorts lay.

The savage hordes of Attila
Had wasted like a flame,—
And the proud, imperial city,
Quaked at the conqueror's name.

Yet, issuing from her portals
To battle on the plain ;
Went forth her best and bravest,—
But—came not back again !

Then, when the sunset glory
Faded from tower and dome,
There was woe and bitter wailing
Within the walls of Rome.

For the dark night that descended
Upon the bloody field
Cloaked thousands sleeping ghastly
'Neath battered helm and shield.

Close by the dark barbarian
Lay the Roman, proud and pale,
And all was deathly stillness
Save for the women's wail.

But they said,—to whom 'twas given,
To pierce the misty bound,
Which ever lies between us
And the unseen world around.

That, above the weeping women,
Above the stiffened dead ;
A strange and fearful battle
Was raging overhead.

For the shades of the departed
 Crowded the dusky air ;
 And in deadly hate were fighting
 A second combat there !

Three days and nights that followed,
 Nor truce nor respite brought ;
 Where, above the clay-cold sleepers,
 The shadowy warriors fought.

Thus runs the weird old legend
 Of the warlike days of old,—
 But, perchance, a deeper meaning
 May lurk within its fold—

That the souls of the departed
 Again may come to trace
 With a clearer ken, the windings
 Of this their mortal race—

That Eternity's long ages,
 Shall bear traces of the fight
 We have fought in life's hard conflict
 For the wrong or for the right !

FIDELIS.

THE PROCTORS.

A SKETCH OF CANADIAN UNIVERSITY LIFE.

BY ALLAN A'DALE.

OH! nox ambrosiana, on which Dobson and I first met under the roof-tree of St. Innocents'! With what a grand sense of independence did we lounge in the battered easy-chairs of the absent senior-man, whose castle had been assigned to me as a temporary refuge. Banqueting on the dainties and the ginger wine which a careful parent had provided to support me through matriculation, we recounted to each other such traditions of the college as we had heard, and agreed that we were both uncommonly good fellows, and that, come sorrow or come joy, we should stand by each other. We did stand by each other on many trying occasions, and the friendship which originated on that night continued without interruption till Dobson, having twice failed to conquer his "little-go," gave up his design of entering the Church, and exiled himself to the far west, with a view to cattle-dealing.

We may have been carousing, in the innocent manner I have described, for an hour

or more, when a knock at the door introduced a young gentleman, unknown to us, of mild and benevolent aspect.

"The Senior Proctor," said the mild and benevolent young gentleman, in hurried tones, "asked me if I'd be so kind as to look up all the new gentlemen in residence, and beg them to come to his room to see about their preliminaries." The Senior Proctor! Who, in the name of terror, was he? The preliminaries! What fateful things were they?

"Didn't know about the proctors?" the mild young gentleman inquired, "why the proctors put you through the preliminary examination, to see if you're fit to go before the Professors to-morrow. Come on, and I'll take you to them. Exam. hard? Well, a leetle, though fellows often get through. Particular about Euclid? Oh no, not in the least; oh perhaps not; by no means. Here's the door. You come in first." And before Dobson could bid me one farewell, the benevolent young gentleman had him inside the mysterious chamber, and the heavy door closed with a bang upon them both.

A high sense of honour forbade my listening at the key-hole, as curiosity prompted, so I paced the floor in nervous expectation, and vainly endeavoured to fix in my mind some faint conception of the thirteenth proposition of the Second Book.

In about fifteen minutes Dobson re-appeared. His face was deadly pale; his eyes fixed on vacancy.

"Dobson!" I murmured. He smiled sadly.

"Dobson!" I said again. "Tell me the worst. Speak, I adjure you."

Again that sad smile. Still that long look into the future.

At length he spoke, and with unnatural calmness. "I wouldn't like to swear to it; but I rather think—indeed I may positively say—that I'm plucked—and you're to go in at once."

I stood aghast. An icy terror chilled my heart.

"Oh Dobson," I asked tremulously, "do you think I'll pass?"

"No," said Dobson, with a faint gleam of cheerfulness.

"One word more, Dobson. Did they give you the thirteenth of the Second?" But he was again exploring the future, and, with trembling hand, I opened the door.

I stood in a large room, lined from floor to ceiling with books. Before me, and behind a green table, sat three preternaturally solemn gentlemen in academic costume. The centre-person of the three first caught my gaze. He was robed in a gown gorgeous with purple and gold. (The next time I saw it was on the Chancellor, at Convocation.) A college cap, with velvet top and gold tassel, adorned his striking head. He had bushy whiskers of uncompromising redness, corresponding nicely with his complexion, which was florid. His cheeks probably blushed for his nose, which was most fiery red of all, and moreover larger, and less decided in shape, than that of the Apollo Belvidere. The nose supported a pair of heavy spectacles, or rather spectacle rims, for I could see that no glasses dimmed the lustre of his keen eyes. Wearing spectacles, with the glasses knocked out, I put down as merely a learned eccentricity. He appeared to have a contempt for the barber's art, for his hair was unshorn and his chin unshaven, and as he was, on the whole, extremely ugly and rather slovenly, I felt myself to be in the presence of a man of singular genius. The gentlemen on each side were much younger, and cleaner. They wrote a good deal in ponderous books, which lay open before them, and seemed inclined to laugh at times at the learned gentleman's peculiarities, which I thought very irreverent. Besides these, three other individuals, in gowns and tremendous white bands, sat in three great arm-chairs. They assisted occasionally in the examination.

which ensued, and evinced a kindly interest in my domestic affairs.

"I shall not conceal from you the fact," said the learned gentleman, with much affability and a Celtic accent, "that I am the Senior Proctor, and Emeritus Professor of Things in General. These gentlemen who support me are the junior proctors, and the three gentlemen on your right are members of the Senatus, who have kindly consented to assist with their valuable suggestions in the preliminaries of the matriculants."

The junior proctors here bent over their books, and took notes diligently, which struck me as a little superfluous, as they ought to have known all this before.

"You will oblige us, in the first place," continued the courteous Senior Proctor, "by candidly stating your name in full, your post-office address, your age next birthday, and whether you have ever been vaccinated."

Though exceedingly surprised at the peculiar nature of the opening questions, I answered them without reservation, and the junior proctors made a frantic note.

At this point a member of the Senatus anxiously inquired if I had any uncles in the lumbering business. I set his mind at rest, when another member of the Senatus asked me if my mother's family name was Hobbs. I was catechized at some length after this fashion, and when I had made a clean breast of all my domestic secrets, though with some unwillingness and resentment, we came to sterner matters.

"Would you prefer to translate a passage from a Latin, Greek, or Sanscrit author?" said the Senior Proctor. "Latin," I answered, without a moment's hesitation.

"The Latin," soliloquized the Senior Proctor, in a sort of learned reverie, "is undeniably a fine language, a very fine language. At the same time, it lacks the peculiar joyousness, the vivacity, the sparkling humour of the Sanscrit. In no Latin writer do

we find the delightful pleasantry, the irrepressible love of fun, which makes the Rigvedas the pastime of the student's leisure hour. Nor is there, in the Latin, that solemn grandeur and unfathomable mystery which establishes the Greek verb deep in the affection of the scholar. But, in spite of these disadvantages, I consider the Latin a fine, a highly respectable language, and you will be so good as to mention any favourite passage of yours from any Latin author."

The junior proctors appeared struck with the comparative merits of the three tongues, so lucidly expounded, and took a note.

I did not hesitate to mention the opening lines of the Second Book of the *Æneid*, as possessing peculiar attractions for me. I must confess that my choice was not grounded on any particular excellence of style, or loftiness of imagination, which distinguishes this passage, so much as on the circumstance that I had been familiar with it from my earliest years, and considered myself equal to its translation. That pleasing delusion was soon dispelled. I was requested to pause at every full stop, and my construing was most unsparingly criticized by the Senior Proctor, whose comments were echoed by the other learned dignitaries. Thus, having rendered the first two lines in time-honoured fashion—

"All became silent, and kept their looks intently fixed upon him ;

"Thereupon father *Æneas* thus began, from his lofty couch"—

the Senior Proctor interrupts me.

"Pardon me, but you entirely fail to transfer the poetic fire, which flashes through the original lines, to your translation."

Chorus of senators and junior proctors—"Not a spark of poetic fire!"

S. P. "Where, in your construction, is the breathless, eager multitude, hushed into awe and reverence? Where the benign countenance of the pious *Æneas*, beaming with benevolence, fascinating the gaze of the love-sick queen?"

Chorus—"Where, indeed?"

I might have suggested, "Nowhere, that I can discover;" but I didn't.

Then followed questions, critical and explanatory :

By the Senior Proctor—"Can you quote from Homer to prove that the habit of whistling and imitating the cries of domestic animals, at public meetings, was held in contempt?"

Answer—"No."

By a member of the Senatus—"What was the name of the step-mother of pious Æneas?"

Answer—"I'm afraid I've forgotten."

By a junior proctor—"What was the exact height, in cubits, of the 'lofty couch' from which 'father Æneas thus began'?"

"I knew that once, but it has escaped my memory."

In this style did the examination proceed till I was completely bewildered, and had resigned all hope of passing these appalling preliminaries. Yet, at times, in such unseemly levity did the junior proctors indulge, and so utterly unintelligible did their question become, the idea flashed across my mind that the learned examiners were not all they pretended to be. In the midst of a rather noisy argument between a junior proctor and a senator, as to whether the police of Troy wore helmets, (during which I learned a good many facts hitherto unknown to me) the door opened quietly behind me. Glancing over my shoulder I observed a gentleman in clerical clothes, and a trencher. The discussion went on, for the scholars, heated with their argument, did not notice the new arrival.

