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ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

THE WOOD TURTLE

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

GIRT with the grove's aerial sigh,
In clumsy stupor, deaf as fate,
Near this coiled naked root you lie,
Imperiously inanimate!

Between these woodlands where we met
And your grim languor, void of grace,
My glance, dumb sylvan anchoret,
Mysterious kinsmanship can trace.

For in your chequered shape are shown
The miry black of swamp and bog,
The tawny brown of lichened stone,
The inertness of the tumbled log!

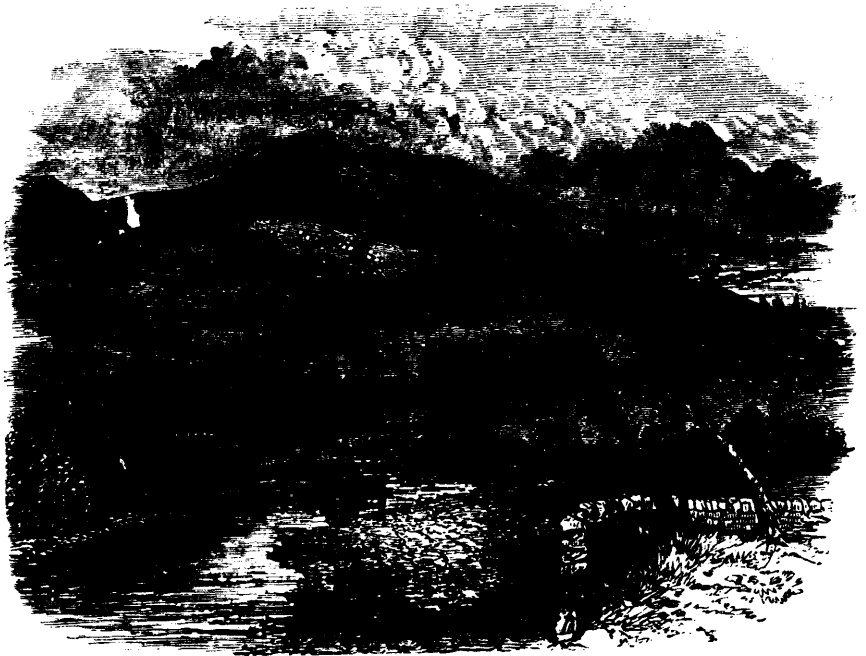
But when you break this lifeless pause
And from your parted shell outspread
A rude array of lumbering claws,
A length of lean dark snaky head;

I watch from sluggish torpor start
These vital signs, uncouth and strange,
And mutely murmur to my heart:
'Ah me! how lovelier were the change

'If yonder tough oak, seamed with scars,
Could give some white wild form release,
With eyes amid whose wistful stars
Burned memories of immortal Greece!'

CHESTER AND THE DEE.

BY BLANCHE MURPHY.



THE DEE ABOVE BALA.

THE history of Chester is that of a key. It was the last city that gave up Harold's unlucky cause and surrendered to William the Conqueror, and the last that fell in the no less unlucky cause of the Stuart king against the Parliamentarians. In much earlier times it was held by the famous Twentieth Legion, the *Valens Victric*, as the key of the Roman dominion in the north-west of Britain, and at present it has peculiarities of position, as well as of architecture, which make it unique in England and a lodestone to travellers. Curiously planted on the border of the newest and most bustling manufacturing district in Eng-

land, close to the coalfields of North Wales, the mines of Lancashire, the quays of its sea-rival Liverpool and the mills of grimy, wealthy Manchester, it still exercises, besides its artistic and historic supremacy, a *bonâ fide* ecclesiastical sway over most of these new places. It is the first ancient city accessible to American travellers, many of whom have given practical tokens of their affectionate remembrance of it by largely subscribing to the fund for the restoration of the cathedral, a work that has already cost some eighty thousand pounds.

The neighbourhood of Chester is as suggestive of antiquity and foreigners

as the city itself. Volumes might be written about the quaint, Dutch-like scenery of the low rich land reclaimed from the sea; the broad, sandy estuary of the Dee, with the square-headed peninsula, the Wirrall, which divides this quiet river from the noisy Mersey; the Hoylake, Parkgate and Neston fisher-folk on the sandy shores, with their queer lives, monotonous scratching-up of mussels and cockles, a never-failing trade, their terms of praise—'the biggest scrat,' for instance, 'in

whose massive pointed arches took the place, when they were first built, of a ferry by which the city was entered at the 'Ship Gate,' whence now you look over 'the Cop' or high bank on the right side of the stream, and view, as from a dike in Holland, the reclaimed land stretching eight miles beyond Chester, though the resemblance ceases at Saltney, where behind the iron-works tower the Welsh hills—Moel-Famman conspicuous above the rest—that bound the Vale of Clwyd.



CAER-GAL.

all the island,' being the form of commendation for the woman who can with her rake at the end of a long pole scratch up most shellfish in a given time; the low, fertile green pastures, the creamy cheese and the eight yearly cheese-fairs. The city itself is the most foreign-looking in all England, and the inhabitants have the good taste to be proud of this. The river Dee—Milton's 'wizard stream'—celebrated both by English and Welsh bards, is not seen to as much advantage under the walls of the Roman 'camp' (*castra* = Chester) as elsewhere, but its bridges serve to supply the want of fine scenery, especially the Old Bridge, which crosses the river just at its bend, and

The Dee is more a Welsh than an English river. It rises in the bleak mountain-region of Merionethshire, the most intensely Welsh of all counties, above Bala Lake, which is commonly but incorrectly called its source. Thence it flows through the Vale of Llangollen, famous in poetry, and waters the meadows of Wynnestay, the splendid home of one of Wales's most national representatives, Sir Watkin William Wynn, and only beyond that does it become English by flowing round and into Cheshire. On a very tiny scale the Dee follows something of the course of the Rhine: three streamlets combine to form it; these unite at the village of Llanwchllyn, and the river flows on, a mere mountain-torrent, past an old farmhouse, Caer-gai, lying on a desolate moor at the head of Bala Lake, and through the lake itself, after which its scenery alternates, like the Rhine's below Constance, between rocky gorges and flat moist meadows dotted with hamlets, churches and towns. Bala—otherwise Lin-Jegid and Pimblemere ('Lake of the Five Parishes')—has some traditional connection with the great British epic, or rather with its accessories—the *Morte d'Arthur*—of which Tennyson has availed himself in *Enid*, mentioning that Enid's gentle ministrations soothed the wounded Geraint

As the south west that blowing Bala Lake,
Fills all the sacred Dee.

Arthur's own home, according to Spenser, was at the source of the

Dee: Vortigern's castle was near by on the head-waters of the Conway; and 'under the foot of Rauran's mossy base' was the dwelling of old Timon, where Merlin came and gave to his care the wonderful infant who was to become the Christian Hercules of Britain. 'Rauran' is the mountain which in Welsh is Arran-Pen-Llin, and which with its rocky shelves overlooks the yews of Bala's

churches and the unaccustomed shade trees which the little town boasts in its principal streets. The lake, quiet and hardly visited as it is now, has great resources which are likely to be called upon in the future, and a survey was made ten years ago with a view of supplying Liverpool, Manchester, Blackburn, Birkenhead, etc., with water whenever a fresh demand for it should arise. This would imply the



BALA.

building of a breakwater at the narrow outlet of the lake, the damming up of a few mountain-passes, and the 'impounding' of a tributary of the Dee below the lake—the Tryweryn, which has an extensive drainage-area; but these works are still only projected.

There is scarcely an English brook that has not some historical associations, some poetical reminiscences, some attractions beyond those of scenery. Wherever water, forest and meadow were combined, an abbey was generally planted. Bala Lake, with its fishing-rights, once belonged to the

Cistercian abbey of Basingwerk, while the Dee just above Llangollen was the property of the abbey of Valle Crucis, whose beautiful ruins still stand on its banks. Before we reach them we pass by the country of the Welsh hero, Owen Glendower, from whom are descended many of the families of this neighbourhood and others—the Vaughans, for instance; by Glendower's prison at Corwen, and the Parliament House at Dolgelly, where he signed a treaty with France, and where the beautiful oak carving of the roof would alone repay a visitor for his trouble in

getting there. The Dee is for the most part wanting in striking natural features, but here and there steep rocks enclose its foaming waters; deep banks covered with trees break the rugged shore-line; a village, such as Llanderfel with a tumbledown bridge, lies nestled in the valley; and coracles shoot here and there over the stream. These primitive boats, basketwork covered with hides, or, as used now, canvas coated with tar, are propelled by a paddle, and are much used for netting salmon. Near Bangor the fishermen are so skilful that they generally win in the coracle-races got up periodically by enthusiastic revivalists of old national sports.

Llangollen Vale has a beauty of its own, the family likeness of which to that of all valleys in the hearts of mountains makes it none the less welcome. The picturesqueness of thatched houses and a dilapidation of masonry which only age makes beautiful, marks

the difference between this valley and the Alpine ones with their trim, clean toy houses, or the Transatlantic ones with their square, solid, black log huts and huge well-sweeps; otherwise the fresh greenery, the purple mountain-shadows, the subdued sounds, no one knows whence, the sense of peace and solitude, are akin to every other beautiful valley-scene of mingled wildness and cultivation. A traveller can hardly help making comparisons, yet much escapes him of the peculiar charm that hangs round every place, and is too subtle to disclose itself to the eye of a mere passer. You must live at least six months in one place before its true character unfolds: the broad beauties you see at once, but it needs the microscope of habit to find out the rarest charms. Therefore it is much easier to descant on the tangible, striking beauty of Valle Crucis Abbey than on the aggregate loveliness of Llangollen Vale; and perhaps it is



REMAINS OF VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY.

this lack of familiarity that leads novelists, poets and others to dwell so much more and with such detail on buildings than on natural scenery. It may not be given them to understand upon how much higher a plane of beauty stands a bed of ferns on a rocky ledge, a clump of trees even on a flat meadow, and especially a tangled forest-scene or a view of distant mountains in a sunset glow, or the surface of water undotted by a sail, than the highest effect of man-made beauty, be it even York Minster or the Parthenon. What man does has value by reason of the meaning in it, and of course man cannot but fall short of the perfection of his own meaning; whereas Nature is of herself perfection, and perfection in which there is no effort. Valle Crucis is hardly a rival of Fountains or Rivaulx. The Cistercians in the beginning of their foundation were reformers, ascetic, and essentially agriculturists. Their great leader, Bernard of Clairvaux, the advocate of silence and work, once said, 'Believe me, I have learnt more from trees than ever I learnt from men.' But decay came even into this community of farmer-monks, and the praise and panegyric of the abbey, as handed down to us by a Welsh poet, betray unconsciously things hardly to the credit of a monastic house, for the abbot, 'the pope of the glen,' he tells us, gave entertainments 'like the leaves in summer,' with 'vocal and instrumental music,' wine, ale and curious dishes of fish and fowl, 'like a carnival feast,' and 'a thousand apples for dessert.'

The river-scenery changes below Llangollen, and gives us first a glimpse of a wooded, narrow valley, then of the unsightly accessories of the great North Wales coalfield, after which it enters upon a typically English phase—low undulating hills and moist, rich meadows divided by luxuriant hedges and dotted with single spreading trees. The hedge-row timber of Cheshire is beautiful, and to a great extent makes

up for the want of tracts of wooded land. This country is not, like the Midland counties and the great Fen district, violently or exclusively agricultural, and these hedges and trees, which are gratefully kept up for the sake of the shade they afford to the cattle, show a very different temper among the farmers from that utilitarianism which marks the men of Leicestershire, Lincoln, Nottingham, Norfolk, or Rutland. There even great landowners are often obliged to humour their tenants and keep the unwelcome hedges trimmed so as not to interpose



OWEN GLENDOWER'S PRISON.

two feet of shade between them and the wheat-crop; and as often as possible hedges are replaced by ugly stone walls or wooden fences. It is only in their own grounds that landlords can afford to court picturesqueness, and in this part of the country the American who is said to have objected to hedges because they were unfit for seats whence to admire the landscape, might safely sit down anywhere; only, as matters are seldom perfectly arranged, there is very little to admire but a flat

expanse of wheat, barley and grass. This part of Cheshire has hardly more diversity in its river-scenery, but the mere presence of trees and green arbours

makes it a pleasant picture, while here and there, as at Overton (this is Welsh, however, and belongs to Flintshire), a church-tower comes in to complete the



THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, DOLGELLY.

scene. Here the Dee winds about a good deal, and receives its beautiful, dashing tributary, the Alyn, which runs through the Vale of Gresford and waters the park of Trevallyn Old Hall, one of the loveliest of old English homes. Its pointed gables and great clustering stacks of chimneys, its mulioned and diamond-paned windows, its finely-wooded park, all realize the stranger's ideal of the antique manor-house. This neighbourhood is studded with country-houses in all styles of architecture, from the characteristic national to the uncomfortable and cold foreign type. Houses that were meant to stand in ilex-groves under a purple sky and a sun of bronze look forlorn and uninviting under the grey sky of England and amid its trees leafless for so many months in the year: home associations seem impossible in a porti-

coed house suggestive of outdoor living and the relegation of chambers to the use of a mere refuge from the weather. For many of these places are no more than villas enlarged, and might be set down with advantage to themselves in the Regent's Park in London, the very acme of the commonplace. On the other hand, all the traditional associations that go with an English hall presuppose a national style of architecture. Even florid Tudor, even sturdy 'Queen Anne,' can stand in juxtaposition with groups of horses, dogs and huntsmen; Christmas cheer and Christmas weather set them off all the better; leafless trees are no drawback; the house looks warmer, cosier, more home-like, the worse the blast and rush without. A roaring fire is natural to the huge hall fireplace, while in a mosaic-paved 'ante-room' or a frescoed 'saloon' it

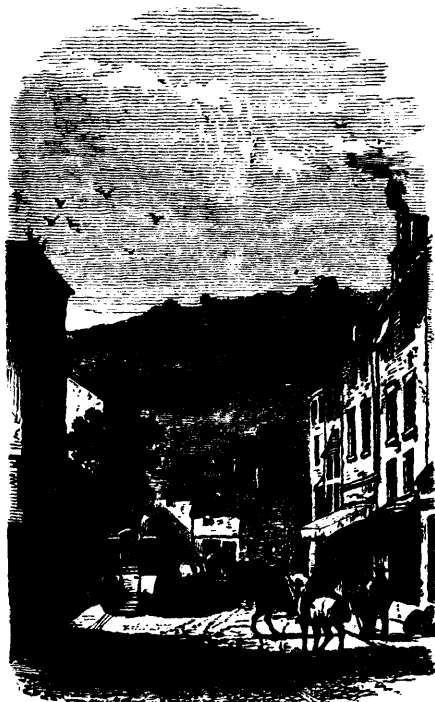
looks foreign and out of place. Many an odd Welsh and English house has unfortunately disappeared to make room for a cold, unsuccessful monstrosity that reminds one of a mammoth railway-station or a new hotel; and when Welsh names are tacked on to these absurd dwellings the contrast is as painful as it is forcible. Such, for instance, is Bryn-y-Pys, on the Dee—a house you might guess to belong to a Liverpool merchant who had trusted to a common builder for a comfortable home. Overton cottage, on the other hand, fills in with its walks and plantations an abrupt bend of the river, and the view from the up-going road at its back is very lovely, though the scene is purely pastoral. Overton Churchyard is one of the 'seven wonders' of North Wales: it has a very trim and stately appearance, not that ragged, free if melanoholy, outspreadness which distinguishes many country cemeteries, that unpremeditated luxuriance of creepers and flowers, blossoming bushes and grasses, that make up at least half of one's

pleasant reminiscences of such places. How much more interesting to find an old tomb or quaint 'brass' under the temple of a wild rosebush or in the firm clasp of an ivy-root than to walk up to it and read the inscription newly scraped and cleaned by the voluble attendant who volunteers to show you the place! The great elms by Overton Church and the half-timbered and thatched houses crowding up to its gates somewhat make up for the splendour of the coped wall and new monuments in the churchyard. A scene wholly old is the Erbistock Ferry, which one might mistake for a rope-ferry on the Mosel. The cottage looks like the dilapidated lodge of an old monastery, and here, at least, is no trimness. Two walls with a flight of steps in each enclose a grass terrace between them, and trees and bushes straggle to the edge of the river, hardly keeping clear of the swinging rope. Coracles are sometimes used for ferrying—also punts. Bangor is a familiar name to students of church history, and to those who are not, the startling



IN THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN,

tale of the massacre of twelve hundred British monks by the Saxon and heathen king of Northumbria, who conquered Chester and invaded Wales in the seventh century, is repeated by the local guides. At present, Bangor is interesting to anglers and lovers of



LLANGOLLEN.

curiosities—to the former as a good salmon-ground, and to the latter for the quaint verses, which, though trivial in themselves, borrow a value from the date of their inscription and the 'laws' to which they refer. They are on the wall of the lower story of the bell-tower :

If that to ring you would come here,
 You must ring well with hand and ear ;
 But if you ring in spur or hat,
 Fourpence is always due for that ;
 But if a bell you overthrow,
 Sixpence is due before you go ;
 But if you either swear or curse,
 Twelvpence is due ; pull out your purse.
 Our laws are old, they are not new :
 Therefore the clerk must have his due.
 If to our laws you do consent,
 Then take a bell : we are content.

Farndon Bridge and Wrexham Church (the latter looks like a small cathedral to the unpractised eye) are the last Welsh points of attraction before the Dee becomes quite an English river. Malpas (*mauvais pas*='bad step'), on the English bank, is significantly so-called from its situation as a border town : the rector, too, might consider it not ill-named, as regards the odd partition of the church tithes, which has been in force from time immemorial, and has given rise to an explanatory legend concerning a travelling king whom the resident curate wisely entertained in the absence of the rector, receiving for his guerdon a promise of an equal share in the income, not only for himself, but for all future curates. In the upper rectory (the lower is the curate's house) was born Bishop Heber in 1783, and in the early years of this century, before missionary meetings were as common as they are now, the young clergyman wrote on the spur of the moment, with only one word corrected, the well-known hymn, 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains.' A missionary sermon was announced for Sunday at Wrexham, the vicarage of Heber's father-in-law, Shirley, and the want of a suitable hymn was felt. He was asked on Saturday to write one, and did so, seated at a window of the old vicarage-house. It was printed that evening, and sung next day in Wrexham Church. The original manuscript is in a collection at Liverpool, and the printer who set up the type when a boy was still living at Wrexham within the last twenty years.

The river now makes a turn, sweeping along into English ground and making almost a natural moat round Chester, the great Roman camp whose form and intersecting streets still bear the stamp of Roman regularity, and whose history long bore traces of the influence of Roman inflexibility mingled with British dash. The view of the city is fine from the Aldford road (or Old Ford, where a Roman

pavement is sometimes visible in the bed of the stream, with the cathedral and St. John's towering over the peaks and gables that shoot up above the walls. The mention of the ford brings to mind a famous crossing of the river during the civil wars. It was just before the battle of Rowton Moor, which Charles I. watched from the tower that now bears his name; and Sir Marmaduke Langdale, one of his leal soldiers, wishing to send the king notice of his having crossed the Dee at Farndon Bridge and pressing on the Parliamentarians, bade Colonel Shakerley convey the message as speedily as possible. The latter, to avoid the long circuit by the bridge, galloped to the Dee, took a wooden tub used for slaughtering swine, employed a 'batting-staff, used for the batting of coarse linen,' as an oar, put his servant in the tub, his horse swimming by him, and once across left the tub in charge of the man while he rode to the king, delivered his message and returned to cross over the same way.

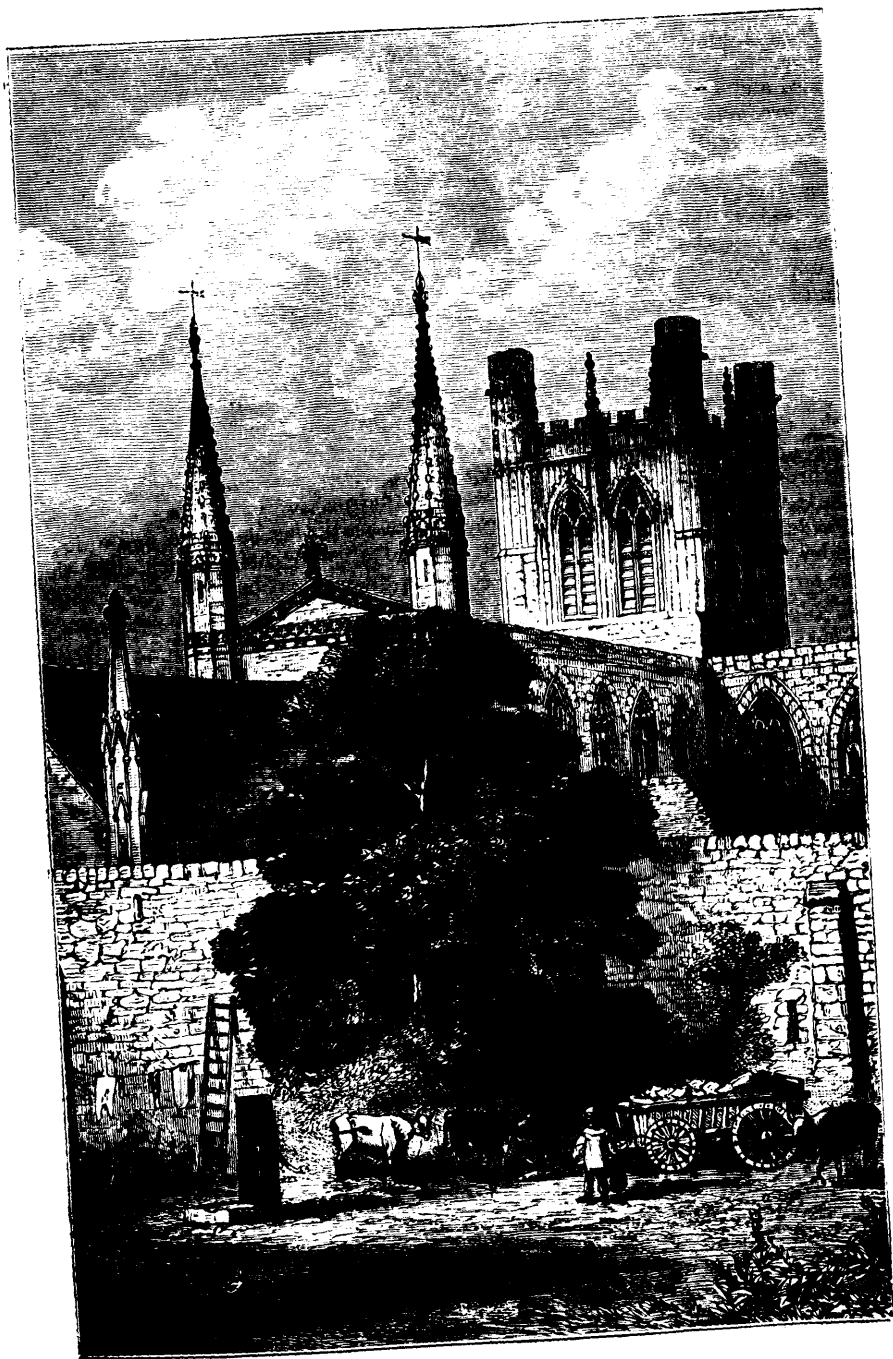
Eaton and Wynnestay are the grandest of the Dee country-seats, though not the most interesting as to architecture. The former, like many Italian houses, has its park open to the public, and is an exception to the jealously-guarded places in most parts of England, but its avenues, rather formal though very magnificent, are approached by lodges. The Wrexham avenue leads to a farm-house called Belgrave, and here is the christening-point of the new, fashionable London of society, of novelists and of contractors. Another like avenue leads to Pulford, where there is another lodge: a third leads from Grosvenor Bridge to the deer-park, and a fourth to the village of Aldford. The hall is an immense pile, strikingly like, at first glance, the Houses of Parliament, with the Victoria Tower (this in the hall is one hundred and seventy feet high, and

built above the chapel), and the style is sixteenth-century French, florid and costly. The plan is perhaps unique in England, and comfort has been attained, though one would hardly believe it, such size seeming to swamp everything except show. The description of the house, as given by a visitor there, reads like that of a palace: 'The hall is an octagonal room in the centre of the house about seventy-five feet in length and from thirty to forty broad: on each side, at the end farthest from the entrance, are two doors leading into anterooms—one the ante-drawing-room, and the



COBACLES.

other the ante-dining-room; each is lighted by three large windows, and is thirty-three feet in length: they are fine rooms in themselves, and well-proportioned. From these lead the drawing-room and the dining-room respectively, both exceedingly grand rooms, ingenious in design and shape, each with two oriel windows and lighted by three others and a large bay window: this suite completes the east side. The south is occupied by the end of the drawing-room and a vast library—all *en suite*. The library is lighted by four



CHESTER CATHEDRAL AND CITY WALL.

bay windows, three flat ones, and a fine alcove, and the rest of the main building to the west is made up of billiard and smoking rooms, waiting-hall, groom-of-chambers' sitting and bed rooms, and a carpet-room, besides the necessary staircases. This completes the main building, and a corridor leads to the kitchen and cook's offices: this corridor, which passes over the upper part of the kitchen, branches off into two parts—one leading to an excellently-planned mansion for the family and private secretary, and another leading to the stables, which are arranged with great skill. The pony stable, the carriage-horse stable, the riding horses, occupy different sides, and through these are arranged, just in the right places, the rooms for livery and saddle grooms and coachmen. The laundry, wash-house, gun-room and game-larder occupy another building, which, however, is easily approached, and the whole building, though it extends seven hundred feet in length, is a perfect model of compactness. Great facilities are given to any one who desires to see it.' The mention of a 'mansion for the family' shows how the associations of a home are lost in this wilderness of magnificence: indeed, I remember a remark of a person whose husband had three or four country-houses in England and Scotland and a house in London, that 'she never felt at home anywhere.'

The farms in this neighbourhood are mostly small, the average being seventy acres, and some are still smaller, though when one gets down to ten, one is tempted to call them gardens. Grazing and dairy-work are the chief industries. Farther inland, beyond the manufacturing town of Stockport, is a house of the Leghs, an immense building, more imposing than lovely in its exterior, but one of the most individual and pleasant houses in its interior as well as in its human associations. It has been altered at various times, and bears traces, like a corrected map, of each new phase of architecture for

several hundred years. The four sides form a huge quadrangle, entered by foreign-looking gateways, and the rooms all open into a wide passage that runs round three sides of the building, and is a museum in itself. Old and new are just enough blended to produce comfort, and the stately old-English look of the drawing-room, with its dark panelling and tapestry, is a reproach to the pink-and-white, plaster-of-Paris style of too many remodelled houses. Outside there is a garden distinguished by a heavy old wall overrun with creepers, dividing two levels and making a striking object in the landscape; and beyond that, where the country grows bleak and begins to remind one of moors, there are the last survivors of a unique breed of wild cattle, which, like the mastiffs at the house, bear the name of the place. The present house must trust entirely to associations for its interest, having been built in 1809, before much taste was applied to restore old places, but the old castle in the park dates from the middle of the thirteenth century. The park is not unlike that of Arundel, but the views from the ruin are finer and more varied. The counties of Carnarvon, Denbigh, Flint, Cheshire and Lancashire are spread out around it, and the ruin itself is beautiful and extensive.

The road from Hawarden to Boughton is exceedingly grand: we come upon one of the widest panoramas of the Dee and one of the most typical of English country scenes. A vast sweep of country unsurpassed in richness spreads along the river on the Cheshire side: sixty square miles of fields and pastures are in sight, with elms, sycamores, and formal rows of Lombardy poplars. Wherever the trees cluster in a grove they usually mark the site of a country-house or a cherished ruin, like this one of old Hawarden, where one enormous oak tree sweeps its branches on the ground on every side, and forms a canopy whence you can peer out, as through



OVERTON CHURCH.

the delicate tracery of a Gothic window, at the landscape beyond. The mouth of the Dee is visible from this road, whence at low water it seems reduced to a huge sandbank, through which the tired river trickles like a brook. The dun sky and yellow sands and gray sea, with the island of Hilbree, a counterpart of Lindisfarne both in its legend of a recluse and its continual alternation twice a day between the state of an island and a peninsula, make a picture pleasant to look back upon. Hence too come the shoals of cockles and mussels that go to delight Londoners. Then the open-sea fishing, the lithe boats that seem all sail, the wide waste of waters, with the point of Air and the Great Orme's Head walling it in on the receding Welsh coasts, the remembrance of the shipwreck a little beyond the mouth of the Dee which led to Milton's poem of *Lycidas* (containing the phrase 'wizard stream' which has become peculiar to the Dee),—all claim our

notice, and it seems impossible that we are so few miles from Manchester and so far from the historic, romantic times of old.

The 'city of the legions' still bears traces of the Roman dominion, more proud of them than were the spirited Britons in the days when these walls and other Roman buildings meant subjection to a foreign power. The walls, which are nearly perfect, now provide a pleasant walk for the citizens, a surface five or six feet broad, with a coped parapet or iron railing on either side, and trees almost as old as the walls overshadowing some parts of them. The old gates have been destroyed or removed, and three modern archways now pierce the walls; but the memory of the ancient city defences lingers in the names of some of the principal streets—Northgate, Foregate, Bridgegate, Watergate streets, &c. The Dee was approached by two of these gates, one of which opened at the lower end of Bridge street on the old bridge,

which still remains, while Watergate street was similarly connected with the river. Here stands the same old tower—Water Tower—which in mediæval times served to defend the gate. A Roman column and base, like that discovered in Bridge street, stand near it among the formal evergreens, and a strange low building, seemingly entire, which distinguishes this opening, is called by antiquaries a *hypocaust* or Roman warming apparatus. The walls of the tower still exhibit iron staples, showing that ships were anciently moored at this place, but the river has considerably receded since these were used, for even during the civil wars there was a wide space between the tower and the shore. Another of the old towers, the Phoenix, now called King Charles's Tower, is memorable as the spot whence Charles I. watched the defeat of his troops by Cromwell on Rowton Heath or Moor. It is approached by a small stone staircase with a wooden railing, and is only large enough to hold a dozen men. The ruins of St. John's, the old Norman cathedral—the church to which King Edgar, before it had become a bishop's seat, rowed up the river with six Welsh kings as his oarsmen, himself steering the barque—are very imposing, although here and there improvements of questionable taste have been added. The new park laid out around them sets them off to great advantage, and though the date of the architecture of Harold's chapel disproves the legend attached to it, one is none the less glad to be reminded of the obstinate love and loyalty of Englishmen to the unsuccessful hero of the battle of Hastings. He was said to have fled to Chester, and lived as a hermit in a chapel near this cathedral: as to his widow, her stay in Chester after her husband's defeat and death is an historical fact. Harold shared the same poetical fate as Arthur, Charlemagne and Barbarossa, and for over a century he was believed by the people to be alive and plotting. Higden,

the chronicler of St. Werburgh's Abbey (the church which since Henry VIII. has been the cathedral, and itself stood on the site of an older church dedicated in Roman and British times to Saints Peter and Paul), naturally adopted the legend and versified it. In Saxon times, though the city was included in a large diocese, St. Chad, which ruled all the kingdom of Mercia, it was practically independent, and in the possession of various monastic houses. Of these, the greatest was the abbey of St. Werburgh. Its shrine was the goal of pilgrimages, and is said to have been endowed by the daughter of King Alfred. The present building dates from the days of William Rufus, when Hugh d'Avranches—or Lupus, as he was surnamed—earl of Chester, and one of the Conqueror's old companions, became a monk in his newly-endowed abbey, which he peopled with Benedictine monks from Bec in Normandy. Thus, sturdy British Chester is connected ecclesiastically with the first two and perhaps greatest archbishops of Canterbury, Lanfranc and Anselm, both of whom were successively abbots of Bec, and the latter of whom spent some time with Lupus in Chester. In the north transept and along the north wall of the nave are remains of masonry said to belong to that precise period. The restoration, both of the exterior, whose warm red colouring (sandstone of the neighbourhood) is not one of its least attractions, and of the interior, has been thorough and careful: all old things, such as a quaint boss in the Lady Chapel representing the murder of Saint Thomas à Becket, have been carefully handled, and new things, when introduced, are strictly in keeping with the old.

The old episcopal palace, enlarged from the abbot's house after the Reformation and the raising of the abbey into a cathedral church, still presents some of the oldest Norman remains: it is now being altered to suit the needs of the cathedral school, a foun-

dation of Henry VIII. for twenty-four boys, from whom were to be chosen the cathedral choristers. This, like all other old foundations of the kind, has grown and become enriched. Anthony Trollope's *Warden* gives a good picture of the abuses and anomalies resulting from the unforeseen increase of the funds of such institutions. One of the chief benefits still retained by Chester cathedral school is a yearly exhibition to either university. The old city schools of English boroughs, as well as the almshouses and hospitals dating from mediæval times, are among the most interesting and characteristic English foundations, and the old guilds or trade companies, with their property, privileges and insignia, no less so. In Chester there are still nominally twenty-four of the latter, though scarcely any have any property or importance except that of the goldsmiths, who have an assayer and office, and claim the examination of all plate manufactured and for sale in Chester, Cheshire, Lancashire, and North Wales. They also have, or had, the old historic mace of the city corporation, which was first displayed in 1508 at the laying of the foundation-stone of the unfinished south-western tower of the cathedral, was taken with the sword by the Parliamentarians during their occupation of the staunch royalist city, and afterward restored at the end of the war. The sword dates from Richard II.'s reign, when he gave it to the city just before his disgrace at Flint Castle, a little lower down the Dee. In 1506, Henry VII. expressly ordained that the mayor of Chester and his successors 'shall have this sword carried before them with the point upward in the presence of all the nobles and lords of the realm of England.' It seems incredible that such a relic as the mace should have been made over to a goldsmith in exchange for 'new plate,' but such was the fact, and the present one dates only from 1668, and was a gift from Charles, earl of Derby,

'lord of Man and the Isles,' who was mayor of Chester for that year.

The greatest peculiarity of Chester—greater even than its Roman walls—lies in its sunken streets and the famous 'Rows.' These are unique in England, and indeed in Europe. Likenesses to them are seen in Berne, Utrecht and Thun, but nothing just the same, nothing so evidently systematic and prearranged, is to be found anywhere. The principal streets, especially the four great Roman ones that quartered the camp, are sunk and cut into the rock, while the Rows are on the natural level of the ground. The reason for this has been a standing problem to antiquaries. Some have supposed that the excavation of the streets dates from Roman times, and was only due to the necessity of making work for the soldiers during long periods of inaction. The effect is most singular. Hardly any description brings its satisfactorily before the eye of one who has not seen it. The best which I have met with, and a much better one than I should be able to give from my own experience, is that of a German traveller, J. G. Kohl: 'Let the reader imagine the front wall of the first floor of each house to have been taken away, leaving that part of the house completely open toward the street, the upper part being supported by pillars or beams. Let him then imagine the side walls also to have been pierced through, to allow a continuous passage along the first floors of all the houses. . . . It must not be imagined that these Rows form a very regular or uniform gallery. On the contrary, it varies according to the size or circumstances of each house through which it passes. Sometimes, when passing through a small house, the ceiling is so low that one finds it necessary to doff the hat, while in others one passes through a space as lofty as a saloon. In one house the Row lies lower than in the preceding, and one has in consequence to go down a step or two; and perhaps a house or

two farther one or two steps have to be mounted again. In one house a handsome, new-fashioned iron railing fronts the street; in another, only a mean wooden paling. In some stately houses the supporting columns are strong, and adorned with handsome antique ornaments; in others, the wooden piles appear time-worn, and one hurries past them, apprehensive that the whole concern must topple down before long. The ground floors over which the Rows pass are inhabited by a humble class of tradesmen, but it is at the back of the Rows themselves that the principal shops are to be found. . . . The Rows are in reality on a level with the surface of the ground, and the carriages rolling along below are passing through a kind of artificial ravine. The back wall of the ground floor is everywhere formed by the solid rock, and the courtyards of the houses, their kitchens and back buildings, lie generally ten or twelve feet higher than the street.

The Rows are connected with the streets by staircases, and sometimes, when a lane breaks through the gallery entirely, there are two flights of stairs for the wayfarer to pass over. Many of the houses have latticed windows and strongly clasped doors, such as are seldom seen elsewhere in England except in old churches and towers. The gable ends of most houses facing the lanes are turned outward, and ornamented with strong woodwork curiously painted. The colours are quite traceable yet in many houses. There are also texts of Scripture and good common-sense mottoes carved or painted over some of the doors, especially of shops and inns. The lanes are very intricate and irregular: one of them, St. Werburgh's street, gives a glimpse of the cathedral, to which it leads. The Rows have served for trade, for shelter and for defence: they were considered a point of vantage during the siege, and were also useful as ga-

thering-places for serious consultation. In those days, however, little shops along the outer edges of the footways themselves were more numerous than they are now, and the shops within the shelter of the Rows were not glazed, but closed at night with shutters, which in the day were fastened with hooks above the heads of the people. The siege tried the city sorely, and the streets were disputed foot by foot; yet the old half-timbered houses in the Foregate street date farther back than the time when Sir William Brereton, the Parliamentarian general, was quartered there and received messages of defiance from the mayor, to whom he had sent proposals of surrender and compromise. The city did not surrender until the king himself, despairing of his cause, sent the corporation word to make terms unless relieved within ten days.

We have already alluded to the Cop, or high bank, on the right side of the Dee, with the distant view of the Welsh mountains.

At Flint, Froissart places an incident which shows the sagacity, if not the personal fidelity, of a dog. A greyhound (notoriously the least affectionate of all dog-kind) belonging to Richard II., and who was known never to notice any one but his master, suddenly began to fawn upon Bolingbroke and make 'to hym the same friendly countenance and chere as he was wonte to do to the kynge. The duke, who knew not the greyhound, demanded of the kynge what the grayhound wolde do. "Cosyn," quod the kynge, "it is a greit good token to you and an evyll sygne to me." "Sir, howe knowe you that?" quod the duke. "I knowe it well," quod the kynge. "The grayhounde maketh you chere this daye as kynge of England, as ye shalbe, and I shalbe deposed. The grayhounde hath this knowledge naturallie: therefore take hym to you: he will followe you and forsake me."'

THE HAUNTED HOTEL.

A MYSTERY OF MODERN VENICE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXI.

LORD and Lady Montbarry were received by the housekeeper; the manager being absent for a day or two on business connected with the affairs of the hotel.