"I tell you sir," shouted the junior proctor, "I have heard the Dean himself say that the helmets of our modern police are constructed on the model of one brought by faithful Achates, for he was a policeman, to Italy, and preserved in the Roman Capitol."

"Are you sure the Dean said that, Mr.

Thompson?" said the clerical gentleman at the door, stepping into full view. Then my suspicions were proved true. In an instant a complete transformation came over the scene. The junior proctors looked foolish, and turned as red as their senior. They closed their note-books with celerity, and attempted the impossible feat of dragging them, unnoticed, out of sight. The members of the Senatus abandoned their chairs of state, consulted the nearest book-shelves with close attention, and, in an abstracted way, tried to transfer their long hands to their pockets.

The Senior Proctor alone preserved his equanimity. Without the least embarrassment he rose from his chair, elegantly doffed his trencher, removed his spectacles from his nose, and with the suavity he had all along exhibited, expressed the hope that he saw the clerical gentleman in good health, and that the long vacation had restored his shattered faculties to their usual vigour.

"It is a very strange circumstance, Mr. O'Rourke," said the clerical gentleman, in frigid tones, and taking no notice of these considerate inquiries, "that this is the third time I have found you in this very position, tricked out in the Chancellor's robes."

The Senior Proctor appeared to assent to this, and muttered that it *was* strange when you came to think about it.

"I don't think the Master would feel gratified if he knew his senior men were in the habit of desecrating his lecture-room, and usurping his authority. He would probably tell you that your own knowledge is not so extensive that you can afford to waste time, which should be devoted to reading, in undignified practical joking of this sort. We can get through the examinations without any assistance from officious undergraduates. Get off to your rooms, gentlemen, every one of you, and Mr. O'Rourke must expect that the next time he is found here, the Master will hear of his vagaries."

The Senior Proctor smiled with unruffled

sweetness of temper, divested himself of his borrowed plumes with much deliberation, gave the clerical gentleman "good night" with charming affability, and left the room humming a psalm tune. Then followed the senators, conscious of their bands, and his junior disciples, who only waited to get through the door to indulge the laughter with which they had been struggling all evening.

"You're one of the freshmen, I suppose?" said the clerical gentleman, addressing me, "and these amiable young fellows have been trying to frighten you a little. You'll soon learn to know professors from undergraduates. Come with me and have a glass of wine."

And this was my introduction to the Dean.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

WHATEVER difference of opinion there may be as to the general results of the elections, on one point there is none. Everybody says that Corruption has made a gigantic stride among us. It has not only increased in amount, but attacked classes hitherto untainted; not only the venal populace of the cities, but, in too many cases, the substantial farmers, the sinews of the body politic, have been tempted to forget their self-respect, and to accept the bribe which, a few years ago, they would have rejected with scorn.

This may be due in part to special causes. It is said that the Protectionists and the Pacific Railway men have opened their purses for the Government, and have stimulated a corresponding expenditure on the side of the Opposition. But, supposing this to be the case, the entanglement of commercial interests with political parties is not likely to end here. Nor will the Pacific Railway contract be the last thing of the kind under a system which improvidently commits the direction of public works, without check or control, to the majority of a party legislature.

Corruption grows by what it feeds upon. It will increase, and increase in an ever accelerating ratio, while the moral resistance will become continually weaker, till among

us, as in other countries, bribery becomes a jest, and corruptionist a name hardly more odious than that of politician. The progress of electoral demoralization is as certain as the increasing volume and rapidity of the descending avalanche. We shall sink to the level of the States, and perhaps below it. For corruption is deeper, more complete, and more hopeless in a small nation than in a great one.

How is the evil to be checked? This cry is loudly raised to-day by the still unextinguished morality of the nation. Tomorrow it will be heard no more, and the thought of reform and purity will be derided as an impracticable dream.

Will the ballot suffice? The ballot is a sovereign remedy for intimidation, of which we have comparatively little here; but conclusive arguments and decisive experience show that it is inefficacious as a remedy for corruption. It is needless to repeat the jocose but cogent reasonings of Sydney Smith. If there is reason to fear that those who sell their votes will not deliver the article for which they have been paid, the corruptionist has only to buy the voters in bodies instead of buying them individually, and to make the payment conditional on his election. But the fact is, there is honour enough among thieves to assure the general

fulfilment of the corrupt bargain, especially as it would soon be seen that a breach of contract spoiled the trade. Bribery will not be rendered impracticable by the ballot, while detection will.

An amendment of the law, substituting impartial judges for partizan committees in the trial of controverted elections, would be more efficacious. So, apparently, think our corruptionists, and so British experience and the experience of Ontario show. But neither this remedy, nor any legal or administrative remedy that could be devised, would apply to any corruption but that which takes place at the time of the election. We knew an instance of a constituency in England, one of the two seats for which was held for life by a very wealthy man, practically without a contest, while the other seat was fiercely contested. This man was not resident in the constituency; he was politically undistinguished; he was no speaker; he had no very popular qualities of any kind; he came little among his constituents, and gave himself, personally, very little trouble to conciliate their good will. He never bribed, and had an inquiry been instituted into his conduct, or that of his agents, in connection with the elections, he would have come out white as driven snow. What was his talisman? It was one of the simplest kind. Every year, at Christmas, one of his local friends distributed for him, among the poorer electors, a large sum of money as Christmas gifts. Not a question was asked as to the vote which any of the recipients had given or intended to give; but it was distinctly understood that the distribution would continue so long, and so long only, as the benevolent donor remained member of Parliament for that borough.

A good law is preferable to a bad one, if it were only as a declaration of public morality; but let the law chase corruption as it will, corruption will find a lurking place. It is Protean in its forms, and will evade the most skilfully forged chains.

And supposing that we could repress electoral corruption, should we be much better off while Parliamentary corruption remained? We have heard of a Minister saying that the constituencies might do what they pleased, that what he wanted to buy was not the constituency but the member. We have seen one Opposition leader after another debauched, and either turned into a tool of the Government, or flung out into political nonentity, so that no Opposition, sufficiently strong to control the abuses of the Administration, could be formed. We have heard numberless charges of bribing opponents with place and patronage, levelled by each party against the other, and we know that in the charges on both sides there is a good deal of truth. It would be something, of course, that the electors should escape the demoralizing effects of bribery; but the Government of the country would scarcely be more pure.

Who doubts the unsatisfactory character of the present state of things? Who believes that the deliberations of a party cabinet have, for their paramount object, the welfare of the country, and not the retention of office? The Opposition orators and journals thunder indignantly against the questionable acts of the Government—the subsidy given to Nova Scotia; the terms of the compact with British Columbia, which has placed all the Columbian votes in the pocket of the Minister; the refusal of securities for the independence of Parliament, so manifestly threatened by the Pacific Railway contract; the retention of the unreformed election law; the attitude of the Ministers on the subject of the Secret Service Money; the numerous instances in which patronage has been employed for other objects than the service of the public. Without entering into details, at once needless and disagreeable, we do not doubt the general fact to which these various accusations point. We do not doubt that the present Government of the Dominion subsists, like other govern-

ments of the same description, by means which are more or less corrupt. We do not doubt that, even in dealing with the greatest interests of the nation, even in dealing with such momentous undertakings as the Pacific Railway, it is influenced by a motive which renders its decisions more or less untrustworthy, and its action more or less injurious to national morality, as well as to the material prosperity of the nation.

"Then," cry the Opposition, "the remedy is obvious. Vote for us. Turn out the Government; put us in power. Corruption will vanish, and a reign of purity will commence." But is it so? The general system, and the mode in which the cabinet is formed—out of a special group of office-seekers—remaining the same, will a mere change of Ministers make much difference in the morality of the Government, or in its method of maintaining itself in place? We have been furnished from an unexpected, but most authoritative, quarter, with a decisive answer to the question. The leading organ of the present Opposition, an organ which, if we may venture on the expression, is more than leading, gave us the other day an editorial, heralding the approaching triumph of the Opposition. In this editorial it rehearsed all the acts of corruption alleged to have been committed by Sir John A. Macdonald's Government, alluding especially to the means by which it has obtained support in the smaller provinces, and then said: "*Sir John Macdonald's own system of government will be turned upon himself.* He has taught men to follow him for the favours he could confer; will it be strange if his disciples should take into account the possible advantages that might accrue from following another and stronger chief? The strength of the Reformers lies in the possession of certain definite principles, giving unity and cohesion to their ranks, and imparting to their policy a directness and force in which their opponents are wholly wanting. Under our Federal system, sectional and constitutional

questions are constantly arising that place a weak Government at the mercy of the Opposition leader who can control, within a few votes, a clear majority of the House. A weather-cock in a North-Wester, or a cork in a tornado, would show steadiness itself compared to poor John A., thumping his desk and shaking his head, in impotent rage, at the desertion of a whole province over some local difficulty or dilemma. How often, even with a majority of two to one at his back, was this political harlequin baffled and worsted in the late Parliament? How was it he could never pass a permanent and general Election Law? What became of his Supreme Court Bill? How often did he shift and alter the tariff? What was the fate of his buncombe 'National Policy?' By how many votes did he save his precious British Columbia scheme? How many defeats did he avoid by amendments begging the question? How many times, last session, did he wheel about and turn about, Jim Crow fashion, during debates on the New Brunswick School Bill? Let his supporters recollect a few of these incidents, now become historical, and tell us what are his chances, with the game of brag played out, and an Opposition as strong in numbers as his own pledged supporters."

"The system of Sir John A. Macdonald will be turned upon himself." This, we have no doubt, is what the future, so bright in the eyes of the great Opposition journalist, really has in store for us. When Parliament meets, or rather long before Parliament meets, will commence a political auction, at which the articles bid for will be the votes of the unattached members for the smaller provinces, and the bidders will be a "corrupt" Government on one side, and a virtuous Opposition on the other. Prince Edward's Island, now that it shows a tendency to follow the example of Columbia, will, probably, be the subject of a supplementary competition. The bidding will be high, parties being so evenly balanced, and the stake, under

the present circumstances, being so large; and the expenses, whatever they may be, will be defrayed by the public. In the New Brunswick School case, to which the journalist refers, and which certainly was sufficiently ignominious, the Opposition was influenced, as every impartial observer must have seen, by exactly the same motive which influenced the Government—the fear of losing the New Brunswick vote on one side, and the fear of losing the Roman Catholic vote on the other. A similar remark may be made as to the proposal to purchase the Nova Scotia buildings, by which the Opposition tried to cap the Government grant. And if the votes of the Churches are an element in the game, the relations of both parties to the Roman Catholics are equally affectionate, and their object in forming these relations palpably the same.

We have great faith in the honourable intentions of the leaders of the Opposition; and we are at the same time perfectly convinced that, as soon as they became the heads of a party Government, struggling for its life against a hungry and vindictive enemy, nearly a match for it in force, their intentions would give way to the exigencies of their position, and that they would do first things for which they would be sorry, and then things of which they would be ashamed. At last shame itself would cease.

Electoral corruption has its source in Parliamentary corruption, which affords inducements to candidates and Ministers to purchase seats; and the source of parliamentary corruption is the system of making the offices of State, with the patronage annexed to them, the prize of a perpetual conflict between two organized factions, euphemistically styled party government.

This question has been more than once presented to our readers within the last half-year; but we wish to keep it before their minds for a time, on account of its transcendent importance to the country, and because it is more likely to command atten-

tion while the memory of the elections, and the evil influences revealed by them, is fresh. Moreover, as we have said before, this is the accepted season; soon the malady may be beyond control, and the last chance may be lost of saving the country from the gulf into which it is too manifestly sinking.

Already the sinister forms of American corruption have made their appearance among us. Already some of the most unprincipled members of the community have taken to politics as their congenial trade. The Wire-puller is here. The Log-roller is here. The Ward Politician is here. The Working Man's Friend is here. And at Ottawa, since the recent development of public works, we have seen plainly enough the sinister face of a Canadian Lobby.

Party government, in England, dates as a regular institution from the reign of William III., who, after vainly attempting to form a cabinet without distinction of party, was compelled, by the factiousness and selfishness of the men about him, and his position as the occupant of a disputed throne, to form a cabinet on the party principle. And with party government at once came organized corruption. "From the day," says Macaulay, "on which Caermarthen was called a second time to the chief direction of affairs, Parliamentary corruption continued to be practised, with scarcely any intermission, by a long succession of statesmen, till the close of the American war. * * * * It at length became as notorious that there was a market for votes at the Treasury as that there was a market for cattle in Smithfield. Numerous demagogues out of power declaimed against this vile traffic; but every one of these demagogues, as soon as he was in power, found himself driven by a kind of fatality to engage in that traffic, or at least to connive at it. Now and then, perhaps, a man who had romantic notions of public virtue refused to be himself the paymaster of the corrupt crew, and averted his eyes

while his less scrupulous colleagues did that which he knew to be indispensable and yet felt to be degrading. But the instances of this prudery were rare indeed. The doctrine generally received, even among upright and honourable politicians was, that it was shameful to receive bribes, but that it was necessary to distribute them. It is a remarkable fact that the evil reached the greatest height during the administration of Henry Pelham, a statesman of good intentions, of spotless morals in private life, and of exemplary disinterestedness. It is not difficult to guess by what arguments he, and other well-meaning men, who like him followed the fashion of their age, quieted their consciences. No casuist, however severe, has denied that it may be a duty to give what it is a crime to take. * * * And might not the same plea be urged in defence of a Minister who, when no other expedient would avail, paid greedy and low minded men not to ruin their country."

The only intermission of corruption, during the period mentioned by Macaulay, was when Chatham for a few years put party under his feet, and ruled as the Minister of the nation.

But the mutual hatred, the mutual slander, and the reckless sacrifice of patriotism to factious passions, which party government brought with it, were worse, if possible, than the corruption. Chatham himself conspired from merely factious motives — motives which were afterwards admitted to have been merely factious by the conspirators themselves — to drive Walpole into the iniquitous and disastrous war with Spain, which, as its natural consequence, brought on the attempt of the Pretender, and a renewal of civil war in England. In the recent controversy respecting the Treaty of Washington, Lord Cairns, a man who had held one of the highest offices in the State, supported with the utmost violence and with all the resources of legal casuistry at his command, the most outrageous pretensions of the Ame-

rican Government, simply for the purpose of embarrassing the Government of his own country. The same man had done his utmost, at the time of the American war, to impede the efforts of Lord Palmerston's Ministry to prevent the escape of cruisers and preserve the neutrality which was so essential to us as a commercial nation. Can it be doubted that Lord Cairns had been taught by the party system to hate Englishmen of the opposite party more than he loved England? Did not Lord Derby, when he took his tremendous "leap in the dark," by carrying an extension of the suffrage, which, whether expedient or not in itself, was contrary to all the avowed principles of his party, and which he must have believed to be fraught with the utmost peril to his country, find comfort in the reflection that he had "dished the Whigs?" And would not the Whigs have sacrificed the public good with equal facility for the satisfaction of dishing Lord Derby?

In France party government was introduced with constitutional monarchy, on the restoration of the Bourbons, and reintroduced with the constitutional dynasty of Louis Philippe. There again it bred corruption, (the Government multiplying offices for corrupt purposes, till, under Louis Philippe, the number of officers actually exceeded the number of electors,) and not only corruption, but, as the fury of the factions increased, civil war and political ruin. Transported with hatred of his rival Guizot, Thiers, himself an adherent of constitutional monarchy, headed the movement which overthrew the constitutional throne.

It is needless to show how corruption has attended party government in the United States. But it is equally certain that the spirit engendered by the struggle of the two factions for place contributed in no small degree to prepare the way for the civil war: and if any one feels assured that the possibilities of such calamities in the United States are exhausted, he reads the situation with different eyes from ours.

In Belgium, to which it is the habit to point as an instance of the success of the system, the two factions have been religious—one ultramontane, the other rationalist—and their struggle has lately led to most dangerous convulsions.

In Spain and her emancipated colonies, the strife of parliamentary factions soon terminated in civil war, which has become the normal condition of these countries.

We are, happily, far removed as yet from any peril of the kind last mentioned. Yet every true Canadian must have felt that the passions excited in the late contest, and which found their expressions in the most frantic invective and calumny on both sides, were not only hideous in themselves but dangerous to our moral unity as a nation. Even those most responsible for the public welfare did not scruple to countenance inflammatory appeals to the bitter memory of the Fenian raids, which, considering the general conduct of the Irish portion of the community, and considering also the admission of previous wrong involved in the late acts of justice done by the British Parliament to Ireland, ought, as between Canadians, to be buried in oblivion. A journalist, whose seat was contested by an Irish Roman Catholic, actually publishes in the columns of his journal a list of all those who voted for his opponent, with a picture of the monument to the Canadians slain by the Fenians at its head. This is done, be it observed, in cold blood, when the contest is over, and the journalist has gained his election. Is the distance very great between such malignity and the passions which lead to civil war?

As we have said before, in England party has at least an intelligible basis, and one which may determine the allegiance of a reasonable man and a lover of his country, inasmuch as the great conflict between aristocratic and democratic principles of government, carried on for so many years and with so many vicissitudes, is not yet closed. But in Canada, since the establishment of Re-

sponsible Government and religious equality, party has had no intelligible basis; it has been faction and nothing else. In all the speeches and manifestoes of the party leaders during the late contest, it was impossible to discover any principle which could form a permanent line of demarcation. There were reminiscences of a political past, before the concession of responsible government, when principles were really at stake; but, as regards the present, there were only administrative questions, such as that of the Pacific Railway, which, however important at the time, cannot furnish permanent articles of party faith. Saving such questions, we had nothing but vague though vehement assertions of the necessity of party government, and of the impracticable and visionary character of all who looked beyond it. British institutions, we were told, could not be carried on without party. If by British institutions is meant party government, the proposition is indisputable, though not profound; but if it is meant that we cannot possibly have representative assemblies, self-taxation and trial by jury, without putting up the government periodically as the prize of a faction fight, the proposition agrees neither with reason nor with facts. Again, it was laid down that party was necessary because God had so constituted us as to think differently on most subjects. We imagined that God had so constituted us as to think alike on all subjects, truth being one, and our faculties being the same; and that difference of opinion arose from error on one side, or both, which further investigation and discussion would in the end remove. Such has been the case in science and in all rational inquiry. But it seems that in politics Providence has made half the community incapable of ever arriving at truth, in order that there may always be a Parliamentary Opposition. A Ministerial orator avowed his theoretical belief in party, and in the necessity of having a body of "astute and able men" as an Opposition, to

criticize and control the Government; but afterwards, coming to parties in Canada, he laid it down that there ought to be only two—one, that of patriots like himself, at once in the best sense Conservative and Reforming, carrying on the government in the highest interest of the whole nation; the other that of "Independents," "Annexationists," and other infamous and disloyal persons, making it their business to "paralyse" the government, and prevent it from promoting the union and prosperity of the country. So that half, or nearly half, of the community are to be always disloyal, enemies of the nation, and devoted to the malignant work of paralysing the efforts of a Government which is labouring successfully for the public good. This is to be the basis of our political system for ever!