The rooms reserved for the travellers on the first floor were three in number; consisting of two bedrooms opening into each other, and communicating on the left, with a drawing-room. Complete so far, the arrangements proved to be less satisfactory in reference to the third bedroom required for Agnes and for the eldest daughter of Lord Montbarry, who usually slept with her on their travels. The bed-chamber on the right of the drawing-room was already occupied by an English widow lady. Other bed-chambers at the other end of the corridor were also let in every case. There was accordingly no alternative but to place at the disposal of Agnes a comfortable room on the second floor. Lady Montbarry vainly complained of this separation of one of the members of her travelling party from the rest. The housekeeper hinted that it was impossible for her to ask other travellers to give up their rooms. She could only express her regret, and assure Miss Lockwood that her bed-chamber on the second floor was one of the best rooms in that part of the hotel.

On the retirement of the housekeeper, Lady Montbarry noticed that Agnes had seated herself apart, feeling apparently no interest in the question of the bedrooms. Was she ill? No; she felt a little unnerved by the rail-

way journey, and that was all. Hearing this, Lord Montbarry proposed that she should go out with him, and try the experiment of half an hour's walk in the cool evening air. Agnes gladly accepted the suggestion. They directed their steps towards the square of St. Mark, so as to enjoy the breeze blowing over the lagoon. It was the first visit of Agnes to Venice. The fascination of the wonderful city of the waters exerted its full influence over her sensitive nature. The proposed half hour of the walk had passed away, and was fast expanding to half an hour more, before Lord Montbarry could persuade his companion to remember that dinner was waiting for them. As they returned, passing under the colonnade, neither of them noticed a lady in deep mourning, loitering in the open space of the square. She started as she recognised Agnes walking with the new Lord Montbarry—hesitated for a moment—and then followed them, at a discreet distance, back to the hotel.

Lady Montbarry received Agnes in high spirits—with news of an event which had happened in her absence.

She had not left the hotel more than ten minutes, before a little note in pencil was brought to Lady Montbarry by the housekeeper. The writer proved to be no less a person than the widow lady who occupied the room on the other side of the drawing-room, which her ladyship had vainly hoped to secure for Agnes. Writing under the name of Mrs. James, the polite widow explained that she had heard from the housekeeper of the disap-

pointment experienced by Lady Montbarry in the matter of the rooms. Mrs. James was quite alone; and as long as her bed-chamber was airy and comfortable, it mattered nothing to her whether she slept on the first or second floor of the house. She had accordingly much pleasure in proposing to change rooms with Miss Lockwood. Her luggage had already been removed, and Miss Lockwood had only to take possession of the room (Number 13 A), which was now entirely at her disposal.

'I immediately proposed to see Mrs. James,' Lady Montbarry continued, 'and to thank her personally for her extreme kindness. But I was informed that she had gone out, without leaving word at what hour she might be expected to return. I have written a little note of thanks, saying that we hope to have the pleasure of personally expressing our sense of Mrs. James's courtesy to-morrow. In the meantime, Agnes, I have ordered your boxes to be removed downstairs. Go!—and judge for yourself, my dear, if that good lady has not given up to you the prettiest room in the house!'

With these words, Lady Montbarry left Miss Lockwood to make a hasty toilet for dinner.

The new room at once produced a favourable impression on Agnes. The large window, opening into a balcony, commanded an admirable view of the canal. The decorations on the walls and ceiling, were carefully copied from the exquisitely graceful designs of Raphael in the Vatican. The massive wardrobe possessed compartments of unusual size, in which double the number of dresses that Agnes possessed might have been conveniently hung at full length. In the inner corner of the room, near the head of the bedstead, there was a recess which had been turned into a little dressing-room, and which opened by a second door on the inferior staircase of the hotel, com-

monly used by the servants. Noticing these aspects of the room at a glance, Agnes made the necessary change in her dress, as quickly as possible. On her way back to the drawing-room she was addressed by a chambermaid in the corridor who asked for her key. 'I will put your room tidy for the night, Miss,' the woman said, 'and I will then bring the key back to you in the drawing-room.'

While the chambermaid was at her work, a solitary lady, loitering about the corridor of the second story, was watching her over the bannisters. After awhile, the maid appeared, with her pail in her hand, leaving the room by way of the dressing-room and the back stairs. As she passed out of sight, the lady on the second floor (no other, it is needless to add, than the Countess herself) ran swiftly down the stairs, entered the bed-chamber by the principal door, and hid herself in the empty side compartment of the wardrobe. The chambermaid returned, completed her work, locked the door of the dressing-room on the inner side, locked the principal entrance door on leaving the room, and returned the key to Agnes in the drawing-room.

The travellers were just sitting down to their late dinner, when one of the children noticed that Agnes was not wearing her watch. Had she left it in her bed-chamber in the hurry of changing her dress? She rose from the table at once, in search of her watch; Lady Montbarry advising her, as she went out, to see to the security of her bed-chamber in the event of there being thieves in the house. Agnes found her watch, forgotten on the toilet table, as she had anticipated. Before leaving the room again, she acted on Lady Montbarry's advice, and tried the key in the lock of the dressing-room door. It was properly secured. She left the bed-chamber, locking the main door behind her.

Immediately on her departure, the Countess, oppressed by the confined air in the wardrobe, ventured on step-

ping out of her hiding-place into the empty room.

Entering the dressing-room on tip-toe, she listened at the door, until the silence outside informed her that the corridor was empty. Upon this, she unlocked the door, and passing out, closed it again softly ; leaving it to all appearance (when viewed on the inner side) as carefully secured as Agnes had seen it when she tried the key in the lock with her own hand.

While the Montbarrys were still at dinner, Henry Westwick joined them, arriving from Milan.

When he entered the room, and again when he advanced to shake hands with her, Agnes was conscious of a latent feeling which secretly reciprocated Henry's unconcealed pleasure on meeting her again. For a moment only, she returned his look ; and in that moment her own observation told her that she had silently encouraged him to hope. She saw it in the sudden glow of happiness which overspread his face ; and she confusedly took refuge in the usual conventional enquiries relating to the relatives whom he had left at Milan.

Taking his place at the table, Henry gave a most amusing account of the position of his brother Francis between the mercenary opera-dancer on one side, and the unscrupulous manager of the French theatre on the other. Matters had proceeded to such extremities, that the law had been called on to interfere, and had decided the dispute in favour of Francis. On winning the victory the English manager had at once left Milan, recalled to London by the affairs of his theatre. He was accompanied on the journey back, as he had been accompanied on the journey out, by his sister. Resolved, after passing two nights of terror in the Venetian hotel, never to enter it again, Mrs. Norbury asked to be excused from appearing at the family festival, on the ground of ill-health. At her age, travelling fatigued her, and she was glad to take advantage of

her brother's escort to return to England.

While the talk at the dinner-table flowed easily onward, the evening-time advanced to night—and it became necessary to think of sending the children to bed.

As Agnes rose to leave the room, accompanied by the eldest girl, she observed with surprise that Henry's manner suddenly changed. He looked serious and pre-occupied ; and when his niece wished him good night, he abruptly said to her, 'Marian, I want to know what part of the hotel you sleep in?' Marian, puzzled by the question, answered that she was going to sleep as usual, with 'Aunt Agnes.' Not satisfied with that reply, Henry next inquired whether the bedroom was near the room occupied by the other members of the travelling party. Answering for the child, and wondering what Henry's object could possibly be, Agnes mentioned the polite sacrifice made to her convenience by Mrs. James. 'Thanks to that lady's kindness,' she said, 'Marian and I are only on the other side of the drawing-room.' Henry made no remark ; he looked incomprehensibly discontented as he opened the door for Agnes and her companion to pass out. After wishing them good night, he waited in the corridor until he saw them enter the fatal corner-room—and then he called abruptly to his brother, 'Come out, Stephen, and let us smoke !'

As soon as the two brothers were at liberty to speak together privately, Henry explained the motive which had led to his strange inquiries about the bedrooms. Francis had informed him of the meeting with the Countess at Venice, and of all that had followed it ; and Henry now carefully repeated the narrative to his brother in all its details. 'I am not satisfied,' he added, 'about that woman's purpose in giving up her room. Without alarming the ladies by telling them what I have just told you, can you not warn Agnes to be careful in securing her door ?'

Lord Montbarry replied, that the warning had been already given by his wife, and that Agnes might be trusted to take good care of herself and her little bedfellow. For the rest, he looked upon the story of the Countess and her superstitions as a piece of theatrical exaggeration, amusing enough in itself, but quite unworthy of a moment's serious attention.

While the gentlemen were absent from the hotel, the room which had been already associated with so many startling circumstances, became the scene of another strange event in which Lady Montbarry's eldest child was concerned.

Little Marian had been got ready for bed as usual, and had (so far) taken hardly any notice of the new room. As she knelt down to say her prayers, she happened to look up at that part of the ceiling above her which was just over the head of the bed. The next instant she alarmed Agnes, by starting to her feet with a cry of terror, and pointing to a small brown spot on one of the white panelled spaces of the carved ceiling. 'It's a spot of blood!' the child exclaimed. 'Take me away! I won't sleep here!'

Seeing plainly that it would be useless to reason with her while she was in the room, Agnes hurriedly wrapped Marian in a dressing gown, and carried her back to her mother in the drawing-room. Here, the ladies did their best to soothe and reassure the trembling girl. The effort proved to be useless; the impression that had been produced on the young and sensitive mind was not to be removed by persuasion. Marian could give no explanation of the panic of terror that had seized her. She was quite unable to say why the spot on the ceiling looked like the colour of a spot of blood. She only knew that she should die of terror if she saw it again. Under these circumstances, but one alternative was left. It was arranged that the child should pass the night in the

room occupied by her two younger sisters and the nurse.

In half an hour more, Marian was peacefully asleep with her arm round her sister's neck. Lady Montbarry went back with Agnes to her room to see the spot on the ceiling which had so strangely frightened the child. It was so small as to be only just perceptible, and had in all probability been caused by the carelessness of a workman, or by a dripping from water accidentally spilt on the floor of the room above.

'I really cannot understand why Marian should place such a terrible interpretation on such a trifling thing,' Lady Montbarry remarked.

'I suspect the nurse is in some way answerable for what has happened,' Agnes suggested. 'She may quite possibly have been telling Marian some tragic nursery story which has left its mischievous impression behind it. Persons in her position are sadly ignorant of the danger of exciting a child's imagination. You had better caution the nurse to-morrow.'

Lady Montbarry looked round the room with admiration. 'Is it not prettily decorated?' she said. 'I suppose, Agnes, you don't mind sleeping here by yourself?'

Agnes laughed. 'I feel so tired,' she replied, 'that I was thinking of bidding you good-night, instead of going back to the drawing-room.'

Lady Montbarry turned towards the door. 'I see your jewel-case on the table,' she resumed. 'Don't forget to lock the other door there, in the dressing-room.'

'I have already seen to it, and tried the key myself,' said Agnes. 'Can I be of any use to you before I go to bed?'

'No, my dear, thank you; I feel sleepy enough to follow your example. Good night, Agnes—and pleasant dreams on your first night in Venice.'

CHAPTER XXII.

HAVING closed and secured the door on Lady Montbarry's departure, Agnes put on her dressing-gown, and, turning to her open boxes, began the business of unpacking. In the hurry of making her toilet for dinner, she had taken the first dress that lay uppermost in the trunk, and had thrown her travelling costume on the bed. She now opened the doors of the wardrobe for the first time, and began to hang her dresses on the hooks in the large compartment on one side.

After a few minutes only of this occupation, she grew weary of it, and decided on leaving the trunks as they were, until the next morning. The oppressive south wind which had blown throughout the day, still prevailed at night. The atmosphere of the room felt close; Agnes threw a shawl over her head and shoulders, and, opening the window, stepped into the balcony to look at the view.

The night was heavy and overcast; nothing could be distinctly seen. The canal beneath the window looked like a black gulf, the opposite houses were barely visible as a row of shadows, dimly relieved against the starless and moonless sky. At long intervals, the warning cry of a belated gondolier was just audible, as he turned the corner of a distant canal, and called to invisible boats which might be approaching him in the darkness. Now and then, the nearer dip of an oar in the water told of the viewless passage of other gondolas bringing guests back to the hotel. Excepting these rare sounds, the mysterious night-silence of Venice was literally the silence of the grave.

Leaning on the parapet of the balcony, Agnes looked vacantly into the black void beneath. Her thoughts reverted to the miserable man who had broken his pledged faith to her, and who had died in that house. Some change seemed to have come over her, since her arrival in Venice; some new

influence appeared to be at work. For the first time in her experience of herself, compassion and regret were not the only emotions aroused in her by the remembrance of the dead Montbarry. A keen sense of the wrong that she had suffered, never yet felt by that gentle and forgiving nature, was felt by it now. She found herself thinking of the bygone days of her humiliation almost as harshly as Henry Westwick had thought of them—she who had rebuked him the last time he had spoken slightly of his brother in her presence! A sudden fear and doubt of herself startled her physically as well as morally. She turned from the shadowy abyss of the dark water as if the mystery and the gloom of it had been answerable for the emotions which had taken her by surprise. Abruptly closing the window, she threw aside her shawl, and lit the candles on the mantelpiece, impelled by a sudden craving for light in the solitude of her room.

The cheering brightness round her, contrasting with the black gloom outside, restored her spirits. She felt herself enjoying the light like a child!

Would it be well (she asked herself) to get ready for bed? No! The sense of drowsy fatigue that she had felt half an hour since was gone. She returned to the dull employment of unpacking her boxes. After a few minutes only, the occupation became irksome to her once more. She sat down by the table, and took up a guide-book. 'Suppose I inform myself,' she thought, 'on the subject of Venice?'

Her attention wandered from the book, before she had turned the first page of it.

The image of Henry Westwick, was the present image in her memory now. Recalling the minutest incidents and details of the evening, she could think of nothing which presented him under other than a favourable and interesting aspect. She smiled to herself softly, her colour rose by fine gradations, as she felt the full luxury of dwelling on

the perfect truth and modesty of his devotion to her. Was the depression of spirits from which she had suffered so persistently on her travels attributable, by any chance, to their long separation from each other—embittered perhaps by her own vain regret when she remembered her harsh reception of him in Paris? Suddenly conscious of this bold question, and of the self-abandonment which it implied, she returned mechanically to her book, startled by the unrestrained liberty of her own thoughts. What lurking temptations to forbidden tenderness find their hiding places in a woman's dressing-gown, when she is alone in her room at night! With her heart in the tomb of the dead Montbarry, could Agnes even think of another man, and think of love? How shameful! how unworthy of her! For the second time, she tried to interest herself in the guide-book—and once more she tried in vain. Throwing the book aside, she turned desperately to the one resource that was left, to her luggage—resolved to fatigue herself without mercy, until she was weary enough and sleepy enough to find a safe refuge in bed.

For some little time, she persisted in the monotonous occupation of transferring her clothes from her trunk to the wardrobe. The large clock in the hall, striking midnight, reminded her that it was getting late. She sat down for a moment in an arm-chair by the bedside, to rest.

The silence in the house now caught her attention, and held it—held it disagreeably. Was everybody in bed and asleep but herself? Surely it was time for her to follow the general example? With a certain irritable nervous haste, she rose again and undressed herself. 'I have lost two hours of rest,' she thought, frowning at the reflection of herself in the glass, as she arranged her hair for the night. 'I shall be good for nothing to-morrow!'

She lit the night-light, and ex-

tinguished the candles—with one exception, which she removed to a little table, placed on the side of the bed opposite the side occupied by the arm-chair. Having put her travelling-box of matches and guide-book near the candle, in case she might be sleepless and might want to read, she blew out the light, and laid her head on the pillow.

The curtains of the bed were looped back to let the air pass freely over her. Lying on her left side, with her face turned away from the table, she could see the arm-chair by the dim night-light. It had a chintz covering—representing large bunches of roses scattered over a pale green ground. She tried to weary herself into drowsiness by counting over and over again the bunches of roses that were visible from her point of view. Twice her attention was distracted from the counting, by sounds outside—by the clock chiming the half-past twelve; and then again, by the fall of a pair of boots on the upper floor, thrown out to be cleaned, and with that barbarous disregard of the comforts of others which is observable in humanity when it inhabits an hotel. In the silence that followed these passing disturbances, Agnes went on counting the roses on the arm-chair more and more slowly. Before long she confused herself in the figures—tried to begin counting again—thought she would wait a little first—felt her eyelids drooping, and her head sinking lower and lower on the pillow—sighed faintly—and sank into sleep.

How long that first sleep lasted she never knew. She could only remember, in the after-time, that she awoke instantly.

Every faculty and perception in her passed the boundary line between insensibility and consciousness, so to speak, at a leap. Without knowing why, she sat up suddenly in the bed, listening for she knew not what. Her head was in a whirl; her heart beat furiously, without any assignable cause.

But one trivial event had happened during the interval while she had been asleep. The night-light had gone out; and the room, as a matter of course, was in total darkness.

She felt for the match-box, and paused after finding it. A vague sense of confusion was still in her mind. She was in no hurry to light the match. The pause in the darkness was, strangely enough, agreeable to her.

In the quieter flow of her thoughts during this interval, she could ask herself the natural question:—What cause had awakened her so suddenly, and had so strangely shaken her nerves? Had it been the influence of a dream? She had not dreamed at all—or, to speak more correctly, she had no waking remembrance of having dreamed. The mystery was beyond her fathoming: the darkness began to oppress her. She struck the match on the box, and lit her candle.

As the welcome light diffused itself over the room, she turned from the table and looked towards the other side of the bed.

In the moment when she turned, the chill of a sudden terror gripped her round the heart, as with the clasp of an icy hand.

She was not alone in the room!

There—in the chair at the bedside—there, suddenly revealed under the flow of light from the candle, was the figure of a woman reclining. Her head lay back over the chair. Her face, turned up to the ceiling, had the eyes closed, as if she was wrapped in a deep sleep.

The shock of the discovery held Agnes speechless and helpless. Her first conscious action, when she was in some degree mistress of herself again, was to lean over the bed, and to look closer at the woman who had so incomprehensibly stolen into her room in the dead of night. One glance was enough: she started back with a cry of amazement. The person in the chair was no other than the widow of

the dead Montbarry—the woman who had warned her that they were to meet again, and that the place might be Venice!

Her courage returned to her, stung into action by the natural sense of indignation which the presence of the Countess provoked.

‘Wake up!’ she called out. ‘How dare you come here? How did you get in? Leave the room—or I will call for help!’

She raised her voice at the last words. It produced no effect. Leaning farther over the bed, she boldly took the Countess by the shoulder and shook her. Not even this effort succeeded in rousing the sleeping woman. She still lay back in the chair, possessed by a torpor like the torpor of death—insensible to sound, insensible to touch. Was she really sleeping? Or had she fainted?’

Agnes looked closer at her. She had not fainted. Her breathing was audible, rising and falling in deep heavy gasps. At intervals she ground her teeth savagely. Beads of perspiration stood thickly on her forehead. Her clenched hands rose and fell slowly from time to time on her lap. Was she in the agony of a dream or was she spiritually conscious of something hidden in the room?

The doubt involved in that last question was unendurable. Agnes determined to rouse the servants who kept watch in the hotel at night.

The bell-handle was fixed to the wall, on the side of the bed by which the table stood.

She raised herself from the crouching position which she had assumed in looking close at the Countess; and, turning towards the other side of the bed, stretched out her hand to the bell. At the same instant, she stopped and looked upward. Her hand fell helplessly at her side. She shuddered, and sank back on the pillow.

What had she seen?

She had seen another intruder in her room.

Midway between her face and the ceiling, there hovered a human head—severed at the neck, like a head struck from the body by the guillotine.

Nothing visible, nothing audible, had given her warning of its appearance. Silently and suddenly, the head had taken its place above her. No supernatural change had passed over the room, or was perceptible in it now. The dumbly-tortured figure in the chair; the broad window opposite the foot of the bed, with the black night beyond it; the candle burning on the table—these, and all other objects in the room, remain unaltered. One object more, unutterably horrid, had been added to the rest. That was the only change—no more, no less.

By the yellow candle-light she saw the head distinctly, hovering in mid-air above her. She looked at it steadfastly, spell-bound by the terror that held her.

The flesh of the face was gone. The shrivelled skin was darkened in hue, like the skin of an Egyptian mummy—except at the neck. There it was of a lighter colour; there it showed spots and splashes of the hue of that brown spot on the ceiling, which the child's fanciful terror had distorted into the likeness of a spot of blood. Thin remains of a discoloured moustache and whiskers, hanging over the upper lip, and over the hollows where the cheeks had once been, made the head just recognisable as the head of a man. Over all the features death and time had done their obliterating work. The eyelids were closed. The hair on the skull, discoloured like the hair on the face, had been burnt away in places. The bluish lips, parted in a fixed grin, showed the double row of teeth. By slow degrees the hovering head (perfectly still when she first saw it) began to descend towards Agnes as she lay beneath. By slow degrees that strange doubly-blended odour, which the Commissioners had discovered in the vaults of the old

palace—which had sickened Francis Westwick in the bed-chamber of the new hotel—spread its fetid exhalations over the room. Downward and downward the hideous apparition made its slow progress, until it stopped close over Agnes—stopped, and turned slowly, so that the face of it confronted the upturned face of the woman in the chair.

After that there came a pause. Then a momentary movement disturbed the rigid repose of the dead face.

The closed eyelids opened slowly. The eyes revealed themselves, bright with the glassy film of death—and fixed their dreadful look on the woman in the chair.

Agnes saw that look; saw the reclining woman rise, as if in obedience to some silent command—and saw no more.

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Her next conscious impression was of the sunlight pouring in at the window; of the friendly presence of Lady Montbarry at the bedside; and of the children's wondering faces peeping in at the door.

CHAPTER XXIII.

YOU have some influence over Agnes. Try what you can do, Henry, to make her take a sensible view of the matter. There is really nothing to make a fuss about. My wife's maid knocked at her door early in the morning, with the customary cup of tea. Getting no answer she went round to the dressing room—found the door on that side unlocked—and discovered Agnes on the bed in a fainting fit. With my wife's help they brought her to herself again; and she told the extraordinary story which I have just repeated to you. You must have seen for yourself that she has been over-fatigued, poor thing,

by our long railway journeys; her nerves are out of order—and she is just the person to be easily terrified by a dream. She obstinately refuses, however, to accept this rational view. Don't suppose that I have been severe with her! All that a man can do to humour her I have done. I have written to the Countess (in her assumed name) offering to restore the room to her. She writes back, positively declining to return to it. I have accordingly arranged (so as not to have the thing known in the hotel) to occupy the room for one or two nights, and to leave Agnes to recover her spirits under my wife's care. Is there anything more that I can do? Whatever questions Agnes has asked of me I have answered to the best of my ability; she knows all that you told me about Francis and the Countess last night. But try as I may I can't quiet her mind. I have given up the attempt in despair, and left her in the drawing-room. Go, like a good fellow, and try what you can do to compose her.'

In those words Lord Montbarry stated the case to his brother from the rational point of view. Henry made no remark, he went straight to the drawing room.

He found Agnes walking rapidly backwards and forwards, flushed and excited. 'If you come here to say what your brother has been saying to me,' she broke out before he could speak, 'spare yourself the trouble. I don't want common sense—I want a true friend who will believe in me.'

'I am that friend, Agnes,' Henry answered quietly, 'and you know it.'

'You really believe that I am not deluded by a dream?'

'I know that you are not deluded—in one particular, at least.'

'In what particular?'

'In what you have said of the Countess. It is perfectly true—'

Agnes stopped him there. 'Why do I only hear this morning that the Countess and Mrs. James are one and

the same person?' she asked distrustfully. 'Why was I not told of it last night?'

'You forget that you had accepted the exchange of rooms before I reached Venice,' Henry replied. 'I felt strongly tempted to tell you, even then—but your sleeping arrangements for the night were all made; I should only have inconvenienced and alarmed you. I waited till the morning, after hearing from my brother that you had yourself seen to your security from any intrusion. How that intrusion was accomplished it is impossible to say. I can only declare that the Countess's presence by your bedside last night was no dream of yours. On her own authority I can testify that it was a reality.'

'On her own authority?' Agnes repeated eagerly. 'Have you seen her this morning?'

'I have seen her not ten minutes since.'

'What was she doing?'

'She was busily engaged in writing. I could not even get her to look at me until I thought of mentioning your name.'

'She remembered me, of course?'

'She remembered you with some difficulty. Finding that she wouldn't answer me on any other terms, I questioned her as if I had come direct from you. Then she spoke. She not only admitted that she had the same superstitious motive for placing you in that room which she had acknowledged to Francis—she even owned that she had been by your bedside, watching through the night, "to see what you saw," as she expressed it. Hearing this, I tried to persuade her to tell me how she got into the room. Unluckily, her manuscript on the table caught her eye; she returned to her writing. "The Baron wants money," she said, "I must get on with my play." What she saw, or dreamed, while she was in your room last night, it is at present impossible to discover. But judging by my

brother's account of her, as well as by what I remember of her myself, some recent influence has been at work which has produced a marked change in this wretched woman for the worse. Her mind is, in certain respects, unquestionably deranged. One proof of it is that she spoke to me of the Baron as if he were still a living man. When Francis saw her, she declared that the Baron was dead, which is the truth. The United States Consul at Milan showed us the announcement of the death in an American newspaper. So far as I can see, such sense as she still possesses seems to be entirely absorbed in one absurd idea—the idea of writing a play for Francis to bring out at his theatre. He admits that he encouraged her to hope she might get money in this way. I think he did wrong. Don't you agree with me?

Without heeding the question, Agnes rose abruptly from her chair.

'Do me one more kindness, Henry,' she said. 'Take me to the Countess at once.'

Henry hesitated. 'Are you composed enough to see her, after the shock that you have suffered?' he asked.

She trembled, the flush on her face died away, and left it deadly pale. But she held to her resolution. 'You have heard of what I saw last night?' she said faintly.

'Don't speak of it!' Henry interposed. 'Don't uselessly agitate yourself.'

'I must speak! My mind is full of horrid questions about it. I know I can't identify it—and yet I ask myself over and over again, in whose likeness did it appear? Was it in the likeness of Ferrari? or was it—?' she stopped, shuddering. 'The Countess knows, I must see the Countess!' she resumed vehemently. 'Whether my courage fails me or not, I must make the attempt. Take me to her

before I have time to feel afraid of it!'

Henry looked at her anxiously. 'If you are really sure of your own resolution,' he said, 'I agree with you—the sooner you see her the better. You remember how strangely she talked of your influence over her, when she forced her way into your room in London?'

'I remember it perfectly. Why do you ask?'

'For this reason. In the present state of her mind, I doubt if she will be much longer capable of realizing her wild idea of you as the avenging angel who is to bring her to a reckoning for her evil deeds. It may be well to try what your influence can do while she is still capable of feeling it.'

He waited to hear what Agnes would say. She took his arm and led him in silence to the door.

They ascended to the second floor, and, after knocking, entered the Countess's room.

She was still busily engaged in writing. When she looked up from the paper, and saw Agnes, a vacant expression of doubt was the only expression in her wild black eyes. After a few moments, the lost remembrances and associations appeared to return slowly to her mind. The pen dropped from her hand. Haggard and trembling, she looked closer at Agnes, and recognised her at last. 'Has the time come already?' she said in low awe-stricken tones. 'Give me a little longer respite, I haven't done my writing yet!'

She dropped on her knees, and held out her clasped hands entreatingly. Agnes was far from having recovered, after the shock that she had suffered in the night: her nerves were far from being equal to the strain that was now laid on them. She was so startled by the change in the Countess that she was at a loss what to say or to do next. Henry was obliged to speak to her, 'Put your questions while you have the chance,

he said, lowering his voice. 'See! the vacant look is coming over her face again.'

Agnes tried to rally her courage. 'You were in my room last night ——' she began. Before she could add a word more, the Countess lifted her hands, and wrung them above her head with a low moan of horror. Agnes shrank back, and turned as if to leave the room. Henry stopped her, and whispered to her to try again. She obeyed him after an effort. 'I slept last night in the room that you gave up to me,' she resumed. 'I saw——'

The Countess suddenly rose to her feet. 'No more of that,' she cried. 'Oh, Jesu Maria! do you think I want to be told what you saw? Do you think I don't know what it means for you and for me? Decide for yourself, Miss. Examine your own mind. Are you well assured that the day of reckoning has come at last? Are you ready to follow me back, through the crimes of the past, to the secrets of the dead?'

She turned again to the writing-table, without waiting to be answered. Her eyes flashed: she looked like her old self once more as she spoke. It was only for a moment. The old ardour and impetuosity were nearly worn out. Her head sank; she sighed heavily as she unlocked a desk which stood on the table. Opening a drawer in the desk, she took out a leaf of vellum, covered with faded writing. Some ragged ends of silken thread were still attached to the leaf, as if it had been torn out of a book.

'Can you read Italian?' she asked, handing the leaf to Agnes.

Agnes answered silently by an inclination of her head.

'The leaf,' the Countess proceeded, 'once belonged to a book in the old library of the palace, while this building was still a palace. By whom it was torn out you have no need to know. For what purpose it was torn out you may discover for yourself, if

you will. Read it first—at the fifth line from the top of the page.'

Agnes felt the serious necessity of composing herself. 'Give me a chair,' she said to Henry. 'And I will do my best.' He placed himself behind her chair so that he could look over her shoulder and help her to understand the writing on the leaf. Rendered into English, it ran as follows:—

'I have now completed my literary survey of the first floor of the palace. At the desire of my noble and gracious patron, the lord of this glorious edifice, I next ascend to the second floor, and continue my catalogue or description of the pictures, decorations, and other treasures of art therein contained. Let me begin with the corner room at the western extremity of the palace, called the Room of the Caryatides, from the statues which support the mantel-piece. This work is of comparatively recent execution: it dates from the eighteenth century only, and reveals the corrupt taste of the period in every part of it. Still, there is a certain interest which attaches to the mantel-piece: it conceals a cleverly constructed hiding-place between the floor of the room and the ceiling of the room beneath, which was made during the last evil days of the Inquisition in Venice, and which is reported to have saved an ancestor of my gracious lord pursued by that terrible tribunal. The machinery of this curious place of concealment has been kept in good order by the present lord, as a species of curiosity. He condescended to show me the method of working it. Approaching the two Caryatides, rest your hand on the forehead (midway between the eyebrows) of the figure which is on your left as you stand opposite to the fireplace, then press the head inwards as if you were pushing it against the wall behind. By doing this, you set in motion the hidden machinery in the wall which turns the hearthstone on a pivot, and discloses the hollow place

below. There is room enough in it for a man to lie easily at full length. The method of closing the cavity again is equally simple. Place both your hands on the temples of the figure; pull as if you were pulling it towards you—and the hearthstone will revolve into its proper position again.'

'You need read no further,' said the Countess. 'Be careful to remember what you have read.'

She put back the page of vellum in her writing-desk, locked it, and led the way to the door.

'Come!' she said; 'and see what the mocking Frenchman called, "The beginning of the end."'

Agnes was barely able to rise from her chair; she trembled from head to foot. Henry gave her his arm to support her. 'Fear nothing,' he whispered; 'I shall be with you.'

The Countess proceeded along the westward corridor, and stopped at the door numbered, Thirty Eight. This was the room which had been inhabited by Baron Rivar in the old days of the palace: the room situated immediately over the bedchamber in which Agnes had passed the night. For the last two days it had been empty. The absence of luggage in it when they opened the door, showed that it had not yet been let.

'You see!' said the Countess, pointing to the carved figure at the fire-place; 'and you know what to do. Have I deserved that you should temper justice with mercy?' she went on in lower tones. 'Give me a few hours more to myself. The Baron wants money—I must get on with my play.'

She smiled vacantly, and imitated the action of writing with her right hand as she pronounced the last words. The effort of concentrating her weakened mind on other and less familiar topics than the constant want of money in the Baron's lifetime, and the vague prospect of gain from the still unfinished play, had evidently exhausted her poor reserves of strength.

When her request had been granted, she addressed no expressions of gratitude to Agnes; she only said, 'Feel no fear, Miss, of my attempting to escape you. Where you are, there I must be till the end comes.'

Her eyes wandered round the room with a last weary and stupefied look. She returned to her writing with slow and feeble steps, like the steps of an old woman.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HENRY and Agnes were left alone in the Room of the Caryatides.

The person who had written the description of the palace—probably a poor author or artist—had correctly pointed out the defects of the mantel-piece. Bad taste, exhibiting itself on the most costly and splendid scale, was visible in every part of the work. It was, nevertheless, greatly admired by ignorant travellers of all classes; partly on account of its imposing size, and partly on account of the number of variously-coloured marbles which the sculptor had contrived to introduce into his design. Photographs of the mantel-piece were exhibited in the public rooms, and found a ready sale among English and American visitors to the hotel.

Henry led Agnes to the figure on the left, as they stood facing the empty fire-place. 'Shall I try the experiment,' he asked, 'or will you?' She abruptly drew her arm away from him, and turned back to the door. 'I can't even look at it,' she said. 'That merciless marble face frightens me!'

Henry put his hand on the forehead of the figure. 'What is there to alarm you, my dear, in this conventional classical face?' he asked, jestingly. Before he could press the head inwards, Agnes hurriedly opened the door. 'Wait till I am out of the room!' she cried. 'The bare idea of

what you may find there horrifies me!' She looked back into the room as she crossed the threshold. 'I won't leave you altogether,' she said, 'I will wait outside.'

She closed the door. Left by himself, Henry lifted his hand once more to the marble forehead of the figure.

For the second time, he was checked on the point of setting the machinery of the hiding-place in motion. On this occasion, the interruption came from an outbreak of friendly voices in the corridor. A woman's voice exclaimed, 'Dearest Agnes, how glad I am to see you again!' A man's voice followed, offering to introduce some friend to 'Miss Lockwood.' A third voice (which Henry recognised as the voice of the manager of the hotel) became audible next, directing the house-keeper to show the ladies and gentlemen the vacant apartments at the other end of the corridor. 'If more accommodation is wanted,' the manager went on, 'I have a charming room to let here.' He opened the door as he spoke, and found himself face to face with Henry Westwick.

'This is indeed an agreeable surprise, sir!' said the manager, cheerfully. 'You are admiring our famous chimney-piece, I see. May I ask, Mr. Westwick, how you find yourself in the hotel, this time? Have the supernatural influences affected your appetite again?'

'The supernatural influences have spared me, this time,' Henry answered. 'Perhaps you may yet find that they have affected some other member of the family.' He spoke gravely, resenting the familiar tone in which the manager had referred to his previous visit to the hotel. 'Have you just returned?' he asked, by way of changing the topic.

'Just this minute, sir. I had the honour of travelling in the same train with friends of yours who have arrived at the hotel—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barville, and their travelling companions. Miss Lockwood is with them,

looking at the rooms. They will be here before long, if they find it convenient to have an extra room at their disposal.'

This announcement decided Henry on exploring the hiding-place before the interruption occurred. It had crossed his mind, when Agnes left him, that he ought perhaps to have a witness, in the not very probable event of some alarming discovery taking place. The too-familiar manager, suspecting nothing, was there at his disposal. He turned again to the Caryan figure, maliciously resolving to make the manager his witness.

'I am delighted to hear that our friends have arrived at last,' he said. 'Before I shake hands with them, let me ask you a question about this queer work of art here. I see photographs of it downstairs. Are they for sale?'

'Certainly, Mr. Westwick.'

'Do you think the chimney-piece is as solid as it looks?' Henry proceeded. 'When you came in, I was just wondering whether this figure here had not accidentally got loosened from the wall behind it.' He laid his hand on the marble forehead, for the third time. 'To my eye, it looks a little out of the perpendicular. I almost fancy I could jog the head just now, when I touched it.' He pressed the head inwards as he said those words.

A sound of jarring iron was instantly audible behind the wall. The solid hearthstone in front of the fire-place turned slowly at the feet of the two men, and disclosed a dark cavity below. At the same moment, the strange and sickening combination of odours, hitherto associated with the vaults of the old palace and with the bedchamber beneath, now floated up from the open recess, and filled the room.

The manager started back. 'Good God, Mr. Westwick!' he exclaimed, 'what does this mean?'

Remembering, not only what his brother Francis had felt in the room beneath, but what the experience of

Agnes had been on the previous night, Henry was determined to be on his guard. 'I am as much surprised as you are,' was his only reply.

'Wait for me one moment, sir,' said the manager. 'I must stop the ladies and gentlemen outside from coming in.'

He hurried away—not forgetting to close the door after him. Henry opened the window, and waited there breathing the purer air. Vague apprehensions of the next discovery to come, filled his mind for the first time. He was doubly resolved, now, not to stir a step in the investigation without a witness.

The manager returned with a wax taper in his hand, which he lighted as soon as he entered the room.

'We need fear no interruption now,' he said. 'Be so kind, Mr. Westwick, as to hold the light. It is *my* business to find out what this extraordinary discovery means.'

Henry held the taper. Looking into the cavity, by the dim and flickering light, they both detected a dark object at the bottom of it. 'I think I can reach the thing,' the manager remarked, 'if I lie down, and put my hand into the hole.'

He knelt on the floor—and hesitated. 'Might I ask you, sir, to give me my gloves?' he said. 'They are in my hat, on the chair behind you.'

Henry gave him the gloves. 'I don't know what I may be going to take hold of,' the manager explained, smiling rather uneasily as he put on his right glove.

He stretched himself at full length on the floor, and passed his right arm into the cavity. 'I can't say exactly what I have got hold of,' he said. 'But I have got it.'

Half raising himself, he drew his hand out.

The next instant he started to his feet with a shriek of terror. A human head dropped from his nerveless grasp on the floor, and rolled to Henry's feet. It was the hideous

head that Agnes had seen hovering above her, in the vision of the night!

The two men looked at each other, both struck speechless by the same emotion of horror. The manager was the first to control himself. 'See to the door, for God's sake!' he said. 'Some of the people outside may have heard me.'

Henry moved mechanically to the door.

Even when he had his hand on the key, ready to turn it in the lock in case of necessity, he still looked back at the appalling object on the floor. There was no possibility of identifying those decayed and distorted features with any living creature whom he had seen—and yet, he was conscious of feeling a vague and awful doubt which shook him to the soul. The questions which tortured the mind of Agnes, were now *his* questions too. He asked himself, 'In whose likeness might I have recognised it before the decay set in? The likeness of Ferrari? or the likeness of—?' He paused trembling, as Agnes had paused trembling before him. Agnes! The name, of all women's names the dearest to him, was a terror to him now! What was he to say to her? What might be the consequence if he trusted her with the terrible truth?

No footsteps approached the door; no voices were audible outside. The travellers were still occupied in the rooms at the eastern end of the corridor.

In the brief interval that had passed, the manager had sufficiently recovered himself to be able to think once more of the first and foremost interests of his life—the interest of the hotel. He approached Henry anxiously.