On no subject but politics are such absurdities now current. But in former days the scientific world was divided into factions which throttled each other as the political factions do now. Perhaps, if lucrative offices had been the prize of the conflict, we should still have the parties of Nominalists and Realists wrestling over a psychological question which has long since been settled by mental science, and consigned to the grave of the Middle Ages. In truth, the theory that all men are born Nominalists or Realists would be more tenable than the theory that they are born Macdonaldites or Grits. We use the only two available names, though the first denotes adherence to a person, not a principle, and the second has no meaning whatever. The supporters of the Government call themselves Conservatives, Liberal Conservatives, Moderates, and finally, the party of Union and Progress, which last appellation might as well be exchanged for that of the party of Virtue and Happiness. To this *mélange* some of them, in compliment to their mixed antecedents, persist in adding the title of Reformer. The member of the Government to whom we have just referred, for instance protests that no one is

so true a Reformer as he is. But if Reformer means anything in politics, it means the opposite to Conservative.

In the case of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, it is admitted that "the party lines are not yet drawn." It would seem that Providence, in the application of its universal law to humanity, has overlooked the small Provinces. The lines of party, in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, are not yet drawn, and never will be drawn, because there is no abiding difference of principle by which party lines can be traced. But the lines of faction will be drawn, and that soon, by the process to which we have already referred as about speedily to commence.

When Lord Elgin became Governor-General, the parties which had fought the great battle of Responsible Government were still in existence, and the Clergy Reserves question was still unsettled. Yet Lord Elgin remarked that "there was little, if anything, of public principle to divide men." He complained that, in the negotiations between the leaders of different parties, "no question of principle or of public policy was mooted," and that "the whole discussion turned upon personal considerations." "There are half a dozen parties here," he says, "standing on no principle, and all intent on making political capital out of whatever turns up." And again he speaks of the absence of any grievance to stir the depths of the popular mind, as a circumstance that may account for "the selfishness of public men, and their indifference to the higher aims of statesmanship." Far more is this the case now, when political self-government and religious equality have been fully established, and the country asks only for an honest and vigorous administration. As a matter of fact we have hardly, for some time past, had any but Coalition Governments. The present Dominion Cabinet is made up by a combination of men who still call themselves Reformers with men who have always called themselves Conservatives. The late Ontario Govern-

ment was a Coalition Government ; and the present contains a member whose accession proves, at least, that there is no impassable gulf between Canadian Conservatism and Canadian Reform. The two rivals, whose organs now interchange daily volleys of every description of projectile, were a few years ago sitting as colleagues in a Cabinet, formed, no doubt, specially with a view to Confederation, but which also carried on the general government of the country : and when one of them seceded from that Cabinet, it was not on a question of general principle, such as would render union dishonourable, but on a purely administrative question connected with the Reciprocity negotiation.

If there is a permanent line of demarcation, of a rational and moral kind, between Canadian parties, it must be capable of being plainly stated. We may fairly expect that the statement will be brief as well as plain. A jurymen, in one of the State Trials under George III., reasonably refused to convict the prisoner of an offence, when it had taken the Attorney General eight hours to explain what the offence was : and we may, with equal reason, decline to dedicate our political lives to a struggle for a principle which cannot be expounded in less than three columns of close print.

In the old country, which we affectionately but somewhat unreflectingly imitate in spite of the great difference of our circumstances, party government, we repeat, has at least a rational and moral basis. It has also, to temper its evils, antidotes which are wanting here. In England there is a strong and settled public opinion which restrains the excesses of the party chiefs ; there is a great body of independent wealth and intelligence which, though it may to a certain extent belong to the parties, belongs more to the country ; there is a corps of public men whose tenure of their places in Parliament is practically assured to them for life, and who are deeply imbued with tra-

ditions of government, which, amidst all their rivalries, they continue to respect ; there are the grave experiences and heavy burdens of an old country, which impose, even on the most unscrupulous, a prudence unknown to political adventurers gambling with the virgin resources of a young nation ; there is a great Civil Service, which fortunate accident has combined with wisdom to place outside party, and which carries on the ordinary administration of the country almost independently of the party chiefs who form the Cabinet ; there is a press in which, though there are plenty of organists and Bohemians ; there are also a great many independent writers on politics of the best kind, furnished in many instances by the numerous fellowships of the great universities, which thus exercise, in their way, a critical and corrective power. And yet, even in the old country, how superior to all mere party governments was the government of Sir Robert Peel during that brief hour for which faction permitted him to rule, in some measure, as the Minister of the nation ! How mournfully did the hearts of the people follow the retirement, how anxiously did they expect the return, of the one statesman who aspired to rule, not for a faction, but for the country !

A party government is essentially a weak government. It cannot venture to offend or estrange any one who commands votes. It is unable to grapple with the selfishness of local interests, sections, rings—the perpetual enemies of the common weal. It cannot even give its attention steadily to its proper work. The greater part of its energies is devoted to the maintenance of its own existence against the attacks of the Opposition—the smaller part to the public service. It can contain only half the leading statesmen of the country, while the faculties of the other half are devoted to obstructing and paralyzing the conduct of affairs. Probably it will not contain the greatest administrators of all ; since the temper of the

great administrator is peculiarly alien to the narrowness of faction.

Now Canada cannot afford to have a weak government. We flatter ourselves that we are a strong race, and that we do not, like the feebler races, stand in need of a ruler's paternal care. Probably there is reason in our boast. But this very strength, and the self-reliance which accompanies it, are apt to produce an intense individuality, and a want of regard for the interests of the community. This is sure to be especially the case among emigrants, who are only half attached to their new country, and each of whom has come, emphatically, to shift for himself, and to improve his own condition, with the memory, perhaps, of a community which was not very kind to him in his breast. One has only to walk about our streets to see how much people of this kind think of themselves, and how greatly they need good laws, firmly administered, to make them think of the rights and interests of others. Moreover, though we have not here those abuses of personal government or class privilege which once justified in this country, and may still justify in England, the existence of a reform party, we have abuses of another kind. The administration of great cities, throughout this continent, may in fact be said to be one vast abuse; and with a party government looking for support to the ward politicians, or afraid to excite their enmity, there can be no prospect of reform. The course of the labour movement may also render necessary measures for the protection of liberty of contract, and the general rights of the community, against tyrannical interference; and the incidents of the late elections have shown what we have to expect from a party government in that direction. There is something typical of the present system in the aspect of the Parliament at Ottawa fiercely debating the Proton outrage, while the navigation of a noble river is being choked with slabs and sawdust, beneath

the very building in which the wranglers sit.

If Canada cannot afford to have a weak government, still less can she afford to have a bad one. Our union is not yet properly cemented, and the attempt, for instance, of a reckless party leader to dragoon a great Province by buying up votes in the smaller Provinces, might rouse such resistance in the great Province as would lead to a very serious crisis. Geography is all against us, and we abound with sectional interests, local and commercial. Not only so, but our Confederation embraces two distinct nationalities, sharply contrasted in social and religious character, as well as differing in blood and language,—one a pioneer offshoot of the Anglo-Saxon race; the other a petrified remnant of the France before the Revolution. But yesterday the two nationalities were in conflict, and today the conflict is rather suppressed than extinct. The struggle between the races and the religions in Manitoba bore a sufficient analogy to that between the Slavery and Free-Soil parties in Kansas, which heralded the American civil war, to warn us that we cannot venture to let the Government, which should be the instrument of consolidation, be turned by the furious rivalries of faction into an instrument of disruption.

The subject of public works, again, at the present juncture, is one of exceptional importance, and, at the same time, of exceptional peril. If we allow the resources of a young country, and undertakings vital to its commercial prosperity, to become dice on the gambling table of party, fiscal disaster will follow, and perhaps bring Annexation in its train. Without pronouncing on the policy of the compact with Columbia, we may point to the magnitude of that transaction as a measure of the power of mischief which an unprincipled party leader might exercise in this direction.

On the other hand, if we can keep our

political institutions pure and sound, Canada will possess attractions, compared with her chief rivals on this Continent, which will give her a great advantage in the race.

The politicians who framed the constitution of the Dominion were, in many respects, highly qualified for their momentous task. They were men of undoubted ability; they had an adequate sense of the resources and hopes of Canada; they were thoroughly versed in provincial politics and in the details of provincial administration; they possessed the confidence of the country, and were in a position to secure the adoptions of their plans. But they had all, without exception, been trained in those party, and almost personal, conflicts, the pettiness of which Lord Elgin justly characterises as unfavourable to statesmanship of the broader kind. Their political information seems to have been confined to that which they had acquired in the limited sphere of their own practice. The day is probably yet far distant when politics will assume the character of a science. But we have arrived at a period when general experience may greatly aid and qualify local experience in legislation of all kinds, and especially in framing constitutions. The civilized world, including the various British Colonies, has, during the last century, been the scene of a vast series of most pregnant experiments in the construction of governments on the elective principle, the results of which, when all due allowance has been made for peculiarities of national character and circumstances, are to a great extent applicable to the solution of similar problems in all civilized countries. Of knowledge of this kind, not a trace is to be seen in the speeches or writings of the framers of our Constitution. Beyond their local experience they seem to have had only two things present to their minds—the British Constitution, of which they took the conventional view stereotyped in Blackstone, which is widely at variance with actual facts, and the example of the American Union,

which they somewhat misconstrued, taking the Civil War to have been caused by the weakness of the Federal power, when, in fact, if there was any cause besides the social antagonism between Slavery and Free Labour, it was the apprehension of Federal interference with the local institutions of the Southern States. They do not seem even to have formed a distinct conception of the character and objects of Federal government, for they proclaim as their guiding principle a desire of reproducing the British Constitution, which is National, not Federal, and furnishes no model for a federation. Nor does it appear that they were clearly conscious of the fact that the Provinces were already federated under the British Crown, and the special functions of a Federal Government—that is to say, foreign relations and peace and war—already vested in the British Cabinet. One of their number has just told us that it was their great aim to make the Dominion Parliament the sole theatre of the party conflict, excluding it from the Provincial assemblies; if so, we must commend their benevolence at the expense of their forecast, more especially as they had the results of conclusive experience in the State legislatures of the Union at their very door. But they gave themselves little time to exercise forecast. They were eager to escape from the deadlock which the strife of their factions had brought about, and to avert the dangers which they erroneously imagined to be impending on the side of the United States. The speech of the Prime Minister, in proposing Confederation to the Legislature, is little more than an exhortation to haste.