'If this frightful discovery becomes known,' he said, 'the closing of the hotel, and the ruin of the Company will be the inevitable results. I feel sure that I can trust your discretion, sir, so far?'

'You can certainly trust me,' Henry answered. 'But surely discretion has

its limits,' he added, 'after such a discovery as we have made?'

The manager understood that the duty which they owed to the community as honest and law-abiding men, was the duty to which Henry now referred. 'I will at once find the means,' he said, 'of conveying the remains privately out of the house, and I will myself place them in the care of the police-authorities. Will you leave the room with me? or do you not object to keep watch here, and help me when I return?'

While he was speaking, the voices of the travellers made themselves heard again at the end of the corridor. Henry instantly consented to wait in the room. He shrank from facing the inevitable meeting with Agnes if he showed himself in the corridor at that moment.

The manager hastened his departure, in the hope of escaping notice. He was discovered by his guests before he could reach the head of the stairs. Henry heard the voices plainly as he turned the key. While the terrible drama of discovery was in progress on one side of the door, trivial questions about the amusements of Venice and facetious discussions on the relative merits of French and Italian cookery were proceeding on the other. Little by little the sound of the talking grew fainter. The visitors, having arranged their plans of amusement for the day, were on their way out of the hotel. In a minute or two there was silence once more.

Henry turned to the window, thinking to relieve his mind by looking at the bright view over the canal. He soon grew wearied of the familiar scene. The morbid fascination which seems to be exercised by all horrible sights, drew him back again to the ghastly object on the floor.

Dream or reality, how had Agnes survived the sight of it? As the question passed through his mind, he noticed for the first time something lying on the floor near the head. Look-

ing closer, he perceived a thin little plate of gold, with three false teeth attached to it, which had apparently dropped out (loosened by the shock) when the manager let the head fall on the floor.

The importance of this discovery, and the necessity of not too readily communicating it to others, instantly struck Henry. Here surely was a chance—if any chance remained—of identifying the shocking relic of humanity which lay before him, the dumb witness of a crime! Acting on this idea, he took possession of the teeth, purposing to use them as a last means of inquiry when other attempts at investigation had been tried and had failed.

He went back again to the window: the solitude of the room began to weigh on his spirits. As he looked out again at the view, there was a soft knock at the door. He hastened to open it—and checked himself in the act. A doubt occurred to him. Was it the manager who had knocked? He called out, 'Who is there?'

The voice of Agnes answered him. 'Have you anything to tell me, Henry?'

He was hardly able to reply. 'Not just now,' he said, confusedly. 'Forgive me if I don't open the door. I will speak to you a little later.'

The sweet voice made itself heard again, pleading with him piteously. 'Don't leave me alone, Henry! I can't go back to the happy people downstairs.'

How could he resist that appeal? He heard her sigh—he heard the rustling of her dress as she moved away in despair. The very thing that he had shrunk from doing but a few minutes since was the thing that he did now! He joined Agnes in the corridor. She turned as she heard him, and pointed trembling in the direction of the closed room. 'Is it so terrible as that?' she asked faintly.

He put his arm round her to support her. A thought came to him as he

looked at her, waiting in doubt and fear for his reply. 'You shall decide the question for yourself,' he said, 'if you will first put on your hat and cloak, and come out with me.'

She was naturally surprised. 'Can you tell me your object in going out?' she asked.

He owned what his object was unreservedly. 'I want, before all things,' he said, 'to satisfy your mind and mine on the subject of Montbarry's death. I am going to take you to the doctor who attended him in his illness, and to the consul who followed him to the grave.'

Her eyes rested on Henry gratefully. 'Oh, how well you understand me!' she said. The manager joined them at the same moment, on his way up the stairs. Henry gave him the key of the room, and then called to the servants in the hall to have a gondola ready at the steps. 'Are you leaving the hotel?' the manager asked. 'In search of evidence,' Henry whispered, pointing to the key. 'If the authorities want me, I shall be back in an hour.'

CHAPTER XXV.

THE day had advanced to evening. Lord Montbarry and the bridal party had gone to the opera. Agnes alone, pleading the excuse of fatigue, remained at the hotel. Having kept up appearances by accompanying his friends to the theatre, Henry Westwick slipped away after the first act and joined Agnes in the drawing-room.

'Have you thought of what I said to you earlier in the day?' he asked, taking a chair at her side. 'Do you agree with me that the one dreadful doubt which oppressed us both is at least set at rest?'

Agnes shook her head sadly. 'I wish I could agree with you, Henry—I wish I could honestly say that my mind is at ease.'

The answer would have discouraged most men. Henry's patience (where Agnes was concerned) was equal to any demands on it.

'If you will only look back at the events of the day,' he said, 'you must surely admit that we have not been completely baffled. Remember how Dr. Bruno disposed of our doubts:—"After thirty years of medical practice, do you think I am likely to mistake the symptoms of death by bronchitis?" If ever there was an unanswerable question, there it is! Was the consul's testimony doubtful in any part of it? He called at the palace to offer his services, after hearing of Lord Montbarry's death; he arrived at the time when the coffin was in the house; he himself saw the corpse placed in it, and the lid screwed down. The evidence of the priest was equally beyond dispute. He remained in the room with the coffin, reciting the prayers for the dead, until the funeral left the palace. Bear all these statements in mind, Agnes; and how can you deny that the question of Montbarry's death and burial is a question set at rest? We have really but one doubt left: we have still to ask ourselves whether the remains which I discovered are the remains of the lost courier or not. There is the case as I understand it. Have I stated it fairly?'

Agnes could not deny that he had stated it fairly.

'Then what prevents you from experiencing the same sense of relief that I feel?' Henry asked.

'What I saw last night prevents me,' Agnes answered. 'When we spoke of this subject, after our inquiries were over, you reproached me with taking, what you called, the superstitious view. I don't quite admit that—but I do acknowledge that I should find the superstitious view intelligible if I heard it expressed by some other person. Remembering what your brother and I once were to each other in the bygone time, I can

understand the apparition making itself visible to Me, to claim the mercy of Christian burial, and the vengeance due to a crime. I can even perceive some faint possibility of truth in the explanation which you described as the mesmeric theory—that what I saw might be the result of magnetic influence communicated to me, as I lay between the remains of the murdered husband above me and the guilty wife suffering the tortures of remorse at my bedside. But what I do *not* understand is, that I should have passed

through that dreadful ordeal; having no previous knowledge of the murdered man in his lifetime, or only knowing him (if you suppose that I saw the apparition of Ferrari), through the interest which I took in his wife. I can't dispute your reasoning, Henry. But I feel in my heart of hearts that you are deceived. Nothing will shake my belief that we are still as far from having discovered the dreadful truth as ever.'

(To be continued.)

IN VAIN.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

IN vain, in vain, in vain,
 Comes the Summer suns again,
 With the Clover in the meadows and upon the hills the grain,
 For the sunlight is a mockery, and the harvesters are slain.

In secluded mountain nooks,
 The Mayflowers wake and blow;
 And Violets pale, their breath exhale,
 Beside their banks of snow.

By the thorny edge the wilding Rose,
 Its leaves put forth again;
 And the Daisy springs by the brookside,
 And in the breezy lane.

And the robin comes and builds and sings
 Where of old she built and sung;
 And out of my heart I see no change
 Since thou, oh heart, wert young.

But in vain, in vain, in vain,
 Come the Summer suns again;
 With the Clover in the meadows, and upon the hills the grain,
 For the sunlight is a mockery, and the harvesters are slain.

ANOTHER VIEW OF MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POEMS.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

THE place held by Matthew Arnold in modern literature is difficult to determine. It is a high place of course; that is easily accorded. But we cannot do with Mr. Arnold as we can with most literary men, that is place him in any particular 'school.' The high priest of culture declines to sit on any literary 'fifth form' at the feet of any modern teacher. With that school which cries out, 'Art for art's sake,' in order that it may outrage morality with impunity, he has no connection. He is equally removed from that other class, fed on Wordsworth and water, which cries out for 'art only within the limits of morality,' in order to have an excuse for its insufferable dullness. In political affairs he is, one thinks, at heart, a Tory—at least he is strikingly out of accord with the Shrieking Brotherhood led by Mr. Goldwin Smith and brought up in the rear by Mr. Edward Jenkins. In social affairs he is out of tune with the Nineteenth Century civilization in England, and his criticism of English social life is edged with scorn. In historical matters he is opposed to the Puritan Propagandism of many modern writers; and would greatly have preferred that the progress of English nationality should have gone on uninterrupted by that Commonwealth out of which, so many writers wish us to believe, come most of our modern 'liberties.' As a poet he is too much of an incarnate Thought to be popular; but with those who, like himself, worship intellectual culture; and who look with kindly eyes upon him, as the chief preacher of culture; the poems of Matthew Arnold are precious things,

beyond compare with any of their kind, produced by any contemporary writer. One is far from admitting that intellectual culture is the one thing necessary in the world, however; and it is the misfortune of Mr. Arnold, and the misfortune of his readers and students, that he pursues, and encourages others to pursue, Culture, at the expense of Faith, which the world wants even worse than culture, and which, if it loses it, will be a loss more dangerous and irreparable than would be the utter annihilation of the culture of all the centuries. But he does not engage in the propagandism of doubt or denial with the fervour and fierceness of Mr. John Morley, who seems to have a personal interest in the destruction of Christianity. Matthew Arnold's doubts are distressing to him; there is an undertone of sadness in all that he sings, at least on the subject of modern scepticism. And the advantage of this state of mind is for orthodox belief, that it leads the disciples of Mr. Arnold to doubt his doubts and be distressed at his distress; while those whose minds are more rigidly tutored in orthodox beliefs recognize in his sadness and his longings the pains of a perverted intellect and a wrong culture. To cultivate the head at the expense of the heart is a too common practice; and the result is a total loss of domestic happiness. To cultivate the intellect at the expense of faith is a characteristic of this age; and the result is a total loss of mental serenity. In some few of his poems, Mr. Matthew Arnold illustrates this want of serenity, and shows how much the possession of it should be prized. I mention

particularly the 'Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse,' a most beautiful, most musical, most thoughtful poem.

On an autumn evening, when the wind is up and the rain is driving, and the mists are whirled above the valley, the Poet appears before the Carthusians' world-famed home. Then he gives a very beautiful picture of the silent courts where the icy fountains play by day and night, and the humid corridors where the 'Cowl'd forms brush by in gleaming white,' and the chapel, without an organ, where the monks

'With white uplifted faces stand
Passing the Host from hand to hand.'

Everything that can add solemnity to the scene and excite thought in the reader, or the beholder, is hinted by the Poet. For a similarly vivid piece of word-painting you must go to that most perfect, most artistic poem, the 'St. Agnes Eve' of Keats. The pictures of the suffering Christ upon the wall; the floor with its marks of many years of penitential kneeling; the wooden bed that some day will be a coffin; the library of saintly and sober volumes; the garden with its herbs of the Alps; the great hall with its pilgrim memories of old days; the Brotherhood with their austere life and their calm ways—all these things crowd the mind of the Poet, the Sceptic Poet, the Poet of Human Culture, who, for the first time, finds himself within these solemn walls and amid these medieval monks. It is no wonder that he pauses to ask himself

'And what am I, that I am here?'

And then comes the confession, which rises to the lips of so many thousands of cultured young men all the world over; that his youth was seized by rigorous teachers who purged its faith and trimmed its fire, and 'showed me the high white star of Truth' according to their idea of it; and, in fine, impressed the youthful mind with dog-

matic scepticism more relentless and illiberal than the doctrines of any orthodox school. There is no inhumanity so gross as the inhumanity of science; there is no illiberality so great as the illiberality of scepticism; and no church requires from her votaries such submission, such self-sacrifice, such slavish adherence, and such blind belief, as modern science requires. All do not submit. Occasionally a soul shrieks out its protest in its agony. Occasionally some heart breaks out in passionate song or melancholy lament. A very slight occasion suffices. It may be some-old-time hymn that is borne upon the breeze to passing ears from some 'narrowing nunnery walls;' it may be the sight of some grey, grand spire that, age after age, has pointed its own beauty out to the silent skies, and has been a standing protest against those who scoff and pass by; it may be some such scene as this which Matthew Arnold witnessed so long ago in his life; that touches the springs of feelings that had been hidden by pride or had grown callous with disuse; and then,—well, then, maybe it is only a Song that the world gets; maybe it is a Soul that God gets.

Now let us listen to the Poet's confession. He asks the forgiveness of his old masters of the mind for coming here, and protests that he is not here as their enemy; and not as the friend of these cowl'd Carthusian forms:

Not as their friend or child I speak!
But as, on some far northern strand
Thinking of his own gods—a Greek
In pity and mournful awe might stand
Before some fallen Runic stone—
For both were faiths, and both are gone.

*Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head
Like these, on Earth, I walk forlorn
Their faith—my tears, the world deride—
I come to shed them at their side.*

And this is all! This is the result of nineteen centuries of culture and criticism, of study and scepticism! The High Priest of Culture finds himself

only like some Greek who has lost faith in his country's gods, and gazes with melancholy pity at some Runic stone and finds that *two* faiths have died. Matthew Arnold finds that *three* have departed. And what position does he occupy? He is a 'wanderer between two worlds, one dead; the other powerless to be born; the dead world being the old world of Faith and God; the new world powerless to be born, being this world of science and scepticism, which brings forth nothing, gives no certitude, fixes nothing but ordinary natural phenomena. It is not a position of which the Poet is proud; he is pained, not proud; he is moved, not hardened. For here before him is a protest against his belief that the old world is dead; and here is an example of living Faith! Here he brings his tears at his own scepticism, to shed them by the side of these austere and silent Believers. He cries out:

Oh, hide me in your gloom profound,
Ye solemn seats of holy pain!
Take me, cowl'd forms and fence me round
Till I possess my soul again;
Till free my thoughts before me roll
Not chafed by hourly false control.

The world cries out that their faith is an exploded dream, a passed mode of thought that should trouble our minds no more. But the Poet's heart is wiser for a moment, and beats in a different way—

Ah if it be passed, take away
At least the restlessness, the pain!
Be man henceforth no more a prey
To these out dated stings again!
The nobleness of grief is gone—
Ah leave us not the fret alone!

But, if you cannot give us ease—
Last of the race of them who grieve
Here leave us to die out with these
Last of the people who believe!
Silent, while years engrave the brow;
Silent—the best are silent now.

And then he goes on to suggest the inability of the age to deal with the questions which agitate the sensitive souls. The same ocean of doubt surrounds the men of this generation that surrounded the men of the last; and the paths are as trackless as ever.

The outcries of the 'former men'; the protests of the sixteenth century, the persecutions of the seventeenth century, the denials and scoffings of the eighteenth century, and the scientific unbelief of this age; all have been powerless to mitigate one pain or add one joy for humanity—

What helps it now that Byron bore,
With haughty scorn that mocked the smart,
Through Europe to the Ætolian shore
The pageant of his bleeding heart?
That thousands counted every grain,
And Europe made his woe her own.

What boots it Shelley! that the breeze
Carried thy lovely wail away
Musical through Italian trees,
Which fringe thy soft blue Spezzian bay?
Inheritors of thy distress
Have restless hearts one thro' the less!

The time may come, says the poet, when, more fortunate than this age, men may be gay without frivolity and wise without being hard; but in the mean time, *let us weep*:—

Sons of the world, oh, speed those years
But, while we wait, allow our tears!

Is that all that the age can do, to alleviate its distress and atone for its doubts? Are tears the best tribute to Faith, which is rejected? Are aimless tears the sole results of modern civilization? There is something unmanly in the idea. How much more noble is the picture of Campbell's Last Man defying the 'darkling' universe to

Quench his immortality
Or shake his trust in God!

than this figure of the nineteenth century man of culture with his finger in his eye!

In the mean time the cowed Carthusians pray and work, work and pray within their convent walls; but the Poet does not, can not, remain. He must go out into the world like the lady of fashion after her yearly retreat. And that reminds him of the glimpses of the world which come to these shy brethren at times. Sometimes it is the sheen of lances and the waving of warlike banners with which the mountain solitudes are disturbed. Sometimes it is a gay hunting party

which comes from the valley to the monastery walls.

The banners flashing through the trees
Make their blood dance, and chain their eyes ;
The bugle music on the breeze
Arrests them with a charmed surprise,
Banner by turns and bugle woo :
Ye shy recluses follow too !

But it is no use ; the world woos in vain these devotees who see in their shining heavens visions of a splendour more brilliant than earth can show ; who hear in their solitudes voices of sweeter note and deeper meaning than those of bugle or hunting horn—

Pass, banners, pass, and bugles, cease,
And leave our desert to its Peace.

That is it. Leave us to our prayers and peace. Go forth man of culture to your strivings in pain and disquiet. Leave us here, who Believe. Go forth among those who Doubt. Perhaps the song you sung and the scene you have painted may suggest higher thoughts than yours to some loftier soul ; and your visit may not have been in vain.

Felicity of expression is proverbially a valuable gift. In poets it is, of course, an essential of their art ; and all possess it in some degree. Keats was a master of the art of 'fitting aptest words to things ;' and Matthew Arnold has also a most delicate perception of the fitness of words for their places. Indeed, he is so very exact and refined in this matter, that his use of certain forms of expression and certain odd rhymes almost amounts to a mannerism. And this exquisite gift is used with scholarly refinement to produce a most melancholy impression on his readers. I have before described him as being an incarnate Thought ; but the thought is a melancholy one ; and after reading and re-reading his poems, one rises from the perusal with the idea that the author is a man with an incurable sorrow, and a life-long pain. This is not the true office of poetry ; but it is the sceptical melancholy spirit of this age,

(when for so many thousands of men, as Keats says,

But to think is to be full of sorrow,
And leaden-eyed despair.)

that thus impresses a master mind and makes its highest utterances little else than a prolonged and saddening sigh. When a man is doubtful of God, doubtful of the hereafter, doubtful of the meaning of life, doubtful of the mission of man, doubtful of love ; and certain only that life is hard and sorrow is sure, and disappointments inevitable, and the grave an end of all, what can we expect in his poetry save a melancholy moan ? The more thoughtful he is, the deeper is his pain. When he surveys his kind, their labours, their pains, their sufferings, their disappointments, he is not the poet of culture singing of the great mission of mind ; he is a new Timon, not railing indeed, not cursing, not resenting a world's ingratitude, but sorrowing and sighing over the hardness of fate and the unhappiness of man. The very topmost heights of culture are sadly reached at such a cost of serenity and happiness. Some of Mr. Arnold's readers may think he is all serene ; but it is not serenity, it is resignation. Serenity is the product of confidence. And Mr. Arnold appears to be certain of nothing.

Let me illustrate my meaning by reference to some very beautiful and characteristic poems. One is entitled 'A Farewell,' and has a choice felicity of expression which is inimitable. The poet comes to greet and meet his love in Switzerland, and does meet and greet her after the fashion of all lovers. And for a time—happiness. But the inevitable sigh rises at once—

Days flew ; ah, soon I could discern
A trouble in thine alter'd air !
Thy hand lay languidly in mine,
Thy cheek was grave, thy speech grew rare.

I blame thee not !—this heart I know
To be long loved was never framed ;
For something in its depths doth glow,
Too strange, too restless, too untamed.

Perhaps he is right. Scholars do not

make good lovers, nor often succeed in being lastingly loved. We know that wise thing which *Aspasia* writes to *Cleone* in *Landor's* beautiful book—'These scholars who seem so quiet are often the most restless men in the world.' The poet then goes on to moralise in his melancholy way. Women, he says, want in their mates strength of will and promise of control, not kindness or gentle ways. (This is somewhat more cynically put by *Thackeray*, who says that women love best the fellows who broom-stick them.) And the poet has no such strength of will; for, he says,

I too have longed for trenchant force,
And will like a dividing spear;
Have praised the keen unscrupulous course
Which knows no doubt, which feels no fear.

But in the world I learnt, what there
Thou too wilt surely one day prove,
That will, that energy, though rare,
Are yet far, far less rare than love.

Let us weep; what else can we do but weep at such a melancholy revelation? Perhaps the hearts of women in all lands will cry out that it is not true. All of the poems which relate to *Switzerland* are in this same most weary and melancholy strain; and this melancholy is not the product of youth, which, when poetic, is always sad, but it is also the condition of his mature mind when years have passed away and the Poet is calm enough to look back on the past and rhyme about it—

I knew it when my life was young,
I feel it still, now youth is o'er.

Another characteristic of *Mr. Arnold's* mind is scorn. We need hardly in this place go into a dissertation on the unutterable scorn with which he has treated the *Philistine* class in *England*, the mercantile middle class with its strong *Puritan* element. Most intelligent readers are aware of it, and a good many of them, no doubt, relish it. In his address to *Urania*, cold and lofty muse of the shining stars, he tells us that she smiles not,

sighs not, at the passions of her poets,
yet she *could* love,

Were men but nobler than they are.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,
Our labour'd puny passion-fits—
Ah, may she scorn them still till we
Scorn them as bitterly as she.

But show her some superhuman
poet with eyes like starry lights, and
then she will love and reach out her
heavenly hand—

Then will she weep: with smiles till then
Coldly she mocks the sons of men;
Till then her lovely eyes maintain
Their pure, uncurtaining, deep disdain.

Surely this must be the very poet of the higher spheres who thus express his vicarious disdain of the petty sons of men. Surely *Urania* has held out her hand!

Let us turn to the poems which express in various fashions *Mr. Arnold's* views as to death and the soul and the hereafter. They are even more melancholy than the others. In the beginning I have indicated his views and fears and pains, when he compares himself with the *Carthusians* of the *Grande Chartreuse*. In other poems he has given us deeper hints of his state of mind on subjects the most serious that can engage the attention of any man. In a little poem entitled 'The River' he implores his beloved to let him weep (*Thaddeus* of *Warsaw* himself does not weep oftener than *Mr. Arnold*) on her shoulder—

Before I die—before the soul
Which now is mine, must re-attain
Immunity from my control
And wander round the world again.

It appears to *Mr. Arnold* that after death he will become a planet! If so, it may be his happy fate to be discovered by some learned *German Professor*, who will 'send him round' among the *Observatories* of *Europe*, with a description of his appearance, and suggestions for a new *Latin* name. What better fate could a scholar wish for than that? But it would be unfair to represent him as a disbeliever wholly in *God*. *God* is ever on his

lips, and in his song; but what God means; what He intends; what laws He has made; what His purposes are with man here and hereafter; what man's duty is—except to be 'calm' and 'quiet' and do 'work'—Mr. Arnold does not know. His God is a vague Personage, who created a world that He does not rule except by 'Nature's' laws; who created man, and gave man no creed or system or plan of being and dying; but who will reward us all (for what?) at some time or other, some place or other, in some way or other.

But let us abandon this litany of Mr. Arnold's characteristics, with some references to peculiarities more attractive, characteristics more creditable, more ennobling, and more poetical. His love poems, but for that undercurrent of sadness which runs through them all, are very attractive and most charming specimens of English versification. 'A Memory Picture' is a very pleasant little poem (or would be if the author would keep down the sigh) and contains a picture in every verse:—

Paint that lilac kerchief, bound
Her soft face, her hair around;
Tied under the archest chin
Mockery ever ambushed in,
Let the fluttering fringes streak
All her pale, sweet rounded cheek.
Ere the parting hour go by
Quick, thy tablets, Memory!

I have already referred in this essay to the melancholy of 'A Farewell;' but its music is more marked than its melancholy, and when one reads the opening lines—

My horse's feet beside the lake,
Where sweet the unbroken moonbeams lay.

one naturally goes on to read the rest, and one rises from the perusal of the poem with the measure dancing discreetly in one's mind, as the air of a piece of music will linger in one's ears for long after the performance of it has ceased.

But in these volumes which I turn over, there are some poems which fascinate one more than most modern

poetry. Of some of them we say—they make us see what the author sees, and more; of others—they set us thinking as the author thinks. I shall take two as specimens of each phase of the poet's skill and genius. The first is an elegiac poem called 'A Southern Night.' It recounts the death of the author's brother, in stanzas of such exquisite beauty and with skill so pure and perfect that one would not undertake the task of matching this poem in modern verse. Let me give one extract here:—

The murmur of this midland deep
Is heard to night around thy grave,
There where Gibraltar's cannon'd steep
O'erfrowns the wave.

Slow to a stop, at morning grey,
I see the smoke-crowned vessel come;
Stor round her paddles dies away
The seething foam.

A boat is lower'd from her side;
Ah, gently place him on the bench!
That spirit—if all have not yet died—
A breath might quench.

The verse emphasized above seems to me to present as perfect a picture as the literature of our time can produce; it is word-painting of the most exquisite character. And then he goes on with the inevitable reflection, graceful and wonderfully apt in this case, that it is odd that a bustling, jaded Englishman should have so quiet a grave; and he says:—

In cities should we English lie
Where cries are rising ever new,
And men's incessant stream goes by—
We, who pursue,

Our business with unslacking stride,
Traverse in troops with care-filled breast
The soft Mediterranean side.
The Nile, the East,

And see all sights from pole to pole,
And glance and nod and bustle by,
And never once possess our soul
Before we die.

And now, having gone through some of the moods of this true Poet—for true Poet he is, though we may not like a verse here and there, or a sigh too much or a doubt too many—we will before closing give an example or two of his power of crystallizing the facts of history and suggesting many

grave thoughts in a few lines of sweet and yet stately verse. The poem from which I will quote is entitled 'Obermann Once More,' and consists of reflections on the author of *Obermann*, Etienne Pirert de Senancour, who, after a chequered life, died in Paris in 1846. The author, the Poet, represents himself as coming to the Alpine hut of Obermann, who addresses to him a poetical dissertation on the course of human thought and history. The old Pagan world with its sated lust and fierce feverish enjoyments is suggested in a few wonderful verses. The overflow of the Roman tempest on the East is then suggested, and we read :—

The East bowed down before the blast,
In patient, deep disdain :
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.

This is wonderful in its wide suggestiveness. The passive land, which is the home of all our religion and philosophy, and where all may retire to end in due time, could not be more aptly described. The utter powerlessness of what we are pleased to call Western 'Civilization,' to impress itself on the Eastern mind has never been better suggested. The East then sent out its Man-God to teach the Roman West to seek solace in its soul. And the West heard—

She veiled her eagles, snapped her sword,
And laid her sceptre down,
Her stately purple she abhorred,
And her Imperial Crown.

Christianity had its turn then, after the Roman tempest had broken, and the Eastern lands were at peace —

And centuries came and ran their race,
And unspent all that time ;
Still, still went forth that child's dear face,
And still was at its prime

But after this there comes the inevitable suggestion which is flung in our teeth from so many quarters, that all this is ended now, and another state of things exists :—

Now he is dead ! Far hence he lies
In the lone Syrian town :
And on his grave with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.

And, so, henceforth, man must be sufficient for himself, and be his own guide, and philosopher, and teacher, resigning all creeds and beliefs, and thinking out a system for himself—if he have time which is unlikely ; and if he has inclination, which is more unlikely still. It is not a very satisfactory reflection even for those who seem most fond of making it. It is not a very lofty philosophy, even in the eyes of those who seem most bent on propagating it. And Christianity beholding it all, is indignant and cries : 'What a philosophy this is ! It deals only with masses of men as if they were brutes—I take thought for even their infants' cries. It stamps out life in its wives, and starves the poor in their garrets—I call on my people to distribute their goods to the poor and to have charity. I gave you religion, and you perverted it. I gave you genius, and you have debauched it. I gave you philosophy, and you have not comprehended it. I gave you art and you have degraded it. I gave you music, and you have outraged its every note to base uses. I gave you government, society, laws, institutions, freedom, and you have misused them all. And then you tell me I am dead—because *you* have failed, after centuries of *your* experiments and *my* patience. Give me *my* world again !'

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

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

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Away," she cried, "grave heart and solemn sighs!
Kiss and be merry; preach the sermon after.
Give me the careless dance and twinkling eyes;
Let me be wooed with kisses, songs, and laughter."

ALMA'S delirium of triumph reached its climax on the Sunday morning when, in self-conscious grandeur, she ambled up the aisle behind her mother. Alan was not in the church, being, as his *fiancée* presently reflected with a jealous pang, most likely with Miss Dalmeny. This circumstance, however, was perhaps fortunate, because even Alan's loyalty might hardly have stood the test of that triumphal march up the aisle, that tossing of the head which made his betrothed an object of envy to a few and of sniggering contempt to many. Those who most envied, longed, and bitterly reproached the partiality of fate, were especially the two young ladies who just missed the golden apple. What had they done that Alma alone should be singled out for this special good fortune? As for those Sisters of the Order who were attending the service, feelings of quite peculiar wonder and pity for their unfortunate Brother passed across their minds and hindered their devotions. Harry was not at church either, a fact which Alma speedily ascertained by looking for him in his usual place. She was sorry for that, too. She felt that she could have enjoyed furtively contemplating his black looks. The

girl was dressed in a simple stuff, which Alan asked her mother, whose taste he could trust, to buy for her. She resented the simplicity of the costume, which she would have preferred, I think, made up in red velvet, the splendour of which would have increased the envy of other maidens, and she resented certain enforced restrictions as to ribbons, of which she would have liked an assortment in various colours. But she had the sense to give way, on the hint from her mother that Mr. Dunlop would prefer a quiet dress.

'You've got,' said her mother severely, 'to try and be a lady—to look at, I mean—if you can. I've never interfered with your bits of finery, though many's the time its gone to my heart to see a gell of mine go about for all the world like a gipsy wench round a may-pole. But I know what Mr. Dunlop is used to, and you've got to take my advice now. Lord! Lord! What an unnatural thing it is, to be sure!'

'As if I was the only girl in the world that a gentleman has fallen in love with.'

'Fallen in love!' echoed her mother. 'Fallen in love, indeed! And with you! Why, what's your good looks compared to Miss Miranda or Miss Nelly or any of the young ladies at the Court? And what's your silly saucy ways compared with their beautiful talk? And what sort of manners have you got, I should like to

know, compared with theirs? Fallen in love! It's all a part of the poor young gentleman's craziness.'

She went about her work, this unnatural mother, with lips that moved in silent talk, because she was greatly disturbed in her mind. It seemed to her honest soul like treachery towards the memory of her dead mistress. And, as she told Alma, she knew ladies and she knew the ways that gentlemen are used to.

'Your manners?' she went on, piling it up—this sort of truth-hearing is really very painful. 'Whatever in the world Mr. Dunlop will say when he sees you sit at your dinner, I don't know. You take your victuals—well, you take 'em like your father. And I can't say worse for you.'

'You had better tell father so,' returned Alma. 'But, mother, now,' she put on her coaxing way, 'if you'll tell me, little by little, you know, because I can't learn it all at once, what I'll have to alter, I'll try. I really will. And you should like to see me a real lady, shouldn't you?'

But Mrs. Bostock shook her head.

'I shall never see that,' she said. 'Ladies are born and bred, not made to order. Lord bless you, child, you'll never make more than a tin-kettle lady.'

This was not the opinion of her father, who accepted the position as one due to the singular merit of his daughter and the fact of his own training. The Bailiff, in fact, spent his time, now, chiefly in self-laudation. He assumed the importance which seemed to befit the post of the Squire's father-in-law. He went to market and talked loudly of his son-in-law: he more than hinted at important changes about to be made in the management of the estates: and he patronised those large tenants to whom he had before been servile.

Needless to say that the voice of popular opinion, as expressed by the tenants, was that the Squire, of whose sanity there had long been grievous

doubt, was now gone stark-staring mad. Some among them wanted to get up a deputation to Lord Alwyne asking for advice and assistance; but this fell through.

Alma's hours of triumph were fewer than those which her father enjoyed. To sit in church and feel that the eyes of Weyland maidenhood were on you, with looks of envy and longing, was grand. But during the long week, the six days of labour, there was no such soul-ennobling solace to be got. All day long, the future mistress of Weyland Court went on with her accustomed labour: milked the cows and fed the fowls; made the butter and peeled the potatoes.

'I thought,' she said to her mother, 'that you wanted me to be a lady. Ladies don't scour milk-pans.'

'If ladies don't scour milk-pans,' replied the woman of experience, 'they do something else. If you didn't do the housework, you'd sit with your hands in your lap, or you'd go out and get into mischief. That's not the way to be a lady. Talk o'you gells! You think that a lady's got nothing to do but lazy away her idle time. I haven't patience with you. And you to marry a gentleman!'

Before this unlucky engagement Mrs. Bostock had got on fairly well with her daughter. There were skirmishes, dexterous exchanges of rapier-thrusts between tongues as sharp as steel, in which one gave and the other took, or the reverse, with equal readiness. And neither bore malice. Also, both stood side by side against the common enemy. Stephen Bostock, as parent and husband, was alternately morose and ferocious. In the former mood he had to be met with silence or short answers; in the latter, he had to be stood up to. When he was meditating schemes of plunder he was morose: when his schemes failed, which generally happened, because success in roguery requires as much acuteness as success in honest undertakings, he became ferocious. And on those oc-

casions it would have been delightful for the bystander, were there any, to witness how, by full facers from his wife and half-aside 'cheek' from his daughter, the unhappy man would be goaded into rages which left nothing to be desired except a victim. 'Very handy,' as Hardy Cardew observed—'Very handy he was, 'cept when there was a man about.' But of late years he had abstained, probably from fear of the consequences, from actually carrying his threats into execution, and beating his offspring into a mash.

Things had gone badly with the Bostocks until the head of the house was appointed Bailiff. Then, things went better. As it was easy to cheat the Squire, and operations of quite an extensive character began with the very commencement, gloomy moroseness became the silence of thoughtful reflection, and habitual ferocity was softened into the occasional damn. But, in this sudden and unexpected access of good fortune, the chances of Harry Cardew sank lower and lower. The honest gamekeeper found himself more and more unwelcome at the farmhouse, until one day, a few months before Alma's engagement, he was informed in no measured terms by the Bailiff, that a young man of like calling and social position with himself could by no means be accepted as a candidate for his daughter's hand. The Bailiff put his point in coarse but vigorous English. It made a short sentence, and it left no possible room for doubt or mistake. He weakened it by a threat of personal violence, which, addressed to the young giant before him from one so puffy and out of condition as himself, was ludicrous; but the rule, as lawyers say, was absolute. Harry must cease his visits.

And presently came this rosy, thissapphire-and-amaranth-tinted position of things; when the Bailiff's daughter, not of Islington, but of Weyland, was actually engaged to be married to the Squire and the son of the Squire. Then it was that Stephen Bostock assumed the

airs of superiority which so riled and offended the farmers. Then it was that he became all at once the loving, even the doating, father. Then it was that he walked the fields in the evening revolving great dreams of agricultural rule. Then it was that he looked through the veil which generally hides the misty ways of futurity, and saw himself, Stephen Bostock, living in great splendour, held in much honour of all men, drinking quantities of brandy and water among a circle of worshippers and smoking a pipe among other pipes, all of which were myrrh and frankincense offered to himself, the wise, the crafty, the successful Bostock. Then it was that he began to fondle, to caress, and to cuddle his only child, until his endearments became painful, even insufferable, to the young lady; and she would run away and hide herself to get out of his way. And then it was that he discovered that his wife, whom he had hitherto revered as a person intimately acquainted, through her experience as lady's-maid, with the habits, customs, and predilections of the aristocracy, was really nothing better than a shallow pretender to this kind of knowledge, because he objected, from the very beginning, to her daughter's engagement with the Squire.

'You may swear, Stephen,' she would say, what time Alma was in bed and her husband was contemplating things through the rosy light which comes of the third or fourth tumbler of grog—'You may swear, Stephen, as much as you like. And what a man would do without swearing, smoking, and drinking, the Lord only knows. Swearing can't make things different; and it's unnatural. It's unnatural, I say.'

When Stephen first found his appropriate adjective for the situation, he slapped his leg in rejoicing. When Mrs. Bostock found hers, she cut the thread with which she was working—being a woman who was perpetually sewing—with a sharper snap than usual.

Stephen swore again, but with a murmurous tone of satisfaction, because the light upon the future was growing more roseate, more beautiful.

'A son-in-law,' he said, 'as is the Squire of this great estate; a son-in-law worth—ah!—his twenty thousand a year; a son-in-law as is between you and me, wife, a little loose in the upper story; that kind o' son-in-law doesn't grow on every bush, and is to be encouraged when he does come. Encouraged he shall be. Fooled he shall be, if I can fool him. And hen-pecked he will be, for sure and certain, when our Alma once gets her tongue free, and her tail well up, and her claws out. And as regards wild cats, I will say that, for a wild cat, once you wake her up, there's no gell in all Weyland like my gell.'

'Yes,' said her mother, 'she's the Bostock temper. As for my family, we're that meek—'

'You are,' replied the husband, finishing his tumbler: 'you're as meek as the Irish pig—' He did not explain this allusion, which remains obscure.

It will be seen that these influences were not the highest or the most promising which could be brought to bear on the mind of a young woman about to marry a young man oppressed with great possessions. But Alma had been brought up under them, and knew no other. It will also be seen that the out-look to Alan in search of a helpmeet, would have seemed to him, had he known as much as we know, sufficiently dark.

All day long spent in household and dairy labour: and then, alas! all the evening to be got through with her unintelligible lover. Poor Alma! Poor bride-elect! They talked and walked, these fine July evenings, chiefly in the garden of the farm, that long strip of ground planted with raspberry-canes and gooseberry-bushes, and walled on either hand by an apple-orchard. In the dusk and sweet summer twilight they walked up and down the narrow

walk, arm in arm, while Alan discoursed and Alma tried to listen, failed to understand, and let her thoughts run off on Harry. More than once she saw the unlucky gamekeeper at the garden-gate, looking wistfully into the garden like the Peri into Paradise, and her heart leaped up, and it wanted but a word, a beckoning, a gesture from her humble lover to make her dare all, throw down the ring of King Cophetua, and rush to the place where she would fain be, the arms of the man who knew her for what she was, and did not believe her to be a saint.

For really, poor Mr. Dunlop was too unbearable.

Does any girl, *could* any girl, like being improved after her engagement or her marriage? I once knew a man who was very, very intellectual. He was quite familiar with everything that is lofty, abstruse and unintelligible; he read his *Fortnightly* with more regularity than he read his Bible; he lived, so to speak, and found his nourishment entirely in the Higher Criticism; Mill, Bain, and Herbert Spencer were far, far behind him; and yet he used to clasp his two hands across his massive brow, and say that what we want—meaning mankind at large, including himself—is More Brain Power. This man married a wife, and resolved, as he told all his friends, upon moulding her. Many men have resolved upon moulding their wives, and have not discovered until too late that their wives have moulded *them*. My friend began very much as Alan Dunlop began, only *mutatis mutandis*. He did not lecture her, or teach her. He got her a ticket for the British Museum Library, took her there, and looked out useful books for her to read—Mill, Bain, and Spencer, the elementary prophets. No one, of course, will be surprised to hear the end of this mournful reminiscence. The young wife made the acquaintance of a young man who sat next to her, and was engaged at a low wage in the Translation Department of the eminent publishers,

Messrs. Roguepogue, Gulchit, and Co. I believe he was weak in French, and used to ask his fair neighbour for help in difficult passages. One day they went out at luncheon-time together. Neither of them returned their books, and neither of them ever came back again. And there was great unpleasantness afterwards.

Similarly, there is the well-known case of the æsthetic man—one is almost ashamed to quote it—who wanted to train his wife in true principles of Art, and used to carry her about to Picture Galleries and make her sit for hours in front of Martyrs and Saints going to be tortured, till she grew at last to take a savage and unchristian pleasure in thinking that those heads with the golden halos held on one side and those figures stuck out ecclesiastically stiff, would shortly be roasting at the stake. She revenged herself by dressing one night when they were dining with quite awfully æsthetic people in a costume of red, green, and yellow. Her husband caught sight of it in the middle of dinner. They carried him away, and his wife went with him. Just as he rallied and came round, he saw it again. In his weak condition it was too much. She is a widow now, with no taste at all for Art.

Alan Dunlop, rapidly discovering that his future wife was not as yet quite the young person he had dreamed of, resolved, like our friends, the Intellectual and the Artistic Prigs, to 'mould' his wife.

He moulded her in two ways.

First, he lent her books to read.

The books he chose were those to which he owed, he thought, the ideas which most governed his own life. Among these were Ruskin's *Two Paths*, the *Sesame and Libes*, and a selection from the *Fors Clavigera*. He forgot that what a man takes away from a book is precisely what he brings to it, only that much developed, that his mind is like the soil already planted, digged about for air and light,

and weeded of false notions. Alma, poor girl, brought nothing to the study of the *Fors* but a blank mind. She understood no single word. First, she did try to read the books: read on, page after page, although the words had no meaning, and, when she put the volumes down, left nothing behind them but a sort of blurr, haze, and bad dream of meaningless sentences which seemed to follow her, to whisper their gibberish in her ear, and to haunt her dreams at night like devils and ghosts. That plan would clearly never do. Then she hit upon another. She would learn a bit and try to repeat it, to show that she really had read the whole. This succeeded tolerably the first evening, but on the second she broke down suddenly and horribly, collapsed, went off into nonsense, and finally foundered altogether.

The second method adopted by Alan was to lecture his *fiancée*. He spent hours every day in expounding the elementary principles of his philosophy, and he hoped that she would readily grasp the science in which women are supposed to have done so much—social and political economy. He hoped that she would become a second Harriet Martineau. As a matter of fact, I believe that the success of women in Political Economy is due to their acceptance of unproved theories as if they were truths demonstrated beyond all doubt. By this method they have built up a structure which spiteful people say will go to pieces in the first gale of wind. However, Alma listened, and understood nothing. The lecturer went on, but his words poured into her ears while her thoughts were far away.

And then there followed a very curious state of things.

While Alan talked, Alma allowed her thoughts to wander away. She listened mechanically, prepared to smile and murmur when his voice ceased for a moment. Now, after the first preamble with which Alan opened up the subject of his engagement and

exposed his reasons, he took it for granted that Alma understood exactly why he wanted to marry her and how they were to live. Alma, who had forgotten all about the preamble, which she never understood, looked on her marriage as elevation to the rank of a lady, dreamed continually of Weyland Court, and let Alan go on talking of their future in his obscure manner without interruption. That she was to go on living in the village would have seemed too absurd. Far better brave all and marry Harry Cardew.

But what a lover! And what an engagement! And never a kiss, never a hand-squeeze, never the least sigh; only a grave 'How do you do, Alma?' or 'Good night, Alma,' with a cold shake of the hand and a look of those deep, grave, blue eyes which always, when they met her own, made the country girl tremble and shake to think of long days and nights to be spent always beneath their solemn, almost reproachful gaze.

What a lover! What an engagement! And, oh!—bliss to run out for five minutes only, when Mr. Dunlop was gone, to meet Harry in the orchard, and he with his arm round her waist like a man, and ready with his honest old lips upon her cheek. And, ah! Heaven! if her father, or her mother, or Mr. Dunlop himself should ever know!

After the political economy Alan proceeded to the difficulties which more immediately occupied him, connected with the reform of the lower classes. He gave her a lecture on temperance, which was not needed because her father, no doubt from the highest of motives, had frequently enacted the Helot before her; and like all women of her class, she regarded drink with the loathing that comes of experience. Then he spoke of woman's influence over other women. Alma regarded this as a question of authority. Had she been placed over half a hundred maids she would have

ruled them all, or known the reason why; and she failed to comprehend what Alan meant when he talked beautifully about the common bond of womanhood, and the sweetness of woman's sympathy with other women. Alma thought of Black Bess and regretted that she was not strong enough to shake her, because she knew that young person to be harbouring thoughts of malice and revenge against herself. Alan went on to talk of the sympathies of class with class, of the natural tendency of human nature to form itself into strata, of the difficulties of passing from one to the other. Alma thought that she herself would pass with the greatest ease from the lower to the higher—and the helpful nature of alliances formed between members of one another. 'He is really quite mad,' thought the girl. And he tried to draw a picture of a pair living together, devoted like any Comtist to the enthusiasm of Humanity; working out problems in civilization, leading upwards to the Higher Culture whole droves of smock-frocks, navvies, roughs, whose principal delights theretofore had been beer-drinking, pipe-smoking, leaning against posts, and kicking their wives.

'Harry,' cried Alma one evening after nearly a week of this. 'He most drives me mad, he does. Either he talks like a schoolmaster, or else he talks like a passon in a pulpit. He's not like a man. Preach? Every day and all day. And goodness gracious only knows what he says. What does he take me for?'

'Heart up, pretty,' said Harry. 'Heart up. He shan't have you. Never you fear.'

'Ah!' she sighed sentimentally. 'I should like to be mistress of Weyland Court. That would be grand, if he wasn't there too. And yet, to have him always looking at me with those solemn eyes of his as if—well—as if he was going to begin another sermon; it's hardly worth it, Harry. And after all, everybody must like a man

better than a preaching doll. And true love—oh! Harry—what a thing that is to read about in the story-books!’

‘Ay—Alma—it is. True Love will wash, as the song says.’

‘And then—’ she burst into a low laugh—‘only think, Harry, what a rage father would be in. He’d go round—how he would go round! And he couldn’t beat me to a mash, as he used to say he would, because—’

‘Because,’ said Harry huskily, ‘I’d beat any man to a hundred mashes as offered to raise his hand again my little girl.’

CHAPTER XXVII.

We may live so happy there
That the spirits of the air,
Envyng us, may even entice
To our healing paradise
The polluting multitude.

MIRANDA allowed a fortnight to pass after Alan’s engagement before she drove over to make a closer acquaintance with the young lady, her future sister-in-law, as she began to say to herself. Mrs. Bostock was a friend of many years’ standing, but with her daughter, Miranda had but little intercourse, and with the great Stephen Bostock, her husband, none at all. It was therefore lucky that when she drove over to the farm, the Bailiff, whose approaching connection with the Great caused him to assume overwhelming airs, graces, and ease of familiarity, was out on the farm, bullying the labourers. Alma, too, was down in the village on some quest of her own, and Mrs. Bostock alone was in the place to receive her visitor.

She was ashamed and confused, this ex-lady’s maid. It seemed a dreadful thing to her that Miss Miranda, of all people in the world, should come to her house under the circumstances. For, like anybody else, she regarded

her daughter as one about to step into the place long reserved for Miss Dalmeny.

‘Oh! dear, Miss Miranda,’ she cried. ‘Is it you? Come in, do. And I more than half ashamed to look you in the face. Let him walk the pony into the shade. And where will you sit? In the porch? Well, it is fresh and airy here, with the flowers and all. And how well you are looking, and what a lovely frock you’ve got on! But you always were as beautiful as flowers in May.’

‘Perhaps the fine feathers make a fine bird, Mrs. Bostock.’

But Mrs. Bostock shook her head.

‘No,’ she said. ‘That’s what they say, but it’s nonsense. ’Tis but a jay in peacock’s plumes, all done and ended. That’s what I say to Alma: “Trick yourself out,” I say, “just as you like.” It’s what I say to Bostock, and it makes him mad. “Put what you like on the gell,” I say, “and she’s Alma Bostock still.” Lady? Not a bit of a lady. You might—’ her eyes wandered from the flower to the vegetable garden. ‘You might as well plant a onion in the flower-bed and think you’ll get a tulip.’

‘I came to see you on purpose about Alma.’

Mrs. Bostock, a little relieved by the declaration of sentiments which, she felt, did her credit in Miranda’s eyes, sat down in the porch opposite her visitor with folded hands. It was a pretty little rustic porch, with roses and honeysuckle climbing about the sides, like a cottage-porch on the stage.

‘Yes,’ Miranda repeated; ‘I came to see you about Alma, now that she is going to be a kind of sister-in-law.’

‘No, Miss Miranda, I won’t have that said. There’s shame and foolishness already in letting her marry Master Alan to gratify a whim. Don’t let her never say that she’s your sister-in-law. Sister, indeed. I’d sister her. And nothing but misery before him.’

This way of looking at things dis-

concerted Miranda, who had expected a sort of apologetic triumph.

'Why misery?' she asked.

'For every reason, Miss Miranda,' said Mrs. Bostock. 'First, Mr. Dunlop don't care for the gell, not as a gell should be cared for; and second, the gell don't care for him. And if that wasn't enough, I ask you what pleasure in life can he have with a gell who isn't a lady? And nothing will make her a lady neither.'

Mrs. Bostock spoke from her experience of gentlefolks, and what she said was true enough, as Miranda very well knew.

'But the case is unusual,' she pleaded. 'Alan wants to marry a girl who will help him in his plans of life. Surely, Mrs. Bostock, you must own that he is the most disinterested and the noblest of men.'

'Stuff an' nonsense!' replied the Bailiff's wife. 'Let poor people alone to worry through in their own way. And as for Alma helping him, if ever she is his wife, which I can't believe will ever be, so unnatural it is, she won't stir her little finger for anybody but herself. And as for joining in this, that and the other, all she thinks about now, day and night, is to be mistress of Weyland Court. And if it wasn't for that, I don't believe even her father would make her marry him.'

'Oh? but, Mrs. Bostock. Your own daughter!'

'If a mother don't know her own child, no one knows her. Alma's grew up at my apron-strings, and I know her ways. There's only one thing for her, and that's a strong man whom she will be afraid of. She's afraid of Mr. Dunlop, in a way; but not the way I mean; and when she's got over her shyness with him, she'll begin her tricks. Why, already, she's deceived him at every turn.'

'How?'

'He gives her books to read. She pretends to read them. She learns little bits and says them by heart, so as to make him think that she has

read them all. Deep? There's no telling how deep the gell is. After all, we were all gells once, and many's the time I've told a fib to my lady when I ran out for a minute, to meet my Stephen in the stable-yard. But then I was not going to stick myself up for a lady.'

There was a certain amount of personal jealousy in Mrs. Bostock's feelings. She had hitherto prided herself in her lady's-maid's position and the knowledge it gave her of gentlefolks' ways. Now, this superiority, as soon as her daughter was promoted to the actual position of a lady, would be reft from her. Also, she had a genuine feeling that the honour of the Dunlop family was impugned by this *mésalliance*. Needless to repeat that her husband sympathised with neither of these feelings, but on the contrary, used violent language on what he was pleased to consider the unnatural attitude of a mother.

It was not pleasant for Miranda to hear that the girl on whom Alan built such hopes was beginning with little deceptions.

'But, Mrs. Bostock,' she said, trying to make an excuse, 'Alma is very young, and we must make allowances. She does not understand that it would be better to tell him clearly that the books are at present too hard for her. She will find out, presently, that it is best to have no concealment from him.'

Mrs. Bostock sniffed, and tossed her head.

'You young ladies,' she said, 'little know. What with shifts and straits, and bad temper, and violent ways, most gells go on for ever with some deception or another. Sometimes I wonder if I was ever so sly. And they think that no one sees through them.'

'It is because they do not know,' said Miranda, 'how much better it always is to be perfectly and entirely open with everybody.'

'It's their nature to,' said Mrs. Bostock.

'But you must let me do what I can,' Miranda continued. 'If Alma will let me be her friend, one may do a great deal more by talking, and—and by example than by finding fault. I want to help her for the sake of Alan, you know, entirely.'

'Yes, Miss Miranda, I do know. And after being with him for so many years like—like—'

'Like brother and sister.'

'Like brother and sister together, it must be nothing short of dreadful to see him take up with our Alma.'

'Not quite dreadful,' said Miranda kindly. 'Of course we should all have preferred to see him marry in his own rank.'

'And Lord Alwyne, too! Poor dear gentleman!' sighed Mrs. Bostock with real sympathy. 'But there—here's Alma coming home with the fal-lals she went out to buy.'

Alma pushed open the garden-gate and tripped up the walk with her light elastic step.

'She is a pretty girl,' Miranda said, watching her from the porch.

Pretty she certainly was. And this afternoon she looked animated, happy, and bright, with a flush in her cheek and a light in her eye. She had, indeed, succeeded in squeezing a sovereign out of her mother—part of certain money entrusted to Mrs. Bostock by Alan for her behalf—and had gone to the village shop to get the fal-lals imported especially for her from Athelston. On the way she had met Black Bess and interchanged a few compliments in which she felt herself to have the superiority. Had Alan heard these remarks he would not have felt happier. She wore the grey stuff dress with blue ribbons which her mother had made for her; she had a light straw hat upon her head, and her long bright hair lay in curls and waves over her shoulders.

I regret to say that at sight of Miranda the light went out of Alma's eyes, the smiles from her lips, the brightness from her forehead. She

turned quite pale, save for an angry red spot in either cheek. This was the real lady, the lady whom she could ape but never imitate, the lady whom her mother held up to her as the impossible standard, and Mr. Dunlop as the standard to which he would have her attain. She was sick of Miss Dalmeny's name. 'Miranda,' said Mr. Dunlop, 'thinks so and so;' or, 'Miranda would, I believe, advise you in such a way;' or, 'Miranda would like you to act in this or the other way.' Always at school, always engaged upon a hopeless copy, of which Miss Dalmeny was the model.

And only five minutes before Black Bess had taunted her with the accusation that though engaged to marry Mr. Dunlop, everybody knew that Miss Dalmeny was the only woman he truly loved, as she, poor Alma, would surely find out to her cost when it was too late. And she added, this kind and friendly maiden, that she sincerely pitied her, and had done ever since she persuaded Mr. Exton, by promising she only knew what, to give her the golden apple.

Therefore it is quite comprehensible that Alma was not delighted to see Miranda, or desirous of forming a close alliance with her.

'How do you do, Alma?' said Miranda, keeping her hand for a little. 'I would not come for a few days after I heard of your engagement, because I wanted you to feel a little settled first. I hope we shall be very good friends.'

'Alma should be proud and grateful,' said her mother.

Alma said nothing. Miranda saw by the gleam of her eyes that she was neither proud nor grateful, only for some reason of her own, resentful. But Miranda was not to be beaten. What reason had the girl to be resentful?

'I am going into the village to the library, Alma,' she said. 'Will you turn back and come with me. Unless you are tired. We shall find Alan there, very likely.'

'I am not at all tired,' said Alma reluctantly, because she neither wanted to see Alan herself, nor did she want Miranda to see him alone. 'I will go back with you.'

She tossed her paper package on the bench and turned to walk down the garden path, leading the way in a sullen and defiant manner, not pretty at all, nor significant of the Higher Culture.

Mrs. Bostock shook her head.

'Jealousy, that is,' she said. Alma's jealousy of you, Miss Miranda. Well—to think that I should live to see my daughter jealous of Miss Dalmeny.'

It was not pride, but in sorrow that she spoke.

Alma volunteered no remark on the way to the library, but she was glad to see in the distance Black Bess herself at an open window, watching her as she walked side by side with Miss Dalmeny. There were, then, compensations. It was something to walk side by side with the only woman—and she a lady—whom Mr. Dunlop truly loved, and to feel that she would not let him. Miranda tried to set the girl at her ease, but in vain. Alma was sulky and awkward.

'Will you come to Dalmeny Hall, and stay with me, Alma?' she asked.

'Stay with you, Miss Miranda?' Alma opened her eyes wide.

'Yes: we are very quiet at the Hall, if you do not mind that. I must make your acquaintance now, and we must be very good friends for the future.'

Alma murmured something in reply, she hardly knew what. She was walking with Miss Dalmeny. Black Bess was watching her with envy and all uncharitableness, which was like black-berry jam to her heart, and Miss Dalmeny was inviting her to stay at the Hall.

To stay at the Hall! To be sure, there would be something truly awful in the way of perpetual good manners to put up with, and how ladies and

gentlemen can endure to be always on tiptoe was beyond poor Alma's comprehension. But then the grandeur: to think how her father would go round like a turkey-cock in the farmyard, with swelling breast and head erect, proclaiming that his girl was at Dalmeny Hall! Perhaps she had been wrong to be so full of jealousy and sulkiness. Perhaps Miss Dalmeny meant well after all; very likely, she thought that, as she could not have Alan for herself, it would be well to make friends with those who could.

Perhaps, too, she had not grasped the whole possibilities of the situation. As she walked demurely by the side of the young lady she became conscious of the extraordinary difference between her own frock and Miss Dalmeny's costume. And without realising that to wear such a costume required an education, she at once began to build dreams in her own mind of how such a dress, with such a hat and such gloves, should be her own. No doubt at sight of them Black Bess would fairly burst with spite.

In the midst of this pleasing dream they arrived at the Library.

Of course it was not to be expected that anybody would be there on this hot July afternoon, when the boys and girls were sleepily droning to the master in the school, the schoolmaster was sleepily droning to the boys and girls, the cobbler was falling asleep over his work and the latest work on Atheism, the very labourers in the fields—it was just before the harvest—were sleepily contemplating the golden grain about to fall beneath their sickles, and even the Bailiff was sleepily musing on the greatness of the future. All the world was sleepy, all the world was at rest, and the white walls of the Library—the ex-Dissenting Chapel—looked thirsty, hot and uninviting. Two *habituals*, however, were within it, the usual two—Alan Dunlop, reading and making notes at the table, which, by constant use, he had made his own; and Prudence Driver, the

librarian. She, poor thing, was engaged in a statistical return—Alan Dunlop was as *exigeant* in the matter of statistical returns as the Education Department. She was carefully extracting from her book the solid crumbs of comfort : such as that an inquirer had taken Euclid from the shelves once during the year—she omitted to mention that he brought the philosopher back in five minutes with an apology ; she noted down the gratifying fact that Mill's Works had been twice taken from the shelves, once knocked down by accident, and once asked for by mistake. She found, to her joy, that inquiries had been made (by the Squire, but she did not say so) after Darwin, Carlyle, Tennyson, Froude, Huxley, Freeman, Swinburne, Morris, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, and Alexander Bain ; that Robert Browning's latest poems had been taken down—by the Vicarage girls ; though this did not appear ; and that works not in the library, such as Volney, Toland, Voltaire's *Dictionnaire, Philosophique*, Clarke's *Critical Review*, and such had been asked after more than once. In fact, it was the cobbler, who, whenever he was a little drunk, used to drop in and terrify the girl by demanding these and other atheistical productions. As for the remaining books in request, they were vain and frivolous things, novels, story books, travel books, anything but such as inform the intellect and advance knowledge. And yet, when Prudence Driver's sheet of returns was complete, it was such as a statistical Member of Parliament would have contemplated with the keenest satisfaction. 'Can we,' he might have asked, 'can we any longer speak of the backward state of our village education when in a small place of five hundred inhabitants such a return is possible ? What do we see ? Euclid, Mill, Bain, Spencer, Carlyle, Huxley, Darwin, Arnold, and Tennyson in eager request ? Volney, Toland, and Voltaire asked for—what would honourable members wish for

more, even in the Bodleian or the University Library of Cambridge ?

The quiet, pale-faced girl, who alone, with Miranda, believed in the young Reformer, looked up eagerly as the visitors entered the library. Perhaps it might be some new convert to the glories of self-culture, somebody really wanting to read Mill. No. It was Miss Miranda, and with her—Alma. At sight of her Prudence Driver resumed her task, a set gloom suddenly developing on her face. Alma Bostock represented the one false, the fatally false, move taken by Mr. Dunlop. Her instinct told her that there would be nothing in common between her Prophet and a girl whose character and conduct were of the most frivolous. And here was Miss Miranda actually walking about with her ! Did they not know, then ?

'You, Miranda, and Alma ! And together ! This is very kind, Miranda,' cried Alan, starting from his chair. 'What brings you here ?'

'I was calling on Alma, and we thought we would come down here and find you out,' Miranda replied, speaking for Alma as well as herself. 'We wanted to know how you are getting on ?'

'I am getting on badly,' said Alan. 'There is no possible doubt on that point. But we shall do better presently, shall we not, Alma ?'

Alma looked up and smiled, but not with her eyes. Prudence Driver noticed, with a pang of wrath, that there was no sympathy in her look. How *could* a man be fooled by such a girl ! She dug her pen into the ink, and went on with her statistics. '“Swiss Family Robinson,” six times taken out ; “Robinson Crusoe,” eight times ; “Pilgrim's Progress” twenty times ;' and so on.

'I have quite decided on giving up the field-work,' said Alan. 'After nearly a year of it, I think I may claim to have tried by actual experience all that a farm labourer has to do.'

'And about the eighteen shillings a week, Alan?' asked Miranda, smiling.

'Well'—he smiled too; it was the one of his failures of which he was least ashamed—'there is a great deficit in the accounts. Look, I have actually spent five and twenty shillings a week.' He drew a paper from his pocket-book, which he handed to Miranda, who looked at it and passed it on to Alma.

'And yet, you see, the item of beer does not enter into the account at all.'

'They have cheated you,' said Alma, rather grimly. Prudence Driver started. How could Alma know what she had long suspected? She forgot that she was a little stay-at-home, while Alma went about and heard the truth.

'Who has cheated me?' asked Alan.

'Everybody has cheated you. The butcher, the baker, the grocer, the milkman, the boys at the store. They all charge you double what they charge us, and they give you bad weight. Why, we have all known that ever since you came here. What did you expect, Mr. Dunlop?'

'Is it possible? I have always trusted what they say.' He spoke in a helpless way. 'Do you mean, Alma, that everybody in the village is dishonest?'

'Everybody,' she replied, calmly. She would have added, 'And my father worst of all;' but she dreaded the paternal wrath. 'Everybody,' said Alma.

'This, Miranda,' observed the Reformer, 'only shows one practical and very useful side of our engagement. Alma can begin her career of usefulness by putting a stop to these wretched little rogueries. She will make them feel how utterly degrading are their cheating ways. What can be done with people who steal? The Higher Culture necessitates, as a mere foundation, the possession, not only of simple honesty, but also that of Honour—the Principle which in the

Modern school replaces or supplements Religion.'

'But, Alan,' said Miranda, 'it is dreadful to think that you have been cheated all these months and have been starving yourself to keep within an impossible allowance.'

He shook his head. 'I have not been starving, because I have exceeded my allowance by something like six and twenty pounds, which means ten shillings a week.'

'What is the Village Parliament doing all the time, Alan?' asked Miranda.

We have closed it. Nobody came after the supper was suppressed, and so we were obliged to dissolve *sine die*. Do not ask me about anything, Miranda. All has been one great failure, even the Co-operative Store and the Good Liquor Bar. Would you believe that the people prefer to buy their groceries at the village shop where they are dearer and adulterated, and their beer at the Spotted Lion where it is mixed with sugar and treacle and all sorts of stuff, instead of the pure Allsopp we sell at the Good Liquor Bar?'

'It seems stupid beyond all belief,' said Miranda.

'No it isn't,' interposed Alma, in her half-sullen way. 'It isn't stupid at all.'

'What do you mean, Alma?' asked Alan.

'I mean that just as you are cheated by the butcher and the baker, so you are cheated by your shopmen.'

'How do you know that, Alma?'

'I know it—because I know it.' It was not her business to tell Mr. Dunlop that she had heard the character of the two young men in Athelston, that she knew how they carried on between Saturday and Monday, and that her father made an open scoff, every day, of the shameless way in which those noble twin institutions were conducted.

'But in what way—how can they cheat you?' asked Alan. 'They have

orders to put every order down in a book. The profits are to be divided among those who purchase in proportion to their purchases.'

'Profits!' Alma laughed derisively.

'Please explain, Alma.'

'One of them sands the sugar, mixes the tea with sloe-leaves, and waters the tobacco. The other waters the beer, and makes a sort of mess—I don't know how—with the porter. And then they don't put down what is bought. Bless you, do you think our people are going to be so particular as to see their orders entered in a book? So it isn't a bit cheaper, and nothing is a bit better than at the shop over the way. There, Miss Miranda!'

She hurled her shot as it was a matter of deep personal concern with Miss Dalmeny that the shop should go well.

'And every Saturday,' she continued, 'both those precious boys go off to Athelston together.'

'To see their relations?' said Alan; 'I know.'

'No, to get drunk and smoke at a harmonic meeting. Bless you, everybody knows it. They've been seen there, times and times.'

This was pleasant intelligence. Prudence Driver, meantime, had left her work, and creeping round in her noiseless way, stood behind Alan's chair.

'No, Alma Bostock,' she said, 'everybody does not know it. I do not. None of my own people know it. If it is true, how do you know it?'

'That doesn't signify,' she replied. 'Let Mr. Dunlop look into the books and he will see.'

The fact was, of course, that Bailiff Bostock, having to deal officially with the store, very early discovered the wrong-doing, set a trap, caught the offenders, used them for his own purpose, and made no secret of what he had done at home.

'It feels,' said Alan, stretching out his hands helplessly, 'as if one was surrounded by inextricable meshes.

Ignorance and habit is expected, Miranda. But I hadn't, I confess, bargained for dishonesty.'

'Then,' said Alma, 'you bought a pig in a poke.'

It is, to be sure, a homely proverb, but perhaps there was no absolute necessity for Alan to shudder, or for Miranda to contemplate steadily the point of her parasol. Worse things might be—have been—said by young ladies of country education. Yet it did seem, even to Prudence Driver, as if there was a certain incongruity in Mr. Dunlop's bride talking of pigs in a poke.

Then Alma, feeling really as if there was no longer any reason to be afraid either of her betrothed, or of Miss Dalmeny, so long as she could communicate these startling items of intelligence, sat boldly on the table, with her feet dangling, and her hands on either side clasping the table-edge, and, all unconscious that she was even to Prudence Driver, a very personification of ungracefulness—to be sure Prudence read books and had opinions—went on with those startling revelations, which gave her so great a superiority to Miss Dalmeny, who knew nothing.

'What did you expect?' she said. 'Lord? what could you expect? You get a lot of farm labourers—these common farm labourers—and you give them supper and beer, as much supper and beer as they liked, and you told them to discuss and become a Parliament. What did they do? What could you expect them to do? They drank all the beer, and when there was no more, they went away home. You went to work among them in a smock-frock, which is a thing no gentleman ever dreamed of doing before. They only laughed at you. I've stood in a corner of the field a dozen times and watched them laughing at you. Here's your Library. Who comes to it? Nobody. There's your Bath-room and Laundry. Who uses it? Nobody. Catch *them* washing themselves.

They never did such a thing in all their lives. There's your Art Gallery. Does anybody ever go to see the pictures? Ask Prudence Driver.'

The curator held down her head. The charge was too true.

'You had a theatre here and a circus. They went to them, so long as you paid. When they had to pay for themselves, they went to the Spotted Lion. And as for your village festivals, they went to get the drink.'

All this was hard to bear. And yet Alan felt that it was all literal fact, and he tried to find comfort in the thought that his future wife knew exactly what had happened.

'Is it all true, Prudence?' asked Miranda. 'Do you, also, know all these things?'

'All, except about the cheating,' the librarian replied. 'And how Alma Bostock knows that, if it is true, I can't say.'

'And it doesn't signify, if you could say,' retorted Alma in her least amiable tone.

'One thing I can do at once,' said Alan, rising. 'I can go and get the accounts of the store and the bar, and have them investigated. Good-bye, Miranda. Go home, Alma, and don't tell any one else what you have told me. Does not this, too, Miranda, show that I was justified? You see, at the very beginning, Alma puts her finger on the weak places of my system.'

What he meant was, that the fact of Alma being up to all the wickedness which had been flourishing at his expense, showed his own prudence in choosing a wife from her class, and her fitness in thus being able to read the ways of the people. He left the Library and strode off quickly to the store, which, with the bar, were quite at the other end of the village.

Observe how custom makes people careless. It was a very hot afternoon; there seemed not the least chance that any one would want to buy anything, and the young men in charge of the two departments, after their one o'clock

meal, fell both fast asleep one on each side of the table in the back office. But the safe, in which the account-books were kept, was wide open. Alan seeing the boys asleep, and the safe open, hesitated a little. Then, reflecting that the account-books were his own, he seized them all, four in number, and carried them back with him to the Library.

There was no one there at all, now, except the librarian.

'Prudence,' he said, 'do you know book-keeping?'

'A little,' she replied.

'Then let us shut up the Library for the day and go into the books, as well as we can together.'

It was five o'clock when the two young men awoke, yawned, stretched themselves, and complained of being athirst. One of them proceeded to take such steps as might result in tea; the other strolled lazily into the shop.

The next minute he rushed back with a pallid face and shaking hands.

'Good Lord, 'Arry! the safe's open and the books are gone.'

That was the dreadful fact.

They looked at each other in mute horror for a brief space. Tea, sleepiness, and thirst, were all alike forgotten in that supreme moment, when they suddenly realised that they were found out.

'What shall we do, Jeremiah?' asked Harry. He was pot-boy, and the gentleman with the Scriptural name, who was, as we have before explained, a Particular Baptist, was clerk to the store.

'Step it,' said Jeremiah curtly. 'It don't matter who's got the books. Whoever it is, we're done for. Step it.'

'Where?' asked Harry.

'Anywheres,' said Jeremiah. 'Except Athelston way.'

He went to the till and extracted such small sums as were in it. These he put in his own pocket, leaving nothing for his friend.

'Now,' he said, 'I'm a-going for a few minutes' walk, I am. Good-bye.'

He went out of the door, stood a moment in the brilliant sunshine, and then, turning to the left, disappeared.

Harry, remaining alone, was seized with so great a trembling that he was fain to draw himself a pint and a half of beer and take that straight down. Then he felt in his pockets. Eighteen-pence. Then he realised the selfishness of Jeremiah in taking all the contents of the till. Truly they were not much. And then putting on his hat, he too went out into the sunshine and took a turn across the fields.

It is sufficient here to say of these two young men that neither has yet returned to Weyland; that one of them, Harry, who really was not such a bad sort to begin with, has repented, and now wears the Queen's scarlet with credit. Of Jeremiah, I only learned the other day by accident that he has recently been seen at certain suburban meetings, laying the odds with freedom. I hope he will succeed. As for Prudence, it was not very long before she was enabled to point out that there were two sets of books kept; that the purchases set down in one varied from one-half to one-fifth of those set down in the other; and that, latterly, save in the case of the Squire himself, or Miss Dalmeny, nothing at all was set down in either book. The conclusion was obvious.

Alan went into Athelston and saw the police inspector.

But when the civil power arrived, the birds were flown, and it only remained to put up the shutters. This, alas! was the end of the Weyland Co-operation Store, and the Weyland Good Liquor League.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

You speak of the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

MR. Paul Rondelet, Fellow of Lothian, was growing daily more and more ill at ease. It was

borne in upon him with an ever-increasing persistency, as the voice of a warning which would not be silenced, that, in a brief three months, unless he took orders in the interval, he would be—it cost him agonies to put the situation into words—ACTUALLY without an income! He would be absolutely penniless. He would have to work for the daily bread which had, hitherto, always come to him without his even asking for it, unless, as an undergraduate, at perfunctory College Chapel, he, to whom the light bondage of a College Lectureship was too great a burden, whose haughty soul disdained the fetters of stipulated work, however slight, would positively have to descend into the arena and do his utmost, like quite common mortals, to earn his dinner.

'Earn'—horrid word! As if he were a labourer, or an artisan, or an apprentice, or a tradesman. Earn!

And he the leader, the acknowledged leader of a Party: almost the youngest, quite the most promising, the most hopeful of all the Oxford Parties. The old High Church people had had their innings, and were long ago played out; the Broad Church never had any real charm at logical Oxford; the Low fell out of the running long, long ago; there remained for his day the Ritualists, the Scoffers, the Sneerers, the Know-nothings, the Comtists, and the New Pagans.

The Ritualists began well, but somehow—I think it was that some of the older men belonged to the party, and so the younger men could not pride themselves on the superior intellect of rising genius—they have not succeeded in attracting the more thoughtful part of young Oxford. Mr. Paul Rondelet speedily found out that it was one sign of superiority to speak of them with a contemptuous pity: not the lofty scorn with which the remnant of the Evangelical party, which have no Art and care little about Culture, are spoken of, but still with a pity which has in it a strong

element of contempt. He therefore passed through the stages of scoffer, in which stage none but coarse-minded persons remain; of sneerer—to shine as a sneerer very peculiar and most disagreeable gifts are specially required; of Comtist, with whom some find rest and solace for the soul; of Know-nothing—these are a most attractive set of despairing young men; and of New Pagans.

Everybody knows that Mr. Paul Rondelet was one of the leaders in New Paganism. He called himself, sadly, an Agnostic, but he was in reality a New Pagan. Agnosticism is a cloak which may wrap all kinds of disciples. Go ask the *Nineteenth Century*, or the *Contemporary*, or even the poor old laggard the *Fortnightly*, to define an Agnostic.

He was an Agnostic by profession, and he spoke sadly of Infinite Silences, as if he was their original discoverer. But, in reality, he was a New Pagan. It was, indeed, a delightful thing to sit with the select few, the profane vulgar not being admitted, to feel that one possessed the real secret of the Dionysiac myth; to bring to one's bosom the whole truth about Demeter; to know, in a manner only understood by priests and the initiated of old, the divine Aphrodite and the many-breasted Diana; to recognise, almost in secret conclave, that all these, with Isis and Horus, Samson and many others, meant nothing but the worship of the Sun and the Year in its seasons: so that, to those who rightly read the myths, all religion means nothing but the worship of summer and winter, the awaking and the sleep of life, so that there is really no reason at all, according to the New Pagan, why we should not return to the kindly, genial, and beneficent old Gods.

The Modern Prig, if he is of the advanced order, belongs, as a matter of course, to some such school. He gets, that is, as far to the front as he can. He adopts the newest vague Gospel,

and holds it, for the time, with the tenacity of a martyr clinging to his creed. And he poses, having pride in the situation, as I fear many an early martyr did. For the essential and leading characteristic of the Prig is that he believes himself in advance of his age, and very, very far in advance of his father and grandfathers. But nothing certain, nothing dogmatic. Therefore Mr. Paul Rondelet had trained himself not only to look with a tolerant contempt, because some form of religion is good for common people, on the reverent crowds pouring in and out of the sanctuaries, but also to regard with scorn the blatant prophets of Atheism who bawl their intolerance on Sundays across the wilds of Hampstead Heath and Clapham Common. This naturally led among all the members of his set to their looking upon one who, being actually an Oxford man—had he been of Cambridge it would have been more possible, but equally degrading—had taken upon him Holy Orders with a bitterness of loathing and wonder which surpassed everything. It was, therefore, a situation full of irony that he should find himself compelled to become that hated thing, a clerical Fellow, or to lose, at one fell swoop, the whole of his income.

In three months his fellowship would come to an end. He felt like Dr. Faustus when he was approaching the last few days of his last year. Worse than any devil to Mr. Paul Rondelet was the Red Spectre of Poverty.

And to his school some kind of magnificence in living is absolutely essential.

That was easily obtained at Oxford, where, as a Fellow, he had rooms and other allowances. But out of it, away from those monastic groves, where was he to find the necessary belongings of the Higher Life?

There was an ignominy, too, about pecuniary difficulties. He had always talked of money as if he had no neces-

sity of thinking about it, ignoring the exiguity of the paternal income; he had set a tone of contempt for money to two generations at least of undergraduates; he had steadily maintained that Art, of all kinds, was to be pursued for the sake of Art alone, and for no advantages of lucre which might follow the successful practice of Art; he had taught his disciples to contemplate serenely, like the disembodied Cicero, the struggles and rivalries of the lower classes. And after this, it would be his lot—ah! hard and thankless lot!—to go down into the labour market with the rest, like a rustic at a statute fair, and wait to be asked what he could do and for what wage he would be hired.

What, indeed, could he do?

In reality the class of young men to which Mr. Paul Rondelet belonged possesses a marketable value quite out of all proportion to their own opinion. They read, as I have said, all the reviews, particularly those written in the newest jargon. They criticise scornfully, from the loftiest platform, productions of the day written by men who toil and give their best, mindful as much of their audience as of their Art. Fortunately these lofty criticisms do not often get into print, for the class of Editors who love Prigs is very small. And when they essay to write, those friends of their set receive with amazement and disappointment the first fruits, which ought to be the brightest and best, of a genius which they have revered. Alas! the looked-for result turns out to be common thought wrapped in pretentious jargon, and, amid the boastful trappings of pretence, they discern with difficulty a vein so slender that hardly it can be seen to glitter in the brightest sunshine. Vast, indeed, is the difference between performance and promise.

What had Paul Rondelet to offer?

There was in his desk a little portfolio full of manuscript poems—they looked very pretty, written in his small, clear, and carefully eccentric handwrit-

ing on the thick cream note-paper which he affected. He and his friends believed that they had in them the true ring of original genius. Would they sell, if they were bound up! He was fain to reply that they would not. It required an education to admire them, and the world was not yet ripe for such superior work. Among these was one, in especial, very dear to himself and his friends, called *Aspasias Apology*. It was a sort of sequel or companion to a certain well-known and charming London lyric by Mr. Rossetti, and was even more realistic than the work of that master. Then there were a few sonnets which, though he loved to read them and his friends cuddled them, would, he felt, require so much toning down that their distinctive excellencies would be lost: and there were some odes whose severe classicalism limited their popularity to a very small set. On the whole, the probable value of his copyright in these poems was small.

But he might write articles in the more advanced of the magazines. He had once—he remembered with what pains and labour—written an article for the *Contemporary*, which the editor had declined with thanks, and yet it was clothed in the very finest new English, quite equal to Mr. Pater in his highest flights, and expressed the innermost convictions of his school. He swore then that he would never write again, unless for an audience who should invite him in terms of abject request. He would wait till the whole world should thrill and yearn for his coming.