Already we have reason to suspect that this narrowness of vision and haste combined have led to serious errors and omissions. Our nominee Senate, an attempt to reproduce the House of Lords under social conditions hopelessly uncongenial, has few and faint defenders. The practical relations between the central and local legislatures have

evidently not been settled, and it is not easy to foresee how they will settle themselves. that the plan of the framers has, in this respect, miscarried, we have authoritative assurance. The terms of admission into the Confederation, which ought to have been regulated, as in the United States, on general principles of justice, independent of all party, have been left to be regulated in each particular instance by a party government, whose paramount object it is, and must always be, to attract the votes of the new province to its own side. An

An equally calamitous error was committed in consigning, absolutely, to a party government and its partisan majority the expenditure on public works. Perhaps a similar remark may be made with regard to the taking of the census, on which the balance of political power is made to depend, and which ought, therefore, to have been placed, by the Constitution, in strictly impartial hands. No tribunal of any kind is provided for the repression of political corruption and malversation, in spite of the signal warning afforded by the example of the United States. No power is reserved to the nation of amending the Constitution so that if, for instance, the nominee Senate should persist in putting a veto on a reform affecting its own constitution, there would be no escape from the dilemma.* But the most palpable and the most fatal error of all was that which is here specially under consideration—the permanent infliction on Canada of the English system of party government, which, in a country where there are no dividing lines of principle, inevitably becomes a government of organized factions, constantly bidding against each other for power and patronage by demagogism, intrigue and corruption. The error was a pardonable one in legislators who knew no other system,

though they might have taken warning from the dead-lock of faction, which was the immediate cause of the Confederation movement. But it was most calamitous, and it is visibly bringing political ruin on the country.

It cannot be said that this was the natural course, or the one which statesmen, not biased by sinister training and misleading analogies, would have adopted in framing an elective government. The natural course was, fairly to carry into effect the elective principle, and, as the Parliament was to be elected by the nation, to vest the election of the Executive Council in the Parliament, with a reservation of the formal authority of the Crown, and with such securities for the preservation of harmony between the Executive and Legislature, and against one-sidedness in the former, as a proper rotation of elections and the minority clause would afford. Such a government would neither be *immaculate nor infallible*; its members would often be elected on grounds far from the most satisfactory, and would themselves be far below the highest standard in point of ability and virtue. But as a body, it would at least be free from the present temptations to the practice of corruption. Holding power by a certain, though limited, tenure, it would have no inducement to buy support for the purpose of maintaining its own existence; under the operation of the minority clause it would embrace elements sufficiently independent of each other, and mutually watchful enough, to prevent it from acting, like a bad party cabinet, as a united gang in the prosecution of sinister designs. Its energy would not be diverted, by the constant struggle for self-preservation, from the business of the country; it would have no need to quail before rings and sections; its traditions would be unbroken, and its policy would probably be stable. Finally, it might preserve a certain amount of dignity, as it would not be called upon to take the stump, to clasp hands with rowdiness, emulate it in ribaldry, or brawl with it on the hustings.

* It will be observed that none of these errors, if errors they be, are covered by the excuse which covers some other defects in the Constitution—the recalcitrant nationality of Quebec.

It would be an incidental advantage of no mean kind that a government so constituted would have no special object in bedevilling the press, and turning the journals, which should be organs of public instruction, into organs of the mendacity of faction. Our journalists would be at liberty to do higher, and, we may fairly suppose, more congenial work, than they have been doing for the last six months.

Granting that the elections to the Dominion Parliament would be sometimes bad, there would at least be an even chance in our favour. But the system of government by organized factions is a process by which the most unprincipled members of the community are almost infallibly selected as the holders of power, and as cynosures for the imitation of the community at large. It may safely be said, that no rational being would have thought of instituting such a system if he had not been misled by false examples and blind adherence to tradition.

It would probably be a further improvement if the election of members for the Dominion Parliament were vested in the Provincial Parliaments, as that of the American Senate is in the State Legislatures. This would at once settle the relations between the local and central Assemblies, and bind them together into a united whole. It would spare the country one set of popular elections without derogating from the electoral supremacy of the people. It would, probably, act in some measure as an antidote to localism in the choice of representatives, the prevalence of which has ruined the character of the representation in the United States, and to which there is a marked tendency here. The standard of English statesmanship has been hitherto maintained by keeping the representation national, and freely electing eminent men to seats for constituencies with which they had no local connection, as in the case of the present Premier, and in those of Lord Palmerston and Canning before him. Of late

the House of Commons has been invaded to a formidable extent by "locals," and the consequence has been such a falling off in ability that, when the present leaders go, it is difficult to say who will take their places. It might fairly be hoped that in elections to the Dominion Parliament, conducted in the manner here suggested, by the members of the Provincial Parliaments, exercising their electoral power as a trust in presence of the people of the province, while mere wealth would generally prevail, room might sometimes be found for capacity, and that a sufficient succession of statesmen might be provided for the government of the nation. It may perhaps be thought by some that statesmanship has become unnecessary, and that we can get along very well with a Parliament of opulent gentlemen, who subscribe liberally to local objects, and give picnics to their constituents. Those who have studied with attention the critical changes which are now going on in the whole tissue of society, religious, moral, social and industrial, will probably be of a different opinion.

There is nothing cloudy or chimerical in the proposal to substitute legal elections for faction, as the mode of selecting the Executive Council out of the Legislature. It is a definite remedy for a specific disease, a remedy for which is urgently needed, and being perfectly feasible in itself, it is a fit subject for practical consideration. That which is cloudy is the theory that Nature or Providence has divided the community into two sections, which are destined to be forever waging political war against each other without the possibility of agreement. That which is chimerical is the notion that faction, when recognized as an instrument of government, and called by a soft name, will cease to be faction, and, at the height of a furious struggle for power and pelf, curb its own frenzy, and keep its selfish ends in subordination to the paramount claims of the public good.

It is suggested that the abolition of party and its conflict would consign the political world to a miserable stagnation. Alas! close at hand is the Labour Question, and looming behind it, some of them not in a very remote distance, are other questions, the greatest that have ever stirred the mind of humanity, which itself was never before so sensitive or so liable to disturbance. There is little reason to fear that stagnation will be the lot of this or of the next generation, even though our political institutions should become instruments for the promotion of union and good will instead of firebrands of discord, and though, while we are solving the tremendous problems which beset life in all its aspects, we should be impartially and quietly governed.

To escape from a parliamentary deadlock, brought on by party, the leaders of party resorted to Confederation. Another deadlock has now been brought about by the same agency. The accounts given by the organs of the results of the late elections are extravagantly contradictory, and illustrate the influence of faction on the veracity of the press. But the fact is that, among

the members whose opinions are declared, the two parties are very evenly balanced. A solution cannot be found in another Confederation: Faction has no more worlds to conquer, except, perhaps, Prince Edward's Island. A majority, to carry on a Government, can be found only in the Provinces. "where the party lines are not yet drawn." The majority so obtained will have to be kept up by the same means, and the country will be launched in a course of interminable corruption. The only alternative is to obtain from the Imperial Government leave to make use of the experience gained in this first session of our Dominion Parliament, by revising the Constitution, and so to alter the mode of selecting the Ministers of State, and forming the Cabinet, that the men whose rivalries are now distracting the country, and corrupting it to the very core, and neither section of whom can reasonably be expected to resign its pretensions, may be united in a Government entitled to the general support of the community, as an organ, not of faction or personal ambition, but of the public good.

SELECTIONS.

THE SCIENCE OF SELLING.

From the French.

TO know how to sell, all difficulties notwithstanding, is a problem to her success in solving which Paris owes most of her greatness. — There are two classes of men who distinguish themselves in this science of selling: the travelling agent and the shopman. The former is one of the most curious specimens of humanity of modern times. He has seen everything, he knows everybody. Saturated with the Paris vices, he can at any given moment affect the

simplicity of the province. He is the link between the village and the capital, although he is neither a Parisian nor a Provincial—he is merely a traveller. He likes a joke and a song, sides apparently with all parties, but is quite patriotic on the whole. He is obliged to be an observer, or else give up his trade, for has he not to sound men by a single glance, to guess at their actions, their manners, above all their solvency, and not to lose his time, to make a rapid estimate

of all chances of success? Thus has he acquired the habit of judging promptly, and acting with decision. He talks magisterially of the theatres in Paris, of their actors and those of the province, knows the good and bad parts of France, and could pilot you, if necessary, from vice to virtue with the same assurance. His collection of set phrases is ever at hand, and the words flow uninterruptedly, producing on his victims a sort of moral shower-bath that does not allow them to consider any question very closely. He smokes and drinks, and tells a good story. He wears charms on his watch chain, and makes generally a sort of lordly impression on country people, who are apt to mistake him for his betters. He never allows himself to be bored, but knows exactly when and how to bore others. As to his activity, there is nothing like it. Nor the kite darting upon its prey; nor the stag inventing new outlets to escape the hounds and hunters; nor the dogs scenting the game, can be compared to the rapidity of his flight when he suspects a commission, or to the skill with which he trips up a rival, or to the cleverness with which he pounces upon an investment. How many superior qualities are not requisite to make such a man!

Now the clerk in the store has to be equally clever to succeed in his department, and must apply his wit and philosophy to the same purpose. Out of his store, and away from his specialty, he is as a balloon without gas; he owes his faculties only to the centre of merchandize where he is placed, just like the actor, who is only brilliant on the stage. Compared with the other clerks or salesmen of Europe, the Parisian clerk is better informed; he can talk about asphaltum, the Bal Mabille, the polka, literature, illustrations, railroads, politics, but he is exceedingly stupid the moment he leaves the counter, or forgets the graces of his salesmanship. On his tight rope in the store, the ready word on the lip, the eye alive to the object, the shawl in his hand, he would eclipse Talleyrand himself. In his own house, however, Talleyrand will get the better of the clerk. The following anecdote will go to prove this fact.

Two pretty Duchesses were one day chattering around the illustrious Prince: one of them wanted a bracelet. A bracelet had been ordered from one of the most celebrated jewellers of Paris, and they were awaiting the clerk that was to bring the desired article. One of these special geniuses comes at last with three bracelets, three marvels, between which the two ladies are at a loss. To hesitate in a matter of choice is to declare oneself vanquished. After ten minutes' hesitation, the Prince is consulted; he sees the two ladies caught in the snares of two of the enchanting ornaments, for, from the first, one of them had been laid aside, and the doubt lay between the two others. The Prince hardly looked up from his book, did not even examine the bracelets, he fixed a searching

glance upon the clerk: "Which would you choose for your lady love?" he said to him. The young man pointed to one of the two articles in question. "Then," continued the astute diplomatist, "take the other for your Lisette, and two charming ladies will be made happy." The Duchesses smiled, and the clerk withdrew, as flattered with the present as with the good opinion the Prince had of his taste.

Had the same question been put to the innocent salesman whilst behind his counter, he would infallibly have decided otherwise, and reserved the most saleable of the jewels for another occasion, for incredible is their tact in selling what they fear might be left on their hands.

It is quite a curious study to watch the various movements of both buyers and sellers when intent on a bargain. Follow two ladies into one of those palatial stores, and you will have a living demonstration of the degree of acuteness the human mind has reached. The same drama is played for a fifty cents' worth *barège* or muslin as for an Indian shawl, except that the purchase of a cashmere will, as a matter of course, cause greater emotions than that of the lighter and cheaper fabrics. To buy so important an article as a shawl, ladies go generally two together, and two are none too many to resist the ensnaring graces of the crafty salesmen. They will be met for example, either by a handsome young man of most candid looks, and a voice as soft as the material he is displaying, one whom no one would think of distrusting, or by another, resolute in manner, with black eyes and a sort of imperial air, who shows the goods with a laconic "There!" By another still, light-haired, with merriment in his eye, full of activity and persuasion; and still another bearded and cravated as becomes the imposing severity of a judge. These different kinds of clerks, who correspond to the different kinds of female character, are the arms of their master, generally a corpulent, good-natured gentleman, who has made his mark in the world, has been decorated perhaps with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, for having proved the superiority of the French loom, has a wife and children, a country house and a large banking account. This personage descends into the arena, whenever the plot, too long entangled, requires a sudden *dénouement*. But it is the remarkable perspicacity of these young men that deserves the attention of the physiologist. They seem to understand thoroughly the slightest vibrations of the cashmere fibre in the female heart. Let a miss, an elderly lady, a young mother, a fast woman, a duchess, a plain house-keeper, an innocent stranger, present themselves, and each is at once analysed by these men, who read her through from the moment she approaches the door; for these serviceable agents are posted at all points of observation; near the door, at the windows, behind the counter, in a corner, in the middle of the store—and nothing escapes

them. You wonder what they can be thinking about, so listless do they appear; and yet, at that very moment are the wishes, the purse, the intentions, the fancies—of a woman—better searched, than the Custom-house officers can search a suspicious carriage at the frontiers. These intelligent fellows see a thing at a glance, the slightest detail in dress, an almost invisible stain on the boot, a faded hat, an ill-sorted ribbon, the old or new style of the dress, the freshness of the gloves, the jewellery in vogue, all, in short, that can betray in a woman her quality, her fortune, her character. Then, with telegraphic rapidity is the opinion transmitted from one to the other, by a look, a sign, a smile, a motion of the lips, and every one is under arms to secure a bargain. If it be an English lady, the sombre, mysterious, Byronic personage is in attendance; if a plain sort of a woman, the oldest of the clerks. In less than a quarter of an hour, he shows her a hundred shawls—intoxicates her with colours and designs; unfolds as many shawls as the kite describes circles around the hare he is going to seize, and the good woman, all in a maze, not knowing what to choose, and flattered in all her notions, gives herself up to the clerk, who gains his point with the customary phrase, the question lying between two shawls: "This one, madam, has everything to recommend it; it is apple green, the fashionable colour, but the fashion changes, whilst this one (a black or white one, the sale of which is urgent,) will last for ever, and will suit all dresses."

"You have no idea," said lately one of these masters in the art of selling, to a friend of ours, "what eloquent ingenuity is required in this shawl business. You are a discreet fellow, and I will let you into a little secret which, as a study of the morality of our times, cannot fail to interest you, and will give you an idea of the inventive genius of our master. He invented what we call the Selim-shawl—a shawl the sale of which is considered an impossibility, and which we always sell. We keep in a cedar box of very plain exterior, but richly lined with satin, a shawl worth from five to six hundred francs, and which we pass off as having been sent by Selim to the Emperor Napoleon. This shawl is our Imperial Guard, we bring it forward at all critical moments: it is sold, and never dies. Our last one was palmed off on an English lady—the greatest triumph we have yet achieved, for the English women are our battle of Waterloo—escape us always. We meet with women that slip out of our hands like eels, but we catch them again on the staircase; others that fancy they can get the better of us with a joke; we laugh with them and hold them fast; questionable foreigners, to whom we bring our second rate shawls, and whom we inveigle with flatteries; but the English women are unconquerable, you might as well attack the bronze statue of Louis XIV: they seem to take a particular pleasure in fooling us. This makes our last victory so

notable; but you shall judge yourself what it cost us in ingenuity and patience when I tell you the story—the manœuvre occupied the whole establishment. As soon as we saw her come we knew what sort of conflict was before us. One of us met her: "Does madame wish an Indian shawl or a French shawl, a highly priced or——?"

"I will see."

"How high a price is madame willing to give?"

"I will see."

Several shawls were hung in the best light to exhibit their designs and colours.

"These are our best shawls," continued my colleague, calling her attention to them; "our best qualities in blue, red and orange; all ten thousand francs. Here are others at five thousand, and some at three thousand."

She looked all round with the most complete indifference before deigning to notice the articles in question, and when at last she gave some attention to the shawls, she asked, without giving any sign of approbation or disapprobation: "Have you any others?"

"Yes, madame; but perhaps madame has not quite made up her mind to buy a shawl?"

"Oh yes, I have."

Inferior shawls were brought forth, but spread out with the importance necessary to fix the attention, and with the customary phrase: "These are much dearer; they are entirely new, and have not been worn yet; they have come by mail recently, and have been bought from the manufacturers of Lahore themselves."

"Oh, I understand," she replied; "I like them pretty well." Still no marked sign of preference. We are all very patient, and know how to wait. My colleague waited, but we could see his irritation in the few glances he cast towards us.

"What's the price of this one?" she said at last, after an unusually long pause, and pointing to a shawl, sky blue, and covered with birds nestling in pagodas.

"Seven thousand francs."

She took the shawl, wrapped herself in it, looked in the glass, and returned it to its place.

"No, I don't like it."

Another long quarter of an hour passed in fruitless attempts.

"We have nothing else, madame," said my colleague, looking at our master.

"Madame is hard to please, like all persons of taste," said the latter, and advanced to the attack in his turn.

But our English customer took up her eye-glass, and looked at the head of the establishment with a curious "*who are you*" air, which he would never have tolerated from any one except a foreigner. She evidently did not know that he was qualified to be elected deputy at any time, and that he dined sometimes at the Tuileries.

"We have but one shawl left, madame," he said, after she seemed to have satisfied herself with her scrutiny, and with that peculiar blandness you well know, "but I never show it to any one, because nobody likes it—it is so odd. I thought this morning of giving it to my wife. We have had it since 1805; it comes from the Empress Josephine."

"Let me see it, sir."

"Go and get it," said the chief to one of us; "it is at my house."

"I should like to see it very much."

This remark sounded like a triumph, for we had all thought she was going away. The shawl came, mysteriously imprisoned in the above-mentioned cedar box.

"This shawl cost sixty thousand francs in Turkey, madame," said our master.

"Oh!"