He might teach, take pupils, give lectures. But that meant self-assertion, bawling in the market-place, joining in the struggle of competition. How *could* he, Paul Rondelet, stoop to assert what everybody ought to know, that he was the greatest of modern teachers, the noblest and best of philosophic lecturers?

Would they give him something in the Government service? A Poor

Law Commissionership, a Permanent Under Secretaryship, a Commissioner in Lunacy, any little thing of that sort would do, just to provide the necessaries of life, which include, of course, a modicum of fair claret. But how to get such a post? We are not yet arrived at that consummation of sound political economy when our rulers shall all be philosophers, and anxious only to appoint philosophers; we are as yet still in the gloomy stage of interest, influence, favouritism. It is still possible for men like Mr. Paul Rondelet to stay out in the cold. And Mr. Paul Rondelet possessed absolutely no interest at all.

He who works for pay is a servant. He who has no money must work for pay. Therefore Mr. Paul Rondelet was condemned to be a servant. And he had aspired in his foolish dream to independence.

And again, he was in debt. The burden of debt is generally borne by Oxford men with great composure. Some there are who, like Panurge, argue in favour of debt as a healthy condition of life: I will not repeat their arguments, which are indeed somewhat threadbare by this time. The only argument worth quoting is that which asserts that without the stimulus of debt, the lazy man remaineth lazy. In Mr. Rondelet's case, debt was no stimulus at all, but only an irritant. This morning he had received, for instance, two or three most disagreeable letters from ungrateful people, whom he had long honoured with his custom, asking for money. Money indeed! And his fellowship to expire in three months.

These sad thoughts occurred to him after luncheon. The rest of the Monks and Sisters having gone about their monkish devices, he retired to the library with these missives, to think. He thought the thing over from every possible point of view.

And at last an inspiration came to him. The method of the House of Hapsburg, *Tu, felix Austria, nube.*

He could no longer remain in the dark library; he must think this over in the open. He sought the solitude of the mediæval garden, and sat down to see what he might make of this new thought.

It was better than writing for papers and magazines; better than painfully elaborating books—better than lecturing; better than anything. In the home of some woman—wealthy, young, beautiful, not insensible to the charms of the Higher Culture, open to ideas, willing to be led rather than wishing to lead, with a proper respect for one who had taken a First in History Schools—could such a woman be found, he might find shelter from the strife of humanity; might even forget that he was allied with that struggling and eager band at all.

Could such a woman be found? She was found: she was here; she was in his presence; she was walking in the garden; she was coming to meet him. Her name was Miranda Dalmeny. He sprang to his feet and felt as if he could hold out his arms to meet her, even as Adam met his blushing Eve. Ever since the news of Alan Dunlop's engagement, this idea had been floating vaguely through the mind of Mr. Rondelet. Now it assumed, all at once, the character of a resolution. He *would* marry the owner of Dalmeny Hall. Alan was out of the way; there was no other rival; he would secure this heiress for himself.

Now Miranda was not an admirer of this Fellow of Lothian. On the contrary, she thought him conceited, and did not like his airs.

'He will not join in our amusements,' she said to Desdemona, with a little bitterness. 'It must be a great misfortune to be superior to the ordinary pleasures of mankind. He certainly neither sings nor dances, nor acts, nor talks well. All is sadness with him, as if with sorrow over one painful deficiency in Culture.'

'It is the new manner, my dear,'

said Desdemona. 'Just as some men about town affect to be *blasé* and worn out—fancy Lord Alwyne pretending to be worn out!—so the highly superior school affect to be governed by so lofty a standard of criticism as to be incapable of finding amusement or pleasure in any of the ordinary things. I do not like Mr. Rondelet. Rightly did we call him Brother Parolles—words, words, words.'

'They must spoil the world a good deal for themselves,' said Miranda. 'On that account they are very greatly to be pitied.'

'Yes,' replied the lady of experience, 'They want men made for themselves: they want women made for themselves; they want to be appreciated at their own estimate of themselves, and they do *not* want to be asked to do anything to justify that estimate.'

But Mr. Rondelet did not know of this conversation.

Miranda greeted him with her quiet smile, and sat beside him on the garden bench, which was by this time of the afternoon well within the shade of the great walnut-tree.

'I have been to-day to see Alan Dunlop's *fiancée*,' she said. 'Have you seen her?'

'Once.' Mr. Rondelet shuddered. 'She was shelling green peas in the porch, and I saw her deliberately eating a raw pod. Could one marry a person who is capable of eating raw pods?'

Miranda laughed. 'Your delicacy,' she said, 'springs from ignorance. I believe the shells of green peas are sweet. Surely you used to think so when you were a boy.'

'Ah!' sighed Mr. Rondelet; 'I have made it my constant endeavour, since I went up to Oxford to forget *all* that one used to do or think as a boy. It would be terrible, indeed, to be forced to remember the dreadful things that one did in that stage of existence.'

'Really! Was your boyhood, do

you think, more—more repulsive than most?'

'No; not that.' Mr. Rondelet shook his head. 'Not that. Less so, I should think, because even at the tenderest age one had gleams and glimpses of better things. And one remembers despising other boys for their rough savage ways and clinging to the lower forms of life.'

'Do you mean that when you sucked sweeties you dreamed of fine claret?'

This was a question by way of metaphor which Mr. Rondelet hardly expected.

'Scarcely,' he murmured. 'The imaginings of a boy take no concrete forms. Only one yearns from the very first after the Golden Age, which seems then so possible, and now so far off. What I mean is—Miss Dalmeny, I am sure *you* will understand me. I have watched for a long time the fine genius of appreciative sympathy latent in your brain—what I mean is, that children of finer clay than their compeers are touched very early in life with that divine discontent which marks the soul of the Higher Culture.'

'Really!' said Miranda. 'You interest me, Mr. Rondelet. Do you say—a divine discontent?'

'Yes. All discontent is divine. Even that which leads to ambitious aims and elevates the grocer's son, by means of the Church, to the Episcopal Bench. That, too, which fires the blood of the rustic and impels him—it is a reminiscence of the great Aryan wave of emigration—to move westward; that which prompts the student to an examination of the things that are, and that which leads the scholar to despair of the things that are to be.'

I believe he was quoting something he had read and remembered, but he said it slowly, as if it was his own.

'And you, Mr. Rondelet, despair of the—the things that are to be?'

'Not openly. Pray do not quote me. The Common Room of Lothian has not yet pronounced all its views.

We have resolved in silence upon many important topics. I should be doing, perhaps, incalculable mischief if I were prematurely to disclose to the world the views of the Lothian Common Room.'

Miranda was staggered by so much modesty. Did he really believe that the world cared one farthing for the views of the Common Room of Lothian? He did; he really did.

'When one lives,' he went on to say, his long fingers playing sadly over his smooth cheek, 'in the centre of the Higher Thought, one is apt to forget how misapprehension may be wrought by a premature statement. The world waits for Oxford to speak. Oxford waits for Lothian.'

He stopped short, as if for Miranda herself to complete the speech, by saying: 'And Lothian waits for Rondellet.'

Again Miranda was staggered. It was almost too much to think that she was actually conversing with one on whose utterances the world waited.

'You used to be a friend of Alan Dunlop's,' she went on, after a pause, 'when he was an undergraduate?'

'Yes.' His finger went back to his cheek, while with the other hand he stuck into his eye the glass which *would* not remain there. 'Yes, we were friends. Dunlop was a man of considerable insight, up to a certain point. Then he would go off in the direction of practical sociology. I, with a few others, remained faithful followers of our theory, and continued to work it out to its logical conclusions, so that we have now advanced to a point where as yet, I believe, we have—there are only two or three of us—no disciples at all. We stand on a level by ourselves. Alan is left far, very far behind us: we only may speak boldly to each other what from others we would fain hide.'

Again the measured sentence seemed a quotation.

'That must be a very great thing,' said Miranda, wondering what their

new levels were like, with just a suspicion that they had something heretical to do with marriage, religion, philanthropy, and other good things.

'I can hardly,' the Philosopher continued, 'explain to you the conclusions—not theories, but irrefragable conclusions—of the newest school of Modern Philosophy. Suffice it to say, that as the religions of the world have all been proved to have been based on false historical foundations, so its social economy, resting on the family as the basis, is fatally unsound, and must, as a preliminary step, be entirely remodelled.'

'Oh!' said Miranda, wondering whether this sort of talk was quite proper, 'and Alan does not agree with you?'

'He did not follow us so far. He has probably never considered our present position. We—the more advanced set—chanced, after he left us, to discover that our previous maxims, many of them similar to those of the well-known philanthropic school, had to be reconsidered and finally abandoned. Alan, poor fellow, remains in the mire of philanthropy. We, on the higher levels, have arrived at the grand Law that the more desirable life is the life *per se*, the life of example to those who know how to read it, but of unconscious example: the life in which Art and Culture have the chief—nay, the sole place; and in which the herd, the vulgar, low-bred and offensive herd, are left to swill as swine, tended by each other, just as they please. If they choose to raise their eyes, they may see walking before them in sweetness and light the great examples of the age—'

'Yourselves?'

'Ourselves; always, you see, before their eyes. As for the ignorant and the vulgar, we let them alone. That is best for them. We neither help them, nor look at them, nor care about them. Those among them who are worthy will rise; those who are not will remain where they are, grov-

elling and wallowing in their sties like pigs. Do you not pity poor Alan Dunlop, Miss Dalmeny?’

‘I think I do, indeed,’ she replied, but her thoughts were not his.

Then she lifted her head quickly.

‘That is a strange view of life. Mr. Rondelet. I think I hardly follow you quite. Is it not selfish—rather selfish?’

‘Quite selfish,’ he replied, delighted, and with a little flourish of the long fingers about either side of his face. ‘Quite, quite selfish. That is the secret of the new Morals. That is what we desire to teach—the new virtue of Pure Selfishness. Every man must find out the Higher Life and live it, regardless of others, all to himself.’

‘All to himself,’ she murmured.

‘Nay, not quite all,’ Mr. Rondelet interposed, with a little blush which became him mightily and made him for a moment look like one of the vulgar herd. ‘Not quite all. The perfect man lives with and for the perfect woman.’

‘Oh!’ said Miranda. ‘I began to think you were more than human.’

At this point Miranda, detecting a tendency on the part of Mr. Rondelet’s left hand to leave his cheek, over the smooth surface of which his long white fingers had been delicately wandering, and move downwards in the direction of her own hand, got up from the garden-bench and began to walk across the grass. He rose and followed her,

‘Indeed,’ he said, ‘that is not so. We aim at being more perfectly human than the rest. Our lives should be two-fold—it is, of course, an absurdity to speak of married people being one. The only difficulty with us’—here he sighed and became plaintive—‘is that of finding the fittest mate.’

‘That, indeed,’ said Miranda, ‘would be difficult. For, suppose you found the fittest mate, how would you persuade her that you really belonged—for, I suppose, she would have to be as selfish as yourselves—that you really belonged to your high levels. Of

course you would not expect in a purely selfish person anything like faith or imagination. I am afraid you would have to descend a little from your height.’

‘By conversation——’ he began.

‘Talk is deceptive. I think you must first do something. You would have to demonstrate your superiority by writing, preaching, or teaching. Till then, Mr. Rondelet,’—she sprang quickly up the steps which led to the terrace—‘till then I fear your life will be one of lonely and unappreciated Selfishness.’

She left him alone in the garden.

He was only half-satisfied with the conversation. To be sure he had unfolded something of the new philosophy and allowed Miranda to guess at something of his purpose, but her manner of using the word Selfish lacked reverence. She spoke of Selfishness after the manner of the common herd. That was disheartening. On the other hand, she did give him advice, which always means taking a certain amount of interest. She advised him to do something.

Why not? He would write a paper which should at one stroke make him famous: he would write on the wretchedness of living at all under the conditions by which life is surrounded: he would show that life, with special reservations for men of his own school, is not worth having at all.

His imagination seized hold of the topic, he fancied Miranda reading it aloud, he fancied all the papers quoting it, he fancied the undergraduates looking at him as he walked down the High, he fancied the paper crammed with the deepest thought, wrapped in the most scholarly language, and flashing with epigram. Then he went hastily, his brain afire, to look at the magazines, and choose the one most suited for his article. Cruel mockery of Fate! It was already done, in the *Nineteenth Century!*

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT WAR GALLEYS.

BY L. C. ALLISON, M. B.

ROUGHLY speaking, we may say that there have been three epochs or eras in the naval history of the world. First, that of the ancient warships or galleys, served by ordinary soldiers, the naval service being but slightly separated from the ordinary military service upon land. It is concerning this epoch that a few words are to be offered in the present paper. It lasted from the days of the earliest recorded naval operations down to the end of the sixteenth century, after which time we find the old-fashioned galley everywhere supplanted by the symbol of the second naval era, to wit, the modern wooden *sailing* vessel, the instrument with which all the English naval worthies from Drake and Howard down to Nelson and Lord Cochrane achieved their triumphs. This second era lasted some three centuries and a half, and may be said to have terminated with the Crimean War, some twenty-four years ago. The application of steam to marine locomotion, and the tremendous additions that modern science has made to the destructive power of artillery have within the last quarter of a century brought about the third or present era of ironclad vessels, huge guns and torpedoes. On the present occasion we mean to speak only of the first of these periods—that of the ancient warships or galleys.

Our readers scarcely require to be informed that naval affairs in ancient times were conducted after a fashion very different from that which prevails now. A maritime force was then simply a body of landsmen, armed with the same weapons, led by the same officers, and manœuvred accord-

ing to very much the same tactics as an army upon land, and the engagements in which it took part bore a close resemblance to battles upon shore. Certain States, from their geographical position and other accidental circumstances, were always acknowledged to possess special aptitude for fighting at sea, but very little time and training seemed to be required to enable a nation entirely unversed in maritime affairs to place itself in that respect upon a level with the best of its neighbours. The Athenians, living close to the sea and always entering extensively into commercial pursuits, were from an early period superior in their navy and in all matters appertaining to it. The Lacedæmonians, dwelling inland and forbidden by their national constitution to have anything to do with commerce, made but a sorry appearance when, by the circumstances of the Peloponnesian War, they found themselves for the first time compelled to conduct their chief campaigns upon a new element. In their earlier sea-fights with the Athenians they were generally badly beaten, and their standing orders (no doubt wise ones at that time) were to avoid fighting unless they found themselves greatly superior in force. But as the war went on they gained skill by experience, managed to keep the sea in presence of their enemies, and finally overwhelmed them upon it. The Peloponnesian War was at last terminated by a naval engagement in the Hellespont.

The case of the Roman navy illustrates the same thing. For nearly five hundred years they had continued to grow great and powerful by land,

gradually absorbing the whole peninsula of Italy into their territory, and in all that time they had had no occasion to fight anywhere at sea. But their continued extension at last brought them into contact with a maritime enemy. In the first of their great wars with the Carthaginians they are said to have been so unversed in naval matters that they not only possessed none of the larger kind of war galleys, but did not even know how to build or to manœuvre one. Every schoolboy has read how they managed to supply the deficiency. A single Carthaginian quinquereme stranded upon the coast furnished all that was necessary to lay the foundation of the Roman navy, and in sixty days from the time that the trees were felled they had completed and launched a fleet of a hundred quinqueremes and thirty triremes, training the rowers while the vessels were being built, by the odd contrivance of exercising them upon scaffolds arranged in the same manner as the rowers' benches in a ship. With this hastily created navy they at once put to sea, and in a very short space of time proved themselves to be in every point of marine warfare the betters of their more experienced rivals. When the whole art of fighting at sea could be acquired in so short a time and by such new beginners, we may safely conclude that it could not have been very complicated.

The tactical manœuvres of these ancient seamen were, in fact, very simple. When two hostile fleets caught sight of one another they immediately proceeded to charge each other like a couple of troops of cavalry. Each ship's prow was armed with a beak, the prototype of the ram of the modern ironclad, which we have known to do such speedy and fatal execution in our own time. This beak consisted of a huge spike of wood covered with brass and pointed and edged after such a fashion as to be capable of tearing an irremediable hole at or near the water line in the comparatively flimsy

side of such a vessel as was then to be met with. This beak or ram was a most important and material item in the construction of the ancient warship. From the likenesses which have come down to us upon old coins and monuments, we can see that the patterns in use varied greatly, and although, unlike our modern Scott Russell and Cowper Coles, they had no *Times* to call in public support for their individual views, we can very well believe that the ancient naval architects must have held many a *viva voce* controversy as to the precise size, shape and angle of cutting edge which would produce the worst kind of injury to a ship's hull with the greatest degree of certainty. The first object in attacking was to strike the hostile ship upon the broadside or quarter, with the view of sinking her. Failing in that, the next best thing was to sweep along her broadside in such a manner as to carry away her oars and render her unmanageable, and consequently powerless to avoid a second side attack. Arrows, stones and javelins were freely exchanged between the crews as soon as the ships had closed sufficiently upon each other to allow it, but all this was mere by-play and prelude to the main objects, which were, first, if possible, to stave in the enemy's ship, so as to sink or waterlog her; and secondly, to grapple and board her, reducing the contest to the simple conditions of a hand-to-hand fight. When one party had captured or sunk a certain proportion of the enemy's fleet, all the remainder of it who were in a condition to do so sought safety in flight, while the victors proceeded to the last part of the performance, which consisted in sailing up and down over the waters that had been the scene of the conflict, and massacring all the unfortunate survivors that they could find swimming. The vessels engaged in these fights were small and crowded with men, the concussions and sinkings were numerous, and (as the giv-

ing of quarter was not very much in fashion) when a ship was taken the most promising course for all the survivors of her crew who could swim was to jump overboard and take the chance of making their way to some friendly vessel. Hence, after a sea-fight, the floating enemies were generally numerous, and the cruising about amongst them and putting them to death seems to have been for the old Greeks and Romans a pleasing and recreative part of the regular business that was never omitted after a naval victory. Thucydides tells us how upon one occasion the Corinthians lost what might otherwise have been a decisive triumph, and possibly prevented the subsequence of the Peloponnesian War, by commencing to indulge in this luxury a little too soon, and thereby giving the hostile fleet a chance to rally and reinforce itself. It is but fair, however, to remember that these inhumanities have not been confined to pre-Christian ages or half-civilized nations. Nearly two thousand years after the battle just alluded to, we find the Turks and Christians conducting their naval affairs in the same waters after precisely the same fashion.

It may not, perhaps, be amiss to draw attention to a few points in the construction and working of these old-fashioned galley-ships. The ancients, in working their warships, relied very little upon the sail as a motor power, and depended chiefly upon their oars. None of their war vessels had more than one mast, a remark which, as some of our readers may possibly be surprised to hear, was also true of the ships of the British navy down to the time of Richard III., and in the old Greek and Roman galleys this mast was always lowered and stowed away when the vessel either came into port or went into action. Their powers of locomotion were thus very limited as compared with those of more modern vessels, but the distances that had to be traversed were also comparatively short, and the vessel was never ex-

pected to be very long out of sight of land. Fortified harbours were few and far between, and it was a great advantage for the captain, when under duress from the enemy or the weather, to be able to run his ship ashore and beach her high and dry, or, at least, tolerably well out of the reach of either. All these considerations had their influence in limiting the size of the average Greek or Roman ship, but at the same time some bulk was required in the hull, that room and stability might be allowed for the rowers, that she might stow a sufficiently numerous crew of armed men, and have a certain amount of momentum in attacking with the beak. These various requirements were found in practice to be on the whole most efficiently answered by an open or deckless ship of from fifty to a hundred feet long, and from one to two hundred tons burden. To propel such a vessel there might be employed from twenty or thirty to a hundred oars, and these were placed in the centre, or what modern seamen would call the 'waist' of the ship, and arranged in a peculiar fashion, which, although easy enough to understand, has in some unaccountable way perplexed many modern commentators. Lining the waists of these ancient ships upon each side the rowers' benches ran fore and aft in tiers numbering from two to five, and at such a height from the keelson as would allow the portholes for the oars in the lowest tier to be about three or four feet from the surface of a tolerably smooth sea. Seen from the outside, these oar-portholes would present themselves arranged in slanting lines upon the ship's side, as in the margin where A represents the



arrangement of a trireme, and B that



of a bireme, each having three verti-

cal tiers of rowers' benches inside. The student who tries to form an idea of an ancient war galley will avoid much confusion by remembering that the number which determines the class of the vessel (as *quinquereme*, *trireme*, etc.) is counted horizontally or in the length of the ship's side, and not vertically upwards from the water as in the *two-decker* and *three-decker* of modern nomenclature. A want of knowledge of this fact has led to more than one absurd mistake and still more ridiculous controversy among modern scholars and commentators, some of whom have endeavoured to make themselves and their readers believe that the ancients not only *built* ships of seven, twelve and even a greater number of vertical tiers of oars placed one above the other, but also managed to *row them*; all of which is a manifest impossibility. In fact, the number of rowers' decks was usually either two or three, and never exceeded five. Very often, however, in war galleys of large size, the number of rowing decks was five, and the slanting or quincuncial arrangement of the oar-portholes enabled them all to work within the space of about ten feet, reckoned perpendicularly from the lowest streak of portholes towards the rail. Each of these slanting lines of oar-ports, whether containing two, three, four, or five oars, was reckoned by the ancient authors as a bank of oars, and by adding, not to the height, but to the length of the vessel, the number of these banks could be increased from a bireme to a trireme, a quinquereme and so on till we come to the celebrated galley of Ptolemy Philopater, the largest vessel which ancient authors have recorded and which they say had as many as forty banks of oars.

The usual numbers of oar-banks, however, were from two to seven until after the battle of Actium when the old fashion of having numerous rowing decks fell into disuse, as we shall soon see. Besides the men employed in working the oars we may calculate

that an average ancient line-of-battle ship would carry from one to two hundred fighting men. These were chiefly concentrated at the bow and stern, which, as being par excellence the fighting parts of the ship, were furnished with bulwarks of extra height and stoutness, and came in the course of time to be developed into miniature castles—the progenitors of more modern forecastles and quarter-galleries. Traces of these old arrangements subsisted down to the seventeenth and even to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in the high forecastles and quarterdecks of English, Dutch, and Spanish men-of-war, and long after the introduction of heavy firearms into naval warfare fighting ships continued to carry in these parts the heaviest portion of their armament. The high quarterdecks and forecastles which give such picturesque effect to the engravings of the English vessels engaging the galleons of the Spanish Armada are directly and lineally descended from the 'turræ puppes' of ancient Rome. The low waists of the same ships, though now portholed for cannon instead of oars, represent the old rowers' benches taking up from a third to a half of the vessel's length amidships. This, the rowers' portion of the ancient ship, always constituted her most vulnerable part. Against it, the beak of the hostile vessel was always, if possible, directed with the view of sinking her, and here, as being the lowest and most easily accessible spot, the enemy always attempted to board.

The heavy vessels which we have lately been describing, may be regarded as corresponding with the wooden line-of-battle ship of more modern days. The principal objects aimed at in the construction of both, were solidity to stand plenty of battering, and size enough to carry a heavy armament. But the ancients had another class of war vessels designed not so much with a view towards these elements of fighting power, as for swiftness and handiness in manœuv-

ring. These were not much inferior in length to the heavier ships, but narrower and shallower in the hold and sat much lower in the water. They were driven by a single bench of oars from ten to twenty in number upon each side; in some rare cases they had two tiers of benches or rowing decks, but never more. They carried almost as many men as the larger galleys, and at the same time they were much swifter and turned or—as a sailor would say—‘worked’ with much more quickness and precision. All these qualities gave them great advantages in action. The ancients, although perhaps they were not quite so particular upon this point as some of our modern prize oarsmen, still never willingly entered upon a contest when the wind was high, or the water at all rough. Such being the case, the lighter galley could always row round and round the large and unwieldy quinquereme, attacking when and where she pleased, while the big ship found it difficult either to stave her opponent or grapple with her, and impossible either to chase her with any prospect of success, or to escape from her pursuit if circumstances should render the latter proceeding desirable. The superiority of the single and double tiered ships in action was strikingly displayed at the battle of Actium. From the commencement of the naval campaign Augustus was greatly inferior to Antony, both in the number and in the size of his vessels, but their superior lightness and activity had made him completely the master at sea, enabling him to command the whole Adriatic and its islands, and even to secure a footing upon the mainland of Greece, while the huge and unwieldy vessels of Antony’s fleet lay inactive and apparently incapable of action in the Ambracian Gulf. The instruments by which Augustus secured all these advantages were the Liburnian galleys which constituted the greater portion of his fleet. They were light

vessels such as those which have just been described, and were manned by hardy and well-practised seamen from the Illyrian and Dalmatian Coasts. At last Antony put to sea, the decisive engagement came on, and the light galleys soon shewed that they possessed advantages in close action as well as in general operations. Antony’s big ships lay like huge floating castles in the sea and just about as capable of executing any effective manœuvres. The light vessels of Augustus attacked when, how, and as much as they pleased. Before the advantage of the battle had begun to incline towards either side, Cleopatra took to flight accompanied by as many of her ships as were able to imitate her example, while Antony getting into a light vessel followed in her wake. This disgraceful act has always been spoken of as the turning point of the engagement, and it must be admitted that the desertion of the chief commanding officers, accompanied by so many vessels, would probably have rendered success hopeless under any circumstances. Still there is nothing to make one believe that the event would have been at all different had they remained, for ships that are only able to defend themselves and cannot attack the enemy without his own consent can hardly be expected to gain much advantage from fighting at all, and this was the case with the majority of Antony’s vessels. Their defeat, which would in any case have been certain, was hastened and converted into an annihilation by the introduction of a species of warfare hitherto unknown at sea. In addition to the usual missiles, firebrands, pots of burning sulphur, and flaming balls of tow were showered freely on board of them, and before long, most of them were in flames. Of the larger and heavier vessels of the fleet, scarcely one escaped destruction.*

* Horace Od. 13-37 B.

After the battle of Actium, the Liburnian galley became the standard pattern for men-of-war, and thenceforward we hear no more of the old-fashioned three and five-decked ships. Triremes and quinqueremes may be said to disappear from history together with the so-called Roman republic. From this date and long afterwards, we find the man-of-war model essentially unaltered. It may be described as a low-waisted vessel with a high quarterdeck and forecastle, having her oars (if any) placed amidships either in one tier or two, and fighting chiefly from the bow and stern. About sixteen hundred years after the battle of Actium, and in almost precisely the same waters, there was fought another great naval battle, the greatest, indeed, in the world's history, if greatness is to be measured by the accompanying uproar and bloodshed. Some changes to be sure had taken place during the interval. Most of the ships that fought at Lepanto had permanent masts and sails, and many of them had discarded oars altogether, while the use of firearms of both great and small calibre, had rendered naval actions louder and more deadly than of old, but the pattern of the hulls continued to be essentially the same, and the orthodox tactics were still to engage at short range, to grapple in as advantageous a position as possible, and to settle the affair by boarding, and a hand-to-hand contest. Another surviving feature of old times was that the galleys of the Christian fleet were furnished with beaks. But on the eve of going into battle, it was discovered that these beaks were rather a hindrance than a help in action. They were not strong enough to do the enemy much mischief, and they greatly interfered with the working of the guns in the forecastle. 'Don John had the beak of his vessel cut away. The example was followed throughout the fleet, and, as it is said, with eminently good effect. It may seem strange

that this discovery should have been reserved for the crisis of a battle.*

It was said a moment ago that the use of firearms had made the encounters of fleets more deadly. This of course only continued to be the case as long as the battles were fought by the same kind of vessels and the same kind of tactics were followed in action. In the naval combats of the last two hundred years, the number of men and ships brought into action on each side has been greatly lessened, most of the fighting has been done by artillery and at a distance, and the amount of hand-to-hand massacring has been reduced to a minimum. Hence the losses in killed and wounded upon each side have been very greatly decreased in proportion to the importance of the results obtained. At the battle of the Nile, the total loss of the victors in killed and wounded fell a trifle short of nine hundred men, and at Trafalgar it amounted to sixteen hundred and ninety. On the former of these occasions, twenty-six ships engaged each other, and upon the latter, sixty. The number of men present in each battle is not so easy to come at, but perhaps we shall not be very far out of the way if we estimate it at sixteen thousand in the former battle, and from forty to fifty thousand in the latter. But these figures represented the utmost naval power that the two great maritime nations of the day were able to draw together in single fleets, and each battle annihilated for a time the naval force of a great nation, rendering it for several years afterwards unable to place another large fleet in line of battle.

With the old-fashioned machinery, and under the old-fashioned tactics, the sovereignty of the seas was not to be disputed with so small a number of vessels or gained at such a cheap rate of bloodshed. At Salamis, the Greeks had 310, or, according to some ac-

* Prescott, 'Philip II.'

counts, 360 war ships in action. The Persians had of all sorts fully 1,000, two hundred of which, along with forty belonging to the victors, were taken or sunk in the course of the battle. Of this thrice-famous engagement, there is an account still extant written by a celebrated Greek who was alive at the time when it took place, and whom we may conjecture without any violent stretch of imagination, to have taken part in it himself. As there are probably many of our readers who have never seen this account, we make no apology for reproducing it, although it may be said without affectation that the grandeur and spirit of the original are greatly sacrificed in a bare literal translation into English prose.

'O name of Salamis!' begins the Persian messenger, 'most hateful to our ears! Alas! how I sigh when I remember Athens. Hateful is Athens to us miserable; we have to remember in sooth how many of the Persian matrons it has made widows and bereft of their husbands to no gain of ours. Artembares, leader of a myriad of horse, is dashed against the rugged shores of Salamis. And Dadaces, the chiliarch, beneath the stroke of the spear, has bounded a light leap out of his vessel. Tenagon, too, the true-born, chieftain of the Bactrians, haunts the sea-beaten isle of Ajax. Lileus, too, Arsames and Argestes, overcome by death, keep butting against the hard shore around the dove-breeding isle.' Then after enumerating several other distinguished Persian commanders who lost their lives in the battle, he continues:—

'Night withdrew, and the forces of the Greeks had by no means made an escape in any direction. But when Day, drawn by white steeds, had occupied the whole earth, of radiance beautiful to behold, first of all a shout from the Greeks greeted Echo like a song, and Echo from the island rocks at the same instant shouted forth an inspiring cry, and terror fell upon all the barbarians balked of their purpose,

for not as in flight were the Greeks then chaunting forth the solemn pæan, but speeding on to the fight with gallant daring of soul. And the trumpet with its clangour infuriated their whole line, and forthwith, with the collision of the dashing oar, they smote the roaring brine. And quickly were they conspicuous to view. The right wing, well marshalled, led on foremost in good order, and behind it their whole force were coming on against us, and we could at the same time hear a mighty shout: "SONS OF THE GREEKS! ON! FREE YOUR COUNTRY AND FREE YOUR CHILDREN, YOUR WIVES, THE ABODES TOO OF THE GODS OF YOUR FATHERS, AND THE TOMBS OF YOUR ANCESTORS. NOW IS THE CONFLICT FOR THEM ALL!" And, sooth to say, a roar of the Persian tongue met them from our line, and no longer was it the moment to delay, but forthwith ship dashed her brazen prow against ship. And a Grecian vessel commences the engagement and crashes off the the whole of the stem of a Phœnician ship; and each commander severally directs his bark against another of the enemy's. At first, indeed, the bulk of the Persian armament bore up against them, but soon the multitudes of our ships were crowded together in the strait, and no assistance could be given by one to another; but they were struck by their own brazen beaks and were smashing their entire equipment of oars. And the Grecian vessels, not without science, were *smiting them in a circle upon all sides,** and the hulls of our vessels were captured, and the sea could no longer be seen, filled as it was with wrecks and the slaughter of men. The shores, too, and the rugged rocks were filled with the dead, and every ship, as many as there were, of the barbarians was rowed in flight without order. But the Greeks kept striking, hacking us as it were tunnies or any draught of fishes, with fragments of oars and

* Three hundred ships 'surrounding' a thousand.

splinters of wreck, and wailing filled the ocean brine with shrieks until the depth of murky night removed it. But for the multitude of our woes—no, not if I should recite them in order for ten days, could I complete the tale for thee. For, be thou well assured of this, that there never fell in a single day a multitude of men of such a number. . . . No longer is the tongue of mortals held in check, for the people have been set at liberty to speak their minds freely. And the sea-washed isle of Ajax, with its shores stained with gore, holds the bodies of the Persians.'

When we consider the numbers of the forces engaged, and of the vessels taken or sunk in the action, the closeness of the combat, which lasted from dawn till dark, and the circumstance that no quarter was given or obtained by either party, it will probably not appear to be an immoderate calculation that there must have been at least fifteen or sixteen thousand men to whom that day proved their last. A number sufficient to man the whole British fleet that fought at Trafalgar, and more than twice as many as were to be found on board of the thirteen ships that won the battle of the Nile. In some respects, this sea-fight of Salamis resembles the famous land battle of Cannæ, in which, some two centuries later, Hannibal, with a force of about forty thousand, managed, not only to defeat, but also to almost utterly annihilate two Roman Consular armies, numbering upwards of eighty thousand men. In both instances the larger force was crowded together into a heap, of which the outermost portions, or those nearest to the enemy, could not fight so as to do themselves justice, while those inside the circumference were rendered helpless by being pressed upon by each other, and could not fight at all.

But by far the most sanguinary sea-battle that has as yet been recorded in history was that of Lepanto, fought between the Turks and

the Christians in 1571, and upon the same waters that had witnessed the triumph of Augustus over Antony. In the course of sixteen hundred years there had been few changes in the fashions of maritime warfare, save that the ships were now larger, the fleets more numerous, and the weapons used were more effective and deadly. The Turks (who were then thought invincible at sea) had just been making a formidable offensive movement towards the West. Among other matters, they had wrested from Venice the island of Cyprus, of which our newspapers have lately had so much to tell us, and which then for the first time became part of the Turkish empire. The power of Turkey was then what those of Russia and Prussia are now—a great bugbear to all the civilized nations of Western Europe, and extraordinary efforts were made by its nearest neighbours to meet the danger. A Holy League was formed against the infidel, and all the forces which combined Spain and Italy could send to sea, were despatched against him in the shape of an armament of nearly three hundred vessels and eighty thousand men. It encountered at Lepanto a Turkish fleet, fully as large and as numerous and bravely manned as itself. In the splendid historical fragment upon the *Reign of Philip II.*, which Prescott's untimely death prevented from being finished, as it had promised, into one of the most valuable and interesting histories in the English language, there is an animated account of the tremendous action that followed. Upwards of six hundred vessels engaged each other with little or no manœuvring, in a murderous grapple, which lasted until ten thousand Christians and twenty-five thousand Turks had fallen.

'The fight,' says Prescott, 'raged along the whole extent of the entrance to the Gulf of Lepanto.* The volumes of vapour rolling heavily over the

* Some nine or ten miles.

waters effectually shut out from sight whatever was passing at any considerable distance, unless when a fresher breeze dispelled the smoke for a moment, or the flashes from the heavy guns threw a transient gleam upon the dark canopy of battle. If the eye of the spectator could have penetrated the cloud of smoke that envelope the combatants, and have embraced the whole scene at a glance, he would have perceived them broken up into small detachments, separately engaged with each other, independently of the rest, and, indeed, ignorant of all that was doing in other quarters. The contest exhibited few of those large combinations and skilful manœuvres to be expected in a great naval encounter. It was rather an assemblage of petty actions resembling those upon land. The galleys grappling together presented a level arena, upon which soldier and galley-slave fought hand to hand, and the fate of the engagement was generally decided by boarding. As in most hand to hand contests, there was an enormous waste of life. The decks were loaded with corpses, Christian and Moslem lying promiscuously together in the embrace of death. Instances are recorded in which every man on board was slain or wounded. It was a ghastly spectacle where blood flowed in rivulets down the sides of the vessels, staining the waters of the gulf for miles around.

‘It seemed as if a hurricane had swept over the sea and covered it with the wreck of the noble armaments which a few moments before were so proudly riding upon its bosom. Little had they now to remind one of their late magnificent array with their hulls battered, their masts and spars gone or splintered by the shot, their canvas cut into shreds and floating wildly on the breeze, while thousands of wounded and drowning men were clinging to the floating fragments and calling piteously for help. Such was the wild uproar which succeeded to the Sabbath-

like stillness that two hours before had reigned over these beautiful solitudes.’

This we may call the last great sea-fight of the old-fashioned kind, and by far the bloodiest of them all. It made a great figure in the history of the times in which it was fought. All the maritime forces of Spain and Italy upon the one hand, and the Ottoman Empire upon the other, were drawn together to fight it, and the uproar, the bloodshed, the *Te Deums*, and the acclamations of contemporary tongues were all upon the very largest of scales. But one may paint with a very big brush and yet not be a very great painter. Few people now trouble themselves much about the great sea-fight of Lepanto, and to most of those who at the present time remember that there ever was such a battle, its central figure of interest is neither the Pope nor the Grand Turk, nor the King of Spain, nor Don John of Austria, nor any other of the great dignitaries of the day. History which has allowed all these worthies to retreat pretty far into the background still preserves the record that a humble Spanish foot-soldier who was then of as little personal importance as any of his sixty or eighty thousand fellow-fighters, lost his left hand in the action and has casually alluded to it in a work which will last as long as literature itself. He calls it ‘the noblest occasion that past or present times have witnessed or that the future can ever hope to see,’ and yet his own book is read every day by thousands who would not know, without a foot note, to what occasion this high language is applied. Cervantes also alludes to his own naval experiences in another passage which with the alteration of a single expression, reads like a translation from something that might have been written by Æschylus or Sophocles and inspired by the recollections of Salamis or Arginuse. ‘And if this be thought but a trifling danger, let us see whether it be equalled or exceeded by the en-

counter of two galleys prow to prow in the midst of the wide sea, locked and grappled together so that there is no more room left for the soldier than the two-foot plank at the beak-head, and though he sees as many threatening ministers of death before him as there are pieces of artillery (read "gavelins" and "arrows") levelled against him from the opposite side not the length of a lance from his body, though he knows that the first slip of his foot sends him to the bottom of the ocean, yet with an undaunted heart inspired by honour he exposes himself to all their fire, and endeavours by that narrow pass to force his way into the enemy's vessel.'