"It is one of the seven shawls sent by Selim before his rupture with Napoleon. The Empress Josephine, a creole, as milady knows, was very capricious, and exchanged it against one of those that were brought by the Turkish ambassador, and which my predecessor had bought. I have never been able to get its real price, for in France the ladies are not rich enough to buy such costly articles; it is different in England. This shawl is worth seven thousand francs; adding the interest which has accrued, the sum would amount to fourteen or fifteen thousand."

"How has interest accrued?"

The patron was a little startled by her sharp query, but continued with the same assurance:

"Here, madame," and with precautions which the demonstrators of the Grün-Gewölbe of Dresden would have admired, he opened, with a diminutive key, a square cedar box, the form and simplicity of which seemed to make a profound impression upon the English lady. From this box, lined with black satin, issued a shawl worth about fifteen hundred francs, of a bright yellow with black designs, whose brilliancy was only surpassed by the oddities of Indian inventions.

"Splendid," exclaimed the lady. "Truly beautiful."

"The Emperor Napoleon," continued the

patron, taking every possible advantage of the position, "admired it very much himself and—"

"Indeed." She took the shawl, draped it around her, examined herself, and returned it to the patron, who in his turn took it up, held it to the light, tumbled it, in fine made it go through all the shawl gymnastics. He knows how to play with shawls as Thalberg plays on the piano.

"Very fine—very!"

We all thought the shawl was sold.

"Well, madame," remarked the chief, as he saw the lady absorbed in a rather prolonged meditation.

"Really, I think I prefer buying a carriage."

An electric shock would not have startled us more than this unexpected announcement.

"I have a very fine one," observed our master, quite composedly. "I got it from a Russian princess, the Princess Narzikoff, who left it to me in payment of some goods. If madame would like to see it, I am sure she would be much pleased. It is a very handsome carriage; quite new; has not been in the street ten times; there is not one like it in Paris."

Our stupefaction was only equalled by our profound admiration for our chief.

"Well, let us have it."

"Madame, be pleased to keep the shawl on," said he, "and you will be able to judge what its effect is in the carriage." He took his hat and gloves, handed the lady into the carriage, one which we keep always in attendance, and they drove off. We all wondered how the matter would end. Twenty minutes later the chief returned. "Take this bill to the hotel Lawson," he said to our errand man, "and wait for the payment; there are six thousand francs to be paid."

"You sold the shawl then," we all cried.

"Sold the shawl! Milady was so pleased with the notice it attracted, that she determined to buy it. 'You can keep your carriage,' she said, 'and I will take the shawl.'"

So we ordered at once a new cedar box, and elected from among our oldest shawls the one best calculated to play the part of the Selim Shawl.

BOOK REVIEWS.

HOW THE WORLD WAS PEOPLED. Ethnological Lectures by Rev. Edward Fontaine, Professor of Theology and Natural Science, &c., &c. Appleton & Co. New York. 1872.

Few things are more acceptable in the present day than to find an intelligent, thoroughly-informed theologian, of liberal and well-cultured mind, undertak-

ing to deal with the truths of science as fairly and impartially as with any other revelations of truth. But whether the modern theologian become the patron or the contemner of science, one essential pre-requisite would seem to be that he shall have mastered the subject of which he treats. To hear a good man denouncing from the pulpit the "godless

science, and philosophy, falsely so called," of a Lyell, a Huxley, or a Darwin; while he betrays, by his blundering misstatements, that his whole knowledge has been acquired from some prejudiced review article, concocted for the denominational organ of his own prescribed opinions: is not calculated to give weight to his teachings in matters lying more legitimately within his range.

If the blind are to be the accepted leaders of the blind, we know where both must land at the last. Of our present learned Professor of Theology and Natural Science, one extract will suffice, in illustration of his competency for the task he undertakes. He is proceeding to consider "the objections to the commonly received theory that all mankind are the descendants of Adam and Eve;" and he thus proceeds:

"Among these objections I will not include the theory of development or the transmutation of species, advocated by Lamarck, Darwin, and others. From their premises the startling conclusion is deduced that the present races of mankind, by the natural process of transmutation, and evolution from pre-existent animal types, have been gradually developed into varieties of the *genus homo* from gorillas, apes, or other forms of *quadrumana*. The absurdity of the idea that the progenitors of men were monkeys, or inferior mammalia of some sort, has been exposed sufficiently by Lyell, Agassiz, Mivart, and other naturalists;" and so he thinks it sufficient to "refer those who have the curiosity to examine it, to the able refutations of the grotesque theory in their lectures!"

Where this reverend combiner of the professional mastery of Theology and Natural Science has fixed his New York study for the last score of years—unless he has succeeded to old Rip Van Winkle's sleeping-chamber in the Catskills, on the Hudson—we are puzzled to guess. That Agassiz differs from Darwin is undoubted; but the Boston professor must be a little amused to be quoted in defence of the Adamic descent of man. It is now upwards of a quarter of a century since Agassiz published, in the *Revue Suisse* for 1845, his peculiar views as to "human races as distinct primordial forms of the type of man;" which has since expanded into his theory of realms of peculiar animals, including men, specifically belonging to the regions in which he assumes them to have originated. According to him the American Red Man and the Grizzly Bear are equally primordial American forms. The Negro and white European have no more relation to either than the Giraffe or the Chamois.

So notorious are the peculiar views of Agassiz, that when, in 1857, the savants of Boston celebrated his fiftieth birth day, the Poet Lowell wrote an ode for the occasion, of which one stanza will suffice:—

"To him who every egg has scanned,
From roe to flea included,
Save those which savants find so grand
In nests where mares have brooded?
To him who gives us each full leave,
His pedigree amended,
To choose a private Adam and Eve
From whom to be descended!"

But then Lyell's lectures have at any rate exposed the absurdity of Darwin's ideas. We had always fancied that Lyell was the very man who first announced to the British Association the promised revelations of Darwin; and preceded them with his

own unqualified faith in every proposition they embrace. The Reverend Professor evidently has not seen a later edition of Lyell's principles than the first. Of his "Antiquity of Man" he has never heard; and, with amusing innocence he tells us on page 228, "The view of the unity of the human race which I have presented is supported by the opinions of Sir Charles Lyell and Baron Humboldt." The truth is, the author's knowledge of geology is confined to a perusal of Hugh Miller's "Footprints of the Creator;" and Lyell is known to him only as the author of a work styled his "Visits to the United States of North America," of which the latest was made twenty-seven years ago. It is by such silly displays of orthodox presumption, as the work now referred to, that ignorant prejudice is taught to believe itself a virtue; and a needless antagonism is fostered between theology and science, as though there necessarily existed an irreconcilable conflict between the revelations of divine teaching and the disclosures of scientific truth.

HIGHER LAW: a Romance. By the author of "The Pilgrim and the Shrine. London: Tinsley Brothers.

This writer's second work is, to a great extent, a reproduction of his first. It is, in fact, little more than a kaleidoscopic variation. The themes, as before, are Scepticism and Woman-worship. The chief characters are essentially the same. Herbert Ainslie is cut in two, and the larger portion of him is embodied in Edmund Noel, the smaller in James Maynard; but there is hardly any thing in these two put together which there was not in the single character before. Margaret Waring is Mary Travers over again, with only a change of name and circumstances. Like Mary Travers, she is not a woman but a goddess. "She seemed, by the ethereal essence of her nature, to be so far removed from the range of ordinary humanity as to arouse feelings nearly akin to those with which they (the Mexicans) regarded their patron saints." When she is on a journey you are reminded of the flight into Egypt, and it appears to Edmund Noel that "if ever mother was virgin, surely none was ever more essentially so than Margaret." The effect which her presence produces is always like that which might be produced by a divine apparition. But this divinity has one weakness—she is apt to reproach herself with having done wrong. "Noel had discovered this peculiarity of her nature, and reminded her that she was now upon earth, and no longer in a sphere where love is omnipotent to keep all evil from the beloved; and that it was unreasonable to indulge in self-reproach for the limitations of her mortality."

The new characters are Sophia Bevan, a strong-minded, witty woman of the Beatrice type, who, however, takes little part in the action, and, in fact, is not much more than an abstraction; and Lord Littmass, a peer, a brilliantly successful man of the world, and a writer of philosophic novels, full of beautiful sentiment and a selfish villain at heart. Lord Littmass can hardly be said to be one of those airy nothings to which only the poet's fancy has given a local habitation and a name. Few can fail to know his local habitation, and even his name is half syllabled in Debrett. This had better have been avoided. It was not necessary to run the slightest

risk of giving personal pain, or pandering to the love of personal slander, in order to illustrate the union, which in itself is only too possible, of literary sentimentalism and philosophy with practical selfishness and knavery.