The old-fashioned galley, although well enough suited for the comparatively calm waters and short voyages of the Mediterranean, did not long satisfy the requirements of the western and northern nations of Europe, who had to navigate the German and Atlantic oceans. It was in these waters that it received by degrees the modifications which, in course of time, developed it into the modern man-of-war. The war ships of the ancient Vikings and Norsemen did not differ in the general plan of their models from those of the Greeks and Romans, but working in higher latitudes and contending with rougher seas, they had to be larger and more substantially built, and their masts and sails being much more important items of their outfit as compared with the oars, were stouter and heavier. Passing nearly all the active portion of their lives at sea and facing a rougher element, these northern nations also became far better sailors than their classic ancestors. There seems to be no reason to doubt the old Norwegian and Icelandic records that their mariners, as far back as the twelfth century had made their way across the North Atlantic and landed upon Newfoundland and the Continent of North America. These men were not rowers so much as sailors. Yet, between the high bow and stern

of their ship they still retained the long single bank of oars along which, if we may believe the old sagas, some warriors were dexterous enough to run fore and aft at full speed while the rowers were stretching their stoutest. Longfellow says of the famous King Olaf—

When at sea with all his rowers
He along the bending oars
Outside of his ship could run.

A feat which we might allow to be notable, even though it were only done inside the ship's rail. In most pictures of these western galleys, we see disposed along the rail on each side a long row of shields, in appearance oddly resembling the hammock nettings of a modern English frigate.

From about the close of the fifteenth century the English and the Flemings appear to have discarded galleys from their deep sea service altogether, and taken to the use of heavier vessels, with permanent masts and sails. The demand for skilled seamanship and the use of heavier vessels steadily increased, so that by the middle of the sixteenth century, the employment of galleys was confined to the navies of southern nations bordering upon the Mediterranean, where they continued to be used long after they had disappeared from the Atlantic. Henry VII. of England owned only one ship of war. Down to his time the vessels of the English navy were generally merchant ships hired from private individuals, or contributed in certain quotas by the Cinque Ports and converted into men of war for the occasion. This was not a very difficult alteration to make. All merchantmen in those days carried some armament, and the addition of a few guns and a hundred or two of archers or musketeers made all the difference between a trading vessel and a fighting ship. From the fine old ballad of 'Sir Andrew Barton'* (which we hereby take occasion to recommend most heartily to all our readers who are not

* In the Percy 'Reliques.

already acquainted with it) we learn amongst other things, that an ordinary merchantman of that day could be turned at short notice into a formidable man-of-war.

Sir Andrew was a famous Scottish admiral in his day—a brave and skilful seaman, but something leaning to the freebooter of quick hand—a description which we are sorry to say would also apply to more than one of the other worthies who first made the British name famous at sea. For three years, according to the ballad, he had been the autocrat of the English channel, enforcing both submission and tribute from everything that sailed in it, and earning for himself amongst other distinctions, some special, although far from complimentary, notices from the Kings of England and Portugal. On his last cruise he fell in with a Newcastle merchant named Henry Hunt, who was returning from a voyage to Bordeaux, and whom he plundered pretty thoroughly. Henry went off 'with a heavy heart and a careful mind,' but next day was fortunate enough to fall in with Lord Howard, who had sailed from the Thames only three days before in search of this very Sir Andrew. After telling his story, Henry volunteered his services as a consort, and obtained the loan of fourteen guns for his ship. It was not long before they fell in with the gallant Scot, and after a few preliminaries of naval strategy, a furious action commenced, in which the metamorphosed merchantman bore an active part—

Then Henry Hunt, with vigour hot,
Came boldly up on the other side;
Soon he drave down his foremast tree
And killed him fourscore (probably an exaggeration)
men beside.

'Now out, alas!' said Sir Andrew then,
'What may a man now think or say,
Yon merchant thief that pierceeth me
He was my prisoner yesterday.'

For the remainder of the fight and its sequence we must again refer our readers to the ballad itself, which, to our mind, is one of the best in the whole Percy collection. It not only draws

a lively picture, from which we can learn and infer many curious details concerning the sea-service of the period, but also presents us with a most touching and attractive sketch of a fine old sea king, who has good right to a proud place in the naval history of his country.

In the third year of Henry VII's reign, there was built for his Majesty the 'Great Harry,' which has the honour of being the first recorded ship of the Royal Navy. She had three masts, and as late as the year 1545 was the only vessel of that description in the English fleet. She is said to have been accidentally burnt at Woolwich in 1553, and if this be true, she must have lasted sixty-five years, which, according to the average of modern ships' ages is a very long period.* Henry VIII., by his own prerogative, and at his own expense, settled the constitution of the English Navy upon the same footing which subsists to the present day. He instituted an Admiralty and a Navy Office, appointed Commissioners, and fixed regular salaries for them, as well as for his admirals, officers and sailors. Properly speaking this marks the commencement of a new era in naval affairs—that of wooden sailing-ships, with the army and navy divided into two distinct professions. It is true that vestiges of the ancient usages continued to linger for some time in connection both with the English and with other navies. The bow and the stern of the man-of-war still continued to be built up into miniature forts, and for a long time they were the only parts of the ship that were armed with heavy guns. The crews still continued to be occasionally supplemented by soldiers drawn from the land forces. Even down to the days of the Commonwealth and Restoration, the army and navy continued to interchange their officers, and perhaps their men also. We now and again find an

* James' 'Naval History,' vol. vii.

admiral commanding a division of the army upon land, while, on the other hand, Blake, Dean and Monk had all acquired distinction in military operations on shore before they tried their hands as naval officers. The old-fashioned galley, although banished from the English navy, still kept a place in those of France and Spain. The Spanish Armada contained ten or twelve of very large size, only two of which ever returned home again. A few years later, Frederic Spinola attempted to use these vessels against the Dutch navy, with what disastrous results may be read in the spirited

pages of Motley. And even as late as 1690, Admiral Tourville used his galleys in the descent which he attempted to make upon the southern coast of England. But the old-fashioned system of galleys and soldiers had served its purpose, and within thirty years after the Battle of Lepanto it may be said to have passed away and given place to the second system—that of a separate naval service, and wooden sailing ships. On some future occasion we may perhaps make a remark or two upon this second naval period.

THE WANDERER.

(A favourite German Song.)

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY FIDELIS.

O'ER the wide world all lonely I roam,
 Far, far away from my own cherished home;
 O'er the wild mountains my footstep is fleet,
 Fearful abysses yawn wide at my feet;—
 Still, my beloved, where'er I may be,
 Thy gentle presence is ever with me.

High in the cloud-land winds my wild course,
 Whence the stream dashes with dizzying force,
 From the white glacier's cold bosom of snow
 I gaze on the world in the sunshine below;—
 Here, even here, my beloved, I see
 Thy gentle spirit still present with me.

Far in the depths of the solemn ravine,
 Where the lake gleams in its silvery sheen,—
 Over the desert's hot glittering sand,—
 Hasting my steps o'er a strange distant land;—
 Still, while I tarried, I ever could see
 Thy gentle spirit still present with me.

So must I wander, the wide world o'er,
 On many an ocean, on many a shore;
 Still, while I tarry, wherever I roam,—
 Faithful I am to my love and my home;—
 Still, my beloved, where'er I may be,
 Thy gentle presence is ever with me.

WILKIE COLLINS AS A NOVELIST.

BY J. L. STEWART.

THERE is a wide difference between the story-teller, with no object in view but that of interesting his readers in the unfolding of a plot on which depends the happiness or misery of his hero or heroine, and the moralist who merely employs fictitious characters because they are necessary for the teaching of his lessons,—just as lay figures are used by dress-makers for the display of their work. The mere story-teller often teaches more effectively than the moralist, and the moralist frequently writes a more absorbing tale than the story-teller. The story may be stupid and the homily entertaining. Genius breaks through all restraints, shines through all the mists of inconvenient method, and enlivens the dullest themes,—as latent humour will crop out in the pulpit, and set the congregation on the broad grin.

And yet very much depends on the form of the work and the aim of the writer. Only the gifted few can afford to neglect the architectural details, and even they do so at the expense of their reputation.

If mere popularity, as measured by the number of immediate readers gained, were the object of novel writing, the gushingly sentimental, thrilling and florid fictions, which create so great a demand for the 'literary' weeklies, would be chosen as the model of the aspiring author; but every writer worthy of being taken into serious consideration has a higher aim than that: he seeks to gain the approbation of the cultivated classes, and have his books placed on the list of those worth preserving.

By the careful cultivation of their art many writers have corrected defects which would, if allowed to grow, have proved fatal to their reputation. Some, finding themselves depending too much on an absorbing plot, have studied human nature and taken extra care in the delineation of character; while others have laboriously constructed, or boldly borrowed, plots which give unity of interest to the incidents attending the development of their wonderfully natural creations. Natural defects are thus overcome, and artistic harmony given to work whose strength would otherwise be counterbalanced by its weakness. It is often the case that the part of a book which displays the least strength has cost the author the most effort.

Wilkie Collins has one of those well-balanced minds in which the constructive and didactic faculties exist in pretty equal proportions. He is an earnest moralist, with story-telling and plot-constructing capacities of a high order, and his productions appeal to the minds of the idle and the earnest alike.

With perfect appreciation of the necessity for concealing the lesson he wishes to teach, and full faith in his ability to make the incidents impart the instruction he seeks to give, he sets himself to the task, primarily, of simply telling a story. 'I have always,' he says, in his preface to 'The Woman in White,' 'held the old-fashioned opinion that the primary object of a work of fiction should be to tell a story. It may be impossible, in novel writing, to present characters successfully without telling a

story; but it is not possible to tell a story successfully without presenting characters.'

In this method of working he differs widely from many of his distinguished contemporaries, whose character drawing is evidently first in their thoughts, and must thank his dramatic genius rather than his theory for the permanent value attached to his works.

Many stories have been successfully told without presenting characters which the world desired to keep up an acquaintance with.

Books are read once for the story, and then, if the characters they present are not interesting, they are cast aside and forgotten.

Mr. Collins, notwithstanding the secondary place he theoretically assigns to character drawing, selects his types with care and elaborates them with skill. Instead of being content to allow them to make their peculiarities known by their acts, in accordance with his theory, he often introduces them so minutely as to leave little to be revealed by themselves, thus showing that they were carefully thought out before being allowed to take a place in the story.

'The Woman in White,' which is esteemed the ablest of his works, is one of the best examples we have in modern fiction of the union of a plot of absorbing interest with characters at once original, strong and pleasing. The presentation of the characters is merely incidental to the telling of the story, I admit, but their conception was a primary instead of a secondary part of the author's work. Laura Fairlie, that lovely and lovable piece of inanity, gets almost as strong a hold on us as she does on Walter Hartright. She is a fine example of the strength of feminine weakness. Hartright and Marian Halcombe, the 'magnificent Marian' of the 'grand grey eyes' (not the only one of Collins's women with this particular description of eyes), devote their lives to her service, and

it seems right that they should do so. She clings to them and trusts them, and that is all the reward they ask or expect. If it were not for her great misfortunes she would hardly keep her place in the reader's affections, and even as it is we can hardly repress a sigh of regret when her marriage with Walter deprives Marian of the possibility of ever seeing her unspoken affection returned. It does not seem right, although it is supremely natural, that the helpless Laura should win all the strong man's devotion, while the glorious creature who united her efforts with his, in their almost hopeless struggle against the conspiracy of which Laura was the victim, should inspire nothing but a sisterly affection. Such women as she are able to stand alone in this world, and a merciful Providence provides that the men shall fall in love chiefly with the less gifted and self-reliant—with those who are not able to take care of themselves.

[This accounts for the large proportion of splendid women among the old maids.]

Anne Catherick excites a curiosity which is not gratified by results, but the interest awakened in her is not at all out of proportion to her importance in the plot. The manner in which the attention is kept fixed upon her, in the expectation that she will make an important revelation respecting Sir Percival Glyde, when it is a purely passive part which she is destined to play in the great crisis of the story, is very skilful.

Walter Hartright, that fine specimen of constancy, devotion, fearlessness and uprightness; Mr. Fairlie, a unique study of refined selfishness; Pesca, the excitable Italian; Mrs. Vesey, the amiable old lady who 'sat through life'; Sir Percival Glyde, that combination of strong passion and pliant yielding to his evil genius; Mr. Gilmore, the solicitor, who reassuringly informs his clients that they have entrusted their affairs to 'good

hands ; Mrs. Michelson, with her charming faith in the angelic character of Count Fosco ; and Madame Fosco, with her dog-like devotion to her husband, and her inability to distinguish good from evil when he is an interested party, are all faithfully drawn characters.

The great personage of the book, however, is Fosco himself. He is a wonderfully clear-cut type of a somewhat mythical class. With great skill in music, chemistry, and diplomacy ; with a magnetic power over men and women ; with vast capacities for work ; with the faculty of combination well developed ; with great executive ability ; and with a title and some fortune, he is nothing but a spy in his public capacity and a rascal in private life. Nothing but principle is wanting to make him a leader of men, a statesman, a great diplomatist, or an honoured member of a learned profession. His breezy brusqueness, oily affability, consummate impudence, infectious good spirits, and unwearying activity, make him the life of every scene in which he appears. His management of the brutal Sir Percival, his mastery over his wife, his sublime effrontery, his irrepressible vehemence when he quarrels with the physician's treatment of Marian, his intimate relations with his birds and white mice, his charming manifestations of personal vanity, his hearty and unhesitating yielding to circumstances which he sees to be too much for even his genius to contend with, and, most of all, the one weakness he manifests—his overpowering admiration of Marian Halcombe—keep his corpulent form fresh in the mind of the reader. His charming frankness, when he does not consider it worth while to wear the mask of virtue, is enough to make him friends. It is in perfect good faith, and not at all as a satirist seeking to be smart, that he argues that crime is a good friend as often as it is an enemy, and points for proof to the Howards passing virtuous misery in

hovels to minister to misery in prisons. He is sincere, also, when he claims to be virtuous because he carefully avoided unnecessary crime in the perpetration of the great outrage that robbed an unoffending lady of reason, liberty and identity. The reader who can not forget his cold-blooded cruelty, and forgive his offences far enough to look pityingly on the mangled remains which his widow weeps over in the morgue, lacks the charity which all should feel for erring and fallen humanity.

The life at Blackwater, when the helpless Laura is struggling in the toils, and the crazy Anne is hovering around with her supposed secret, is painted with graphic realism ; the several steps in the unwinding of the coil of conspiracy which bring Walter slowly but surely to the end, enchain the reader's unwearying attention ; and the double retribution is brought about in a dramatic and by no means improbable manner.

Most of the writers who find fault with the institutions of their country—with its legal, medical and theological doctrines and practices—have remedies to propose for all the ills they discover ; but Wilkie Collins contents himself generally with pointing out the evils that exist, leaving to others the work of devising the cure. In this respect he presents a marked contrast to Charles Reade, who prescribes minutely for everything from tight lacing to the treatment of the insane, teaches the doctors how to deal with sprains, and defines the changes that should be made in the statutes.

In 'The Woman in White' the author indicates, rather than presents and denounces, the evil effects which may result from the law of inheritance, and in 'The Law and the Lady' the Scotch verdict of 'not proven' is the objective point at which the reformer aims. Eustace Macallan's wife, in a fit of despairing jealousy, poisons herself, and the letter in which she

confesses the deed and bids farewell to her husband, is stolen by a false friend of the family who gains access to her room before the tragedy is discovered. Eustace is charged with having murdered her, the fact of his having purchased poison is proved, his want of affection for his wife is established by entries in his diary and letters written by her to lady friends, and various other bits of circumstantial evidence are brought forward. The jury, not willing to convict him without more explicit testimony, and yet feeling morally certain of his guilt, take refuge in the convenient verdict which the Scotch law allows, and compromise by giving him the moral without the physical punishment of murder.

Eustace Macallan is crushed by the blow. He looks upon the verdict of the jury as the voice of mankind in general, and refuses to believe that any one can think him innocent. He shuns the woman to whom he had given the love for which his dead wife craved. He changes his name, and keeps scrupulously apart from all who have known him, seeing only his mother and one or two friends occasionally.

While in a retired rural village, nursing this morbid horror of being known to mankind as the man who has failed to be acquitted by a jury of the murder of his wife, he meets and falls in love with the heroine of the tale, and marries her under his assumed name. She tells us, for the story is supposed to be written by her, how she loves and trusts her husband, how she is startled on the first day of their wedding tour by discovering that he is wrapped up in the dark mantle of some secret sorrow, how she learns her husband's real name, and how she acts under the stimulus of the uncontrollable passion that takes possession of her to penetrate the secret. It is in vain that she is assured that their love will not endure the strain of the discovery, that their happiness, their

union itself, depends upon her remaining ignorant of the mystery in her husband's life. She is only the more eager to discover the secret, persuading herself that she wants to know it chiefly for the purpose of showing that she can love and trust her husband notwithstanding anything of a reprehensible nature in his past life. She does not rest until she discovers the truth.

Eustace finds her in a fainting fit, with a pamphlet report of the trial in her hand, and sorrowfully turns his back upon her. She asks for him, and is told that he has gone. She seeks him, and learns that he has left the country after making ample provision for her maintenance. He stubbornly refuses to believe that she can love and trust him, with the shadow of the Scotch verdict resting on him. The first cold look, the first harsh word, would cause the dead wife to rise up between them, and there would be no real happiness in their home.

And then she resolves to reopen the inquiry into the death of her husband's first wife, and prove her husband's innocence by discovering the real murderer. That is the only method of curing his morbid state, and winning him back to her. And so the long struggle between the Lady and the Law, the story of which is told in this novel, is entered upon. It seems hopeless at first, light breaks upon the way only to be extinguished and leave deeper gloom, and promising paths of research lead up to nothing but convincing proofs of the falsity of the scent. And still the search grows more fascinating to the lady and the reader. We know that success must reward her efforts, because she has won a place in our hearts, and we see no other chance for her happiness, and yet we follow every step she takes towards the end with as much anxious interest as though it were among the probabilities that she could fail.

The strain of this absorbing inquiry is lightened, without the action being

retarded, by the antics of Miserrimus Dexter, the devotion of Ariel to her master, and the love affairs of Major Fitz David. Dexter belongs to the traditional dwarf family, possessing the cunning, cruelty, and fickleness which are associated so generally with human deformity, and is even more unreal and unnatural than Dickens's Quilp. His vagaries create pity and dislike rather than amusement, the workings of his mind are too subtle or too much tainted with madness to give a true indication of his knowledge respecting the death of Mrs. Macallan, and the whole picture of the creature is inconsistent with the previous part which he is credited with having played. This type of physical, mental and moral deformity is exhausted, and should be banished from fiction. It has had its day, like a great many other stock models, and novelty is no longer a cloak for its unreality.

Ariel is a more original and interesting study, although but slightly sketched. The author does not hint at having evolved her from the mazes of a Darwinian research into the origin of species, but she is highly suggestive of 'the missing link.' She is deaf, dumb, and unimpassive as a stone, except to her master. Pygmalion's power over the marble statue seems no more remarkable than Dexter's influence over this woman. That human affection, devotion and intelligence should be awakened in such a creature, seems as strange as the theory that such qualities could have been evolved in the human breast from the mere instincts of animalism.

But we turn away from the morbid contemplation of such unhealthy creations, and grow natural and cheerful again in the delightful society of Major Fitz David, 'the friend of the women.' What a charming old beau he is! Is it any wonder that the men and women who know him personally should like him so well, when we can not read about him without compas-

sionate tenderness? The aged juvenile, entrusted with the keeping of Eustace's secret, is besieged by Valeria, whom he can not resist seeing because the servant reports that she is pretty, and, after resisting her importunity for a few minutes, throws himself on her mercy. 'That homestead,' he feelingly says to her, pointing to a painting on the wall, 'once belonged to me. It was sold years and years since. And who had the money? The women—God bless them all!—the women. I don't regret it. If I had another estate, I have no doubt it would go the same way. Your adorable sex has made its pretty playthings of my life, my time, and my money—and welcome! The one thing I have kept to myself is my honour, and now that is in danger.' Valeria, intent as she is on discovering the secret, does not have the heart to take advantage of his helplessness, but, with a casuistry worthy of a skilled polemic, persuades him that his honour will not be tarnished by permitting her to search the room which contains the key to the mystery, and the search results in the discovery of the report of the trial. The Major's relations with the fair sex, past and present, are described in the spirit of his appeal to Valeria, and he is altogether so very amusing and good-hearted a personage that we regret the catastrophe of his marriage with the rude and mercenary young woman whose musical education he undertook to superintend. It is to be feared that, after marriage, he could no longer be the friend of the women without encountering domestic broils, that every act of gallantry was performed at the risk of having his wig damaged and his face scratched, and that the gallant old gentleman was compelled to wear a face of unconcern for the woes of women whom he burned to succour from the evils which beset them. The consoling reflection is that he needed a protector, and that, as he was bound to be the

slave of some woman, it was best for that one to be his wife. And yet it seems cruel to the Major, and more than cruel to womankind in general, to tie him to the apronstrings of an overbearing girl, who, having no sentiment, can never appreciate his abstract feelings for the sex at their true value, but will necessarily regard every act of gallantry on his part as treason to herself. Alas, poor Major!

Honest old Benjamin wins our regard; and Mr. Playmore, with his systematic Scotch economy, the man who 'could not justify it to his conscience to carry about his person any such loose and reckless document as a blank check,' is a well defined type of the honest and conscientious family lawyer.

In 'Man and Wife' the author is so earnestly intent on satirizing and denouncing the mania for muscular sports, that he forgets the barriers which art erects between the story and the moral. His animus is so plain as to weaken the force of his satire, and he violates the proprieties of novel writing so far as to descend to downright invective in his own person. This weakens the work as an attack on muscular development, and mars it as a story. Those who are not ardent admirers of manly sports will wonder what excited this man's anger, and those who are will resent his severity instead of listening to his reasons. No man with good muscular development can read this book without feeling a desire to try the effect of a right-hander on the author, so unmeasured is its condemnation of muscle culture. The fostering of athletic sports is denounced as the revival of barbarism. 'The average young athlete, his muscle and his slang,' he says contemptuously, 'is beneath literary notice.' Geoffrey Delamayn is a brute, not because his nature was bestial from the beginning, but because of his muscular training, while the gentle and studious Julius loves books and cultivates music, ac-

ording to the underlying philosophy of this story, simply because his muscles never attracted his fostering care. If Julius had ever toyed with dumb-bells, or taken lessons of a boxing-master, or learned to row, his nature would have been brutal like his brother's! Muscular development, in the person of Geoffrey, is placed in the pillory, and pelted without mercy by all who pass that way. Athletic sports, as personified by Geoffrey, are made as ridiculous, health-destroying and brutalizing as possible. Even that pert beauty, Blanche Lundie, becomes a satirist in the presence of muscle, and says to Geoffrey, when he wants to be excused from croquet, 'If you had a mind, you would want to relax it. You have got muscles, why not relax them?' And then Geoffrey, a University man, is made to dispute the authorship of a quotation from Dryden:—'I rowed three races with Tom Dryden, and we trained together. He never said that.' When he is called upon to exert his thinking faculties at all he resorts to rowing, dumb-bells, boxing-gloves and running, for the purpose of clearing his mind. His favourite exclamation is 'Thunder and lightning! explosion and blood!' He betrays Anne Silvester, abandons her in the most heartless manner, subjects his best friend to a false charge of bigamy, and finally meets his death while attempting the murder of his wife, after having ceased to be the idol of the people on account of breaking down in a great race in which he, as the champion of the south, ran against the fleetest champion of the north. This is the man who is held up as the kind of animal the muscular maniacs worship. Whatever may be said of Geoffrey as a type of muscular mankind, he is the personification, the natural product, of athletic culture, as described by the author, in the words of Sir Patrick Lundie:—'If my happiness stands in his way—and he can do it with impunity to himself—he will trample down my happiness. If

my life happens to be the next obstacle he encounters—and if he can do it with impunity to himself—he will trample down my life.'

The author, who divides with Sir Patrick the duty of satirizing the athletes, gives us the following portrait of Julius Delamayn :

'It is melancholy to acknowledge it of the blood relation of a "stroke-oar," but it must be owned, in the interests of truth, that Julius cultivated his intelligence. This degenerate Briton could digest books, and could not digest beer. He could learn languages, and could not learn to row. He got through life (Heaven knows how!) without either a biceps or a betting-book. He had openly acknowledged, in English society, that he didn't think the barking of a pack of hounds the finest music in the world. He could go to foreign parts, and see a mountain which nobody had ever got to the top of yet, and didn't instantly feel his honour as an Englishman involved in getting to the top of it himself.'

He supplements this piece of satire with descriptive passages of equally keen edge. He pictures the inn, where servants and guests, equally absorbed in the newspapers, reply to all inquiries : 'Tinkler's gone stale,' and describes the sensation which this important news creates,—when 'even the London blackguard stood awed and quiet in the presence of the national calamity.' The playful pranks of the athletes, in their joy over Geoffrey's consenting to run, are not so well drawn :—'Hercules I. cleared a space with his elbows, and lay down, and Hercules II. took him up in his teeth. Hercules III. seized the poker from the fire-place, and broke it on his arm. Hercules IV. followed with the tongs, and shattered them on his neck.' This is broadly grotesque, without being at all humorous, and palpable exaggeration in which there is no humour only serves to weaken the assault.

An intelligent foreigner is supposed to be present at the sports, and is in-

formed that 'the solemnity takes its rise in an indomitable national passion for hardening the arms and legs, by throwing hammers and cricket-balls with the first, and running and jumping with the second.' This foreigner goes to the theatre after witnessing the enthusiasm of the populace at the sports, and notes their behaviour there. 'If the play,' says our satirist, 'made any appeal to their sympathy with any of the higher and nobler emotions of humanity, they received it as something wearisome, or sneered at it as something absurd. The public feeling of the countrymen of Shakspeare, so far as they represented it, recognized but two duties in the dramatist—the duty of making them laugh, and the duty of getting it over soon.' The lavish display of scenery, legs and bosoms, he intimates, is the only attraction at the theatre. The people exhibit a stolid languor when effects are exacted from their brains, and a stupid contempt at appeals to their hearts. No wonder Englishmen, he adds, are chiefly remarkable for enjoying jokes and scandal, and respecting rank and money.

Sir Patrick Lundie is much happier in his satire, because more witty and less abusive. He is 'distinguished by a pliant grace and courtesy, unknown to the present generation,' and a cane with a snuff-box head. He is a bright, cheerful, wise and satirical old fellow, with a decided preference for the manners and customs of his boyish period. He has forgotten that fashion had as many follies then as now. Not having leisure for fault-finding in his youth, or because the prevailing freaks of fashion at that time seemed the correct thing, because there was nothing in his experience to contrast them with, he regards every present folly as proof of modern degeneracy. His observant eyes note everything. 'Can that charming person straighten her knees?' he asks Arnold Brinkworth, pointing the while at Blanche's high-heeled boots, and Arthur feels

that he is desperately in love with her whether or not. He applies his theory of degeneracy, in a playful way, to himself:—‘A wise person once said, “The older a man gets the worse he gets.” That wise person, my dear, had me in his eye, and was perfectly right.’ ‘What *does* the new generation know!’ he exclaims. ‘It knows how to row, how to shoot, how to play at cricket, and how to bet. When it has lost its muscle and its money—that is to say, when it has grown old.—what a generation it will be!’ And again: ‘You will find a lessening regard for the gentler graces of civilized life, and a growing admiration for the virtues of the aboriginal Britons.’ His intercourse with Arthur and Blanche, so free from reserve or claims to authority; his management of his sister-in-law, Lady Lundie, whose freaks of temper make him sigh at the thought of what his poor brother must have endured; his interview with Anne at the inn; his bearing at the inquiry into the legality of his niece’s marriage; and his final appearance with a bride on his arm, combine to make him a favourite with the reader. He is ever sharp of tongue, and kind at heart, railing at frivolity, and ready to forgive human transgressions; fond of having his own way, and gaining it by tact where he might have it by an exercise of authority. Sir Patrick is a valuable contribution to the portrait gallery of fiction.

Almost all the characters in this book are sharply defined specimens of interesting types, and all are more or less familiar to the students of human nature as depicted in novels. Hester Dethridge is a saddening example of man’s inhumanity to woman. There is something revolting in her, and yet one can not help pitying her misfortunes. But as we get a glimpse of the homicidal mania that seizes her at times, and think of the blessing it would be to others if the tempting demon should get the better of her when Geoffrey is within reach, it is difficult

to join in the woman’s prayer to be delivered from temptation. Her confession is an affecting recital of woman’s wrongs, and her fate a sad warning to those who seek to escape from misery by committing crime.

Bishopriggs is an ambitious attempt, and only fairly successful. His familiarity with the guests of the inn is past all endurance. Fancy a servant, who is called to set the table for a gentleman and lady whom he supposes to be a newly wedded pair, saying, ‘Take her on your knee as soon as ye like! Feed him at the fork’s end whenever ye please.’ It is not possible, even at Craig Fernie Inn, that a waiter could have found it profitable to take such liberties with the guests, and Bishopriggs is a man who esteems the profits as next in importance to the tippie. The author is happier in his description of this fellow than he is when he allows him to speak for himself, telling us, for instance, that he ‘looked at the running water with the eye of a man who thoroughly distrusted it, viewed as a beverage;’ and he makes him act usually in a humorously shrewd manner.

Most readers will retain a lively impression of Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie, of the Sheep’s Head Hotel; Capt. Newenden, who would dance; Blanche Lundie, the pert, pretty and headstrong young lady of the story; Mrs. Glenarm, who wanted a master, and found one in Geoffrey after a curious courtship—who conducted a very unconventional correspondence with him after his marriage, and retired to a convent in a very conventional style after his death; Lady Lundie, who is, in many respects, the strongest and most artistically developed character in the book, and about the only one who is allowed to reveal herself gradually by her acts instead of being drawn at full length when first introduced; and Mrs. Inchbare, ‘a savagely respectable woman who pleased herself in presiding over a

savagely respectable inn.' They will also remember, and smile at the recollection, Arnold Brinkworth's proposal to Blanche, when he stopped in a blundering attempt at the confession of his love, sheepishly saying he 'wanted a little encouragement,' and was archly told by the young lady to 'consider himself encouraged.'

'Poor Miss Finch,' the next most notable production of Wilkie Collins's pen, is about the only one of his more important works without an undisguised attack on some popular institution, practice or doctrine. As a work of art, it approaches perfection. The materials are handled with consummate skill, but they lack the elements of wide popularity. Probabilities are weighed carefully, the springs of action are studied thoughtfully, and the characters are true to themselves in all their sayings and doings. There are no vicious dwarfs, with supernatural cunning; no madmen, with conflicting and unfathomable impulses, at large in society; no supernaturally gifted persons who favour us at the beginning with a prophetic view of the end. These people are men and women all the time, and submit to the limitations which a wise Providence imposes on human powers. The story's greatest strength is its pathos. The blind lady who is the central figure of the tale, moves our tenderest compassion at the first, and retains her place in our affections and her claim on our pity to the last. Life ebbs and flows around her, the conflict of human passions threatens to wreck her happiness, intrigues are in progress in her own household, physicians are disputing as to the practicability of restoring her sight, and she is subjected to cruel deceptions. Her artlessness, her fearless trampling on sacred conventionalities, her horror of being deceived, and her pride in the delicacy of touch and ear which make up in part for her want of sight, are in ideal harmony with the fact of her blind-

ness. With all a child's fearlessness, with the passions and not the prudence of maturity, and with the attractiveness of beauty and grace, she is in danger, deprived as she is, in a great measure, of home protection, of meeting with some irreparable misfortune. The divinity within makes us reach out our arms for her support, and raise our voices in warning, as she moves along the edge of the unfathomable gulf of lifelong sorrow without seeing the danger, and we discover, as we often do when we burn to rescue some imperilled being in real life, how inadequate are the powers with which we are gifted to execute the promptings of our nobler nature. When the dear innocent nurses Oscar Dubourg, of whom the reader is not by any means an admirer, holds his head, whispers him to get well for her sake, and kisses him, one can not help trembling for her future. Her cheerful confidence in herself is one of the saddest and most dangerous features of the case. If she really felt her helplessness, and leaned obediently on some trusty friend for guidance and support, there would be little or no danger; but she is a woman, and will have her way at times. How beautiful are her mental visions of the earth and sky, the fields and flowers! How we pause, even at the critical moment when her sight is to be restored, and think of what she will lose! There is no affliction, not even blindness, which does not have some compensating advantages, no happy change, not even the translation from darkness to light, which does not involve loss as well as gain. Lucilla Finch felt this when her eyes had been opened to the sights around her, and vainly shut them with the hope of bringing back the bright visions in which she once delighted. This brief period of her life was so unhappy that we are reconciled to the final loss of her sight, and, hearing her say, 'My life lives in my love, and my love lives in my blindness,' and seeing her safe

at last in the arms of the only man who can make her happy, we say farewell with wistful eyes, whose tears are those of tender compassion instead of vain regret.

Madame Pratolungo, the voluble, energetic and revolutionary, tells the tale, and makes herself exceedingly agreeable. The hardihood with which she beards the human lion in his den, when the interests of her blind pupil require it; the loyalty to her dead husband, that breaks out in vivas for the republic; the frankness she manifests in describing her father, for whose sake she sacrifices much valuable time, as 'an elder in the Temple of Venus, burning incense inexhaustibly on the altar of love,' and whom she cures of a matrimonial passion for a worthless woman by taking him to Rome and stupifying him with picture-gazing until he falls asleep before the Venus of the Capitol; her unselfish devotion to Lucilla, a devotion that triumphs even over her woman's sense of injury at being unjustly suspected of improper motives and disloyal acts; her breezy, vivacious, rattling commentary on men, manners and events; and her genuine goodness of heart and singleness of purpose, make her a delightful acquaintance and a valuable friend. At her first appearance she is happily accompanied only by a boy who never speaks except when he is spoken to, and manages invariably to convey his answer in three monosyllables. This gives her ample opportunity to introduce herself with her characteristic frankness, give her impressions of the scenery, and let everybody into the secret of her journey, thus putting herself on familiar terms with her readers at the start; and the more they see of her the better they like her fresh foreign contempt for forms, and her fearless warfare on conventional social shams.

Mrs. Finch, with a novel in one hand and a baby in the other, slouches across the stage, looking for her handkerchief and lamenting her inability

to pick up a lost half hour; the Rev. Finch struts around with his little body and thunderous voice, his nose for money, his exalted idea of his own importance, and his habit of 'putting his foot down in his paternal capacity'; Oscar Dubourg, that helpless product of a purposeless education, with his foolish shrinking from the notoriety he accidentally gained, his womanish worship of his hare-brained brother, and his utter lack of will to act for himself when his happiness depends on a moment's courage, grows out of the reader's contempt towards the close by manifesting unexpected decision of character; Nugent Dubourg, who is favourably known at first for having saved his brother's life by the restless energy with which he rushed blindly around in search of testimony in rebuttal of the perjury of the clock, is very amusing when introduced to the acquaintance of the Finches—when he gives the Rector a lesson in reading aloud, and instructs Mrs. Finch on the subject of babies' frocks—grows puzzling later on, develops into a villain through want of strength to resist temptation, and is finally dismissed with a mixture of contempt that is softened by pity; and Herr Grosse, good, greedy and gastronomic, full of kindness for his patient, gentle in his very roughness, with the manners of a bear and the tact of a diplomat, from the moment he arrives at Dimchurch until our parting view of him, imprisoned by the gout, and frantically urging Madame Pratolungo to make haste with his wash for the eyes of his 'poor Feench,' grows in our regard so much, both as a man and an oculist, that we would not hesitate to call him to our aid in preference to his estimable and dignified professional associate in the consultation on the case of Miss Finch.

All readers of Wilkie Collins must have been impressed with the importance of the supernatural element in his writings. He appeals skilfully to the public taste for the marvellous, and

gains readers by doing so. He shrewdly suspects that all men have an element of what is scornfully called superstition in their veins, and does not hesitate to cater for it.

It is to the impulsive, aboriginal and poetical side of the race, and not to its reason or conscience, that the successful novelist addresses himself. The aboriginal man was filled with superstition, and culture has not yet fully counteracted its hereditary influence. The leaf, stirred by the breeze, is a startling miracle to him who knows nothing about wind and never witnessed its effects on inanimate objects. When the shadow of the moon passes over the sun the frightened savage resorts to rites which he considers most likely to appease an angry Deity. In civilized countries the breaking out of a new and fatal disease, whose origin and nature are not understood, has about the same effect on the majority of the population. The appearance of a comet in the sky, even after great progress had been made in the science of astronomy, was almost universally hailed as a supernatural sign—a warning from Heaven of wrath at hand. The tipping of a table, around which people are gathered for the purpose of witnessing the power of a 'medium,' is attributed to the spirits of the departed. The restoration to health of one out of ten thousand of the sick pilgrims who pray at sacred shrines, is ascribed to the direct interposition of the Virgin Mary, who is reverently thanked for having laid her healing hand on the afflicted and made them well. The train of thought started by a dream, or a foreboding of evil produced by indigestion, causes a person to abandon his purpose of sailing in a ship which is subsequently wrecked, and his whole soul glows with the proud and happy consciousness that his life has been preserved by the interposition of an all-wise Providence for some great purpose. A beloved child, after the physicians have despaired of its life, rallies and recovers, and the de-

vout mother feels that it has been restored to her in answer to her agonizing prayers. The profane Pike County father, after a long search on the prairie, while

'The snow came down like a blanket,'

finds Little Breeches safe in a sheepfold with the lambs—

'So warm and sleepy and white—'

and, though he

'don't pan out on the prophets
And free will, and that sort of thing,'

he is as ready as the most devout man in the world to explain the manner of his boy's rescue :—

'How did you git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm.
They jest scooped down and toted him
T' whar it was safe and warm.'

Every force, the nature of which is still unknown, is supernatural.

Every event, the cause of which is not understood, is a miracle.

Science has reduced the number of supernatural forces by discovering the law of gravitation, determining the orbits of the comets, harnessing the lightning to the car of commerce, and unmasking many of the processes of physical and spiritual development. But there are forces at work which are too subtle for the scientist of this generation; things happen which are not to be explained, except on hypotheses which people are not bound to accept, by natural laws: therefore, we still have a field for the supernatural, we are still able to say, 'It is a miracle,' and defy disproof. And have we not a right to say this? We have cheerfully given up, one after the other, the beliefs which science has unquestionably shown to be wrong, and we are ready to give up our beloved superstitions when science satisfactorily explodes them. Because we were wrong in some things is no proof of our being wrong now. We are bound, as superior creatures, to have an explanation ready for every phenomenon, and if our own experiences, or the investigations of science, fail

to furnish it, no one has a right to object when we exclaim, 'Behold the supernatural!'

Wilkie Collins, well knowing the world's tendency in this direction, and desiring also not to outrage the opposing sentiment, gives many striking examples of occult phenomena, and leaves his readers to place their own interpretation on them. 'The Two Destinies' is nothing if not ghostly. The leading characters see visions, believe in them, obey their behests, and are never deceived by them. Their faith is whole, and the author's appears to be whole also. There is no pretence at a commonplace explanation—no suggestion of natural agencies by which the strange results might have been produced. Our grandmothers, as they sat knitting by the flickering light of a dying fire, and told us tales of haunted chests of gold sinking into the bowels of the earth when one of the diggers was unfortunately prompted by the click of the crow-bar on the iron box to utter an exclamation, looked no more seriously through their spectacles than the author of this tale.

The story opens with an attractive picture of child lovers, as devoted to each other as Paul and Virginia when they played under the palm-trees of their island home, and, like them, destined to be parted. The girl's grandmother, a student of Swedenborg, warns the father of the boy that he can not separate the young lovers:—

'The spirits of these children are kindred spirits. For time and for eternity, they are united one to the other. Put land and sea between them—they will still be together; they will communicate in visions, they will be revealed to each other in dreams. Bind them by wordly ties; wed your son, in the time to come, to another woman, and my granddaughter to another man. In vain! I tell you, in vain! You may doom them to misery, you may drive them to sin

—the day of their union on earth is still a day predestined in Heaven.'

This prediction is fulfilled to the letter. Long years after they are parted, when he has returned from a foreign land and can find no traces of her, he meets her accidentally, and saves her life without knowing who she is. She is married, and in trouble. She visits him soon in a vision,—not as the maiden he loved in childhood, but as the unknown woman he saved from suicide,—writes in his portfolio the place and time she will meet him, and begs him to come to her. He keeps the appointment, and meets her at night by St. Anthony's Well, when she confesses that she dreamed she did just what he had seen her do in his vision. Another vision summons him to the shadow of St. Paul's, and there he meets a messenger she has sent to the druggist for medicine, who guides him to her lodgings. Again the cruel fate which forces them to live apart places the sea between their resting places, and the spirit messenger comes over sea and land, in the semblance of the woman's little child, and, floating high in air, guides him, as the pillar of fire guided the children of Israel, to the deserted and unhappy object of his love, whom he now, for the first time, discovers to be his childish playmate. Now they are united indeed, as the sibyl predicted, and are introduced in the very prosaic character of a newly married couple giving a dinner party to which the gentlemen come without their wives, the ladies having sent excuses on learning something of the bride's antecedents. This is the whole story. George Germaine, Mary Dermody, Van Brandt and the rest are merely the shuttles with which the supernatural warp and woof of the tale are woven together. The sad situation of Miss Dunross, and the curious episode of Germaine's residence at her father's, are all that distract the attention from the characters and events I have sketched.

In 'The Frozen Deep' we have, in-

stead of this commingling of disembodied spirits for the purpose of making appointments for the future, an example of the second sight. The possessor of the gift is a lady, Clara Burnham, and it does not prove so useful to her as Mary Dermody's gift did to its possessor. She sees her affianced husband, Frank Aldersley, and the man who has sworn to be avenged on the one who has gained her affections, depart for the North Pole in the same exploring expedition, and is naturally anxious for her lover's safety. The ships get frozen in, an expedition is sent out overland for help, and Richard Wardour and his intended victim are of the party. Frank lags behind, and his enemy volunteers to remain with him. Away in sunny England, standing in the garden of Mrs. Crayford's villa, Clara sees the two men, sees Frank helpless in a cave of ice, sees Wardour launching the boat to leave him to perish. She is remonstrated with in vain. Has she not seen her beloved left to die? News comes of the explorers. The men left in the ships have been rescued, and part of those who started to traverse the icefields have been heard from. Frank Aldersley and Richard Wardour are among the missing. 'Did I not tell you so?' says Clara, in calm despair. Mrs. Crayford gets permission to go in the ship that is sent to bring home the rescued explorers, among whom is her husband, and takes Clara with her. And then, when ashore on the rugged coast of Newfoundland, the ladies are startled by the appearance of an apparently insane savage, who has but one instinct, except that of hunger, and this bids him save half the food and drink he gets and stow it carefully away for some one else. He is recognized as Richard Wardour, and the man for whom he saves half the food so carefully proves to be Frank Aldersley. Clara's vision was true, but it passed away before Wardour's better nature came to his rescue, and bade

him forgive and save the poor boy who had injured him unwittingly.

'The Dream-Woman,' as its name implies, deals with the supernatural on its somnolent side. Francis Raven, whose mother predicts evil for him on his birthday, dreams on the night of that day that a woman attempts to stab him in bed, and he afterwards meets and loves a lady whom he recognizes as the murderous disturber of his slumbers. She bewitches him, and he marries her in spite of the dream-warning. She drinks and keeps low company, they quarrel, he strikes her, she swears to have revenge, and he wakes up on the night of his next birthday and finds her standing over him in the very attitude and with the very knife of the woman of his dream. He springs upon her, and she hides the knife up her sleeve, exactly as her visionary predecessor did. She swears to kill him yet, and with that particular knife. They separate, and the knife is taken from him by roughs of her acquaintance and restored to her. From that time forth he lives a hunted life—ever looking for his fate at the hands of that terrible woman. On the night of every birthday he dare not close his eyes, nor remain alone; and at last, notwithstanding all his precautions, fate, and not her own seeking, brings the woman to his sick-room on the night of his birthday, the sleeping passion for revenge awakes, and she stabs him fatally with the knife he saw in the hand of the dream-woman, the knife he took from his wife when she first attempted his life.

'The Haunted Hotel,' the opening chapters of which promise a tale of absorbing interest, and a psychological study of much power and depth, will, I suppose, introduce the old-fashioned ghost in as respectful a fashion as his supernatural brethren have been presented to us.

The supernatural element of these stories is about the only one which is not treated with a touch of satire.

The author's spectacles magnify the weak points of the men and manners around him, and he never misses an opportunity of having a hit at them. What is 'The New Magdalen,' which the stage has made so familiar to the public, but an elaborate satire on the society treatment of erring women? Mercy Merrick, wandering around in search of work, and refused employment because she has no 'character' to show, is suggestive of the different treatment men receive. A man, who has committed the same offence, would have no trouble, on the score of character, in securing a situation, and yet she is shut out of every respectable house, and forced to steal another woman's identity in order to secure herself a home. Her noble nature, in comparison with the harsh, tyrannical, and vindictive Grace Roseberry, and with what Horace Holmcroft says of his mother and sisters, is a satire on the world's way of estimating woman's worth. And then Lady Janet's willingness to keep her, on condition that she would refrain from confessing the fraud which had been already discovered, and the conduct of people after the marriage between Mercy and Julian Gray, are refined sarcasms on a polite society which cares only for superficial purity.

It is easy to imagine the grim smile which the author's face wore when he was treating of Anne Silvester's irregular Scotch marriage. She had been persuaded, by Geoffrey's protestations and promises, to disgrace her womanhood, and the question is whether a written promise of marriage which she received subsequently is or is not a legal marriage in Scotland. Should it prove to be legal, Anne can go back to Blanche's arms, a pure and respectable woman, but should it not be binding, she is an outcast from society, an unfit associate for good people! He could not have gravely taught such a doctrine as this, without protesting against its absurdity from a moral

point of view, unless he intended it as a satire on social shams.

The portrait of Mr. Fairlie, in 'The Woman in White,' is a very severe caricature of the fruits of the gospel of culture. He has studied art in many of its forms, and is a connoisseur of acknowledged merit. His collection of paintings, coins, medals, etc., was large and choice. He has wealth to collect, taste to appreciate, and leisure to enjoy the productions of art. And he shuts himself up in his room, with velvet carpets which give back no sound of footsteps, silken curtains which admit the light only after it has been toned down to a more artistic and refined colour than the garish hues of its natural state, toys with his curious coins, supervises the making of photographs of them for presentation to a public institution, and, when approached by any one on business, pleads 'the wretched state of my nerves' as an excuse for not attending to it. His look is 'frail, languidly fretful and over-refined.' His talk is full of the popular jargon about equality in art, and the brotherhood of artists, and when a drawing-master is introduced to him he illustrates the theory by asking him to adjust the curtains and hand him a book. Insolence (refined, of course), selfishness (disguised by the plea of being an invalid), and affectation (cultivated so long as to seem natural to himself), are the chief characteristics which accompany his culture. He even refuses to acknowledge his niece, after she has been rescued from the insane asylum, because it is less exciting to his 'poor nerves' to believe the false story of her death than to undertake to do his duty by her. This product of the exclusive culture of artistic tastes, like Geoffrey Delamayn, the product of exclusive muscular development, ends with paralysis. They are extreme types of two widely different classes, and they meet on the edge of the grave. They were not lovely in their

lives, but in death they serve as warnings against the cultivation of one physical or mental gift to the neglect of others. The athlete who cares only for his muscles, to the utter neglect of his mind, and the artist who seeks only for refinement, forgetful of his duties to his neighbour, become equally brutal in their manner of dealing with mankind.

How well the British demand for propriety is set off by the stern remark of the merchant to Pesca :—

‘We don’t want genius in this country unless it is accompanied by respectability.’

House furnishing comes in for a share of satirical criticism, as this description of Craig Fernie Inn shows :—

‘There was the usual slippery black sofa—constructed to let you slide when you wanted to rest. There was the usual highly varnished arm-chair—expressly manufactured to test the endurance of the human spine. There was the usual paper on the walls, of the pattern designed to make your eyes ache and your head giddy. There were the usual engravings, which humanity never tires of contemplating.’

And here are a few more extracts, which need no comment :—

‘The prurient delicacy which forbids the bridegroom, before marriage, to sleep in the same house with the bride.’

‘But two of the occupations in which people may indulge on week days are regarded as harmless on Sunday by the obstinately anti-Christian tone of feeling which prevails in this matter among the Anglo-Saxon race. It is not sinful to wrangle in religious controversy, and it is not sinful to slumber over a religious book.’

‘Mrs. Glenarm had lived all her life in good society, and was a perfect mistress of the subtleties of refined insolence.’

‘Among the long list of human weaknesses, a passion for poultry seems to have its practical advantages (in the shape of eggs) as compared with the

more occult frenzies for collecting snuff-boxes and fiddles, and amassing autographs and old postage stamps.’

He makes his characters unconsciously satirize themselves, at times, and also makes their conversation a sarcasm on the fashionable system of education, by allowing them to talk ungrammatically. I take it for granted that this is his purpose, as I cannot think of accusing so distinguished an author of not having mastered the subtleties of grammar. For example, he allows Blanche Lundie, a marriageable young lady who has been educated by a governess, to ask—‘Who shall I choose?’ Mrs. Glenarm, a fashionable lady, says—‘Who can I ask?’ Geo. Germaine, who is represented as a fairly educated gentleman, speaks of ‘the time you laid down on the bed.’ Lucilla Finch, whose blindness is not supposed to have affected her acquisition of grammar, is not reproved by her governess when she asks—‘Who is he talking to?’ And Julian Gray, the learned and eloquent preacher, wants to know—‘Who do you think I met?’

There is a strong undercurrent of sympathy with the legal and social disabilities of women in these stories. Mr. Collins is, like his own Fitz David, a friend of the gentle sex. Hester Dethridge would not have been driven to commit the crime of murder if she could have shaken off her drunken husband without resorting to legal machinery which was too costly for her purse. She no sooner makes herself a home than the man whom the law makes lord of her and her possessions discovers her retreat, spends her savings, and finally sells her furniture for drink. Anne Silvester’s mother becomes the victim of a legal wrong; Laura Fairlie’s helpless situation is largely due to the law of settlement and inheritance; and others have reason to sigh under the operation of laws which men have made for women.

Our author draws largely on legal materials for his plots and incidents.

Besides the examples of this which I have already given, there is the story of 'The Dead Alive,' which he claims to be merely a re-writing of the report of a criminal trial. Its picture of life at Morwick Farm, where angry passions rage in the bosom of the farmer's family, is fresh, realistic and natural, and the plot is developed in an artistic style that stimulates the reader without allowing him to be certain of the result. The circumstantial evidence is so strong against the prisoner, who is to be tried for a murder which was never committed, that he is actually persuaded to confess his guilt in the hope of being saved from the gallows. Then, when this act of moral cowardice has broken the tie that bound the interesting young lady (I forget her name) to a man in no way worthy of her, the missing man turns up, the self-condemned prisoner is set free, and the heroine leaves the unhappy family circle at the farm and goes to England as the bride of the visiting barrister.

No writer understands better than Wilkie Collins the peculiar charm of autobiographical literature, and he employs this style almost always. It is made still more interesting, in 'The Woman in White,' by allowing each of the characters to tell the portion of the story in which he was the prominent actor. There is one element in these autobiographies, which I have already hinted at, that amuses us at first, then seems unnatural, and is finally accepted as real. I refer to the charming naiveté with which the writers proudly relate things which make them ridiculous, themselves wholly unconscious of the laughter they are exciting. It must be conceded by every one with an eye to the

ludicrous that this is common enough in real life, and a slight exercise of the memory will recall sufficient incidents to justify the author. Count Fosco's cold-blooded confession of criminal motives, and his proud mention of his own 'impenetrable calm,' are perfectly in keeping with the rest of his character. Mr. Fairlie's chapter completes his character as no description or dialogue would have done, and his interruption of the serious narrative to complain that Fanny's shoes would creak is not out of keeping with his ideas on the relative importance of events. One could not stand a very long look at the world, from Fairlie's point of view, but a chapter or so is very entertaining. Other artists might have thought, but no one but Nugent Dubourg would have seriously written, when hearing of Lucilla's blindness—'Sad! sad! my sister-in-law will never see my works.' Another remark of his is equally ingenuous, and one can fancy the puzzled air of introspection and the look of disapprobation on the scenery, with which it must have been uttered:—'In certain moods of mine (speaking as an artist) nature puts me out.' Madame Pratolungo is another very amusing illustration of this peculiarity. The relation of her experience as the wife of a patriot, her pledges to adhere to the political philosophy of her late husband, and the prophesies of the downfall of kings, seem so broadly ironical that it is hard to believe her perfectly sincere, and we take off our hats mockingly and cheer at her fervent farewell prediction:—'The world is getting converted to my way of thinking; the Pratolungo programme, my friends, is coming to the front with giant steps. Long live the Republic!'

THE TESTIMONY OF NAMES OF PLACES.*

BY JOHN READE,

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"The Prophecy of Merlin and other Poems," &c.*

* Some years ago I wrote the first of what I intended to be a series of papers on the history and poetry, &c., in the names of places. It dealt entirely with Canadian names. It was published in the *New Dominion Monthly*, and subsequently Mr. J. M. LeMoine, the historian of Quebec, did it the honour of embodying it in the series of his "Maple Leaves," published in 1873—J.R.

IF by some strange series or coincidence of disasters, all written records of Canada's past were swept out of existence, the person who would set himself the task of collecting fresh material for its history, might find no inconsiderable evidence of the processes by which it reached its present condition in its topographical names. He would have little trouble in discovering that it had once been in the possession of nomadic tribes whose languages, differing essentially from those of the Indo-European or Semitic groups, bore little trace of acquaintance with the aims or needs of civilized life. If he succeeded in finding a key for these languages, he would learn that the wanderers had been gifted with a certain rude eloquence, often abounding in poetic imagery; that they had quick senses and were keen observers of the workings of nature; that they were indisposed to steady industry and lived chiefly by the chase; that their knowledge of the useful arts was very limited and rudimentary; that their notions of religion were just adapted to their wild and unsettled habits, and that they were frequently at war with each other. Our historian, encouraged by the success of his first researches, would find the ground which he traversed to become more interesting as he proceeded. Even during his enforced sojourn with

the barbarians he would hear the hopeful voices of an energetic and dauntless civilization. As he stood in fancy amid the 'forest primeval,' watching its dusky lords with their sad and burdened help-meets fulfilling their obscure destinies, he would see a new light in their dark eyes and discern a new meaning in their shrill tones. He would be aware of other figures in the scene, stately warriors and gentle priests and lovely and pious ladies; and by easily recognized tokens he would know that he was in the presence of the beauty and the chivalry and the Christian zeal of the fair land of France. For more than two centuries he would see the wilderness gradually bursting into bloom and fruit, often at fearful cost, but with no murmur from the brave and faithful labourers, till foes had become friends, and over hundreds of peaceful hamlets, thankfully named after saints and martyrs, the soothing music of the *Angelus* floated at eventide. But the harmony is soon to be disturbed. There is a fresh arrival from the west, there is a sharp struggle and a decisive victory, and a new order of things begins. The flag of England flutters above the citadel of Quebec.

The evidence of these three stages in the history of Canada, may be read in any Gazetteer or Post Office Directory. For the first we have such eu-

phonious names as Hochelaga, Stadacona, Manitoba (in which I think it a pity that the accent was not kept on the penultimate), in Ontario, Ottawa, Iroquois, Oneida, Caughnawaga, Chipewewa, Manitoulin, and a host of others. The first of these names lets us into the secret of one characteristic of some of the Indian tribes—their love of what is pleasing in natural scenery. It means 'the beautiful,' an epithet well merited by the expanse of water which bears it. The last gives us an insight into their religious tendencies. It signifies 'The Great Spirit,' by whose creative power the island thus designated and all its fair surroundings were formed. 'Baccalaos' (codfish) is said to have been once the appropriate name of the island of Newfoundland. A slightly changed form of it, Baccalieu, is still applied to an islet off the extremity of the peninsula between Conception and Trinity Bays. 'Restigouche,' which forms in part the boundary between the provinces of New Brunswick and Quebec, is said to mean 'a finger and thumb,' a name given from the supposed resemblance of the river with its tributaries to an open hand.

Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Frontenac, Richelieu, Iberville, Joliette, Montmorency, Laval, Montcalm, Levis, and scores of other names of counties, towns, villages, streets, parishes, rivers and lakes, form an almost complete index of the history of the French regime in Canada. And, if we are at any loss as to the character and aims of those who took a leading part in the direction of its affairs during the first two centuries of its colonial life, full light is thrown upon them by the parochial nomenclature of the Province of Quebec. It is, indeed, a summarized *Acta Sanctorum*.

As to our third stage, have we not Carleton, Prescott, Haldimand, Drummond, Sherbrooke, Richmond, Wolfe, Dalhousie, Lambton, Kemptville, Aylmer, Gosford, Durham, Sydenham, Cramahe, Simcoe, Elgin, Bruce, Bagot,

Bond Head, Kincardine, Dufferin, and other local reminders of the great names to which our predecessors or ourselves have paid allegiance? As to the significance of other classes of Canadian names of places, some of which are curiously suggestive, I have already, as above intimated, attempted to throw some light on them in a previous article.

Geographical names in the United States have owed their origin, for the most part, to circumstances akin to those which gave us ours. Not a few of them date back to purely 'Indian' times, as Massachusetts, Alabama, Mississippi, Alleghany, Susquehanna, and others more or less musical. The first of these is said to mean 'Blue Mountains,' Alabama, which is as soft as Italian, signifies, 'Here we rest,' and was no doubt, often uttered by weary chief to his submissive followers after a long day's march in pursuit of foes or food. Mississippi is most appropriate, being 'The great water' or 'Father of waters.' Other Indian names of places in the United States are less poetical. 'Kansas,' for instance, is 'Good potato,' which makes up in use for what it wants in beauty. I would be glad to give more illustrations of this kind, but my stay on this continent is limited. The origin of Pennsylvania is obvious—the forest-land of Penn. That of Vermont is equally so. New Hampshire was so named in compliment to Governor Masson, who was a Hampshire man. Maine was settled soon after Charles I. of England came to the throne and so called after the French Province of his Queen, Henriette Marie. Rhode Island was perhaps thus designated from some fancied resemblance in its shape or relative position to that of Rhodes off Asia Minor. By the way, the latter is traced by some to the Greek word for 'rose,' in which species of flower it was said to abound. Others derive it from another Greek word, signifying the 'dashing of the waves,' while a

third class of philologists would people it with the Dodanim or Rodanim, the descendants of Javan, the supposed great ancestor of the Greeks. 'Maryland, my Maryland,' recalls Marie de Medicis, the mother-in-law of Charles the First and second wife of Henry the Fourth of France. Virginia, fruitful mother of Presidents, celebrates that illustrious spinster, Queen Elizabeth. 'Florida,' given by Juan Ponce de Leon, to the flowery land which he discovered on the glad spring-feast of the Resurrection, is one of the most poetical of the non-aboriginal American names. The local names in some of the States, as in our own Provinces, tell the history of their early settlement. Raleigh will always have sad associations from its connection with the fate of the brave knight who bore the name. Bultimore is a chapter in itself. Providence tells of the triumph of faith and freedom over stupid bigotry and 'justifies the ways of God to man.' Philadelphia, with placid face beneath its broad-brimmed hat, teaches practically the lesson of 'brotherly love.' Washington is a living monument to victorious patriotism. Pittsburg, Jefferson, Albany, Montgomery, Jackson, and hundreds of other places point back to days of exultant recognition of personal merit, or warn the aspiring of the fickleness of popular favour.

Mexico and Central America offer a rich mine to the searcher amidst the ruins of language for what may throw light on ethnology. But into such a mine with such purpose I dare not enter. Suffice it to say, that what was stated as to the vestiges of different races discoverable in our own local names is with equal force applicable to these countries. The native races in the latter instance are, however, of an altogether different stamp from our aborigines. We meet at the first glance over Mexico with names which are evidently akin to that of the great voyager Quetzalcoatl, side by side

with others conferred by the Spanish conquerors. Towering still above city and lake and champaign is the volcano Popocatapetl, still proud in the name which it received from the Aztec potentates. The lofty table-land of Anahuac, so glorified by Captain Mayne Reid, has a like proud distinction. Palenque still invites the scrutiny of those who are eager to know what that ancient civilization, so cruelly and stupidly brought to naught by thoughtless avarice, really was. Not far from it, as if uttering in its very name a cry of mockery, is Villa Hermosa (beautiful city)! Mexico itself is said to be derived from Mexitli, a god of war. He was less trustworthy than even Homer's Ares when wounded, he had to make a speedy retreat to Olympus. Spain's three centuries and a half of influence in these lands is abundantly indicated in the names. The name of God (Nombre de Dios) is invoked and thanks are returned (Gracias a Dios), as was the custom, by all accounts, with the pirates of the Spanish Main, before and after the accomplishment of some especially nefarious deed. And of saints, angels, and all the symbols of piety, we have no lack. We have even peace (La Paz), where there is no peace. What was said above applies, to a great extent, to the whole of South America. All through it the names (with rare exceptions) are aboriginal or Spanish, chiefly of the class just mentioned. Some of these have interesting histories, but it would take too long to relate them.

The British Islands furnish a fine field for this kind of research. Celtic, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, or First English, Danish and Norman Britain can each be clearly distinguished. The changes which some of the names have undergone is remarkable. It is known, for instance, that the Archbishop of York signs himself 'Ebor.' This is a contraction for the Latin Eboracum. If we drop the termination, we will probably have something like the ori-

ginal British name. Let Eborac become Evorac, then Euorac, and we have the form to which it was reduced by the conquering Saxons. But as many English towns ended and still end in 'wick,' or 'wich,' (the Latin 'vicus,' which is also almost Greek), Euorac became in process of time Euorwick or Yorwick, which was ultimately by rapid pronunciation shortened into York. I will not weary my readers by giving them any more details of this kind. Hereafter they can go through the process mentally themselves. It will be seen, however, that York is a very ancient city. It was the capital of the Brigantes, a people who seem to have had kindred on the continent. It was the station of a crack Roman legion and had the honour of entertaining the Emperors Severus and Constantius Chlorus, who both died there. Camulodunum which is introduced into Tennyson's poem 'Boadicea,' is said to have been Maldon. It was the first colony which the Romans established in the island, and contained a theatre and a temple. Colchester was also a Roman colony, of which indeed, its first syllable supplies evidence. The termination, 'chester,' is the most common trace of Roman residence in Britain, while it is also a proof that its tenure was military. It is simply a corruption of the Latin 'castra,' a camp, of which 'castellum,' anglicised 'castle,' and softened into 'château' in French, is a diminutive. The city of Chester preserves it without any prefix. If it had any, it should be Dee, from the river on which it is situated. The Romans, therefore, called it *Devu*, but as it was an important station, it became generally known as *Castra—the Camp*. Verulamium was another Roman town, whose name has survived and become famous from having given his second title to Lord Bacon. It was changed to St. Alban's in honour of Alban, a convert from paganism to Christianity, who fell a martyr to the persecution which raged throughout the provinces of the Em-

pire under Diocletian. The Venerable Bede has given an interesting, though somewhat legendary account of his life and death. Lincoln was the Roman Lindum with *colonia* added. In like manner Gloucester was the Roman Glevum, Cirencester, the Roman Corinium and Brancaster, Brannodunum. This termination *dunum*, again, was only a Latinized form of the Celtic *don* or *dun*, which occurs in many places, not only in the British Islands, but on the continent. For instance, Dunkirk, in France, that is, a fort, which is also a church; Dunkeld, in Scotland, the fort of the Caledonians; Dumbarton, the fort of the Britons; Autun (the Latin *Augustodunum*), the fort of Augustus; Donegal, the fort of the Gael. Many others will be easily found. Inver and Aber, meaning the mouth of a river, are also Celtic terms. We find them in Abergavenny, Aberdeen, Inverness, Aberystith, Inverary, Abernethy. *Kirk* or *Kil*, a church, is frequently found in local names throughout the United Kingdom. Thus Enniskillen is a church on an island; Kirkcudbright is the church of St. Cuthbert; Falkirk is beautiful church; Kilmore is large church; Kirkby, a village near a church—the 'by' being Danish. Other instances will at once suggest themselves.

The origins of Britain, Scotland and Ireland, are still in uncertainty. Some have derived the first from Brutus, a Trojan, after the manner in which the Greeks invented a Hellen, a Dorus, an Ion, an Achæus, and the Romans their Romulus. It is, indeed, very remarkable, how careful all ancient races seem to have been, to assign a cause for the names of their countries and cities. No one can have failed to remark how many instances of this carefulness occur in the sacred Scriptures. Beer-Sheba (the well of the oath) was so called from the sworn covenant between Abraham and Abimelech. The poetic name, Mizpah, had its origin in a like circumstance. Peniel, the face

of God, and Bethel, the House of God, are named in remembrance of extraordinary divine manifestations to Jacob. Even the place where Rachel's aged nurse, Rebecca, met her death, is consecrated by a name, bearing witness to the sorrow which the event aroused in the survivors—Allon-bac-huth, or Oak of Weeping. To return to Britain, others derive the word from *brit*, signifying "spotted" or "stained," because the Britons stained their bodies to make them look fiercer to their enemies. This, of course, is mere surmise. So is also the tracing of Scot to "Scyth," or to the celtic "scuite," a wanderer. Ireland has been the subject of just as unwarranted conjectures. Some have gone as far as Persia for its origin, tracing it to "Iran," as that country is called by its own people. Others say it is from the Greek *Hiera nosos*, meaning Holy Island. Perhaps I had better leave it there, lest I should get into trouble.

With a hasty ramble, therefore, over the Continent of Europe, I will bring my lucubrations (and I use the word advisedly) to a close. What appears to be a most surprising result of an investigation of this kind is the durability of the Latin language. The names which the Romans, either *proprio motu*, or by modifying old ones, fixed on the countries, rivers, mountains, lakes, districts, cities and villages with which they had relations, in most cases adhere to them still. Whatever barbarous or mediæval disguises they may assume, the Roman imprint is still recognizable. Utrecht looks Teutonic enough, yet it is simply the old *Trojectus Rheni*. Saragossa has certainly had some violence done to its features, nevertheless it is Cæsarea Augusta. Orleans has still the marrow of Aurelianum. Whether in French Frejus or Italian Friuli, we can discern the signs of the stately Roman Forum Julii. Aix has been made nearly as short as possible, yet it is our old classical acquaintance, Aquæ Sextiæ, just as

surely as Mayence or Mentz is Moguntum, which the early printers abundantly testify. We can see Curia in both Coire and Chur. We can ferret out Constantina in the Turkish Kustendje. Spanish Merida is Augusta Emerita, and Braga is Augusta Bracarum. What is Aosta but another Augusta? And we have already seen the same proud name minimized in Autun, the ancient Augustodunum. Then Soissons, is it not Augusta Suessionum? And Turin, it also is Augusta Taurinorum. Augusta Trevirorum has long lost its proud distinction. It has for slow, dull centuries been simple Triers. Augusta Vindelicorum has, however, retained its title in Augsburg. London can afford to forget Augusta Trinobantum.

There is abundance of Saracen reminiscences in Spain. Hercules has been superseded by Tarifa, but, by way of compensation the Pyrenees, constant as the hardy Basques who inhabit them, have still the name which they bore in the days of Herodotus. It has been claimed, by the way, by some recent ethnologists that the Basques (who through their common cousin, Vasco, are akin to the Gascons) are the same people as the Esquimaux. They were the great wide-spreading race of Western Europe, it is said, who preceded the Celts, by whom they were driven to the mountains and the sea and the remote corners of the earth. The Esquimaux portion of them were so persecuted and so frightened that they never ceased till they went in advance of Sir John Franklin north-polewards. I see it also announced that a French Abbé has written a most entertaining book about the Phœnician Colonies in France. The Phœnicians were certainly a wonderful people. Carthage, in Spain, tells its own tale. It was not the custom in those early times to give fancy names to places, as we do on this continent. In the interest of philology and ethnology, it is to be regretted that any of the

aboriginal names were changed. It may be said in excuse, however, that some of them were difficult for civilized tongues to pronounce.

As has already been briefly illustrated, the origin of some names is strangely hidden by barbarous modifications. The claim is well known of Stamboul to be a corruption and contraction of the Greek 'Eis tén polin,' which, rapidly pronounced, gives the sound of *stainpulin*. In like manner Athens became 'Setines' for the Turks, from 'Eis tas Athenas.' Few would recognize in Latakia, whose excellent tobacco they smoke, the Laodicea, to whose people St. John wrote a letter of reproof and warning. The threatened rejection has certainly overtaken them. It is not impossible that some Italians, ignorant of history, may think Brindisi so called from its merry-makings, instead of being the old city to which Horace journeyed. 'Far brindisi' in Italian is 'to drink one's health.' Hungarians and other invaders metamorphosed the names of the Roman cities in which they settled, as already indicated, but they seldom destroyed them. In Sziszeh, with its queer spelling, we can recognize the Roman Colony, Siscia. Spalatro on the Dalmatic coast, has been little changed nominally since Diocletian resided there. In some cases, however, the change is complete. Matling, for instance, is the Romula, where Octavius Caesar was wounded.

The names of many of the Greek islands, cities, mountains, &c., whatever the present inhabitants may call them, have undergone slight, if any, change for us. We still find on our modern maps, Argos, Smyrna, Lemnos, Ithaca, Olympus, although we occasionally meet with such strange alterations as Lepanto for Naupactus.

Teutonic and Scandinavian names of places are full of a spirit of wild and often gloomy poetry, utterly different from that which influenced the Greeks in giving their names. Teu-

felsmauer (Devil's wall), for instance, gives a key to German mythology.* Others have a pleasanter significance. Ehrenbreitstein tells us of the better side of chivalry, when honour was more than a name. Such names as Marienburg and Heligoland (holy land) tell of the rise of Christian influence. Bavaria bears with it, as does Bohemia, its own pedigree. It is merely euphonized from Boiaria, as Bohemia is Boierheim. Thorshavn, Odensee and Odenwald take us back, as do the names of our weekdays, to the time when Thor and Woden, or Odin were cruelly propitiated. Such names as Oberammergau, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Innsbrueck (the Roman Pons Aeni), partly describe the places which they represent.

I had intended to say something about Eastern names, of some of which it would be very interesting to trace the origin. This, however, neither the time nor the space at my disposal will now permit. The local names of Palestine alone would require an essay to

* This difference in the genius of the Teutonic and Hellenic races is beautifully illustrated by Father Faber in a poem, suggested by 'Therapia,' the Bay of Healing, of which I cannot refrain, hurried though I am, from quoting some verses :

'The sunny wisdom of the Greeks
All o'er the earth is strewed ;
On every dark and awful place,
Rude hill and haunted wood,
The beautiful, bright people left
A name of omen good.

'They would not have an evil word
Weigh heavy on the breeze ;
They would not darken mountain side,
Nor stain the shining seas,
With names of some disastrous past
The unwise witnesses.

* * * * *

'Unlike the children of romance,
From out whose spirit deep
The touch of gloom hath passed on g'en,
And mountain lake and steep ;
On Devil's Bridge and Ivaen's Tower,
And love-lorn Maiden's Leap.

'Who sought in cavern, wood and dell,
Where'er they could lay bare
The path of ill, and localized
Terrific legends there ;
Leaving a hoarse and ponderous name
To haunt the very air.'

Celtic local names are also well worthy of study, as characteristic of the people. The 'Fairy Bridges,' and Holy Wells and many other such legendary names in Ireland are instances in point. Wales, the Highlands of Scotland, and Cornwall are also full of names which contain the relics of an early creed.

themselves. Much might also be said of the vestiges of antiquity in Africa, some of which point, as with ghostly hands, to long perished civilizations. Beginning a little below the Strait of Babelmandeb (and what a wail from the past does it suggest—'Gate of Death!') and going along the coast northwards and westwards to the Pillars, and then southward in the track of Hanno, keeping the interior for some hundreds of miles in view, as we journey, what rich stores of knowledge might we not gain? If, coasting from the same strait in the track of many

ancient voyagers, with a free pass for digressions, we continued our course to the mouth of the Indus, we might be able to congratulate ourselves on still more treasure-trove. But I ought really to apologize to the reader for supposing that what was pleasing to me was also pleasing to him, or for hinting that I had earned his confidence in such an expedition. If, however, my guidance so far has been acceptable to any of the readers of this magazine, I shall, indeed, consider myself a very happy pilot.

THE RECENT CRICKET MATCH, AND SOME OF ITS LESSONS.

BY T. C.

CANADIANS were treated last month to an exhibition game of cricket, which has been somewhat unjustifiably dignified with the name and title of an international contest. The celebrated Australian team, fresh from their victories in England and the United States, played against a twenty-two of Ontario, and, as might have been expected, scored an easy victory. The Toronto men commenced well, making the respectable score of 100 against what may, without any fear of exaggeration, be called as good bowling as any in the world. Fine steady play was shown by Messrs. Adams, Ray, Hall and Sproule, and no perceptible symptoms of 'funk' were displayed by any of the Canadian team. The Australians only headed the Canadians by 23 runs on the first innings, the bowling of the home team being so good as to excite the genuine surprise of the visitors. The writer was told by more than one of the Australians, that they were absolutely

astonished at the excellence of the bowling, which far surpassed anything they had as yet encountered on this continent. But the second day proved the Waterloo of Canadian cricket: misfortune in the inception led to panic in the sequel, and of the whole twenty-two, only Messrs. Lucas and Sproule showed anything like a bold front; so that the Australians were left with only 32 runs to obtain to win the match, a task which they easily accomplished without losing a wicket. It is interesting to compare our own game with one played by the Australians against odds in England. Eighteen of Sussex, comprising such men as Lord Harris, the Hon. John Bligh, Absolom Cunliffe, Penn and J. Phillips were defeated in one innings by the Colonists. As to the composition of the remainder of the eighteen, the Australians state that there were in it nine regular county players, and that the remaining nine had all at one time or another played for their coun-

ties. Against such players as these the Australians scored 260 runs, more than double what they obtained in Toronto, a fact which of itself shows that the bowling and fielding of the Canadians were by no means despicable. The two contests afford a parallel in this respect also, viz: that in their first innings the eighteen of Hastings, like the twenty-two of Toronto, made a fair score, whilst in their second innings they went down like chaff before the 'demon bowler' Spofforth, thus showing that helplessness in cricket is by no means confined to Canada. The defeat of the Canadians has, however, been called humiliating and disgraceful, and one prominent journal at least has pronounced its fiat that either cricket must be given up altogether in Canada, or something done in the future to avoid such a lamentable exhibition as that of the 8th and 9th of October. This is a hard saying, and a somewhat unjust one, but still it cannot be denied that it contains a broad element of truth. As it is certain that so long as there remain eleven men of English blood in Canada, cricket will not be given up altogether, it may be well for cricketers to take advice however harshly and discourteously given, and endeavour to create for cricket a firmer foundation in Canada than it rests upon at present. And in promoting this end there can be no use in criticising the recent game, except in so far as it reveals the weakness of cricket as a national sport in Canada. Much might be said to shew why a match arranged purely in the gate-money spirit should result in failure; much might be said to shew why the selection of the players in such a match should not be left to irresponsible persons; but the discussion of these, and similar vexed questions, would have a merely local interest and could do no possible good to cricket. Whether the twenty-two chosen to play against the Australians were absolutely the best possible

twenty-two or not, is beyond the scope of the present paper; such as they were, they played their best, and it is useless to flout them after their defeat. Our purpose is a wider one than the settlement of any such points; the lessons to be learned by the late match are applicable to the whole Dominion, to Quebec as much as to Ontario, and to the Maritime Provinces as much as to either.

There are probably few Canadians in any part of the Dominion, whether cricketers themselves or no, who would not think it a serious misfortune for the noble game to fall into entire disuse in Canada. It is self-evident that a game requiring strength, nerve, skill, prompt decision, and, above all, discipline and endurance, should not be lightly thrown aside as an element in the training of the youth of a country. The oft-quoted saying of the Duke of Wellington, that Waterloo was won in the playing fields of Eton, has, with what truth we know not, always been appropriated by cricketers as referring exclusively to their own game. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that many noble qualities, many heroic deeds, have been fostered or inspired by the training received on a village cricket ground. Emulation without envy, obedience without subservience, modesty under victory, and courage under defeat, are among the lessons learnt by a genuine cricketer. The mere strengthening of the muscles gained by the practice of cricket, as of any other out-door sport, is as nothing compared with the habits of *self-reliant obedience* which a man who plays it worthily will acquire; and history shows that the greatest nations of the earth have gained their pride of place largely by the possession of this very quality. Moreover, apart from these practical considerations, a feeling of sentiment, almost of poetry, clings around the game. The names of Box, Ward, Mynne and their comrades of bygone days, heroes of many a tale told to wondering school-boys of prow-

ess in the cricket-field more than a generation ago; the cricketers of a later time—Lockyer, Lockhart, Lillywhite, Jackson, Grundy, George Parr, Carpenter; the modern heroes—the Walkers, the Graces, the Lytteltons, the Lucases, Yardley, Hornby, *cum multis aliis quos nunc præscribere longum est*—all these appeal irresistibly, by the mere force of the memories they evoke, to the heart of many an Englishman. The village green, that absolute republic, whereon, in the great match of the year, the village blacksmith bowls with a swift ‘grub’ the fourteen-year-old young Squire, who, cheeky from his brief experience of Eton professional bowling, retires with disgust at falling a victim to such old-world stuff; cricket at school and at the university; glorious summer afternoons spent at practice at the net with a modest pint of beer afterwards; matches in which one made a triumph, matches in which one failed, matches lost or won by a fluke, or a single brilliant piece of play; all these are things which, when the cricketer looks back upon, he pities from the bottom of his heart those who have no such pleasant recollections. Nor do the literary associations of the game fail to arouse pleasant reminiscences in the mind of cricketers. Who can forget Leech’s inimitable drawing of the member of a twenty-two, who had been playing against Jackson’s bowling, and who, bandaged in every limb, thus recounts his experience: ‘The first ‘it me on the ‘ead, the second ‘ad me on the ‘and, the third took me on the leg, and the fourth bowled me!’ Who has not laughed over the immortal match in Pickwick, with Mr. Jingle’s description of cricket in the West Indies? and what English schoolboy has not ‘conned and learned by rote’ that admirable account of the match which closed Tom Brown’s career as a Rugby schoolboy? With such associations as these surrounding the game, surely we may say that in appealing to Cana-

dians, who are English in birth, English in sentiment, and more than English in loyalty, it would be superfluous to point out the advantage of sustaining cricket as the national game of Canada. This being granted, it may be of some use to enquire into the reasons for the broad result of the late contest, and, further, to seek some means by which, in the future, it might be at least possible to change defeat into victory. What are the facts of the case? One English-speaking colony sends out an eleven equal to any in the world, and another English-speaking colony can only put in the field, in either of its chief cities, a very mediocre twenty-two. The perfection which has been attained in Australia certainly shows by contrast, the neglect under which the game languishes in Canada.