James Maynard is the unacknowledged, though legitimate, son of Lord Littmass. Singularly enough, he seems never to have had the curiosity to inquire into his own origin. He is a Fellow of a College at Oxford, an intellectual monk, devoted to physical science and to an enquiry into primitive religions. That there is a world of affection and passion besides the world of pure intellect, is a fact of which he is first made aware by the results of his researches into religious antiquities. In the spirit of the primitive cultus, he falls in love with Margaret Waring, the ward of Lord Littmass. But as that intellectual nobleman has been making free with his ward's fortune, he does not find it convenient to let the marriage take place. He is, however, obliging enough, just at the right moment, to vacate life in a highly sensational manner, by a spasm of the heart, with his pen in hand, leaving some important confession written under the influence of a mysterious stimulant, on his last page. Having married Margaret, James Maynard takes her to Mexico, where he is superintendent of a mine for a European company—an appointment which he owes to his high scientific acquirements. But the pair had not been destined for each other; James cannot really win Margaret's love, and his somewhat scientific attempts to analyse the causes of her coldness only make the matter worse. Edmund Noel goes to visit them at their Mexican hacienda, and an "elective affinity" at once makes itself divinely manifest. "He (Noel) saw that Margaret and himself were indeed one and identical in temperament, in character, in soul—the other half of each other, long dreamed of and yearned for; and now at length found, found when too late." It is evident that the feeling is shared by Margaret, though she is the most faithful and dutiful of wives; and the reader at once divines that it will not be "too late" for the purpose of destiny to be fulfilled. Sophia Bevan, seeing how matters stand, says "I never before appreciated the beauty of divorce." This, however, is not the way in which the knot is eventually untied. James Maynard, in the prosecution of his researches into primitive religion, has been in the habit of visiting Stonehenge. He wanders thither once more; a storm comes on; he takes shelter under one of the great stones; it is blown down upon him; and his corpse is found by a working party under the direction of Edmund Noel, not so much

mashed as might have been expected, owing to the wetness of the ground. So perish all husbands who commit such an offence against the religion of love as to marry a goddess when they are not her other half, and when her other half is in existence, and yearning for union with her in a divine whole. The scene is laid—though a great part of the novel is laid in Mexico, as that of "The Pilgrim and the Shrine" was—in California, the exodus from traditional religion and morality being in each symbolized, as it were, by an exodus from the civilized world. The description of Mexico and its inhabitants, with the account of Juarez, the type and restorer of the Indian race, are the portions of the work which we have read with the most unalloyed satisfaction. The philosophy has the same kind of interest which it had in "The Pilgrim and the Shrine," being a strong and vivid statement of the sceptical view, both in its intellectual and emotional aspect. But it takes so many things as proved which seem to us not to have been proved, and so many things as disproved which seem to us not to have been yet disproved, that it excites in us controversial feelings which almost exclude the possibility of æsthetic enjoyment. It is also anti-ascetic to an extreme, which will offend not a few. It pervades the whole of this tale as it did the last. Each personage distils it at every pore. As from the Homeric gods, when wounded, flowed not blood but ichar, so we feel that if James Maynard or Edmund Noel cut his finger, there would flow not blood but dissertations about religion, the formation of character, art, marriage, or the theory of love. Even Mrs Partridge, Margaret's nurse, philosophises, and tells her young lady that "life is a riddle to all until they learn to love." This is at least three centuries in advance of the old nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*.

As to the woman-worship, it would make women fools, and men drivellers, unworthy of any woman's love.

The composition, like that of former novels, is good throughout. It is a specimen of that easy and graceful style of which John Henry Newman may be regarded as the chief originator or restorer.

The writer seems very familiar with Oxford, and with the life of Oxford Fellows. We should certainly conclude that he had been one, were it not for some strange little slips which he makes in scholarship. He speaks of the words *medio de parte dolorum surgit amari aliquid* as occurring in a Latin ode, a blunder which could hardly have been made by any one who had ever scanned a Latin verse.

LITERARY NOTES.

The principal literary announcement of the month, in fact the only one which can be said to attract general interest, is that of Mr. Stanley's promised book on the discovery of Dr. Livingstone. Although an exceptionally high price has been paid for it, the sale of the book will, no doubt, prove remunerative, unless some more exciting subject take possession of the public mind and consign Mr. Stanley and his adventures to premature oblivion. Its title is thus advertised:—"How I Found Livingstone: Travels

and Adventures in Central Africa, including an account of Four Months' residence with Dr. Livingstone. By Henry M. Stanley." The illustrations are to be engraved from the author's own drawings, and maps given of his route. The publishers take pains to inform the public that "this work is not made up of correspondence which has already appeared in print." This may, in some sense, be true. They further assert that it will contain "valuable geographical and ethnographical information,—which we take leave

to doubt. Anything of scientific worth to be found in the book will be easily gleaned in the published works of Livingstone, Speke, Baker, and the other African authorities. The Four Months' Residence with Livingstone might certainly be turned to account; and if, to the courage and perseverance Mr. Stanley unquestionably possesses, he could add a little of the self-abnegation and devotion to his hero which animated James Boswell, his disclosures would be valuable. This we are forbidden to expect, for he stands pledged not to anticipate Dr. Livingstone's own account of his explorations. The indignation of the *Herald* at the astonishment and incredulity with which the letters to its editor were received, should be poured upon Mr. Stanley, and not upon the British public. It was he, as it turns out, who dissuaded the traveller from writing anything worthy of himself. To the worn-out traveller, whose earnestness of purpose would have been a rebuke to any impudence but that of a Yankee interviewer, he submitted that the proprietor of the *Herald* wanted puffs, and that the readers of the *Herald* wanted "gossip,"—hence the voluptuous descriptions of African beauty and the fulsome adulation of Bennett and his journal. Dr. Livingstone was, no doubt, grateful; but the drafts upon his gratitude, although he was bound to honour them, must have been irksome indeed. The publishers of Mr. Stanley's book are not responsible for the quality of this work; they have of course, to take the author's word for it. It seems, however, that considerable uncertainty prevails as to the quantity. In the *Athenaeum*, seven hundred pages are promised, but in the *Saturday Review*, as a concession, we presume, to the cynical character of that journal, only six hundred are announced. Mr. Stanley is new at the modern art of "book-making," and has not yet ascertained how much "padding" his venture will bear. For the sake of the publishers, we trust the book may serve the only end for which it was written—to sell. Mr. Stanley deserves every credit for the energy and zeal he displayed. No one will grudge him all the honour and all the profit which deservedly follow the active exercise of qualities Anglo-Saxons instinctively admire. There our commendations must cease. The expedition was sent forth in the interest neither of philanthropy nor of science, but simply as a means of notoriety and money-making. The doubts thrown on Mr Stanley's veracity would never have found expression if he had not been the agent of a journal avowedly conducted without regard to truth and honour. Mr. Greeley once said that "the crying evil of the United States is the toleration given to liars and lying." The *Herald* is a symptom of the disease, and its success an aggravation of it. It had no right, therefore, to expect that any of its agents should command belief upon his bare word, until corroborative evidence were forthcoming. Even now, in commenting upon a passage in one of Livingstone's letters, penned under the watchful eye of Stanley, it dares to say (Sept. 21st.): "The contrast it cannot fail to suggest between his treatment by those of his native land and a foreign nation seems to find *cheery* allusion in this phrase." If Dr. Livingstone knows nothing of the anxiety his absence has caused in England, if he is ignorant of the exertions of the late Sir Roderick Murchison, of Sir S. Baker, and of his own son, the *N. Y. Herald* is cognizant of both, and has, therefore, no excuse for the constant reiteration of an untruth. We fear that Mr. Stanley will not be found guiltless in this matter.

It is too plain, from the "cheery allusions" referred to, that the American deliberately concealed from the traveller any information respecting the efforts of the Government and the Geographical Society in order that he and his journal might reap all the advantages of the position. The "leperous distilment" poured into Livingstone's ear has taken serious effect. Should it rankle there during the next two years, the Doctor's return, instead of being the occasion of general congratulation, may be the signal for strife and re- crimination. If this should be the case, we shall have to thank the disingenuousness of the *Herald* and its agent for so untoward a result. That Livingstone was reached and relieved by Stanley, we sincerely rejoice; but we cannot be expected to trace the expedition to motives which had no share in its inception, or in carrying it to a successful issue. Vanity and the love of self have frequently been over-ruled for good; but it is not often that a successful adventurer succeeds in concealing his ruling passions under the high sounding names of philanthropy, science and religion.

An English critic takes malicious pleasure in pointing out the blunders committed by newspaper writers in reference to the history of Canterbury Cathedral. The attack is hardly fair. When such an event as the late fire occurs, people require to know next morning by breakfast time all that can be discovered on the subject. Journalists are usually well-informed, but they are not omniscient, and consequently an important matter has often to be "read up *pro re nata*"—for the emergency as it arises. The result is, of course, inaccuracy and blundering. The *Telegraph* has unearthed a list of no less than three "conflagrations," omitting altogether the great historical fire, that of 1174. It further explains to the unlettered reader that Louis VII of France is the same as St. Louis—a most notable discovery. The *Standard*, however, has decidedly the advantage, on this occasion, of its magniloquent contemporary. St. Anselm, (ob. 1109) is put before Lanfranc (ob. 1089), the latter dying, we are erroneously told, in 1109, at the age of a hundred. Longevity must have been a characteristic feature of the times; for, according to the *Standard*, St. Augustine of Hippo and St. Augustine of Canterbury were one person—"the great author of the 'Civitas Dei' himself." If so, he must have reached the patriarchal age of 250 years. Newspaper men should either take more time in consulting the authorities, or abstain from penetrating so far into the mists of antiquity.

"The History of India, as told by its own Historians. The Mahomedan Period. Vol. IV.," consisting of the posthumous papers of Sir H. M. Elliott, revised and continued by Prof. Dowson, of Sandhurst, is announced. Archbishop Trench has completed a revised and enlarged edition of "Gustavus Adolphus in Germany," and other lectures on the Thirty Years' War. "Struggles and Experiences of a Neutral Volunteer," by Mr. Furley, is the record of the labours and trials of the army of the Red Cross, which went forth into France not to slay but to heal. We strongly recommend to the student Messrs. Woodward & Cates's *Encyclopedia of Chronology*. It is constructed on an entirely different plan to the ordinary chronological tables. The persons, events, &c., &c., are mentioned in systematic connection. The work will greatly facilitate the study of history.

Works on Art and Belles Lettres we are compelled to leave unnoticed until our next number.