It cannot be denied, that, in drawing a parallel between Australia and Canada as regards cricket, the former colony has certain natural advantages, the possession of which will always seriously handicap Canada in any contest for supremacy. First and foremost among these must be reckoned the climatic differences between the two countries. Cricket can be played for eight months in the year in Australia, and only for four, or at the most five, in Canada. Again, the wealth of Australia is more concentrated, and there are more men of leisure there who can afford, like the great English gentlemen-players, to make cricket the business of their life. Nor must the latter point be deemed a light one; it is a serious obstacle to cricket in Canada that many of the best players have neither time nor money to play many matches in the season; they are all, or nearly all of them engaged in business, and cannot pledge themselves long beforehand to a series of matches, so that every club in Canada has to arrange and play its matches from hand to mouth, so to speak, instead of settling a programme at the beginning of the sea-

son. But, in addition to these natural superiorities, which we cannot combat, and must therefore resign ourselves to, the Australians have this great advantage, viz., that cricket with them is a recognized national institution, and receives help from all classes of the community, from the Governor-General to the shop-keeper. The Governments, one and all, make free grants of suitable plots of land in all the chief towns for the formation of cricket-grounds, to be held for ever, free of all taxes whatsoever; all the leading men of every town, whether cricketers themselves or not, belong to the cricket club and support it with their means. In and around Melbourne there are no less than twelve cricket clubs, each with a fine enclosed ground, with pavilion, grand stand, etc., capable of seating many thousand people. The great Melbourne Cricket Club numbers 1,500 members, with a subscription of four guineas each, and is, moreover, helped liberally by donations, notably a yearly one of £25 from the Governor-General. At the commencement of each season representatives from each of these clubs meet and arrange matches between themselves, and also with outside clubs, and by this means a feeling of harmony is promoted, and a complete knowledge gained of the merits of all the chief players of the various clubs. Mr. Conway, the manager of the Australian team, said during his visit here, that it was no uncommon thing to witness 12,000 spectators at an ordinary Saturday afternoon match upon the Melbourne Cricket Ground. What a contrast this presents with the status of the game in Canada! In one of the newspaper wrangles, which have done so much to disgrace and discredit the game here, cricket in Toronto was characterised as 'playing to empty benches.' The truth of the sneer cannot be controverted; some two or three lovers of the game, and some half-dozen loafers at the Cricket Ground bar, form the average attend-

ance at a match between any two leading clubs of Toronto or district, and for aught we know it may be the same in many other towns in Canada. It may be said that all this merely betokens that cricket is the fashion in Australia and is not the fashion in Canada, and the remark would be true enough; but, although we cannot arbitrarily force fashion into the particular channel we desire, much might be done to direct public attention to the game and to educate the taste of the rising generation for the noblest of outdoor sports.

Protection against English and foreign productions is at present the popular cry; surely there is, at any rate, one old country product, in the form of cricket, which, instead of being prohibited, might, without damage to any interest, receive a little of that judicious fostering, without which, we are told, nothing can flourish in Canada. Are there not in this, our fairly prosperous Dominion, many merchants, lawyers, and other leading citizens, who retain, from association, a sufficient love of the game to wish their lads to learn it and play it well? Cannot they be induced to come forward in their respective towns, and form the backbone of really prosperous and well managed clubs, which would make Canada as distinguished on the cricket field, as she is on the lacrosse ground or on the water? A little time, a little trouble and a little money, are all that are needed, and it can hardly be doubted that if the appeal be made in a proper spirit and in a proper manner, it will be liberally responded to. We fear we cannot, with any chance of success, ask for pecuniary help for cricket either from governments or from municipalities; taxation is heavy enough already, and many a horny-fisted son of toil would ask with amazement, and with complete justice, why he should be still more heavily burdened to support a mere pastime, indulged in chiefly by the sons of gentlemen. But from our

rich mercantile and professional classes throughout the Dominion, we have something like a prescriptive right to look for aid. *There is no country in the world where cricket is supported by the players alone.* Nor is the reason far to seek; as a rule, the playing members of a club are young men beginning life, either dependent on others, or at most just earning their own bread and cheese. In England, as in Australia and America, it is the non-playing members who supply the sinews of war. In the leading clubs of England, numbering their three and four hundred members, perhaps fifty to seventy are playing members, the rest are 'old boys,' who are glad to support the game by their purse and their presence on all and every occasion. This may be regarded as pretty strong proof that the game cannot possibly flourish unless it receive extraneous aid from others than actual cricketers, and as we commenced with the assumption that, if not a majority, at any rate a great number of Canadians would not willingly let cricket die, we think this aid has only to be solicited to be granted.

And now let us turn to the more particular consideration of what is immediately necessary to be done, in order to promote cricket in Canada. In the first place, strong clubs, comprising all the best players of their various districts as playing members, and as many non-playing members as possible, should be organized, each with a good ground *of its own*, available at all times for practice or matches. Better play on a ploughed field and be free, than play on the best ground in the world to any extent on sufferance. This must be made a *sine quâ non* in any sincere attempt to revive cricket here. Without a ground exclusively its own, a club can be nothing more than a heterogeneous mass of units, thrown together by chance; it can possess no cohesion, no discipline, no *esprit de corps*, and without the posses-

sion of these it is not worthy the name of a club. These general remarks apply to cricket throughout the whole of Canada; we believe that they apply to the Province of Quebec, and we are informed, on undoubted authority, that they comprise, in the opinion of cricketers, the two chief points necessary to revive cricket in the Maritime Provinces, where the American game of baseball has been allowed, solely through want of organization on the part of cricketers, to usurp the place held of hereditary right by cricket as the national game of Canada. The real difficulty in the way of such a programme as the above, is probably the same in Ontario, Quebec, or the Maritime Provinces, viz.: the want of money. As a proof of this, it may not be out of place to apply our remarks more particularly to the present position of the game in our own city, surmising that a somewhat similar state of affairs may exist in many parts of Canada. The present Toronto Cricket Ground is an admirable one. It is held on lease, practically renewable for ever, at a rental of \$400 for the next two years, and \$600 for the following ten, and after that period the rent is to be fixed by fresh valuation at the renewal of the lease every twenty-one years. The taxes at present amount to over \$400, and it will thus be seen that a considerable sum in yearly subscriptions must be actually guaranteed, in order to enable any club to rent this ground. To purchase the lease outright would cost, perhaps (this is of course a mere guess), some ten to twelve thousand dollars, but as it would manifestly be impossible to raise anything like such a sum for such a purpose, it is of little use to discuss this point. It is obvious to a cricketer that, if obtainable, this is the most desirable ground in the city, but if it is out of the reach of the Toronto Cricket Club to hold as their own, free from all outside interference, it should be at once resigned, and steps taken to secure some other ground,

however inferior, upon which the Club would be *at home*. The discussion of the question whether sufficient support should be sought for in Toronto to enable the Club to retain this ground, does not come within the province of the writer; it is a question which must be left to the practical decision of the influential supporters of the game. Nor would it be proper to formulate any scheme alternative to remaining on the present ground; the only points I wish to insist upon are these:

1st. That without some outside support cricket can never flourish in this country; 2nd, that there must be in every district of Canada one really strong club recognised as the head and fount of cricket in that district; 3rd, that such a club cannot exist without possessing a ground absolutely its own. If the recent match should have aroused sufficient interest in the game to induce those who love it, to attempt to regenerate it, the above are some of the difficulties with which they will have to contend, and it would be superfluous to do more than indicate them here, leaving their solution to influential and experienced hands.

The foregoing remarks point out some of the lessons taught by the recent match, more particularly as regards the different degree of outside support which the game receives in Australia and Canada. But the visit of the Australians should teach another important lesson. If Canadian cricketers need help from without, they also need help from within,—help from themselves to elevate and purify the tone of the game, and bind all cricketers in the bond of cricket brotherhood. The most admirable and noticeable feature in the play of the Australian team was its absolute unanimity. They played as one man, or rather each man seemed to be a component part in a machine, which worked with the most beautiful precision and regularity. A word, a sign, a slight wave of the hand was sufficient to indicate to any one of

them what was expected of him. Nor is this a result which can be obtained by dint of mere practice and playing together. Thorough love of the game, perfect harmony, amenity to discipline, and a cultivation of the 'give and take' spirit, without which bodies of men can accomplish nothing, are among the factors necessary to the successful working out of such a problem. How different is all this from the present state of cricket in Canada! Here every town is jealous of its neighbour, every club in every town is jealous of its brother club, every player in every club is jealous of his co-players, and sulks if he be not asked to take part in every match; quarrels between towns, quarrels between clubs, quarrels between individuals abound, doing more to degrade and discredit the game than those who take part in them are aware of. In the present condition of affairs it is hardly too much to say, that if eleven Canadian cricketers, chosen from various Provinces and strangers to one another, started on a twelvemonth's tour, such as that which the Australians are now bringing to a close; before the end of three months every man would be at daggers drawn with every other man, and by the end of six months, like the Kilkenny cats, nothing would be left of them but their tails. These unfortunate dissensions have no doubt largely arisen from the dwindling of public interest in the game, and the consequent withdrawal of all matters connected therewith from the arena of public discussion. Publicity and the force of public opinion exercise a wholesome check upon the tone and temper of disputants, and at least force upon them that outward courtesy, which does so much to prevent an argument degenerating into a feud. But whatever may be its cause the remedy for the evil lies in the hands of cricketers themselves. Let them in this respect learn a lesson from the recent match, and take a leaf out of the Antipodean book. Earlier

in this paper mention was made of the complete harmony with which the clubs of Melbourne worked together, and we believe the same might be said of all the clubs of Australia. Let the cricketers of Canada try to emulate the Australians, if not in skill upon the cricket ground, at least in that harmony and brotherly feeling which do so much to produce the highest form of skill. Let each town, each club, and each individual player say of any with whom they have had differences: 'Perhaps we were right, perhaps they were right, most probably both of us were wrong, so let us silently agree to sink all causes of quarrel, and inscribe the record of next season's cricket on a new and unsullied page.' 'Tis 'a consummation devoutly to be wished,' and that it may speedily arrive, should be the prayer of every true cricketer, and of every Canadian who cares to uphold the old English ideal of manliness.

There is another lesson to be learned by our cricketers from last month's contest, which might have been included in the foregoing remarks were it not of sufficient importance to merit a few separate words; and that is the supreme value of perfect discipline in the field. It is the misfortune of absolutely self-governing countries that the very virtues of sturdiness and self-dependence, which are the main-springs of their well-being, incline them to despise discipline, until the fire of suffering teaches them how indispensable it is to true unity. It is probable that something like this is answerable for the want of discipline so noticeable in Canadian cricket. Every man believes so thoroughly in himself, and in the infallibility of his own judgment, that he is impatient of control or restraint, even from a properly constituted authority. It would be well if cricketers would remember, that true dignity and self-respect are never more conspicuously displayed than in submission to an appointed head. Each member of an eleven

should endeavour to sink his own personality for the nonce, and be content to form a unit in an obedient and harmonious whole. If this were done we should not then hear of lasting offence being taken at a harsh or a hasty word from the captain, and we should be spared the spectacle of men absolutely refusing to field balls in important matches, because, for some reason or another, they feel dissatisfied with the way in which it is managed by their self-appointed leader. We feel confident that the example of the Australians in this respect cannot but have borne good fruit; the absolute obedience of each man, not only to the captain, but also, as to his conduct in the field, to the bowler; the manner in which each man was ever on the look-out for fresh instructions, and the silent alacrity with which the instructions, when given, were carried out, thus rendering the batsman the last to discover them, are among the marvels of the perfect manner in which the game is played by our brother colonists. It may be said that the failure of Canadian captains to preserve absolute discipline must be the result of their own want of firmness; perhaps to some extent this may be so, but it must be remembered that a captain in a cricket match, in any part of the Dominion, is too often in the position of a man who stands on a smouldering volcano. In this connection it is encouraging to note that the discipline of the twenty-two in the recent match was, on the whole, admirable; their captain was excellently chosen, and the men worked well and cheerfully under discouraging circumstances. This in itself shows that Canadian cricketers can rise to a really important occasion, and gives ground for the hope that, in the not far distant future, we may rival our late visitors in the quality of perfect discipline.

Of the practical lessons in absolute play taught by the recent match we do not propose to say anything. Every

member of the twenty-two is true cricketer enough to appreciate, and endeavour to imitate, the peculiar excellencies of the Australians, and in this respect the match, badly beaten as the Canadians were, cannot fail to do good as a means of education in the game. There is one detail, however, far from unimportant, in which the Australians set us a praiseworthy example, and that is in being on the ground and ready to begin play, punctually at the appointed hour. Unpunctuality ruins many a Canadian cricket match; the hours of play are already short enough without being further curtailed by the indifference or carelessness of players; and yet it may be safely asserted that no single match has been played this year on the Toronto Cricket Ground in which all the players on both sides were on the field ready to play at the hour fixed, and we have little doubt the same might be said with regard to most places in Canada. This is, however, most unaccountably, a common failing among cricketers in most countries, and the magnitude of the evil here would probably be mitigated were the public interest in the game to revive.

We have in the foregoing remarks attempted to point out, not the lessons

in batting, bowling and fielding taught by the recent match, but some of the broader and more important lessons taught by the different conditions under which the game is played in Australia and Canada. We have endeavoured to show that, without some support from without and some reform from within, the game can never really flourish here. But of these two the first is the more important, because if it be granted, the second would inevitably follow. All who know the cricketers of Canada will acknowledge that they are as manly a set of men as any in the world, and if they were accorded the measure of encouragement to which they are entitled, we are firmly convinced that no effort, no self-sacrifice, would be too great for them to make in the interest of their beloved game.

Should the recent match have attracted sufficient public attention to induce those who have it in their power to do so, to help the noble game, the Canadian twenty-two will feel that they have not been beaten in vain, and the consciousness which they will thus gain, that the lessons of disaster have been more genuinely useful than the peans of victory, will to them

'Best
Give consolation in this woe extreme.'

THE COMING OF THE PRINCESS.

BY R. RUTLAND MANNERS.

L'ENVOI.

FORTH from the home of gracious Majesty;
 Forth from the splendour of ancestral halls;
 From England's love; from England's firm rock-walls;
 Forth o'er the troublous, all uncertain sea,
 Lo! to our shores—high pledge to loyalty,
 Our Princess, with her noble consort, comes
 To be of us, and 'mong Canadian homes

To make *her* home. To them thrice royal be
 Canadia's welcome—all unworthy less :
 Herself thrice royal in the proud trinity
 Of birth, high thought and peerless loveliness,
 Borne with a grace full noble, womanly,—
 An Empress-Mother's fit embassadress.

Her Prince, descendant of a noble line,
 (In him with England's Royal lineage met),
 On whose proud 'scutcheon ancient honours shine
 Valour's reward. Its ducal coronet
 In him shall rest on brows where laurels twine
 From Virtue's hand, looped with the bay there set,—
 Thus there conjoined, compeering Sovereignty,
 The ducal leaf and honoured bay shall be.

Right royal be their welcome : let the land,
 Each hill and vale ; broad fields and forests deep,
 —E'en from the surges of Newfoundland's strand
 Westward to where Pacific's waters sweep,—
 With gladness ring, from the first hour appears
 Upon our coast the stately ship that bears
 Th' Imperial choice, first welcomed to our shore
 By volleying thunders of the cannons' roar :
 —So shall they feel e'en ere the night be come
 That in our hearts they have indeed a home.

Thus it shall be ; lo ! from New-Scotia's shore
 To our Columbia in the distant west,
 In cot and hall ; in the far wilderness,
 Loyal hearts that love, and lovingly adore
 Goodness and worth—a Queen's true queenliness,
 Impatient wait their fealty to attest ;
 Prepared in them, with joyous welcomes meet,
 Worth nobly shrined ; a Sovereign loved to greet.

II.

THE WELCOME.

Welcome them cannon—your thunders
 Sending forth far out to sea,
 As the proud convoy that bears them
 Comes to the land where ye be.

Wake the great hills from their slumbers
 Till with reverberate voice,
 Loud they re-echo with welcomes,
 Calling to Ocean, ' rejoice.'

Welcome them bells—ring out bravely,
 Pealing and chiming for joy,
 Silver-tongued, deep-toned, accordant,
 Your gladdest voices employ.

Welcome them—shouts of the people,
 Blending with 'welcome' *rejoice* :
 Welcome them Loyalty, cheering
 With multitudinous voice.

Bid richest music attend them ;
 Place where they pass verdured bowers,
 Fill all the air with rejoicings ;
 Scatter their pathway with flowers.

In the full concord of welcomes
 Children's sweet voices employ :
 Glad are the voices of children,
 Meet for such service of joy.

Build to them arches of welcome,
 With emblems bright interwove,—
 Roses, nasturtia* and myrtle,
 Twined with the colours ye love.

Build to them arches : there blazon
 Welcomes in letters of light ;
 Letters of fire, flashing *welcome* !
 When falls the curtain of night.

Then, from the height of the darkness,
 Like winged heralds of flame
 Star-crowned, red rockets your welcomes,
 Heavenward sweeping, proclaim.

Build high on hill-top and mountain
 Beacons to redden the night,
 Signalling, eastward and westward,
 A loyal people's delight.

Cannon and cheers of the people,
 Music and loud-pealing chime,
 Combine in thunders of welcome
 That shall resound through all Time.

Thus in the greeting ye offer
 All that is joyous convene,
 So be your homage—your welcomes
 Worthy a Nation—a Queen.

* 'Nasturtia,' emblematical of patriotism.

MYTHOLOGY OF THE ANCIENTS—ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

BY GEO. V. LE VAUX.

THE Mythology of the ancients recognized two separate and distinct principles as the Dual Cause and primary elements of the universe. These principles were supposed to be male and female in form, but similar in divine essence. When joined together in mystic union they constituted the eternal ONE, who was believed to be the Creator, Producer, and Preserver, beginning and end of all things. The male principle—'the Soul of the world,' the sublime creative Energy diffused through Nature—was symbolized under the form of the Sun, and the female principle, the passive and productive power, was deified under the name of Isis (the Earth or Moon). All the deities of the pagan world may be ultimately, if not immediately, referred to one or other of these primal principles. In every age and clime the primary religion of mankind was a sort of dualism representing and combining, more or less, the various active and passive powers of Nature. Every living creature was represented as proceeding from the divine essence of the dual deity by mystical generation or creation. Plutarch says that men from observing the harmonious phenomena of the heavens, as well as the generation of animals and plants upon the earth, came to regard Heaven as the universal Father, and Earth as the universal Mother. Varro informs us that 'the Heaven and Earth were worshipped in the Grecian Isles as a male and female divinity, being the parents of all things.' The poet Euripides gives the same ideas in the following lines :

'O spacious earth ! and thou celestial air,
Who art the sire of gods and mortal men!
While she, the ambrosial mother, doth receive
The genial showers on her expanded breast—
Teeming with human offspring—and brings
forth
The alimont of life, and all the tribes
That roam the forest ; justly thence proclaimed
Universal Mother.'

The poet Hesiod, in alluding to the origin of all things, speaks of the mystic marriage of the creative and productive principles of nature under the names of Ouranus and Gaia—Heaven and Earth. He affirms that 'they were the parents of all things, and that the gods were the eldest of their progeny.' Macrobius calls the Sun 'the father of sea and land, the genial parent of Nature,' whilst Eusebius speaks of him as 'the god who renders nature prolific.' Macrobius further informs us that the Assyrians, and kindred nations, gave the name of *Adad*, which signifies ONE, to the god on whom they bestowed the highest adoration. 'They worship him,' says he, 'as the most powerful divinity, but join with him a goddess named *Adargatis* ; and to these two deities, which are in fact, the Sun and Moon, they ascribe supreme dominion over all nature. The attributes of this dual divinity are not described in so many words, but in symbols which are used to denote that power that distributes itself through all the species of beings that exist. These symbols are emblematic of the Sun ; for the image of *Adad* is distinguished by rays inclining downwards, which indicate that the influence of Heaven descends by the solar rays upon the earth. The image of *Adargatis* has the rays turned upwards, to show that all the progeny of

the earth is called into being by the influence of emanations from above.'

Virgil alludes to these physical allegories or mystic marriage, &c., of the Reciprocal Principles of Nature in the following lines :

' Vere tument terræ, et genitalia semina poscunt :
Tum pater omnipotens fecundis imbribus æther
Conjugis gremium lætæ descendit, et omnes
Magnus alit, magno commistus corpore, foetus.'

The Sun and Moon were the celestial, and Fire and Earth the terrestrial symbols of the deified Reciprocal Principles. Hence their frequent designation under the titles of the great Father and universal Mother, &c. It must not be forgotten, however, that both principles and all their collateral physical agencies were sometimes addressed as one deity—individual, universal, omnipotent, and omnipresent—and in this character the united principles were represented by the sun alone. Hence the origin of the old Greek dogma :—

' All things are produced of Jove (Jehovah),
Jupiter is a male ; Jupiter is an immortal nymph.'

Hence also the origin of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, who sprang *directly*—full grown and armed—from the head of Jove. It will be observed that though the ancients recognized the individuality and separate existence of the Reciprocal Principles, still, in the work of creation, generation, or preservation they are always represented as working together in divine harmony under the influence of that mystic marriage which united, merged or blended their individual will without affecting their individuality, identity or independent sexual existence. All the pagan cosmogonies, theogonies, and poetical rhapsodies on the origin of gods and men, when rightly understood, point to the Supreme Being as a self-existent Omnipotent, Omnipresent and Omniscient UNITY—One in will, in design, in action—His many qualities or attributes being expressed under a plurality of names and forms.

'On close investigation,' says Sir William Jones, 'the pagan deities melt into each other, and the whole army of gods and goddesses mean only the powers of nature (chiefly those of the sun), expressed in a variety of ways and by a multitude of fanciful names.' 'The nations of the east,' says Bryant, 'acknowledged originally but *one Deity*—the Sun ; and the gods of the various Pantheons are plainly resolvable into this Deity, who was the ruler of the world.' Schelling, after due investigation of the ceremonial characteristics and origin of the Samothracian mysteries, affirms that 'the doctrine of the Cabiri was a system which rose from the inferior deities, representing the powers of Nature, up to a super-mundane god who ruled them all.' Mons. Pictet, a French archaeologist of no mean authority, informs us that 'the worship of the Primeval Powers formed the basis of the primitive religion of the Celts in Ireland, France, Britain, &c.' Who, in travelling through Ireland, at the present day, can fail to identify its people as the children of those who worshipped Bel, Belus, or Baal, Ashtaroth and Moloch ? Their mounds, hills, round towers, and the frequent use of the word Bal or Baal in the names of their villages, with their May Eve Festivals and 'Mid-summer bon-fires,' clearly connect them with the race of Iran (Persia), Chaldea and Phœnicia. What intelligent traveller can fail to recognize the blood of the Ghebers in a race whose love for friends, relatives, faith and fatherland, is as pure and devoted as that of Hafed, and as warm as the beams of that Fire-God whom their fathers worshipped ! The same might be said of the French, Highland Scotch and other branches of the race. The primitive Celtic settlers in the west of Europe, like their more remote ancestors in the distant orient, were undoubtedly worshippers of the Reciprocal Principles. The ancient festival of the vernal equinox, now represented by *May-day* rejoicings, connects

them with the sun worshippers. The 'Maypole' crowned with flowers, was clearly a Phallic emblem, indicating and welcoming the resurrection or return of the vivifying or active powers of Nature. The bon-fires at mid-summer still show that their forefathers were fire-worshippers. We are not surprised, therefore, to read the following interesting summary of ancient Celtic faith, from the able pen of M. Pictet:—'From a primitive duality constituting the fundamental force of the universe there arises a double progression of cosmical powers which, after having crossed each other by a mutual transition, at last proceed to blend in one supreme unity, as in their essential principles. Such, in a few words, is the distinctive character of the Mythological doctrines of the ancient Irish; such, in fact, is the sum of all my labours.'

The mythological systems of America duly recognized the doctrine of the Reciprocal Principles of Nature. Indeed it seems to have formed the germ or nucleus of every Indian creed from Baffin's Bay to Cape Horn. The Hurons and Algonquins worshipped the Sun, as well as the Cherokees, Peruvians and Mexicans, regarding it as an emblem of Divine Power and intelligence, and the celestial abode of the Great Spirit if not actually a portion of his body. Some tribes paid divine honours to fire, believing it to be the earthly representative of the Sun, and the most potent of the guardian agents appointed to take care of mankind. They regarded it as indicative of the sacred and mysterious presence of the Great Father; and whenever they required any special favour from the Divinity it was made known to Fire, accompanied by an offering. Smoke they regarded as the messenger of Fire and believed it carried petitions from earth to Heaven. In token of this homage to the Sun and his minister, Fire, and with a view of securing the favour of the Great Spirit, they always, when making treaties,

puffed the smoke from the calumet (or pipe) towards that part of the skies where the sun was at the time. For all national or religious purposes they obtained fire from flint. When so obtained, it was regarded as the symbol of purity; hence their desire to light their pipes with it. The Hurons, like the races of the South, not only worshipped the sun but actually claimed descent from that luminary. In Mexico and Peru the Reciprocal Principles were symbolized, the first by the Sun or Fire, the second by the Moon or Earth. The Peruvians celebrated an annual festival called 'Raimi, in honour of the Sun—the great father of all visible things (as they said), and by whom all are generated and sustained.' The universal acceptance of the doctrine of the Reciprocal Principles in the Old and New Worlds proves that it must have had its foundation in some natural law, common to all creatures, and of general application in every department of reproductive nature. These principles were first personified, then deified, and finally, as in India, converted from imaginary forms into realities—the symbols of the deities being succeeded by typical representations of the procreative powers. The first object of idolatry in the Old World would seem to have been a stone pillar placed in the ground in an upright position as an emblem of the active or generative power of Nature. The Hindoos called this symbol the *Lingham*. The female or reproductive energy was called the *Yoni* and symbolized under various forms. In the course of ages both emblems, by a species of refinement, came to be symbolized by a cross—the upright bar representing the male energy and the horizontal bar the female capacity of reproduction. In this connection the sacred Tau (+) or cross long represented the Reciprocal Principles of Nature, and was worshipped as an emblem of the Sun, and, through him, of the Creator, ages before the birth of the Divine Founder of Christianity. This

accounts for the universality and remote antiquity of its presence amongst the nations of both hemispheres—in the vales of Cashmere as well as on the hills of Mexico and Peru. In Ireland and other Celtic countries, the ancient worship of the Lingham and Yoni, or Reciprocal Principles, is indicated by the Cromleach—one or more upright stone pillars with a large horizontal stone placed on the upper end, so as to make the structure resemble a table or altar. It is said that the ancient druids also raised upright stones in honour of the Reciprocal Principles. The worship of the Reproductive Powers of Nature, under the form of a cross, was general amongst the Indians of Yucatan prior to the arrival of the Spaniards. This emblem was a beautiful and appropriate symbol of the Reciprocal Principles combined. Hence its general use and the ease with which it was received in after years as an emblem of Christian humility, equality and justice, of enduring fortitude, devotion and self-sacrifice, of a final resurrection and life eternal, of a bright hereafter in a land of pure delight, where congenial souls shall dwell in peace, together reigning forever in an atmosphere of love.

The worship of the Reciprocal Principles was natural in conception and of pure origin; but succeeding generations abused its simplicity by 'refinements' which soon obliterated the meaning of the original ceremonies. Its origin indicates an era in the onward march of human intelligence, when savage man first grasped the idea of a self-existent Creator or Great First Cause—a cause which he gradually learned to worship under the various phases of Nature; so that the simplicity of his primeval religion soon became quite complex and the original *dual deity* degraded into many gods. It is true the initiated saw but One God under a variety of forms in these ancient ceremonies; but the uninitiated saw therein a multitude of

gods of every form, and consequently soon lost sight of the necessary unity of the Supreme Being. 'Though I am the sole super-existent God,' says Siva, 'still do I assume various forms. Among the skilled in divine knowledge I am Brahma. Among those free from evil I am the ancient God Hari (supposed to be Osiris and Isis combined); among the Adityas I am Vishnu, &c.' The Hindoos worshipped the Sun as the emblem of the Triad, or Trinity in Unity. This Trinity was supposed to be composed of the three Gods, Brahma, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; and Siva, the Reproducer. The doctrine of a divine Triad is one of the most common characteristics of ancient creeds. A triple distribution of divine attributes seems to have been a dogma of every primitive religion during some stage of its development. Indeed, there is scarcely any system of theology which does not embrace it; nor is there any in which the three divinities are not occasionally represented as merging into One. In almost every faith we find deifications of the creative and productive powers of nature—a great Father, a great Mother, and a mystical Son, who unites in his own person the divine essence and attributes of both parents, and thus becomes their physical representative and colleague in the Triad. Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, Celts, Indians, and other races have all held this dogma during some period of their religious progress and national existence. In some races we notice a plurality of gods merging into a Trinity, then the Trinity seems to dissolve into a Duality, and this again into a Supreme Unity. Other races manifest a tendency to err in the opposite direction, by exhibiting a superstitious inclination to multiply the objects of adoration, which, of course, entails a loss of devotion, reverence, and affection for the original individual or dual Deity. It must not be forgotten, however, that the learned or initiated in the pagan mysteries did not regard the

divine essence as changeable or divisible, but as One and individual though universal. They generally recognized a divine unity under many forms, symbols, and names. The vulgar or uninitiated, in their ignorance, soon came to regard these symbols and names with reverence, and in the course of time worshipped them as gods. The unity of the God-Head was thus gradually ignored, the doctrine of the Reciprocal Principles forgotten, and men in their blindness 'worshipped the work of their own hands.' It was so in Hindostan three thousand years ago, and it is so to-day. Turning our eyes to India, we find that the Hindoo Triad is a Unity in the form of a Trinity, and represents the male or active power of Nature, whilst Bhavani (the mother and wife) personifies the passive or productive powers of the natural world. The Lingham symbolizes the former, and the Yoni the latter. Brahma and his consort are known by thousands of other names, according to the form, manner, or circumstances under which their divinity is supposed to be manifested. Hence the gigantic amplitude of the Hindoo Pantheon, which comprises 33,000,000 gods or names of attributes. Notwithstanding their vast number, the unity of all in one Being, or divine essence, is thus promulgated by Brahma himself, in the words of Siva, 'I am the beginning and the end. I am insatiate death. I am the resurrection. I am the seed of all things. There is nothing without me. I am the witness, the comforter, the generator, and dissolver. Those who worship all the gods worship me.'

The learned Brahmins acknowledge and adore one God, 'without body, parts, or passions,' eternal, immutable, omnipotent, and omnipresent, yet they teach a religion in public in which the Deity is brought down to a level with human wants and prejudices, and his various attributes invested with sensible forms. However, it was not originally their intention to

make idolaters of the people. They believed it was easier to impress the human mind by intelligent symbols, parables, and allegorical fables than by means of abstract ideas, which, to the vulgar, would be incomprehensible. Hence the origin of that mythological religion, which has prevailed, more or less, in every land and amongst every race during some period of its history. Before the invention of writing these symbols or allegorical representations were kept in the temples—the priests being the custodians. The sacred character of the temple and the mysterious appearance of the figures, paintings or hieroglyphics accustomed the people to regard them with awe and reverence. In the course of time the original meaning of these ancient records was forgotten—the priests alone retained the key to the mysterious—and the vulgar or uninitiated gradually learned to adore what their ancestors had merely honoured. The intelligent classes of India, Mexico, and other lands did not worship a multitude of gods in the extravagant and absurd manner described by misinformed zealots of other creeds. They worshipped One Divine Essence under the guise of many images or symbols, sometimes representing the Deity as of Dual or Tri-une form, though they had 'never heard His voice at any time, neither seen His similitude.'

The mythological system of modern India is perhaps the most gorgeous and extensive the world has ever seen. Many of our own religious dogmas and conceptions are of Eastern origin, and may be traced to the banks of the Ganges, or mountains of Central Asia. But their antiquity will cause us little surprise when we remember that Christianity, the highest fruitage of the religious seed of all ages, is a mighty pyramid, which has its base in humanity and its apex in eternity. As the Rev. Dr. Bell justly remarks, 'It is the mightiest power on earth for the development

of the highest faculties of men. The human mind, held by such a power, anchored to communion with its Father in Heaven, and thoroughly awakened to research, will speedily overturn and sweep away old super-

stitutions, and build up a solid and enduring structure of religion and learning. Effete creeds, whether religious, scientific, or educational, must pass away, and nothing will stand which cannot bear the fullest blaze of light.'

ROUND THE TABLE.

THE importance of the timber export trade and of the domestic lumber industries of Canada suggests that some means should be taken by Government to stimulate forest-culture, or, at any rate, to minimize the waste that is increasingly going on in our timber lands. The wealth and extent of the timber-belt that stretches across the Dominion have made us not only recklessly wasteful of our forest possessions, but indifferent to the future of the supply now so extravagantly drawn upon. What the consumption really is few stop to think who are not specially interested in the matter, and of those who are concerned in it the selfish motives of immediate gain but too often stifle consideration for the future.

But apart from concern for the limitation of the supply, and at no very distant day, there is the question of climatic effect to be considered in this denudation of our lands of their timber. The changes of climate attendant upon the clearing of forests are now well known, and the fact has an important practical bearing upon agricultural interests as well as upon the sanitary condition of the country. But the preservation of timber-belts on their influence upon the temperature of a country, in maintaining humidity of climate, etc., is not the sole benefit to be derived. There are other benefits which the retention of

woodlands confer, such as their importance as screens and wind-breaks in storm periods, and the protection they afford to farms, orchards and to railway lines needing shelter from winds, rains and snows. They are also effective in the absorption of pestilential miasma, arising from stagnant marshes, in preserving sand dunes, and in lessening the effect of the erosion of water on hill slopes, besides exercising a beneficial influence upon all streams, springs and water-courses. These are all matters of importance that should incite to the preservation, or to the renewal of our forests. How best to secure these desired ends, however, is the practical question. Whether the establishment, as in many of the European States, of a school of forestry should be thought of, or that some effective municipal restriction should be placed upon the indiscriminate cutting and felling of our woods, should be resorted to, is a question to be considered.

But, besides the necessity for repressing the wholesale depredation upon our timber-lands, there are other advantages to be gained from the formation of a school of forestry in Canada, and which suggests its practical usefulness. A few of these may be mentioned, viz., the advantage to be derived from a special study of sylviculture, the question of the growth best suited for profitable trade in

timber and lumber, the uses of wood for building purposes and in the construction of railways and ships, the use of charcoal in iron manufactures, the resinous properties of wood and its uses in the manufacture of wood-gas and of paper, and in other purposes to which wood is put, in tanning and the making of cork, etc. Besides in the branch of horticulture, how many important subjects might be taken up, by a competent teacher, to the benefit of our domestic and export trade in fruit, and the large industries which have sprung up of late in canned or preserved fruits. The transplanting, pruning, and thinning of trees; grafting, hedging, fencing, and many other matters that connect themselves with forestry, arboriculture, and agriculture, suggest additional subjects to form the curriculum of a school of forestry. But the pressing necessity for the conservation of our forests is such that whatever action the Government will be compelled some day to take, it is of prime importance that public attention, at least, should be directed to the subject that the danger, now no longer remote, of the utter devastation of our woodlands may be averted. And in the comparative cessation of the demand for lumber at present, it may be worth while reflecting, before going on again with the spoliation that has alarmingly taken place, what remedy should be provided. The thriftless waste alone makes great inroads into the supply, while the reckless use of the axe, in the demand for fuel, of itself, must lead soon to complete exhaustion. If even slight attention could be given to ordinary cultivation and the renewal of the timber, the recuperative efforts of nature might be trusted to maintain the supply. But in the absence of, and indifference to, this, the reproductive vigour of our forest lands is wholly unable to cope with the evil, and some other remedy calls for pressing adoption.

G. M. A.

CONSOLATION.

BY WINIFRED HOWELLS.

The little poem, for which we find room in this place, was written by a young Miss of thirteen years of age, and sent as a birthday sentiment to her grand-father :

It is a listless empty day,
And for no good the world seems
made ;
The flies buzz aimlessly about,
And e'en the flowers seem born to
fade.

At last the air so heavy grows,
So dull and burdensome the day,
I throw my book upon the floor,
And towards the street I wend my
way ;

And as I ponder upon life,
And wonder why God wanted me—
For can I ever take a part
In the great play of destiny !—

I hear a little plaintive cry
As of some child in sore distress,
And guided by the sound I start,
And to the place my footsteps press ;

And there I find a little child,
With bleeding feet and tangled hair,
Who looks confidingly at me,
And reaches up her arms so fair.

She has no home, the poor wee bird,—
So young a bird without a nest !
And so I take it in my arms,
And press her gently to my breast.

And now no longer seems the world
So dull and empty and so cold,
And the pure sunshine, streaming
down,
Finds my heart warm with joy
untold !

—I venture to think that 'Fidelis,' in the article entitled 'Woman's Work' in the September number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, has in the following passage, touched the keynote of the present vexed question of Female Emancipation, by offering the only sensible solution of the difficulty: 'By leaving woman free to do what she could, the question of her ability and her "sphere" would practically settle itself.' Is it jealousy, is it timidity, or is it simply a dogged conservatism which induces Legislators, politicians and in fact the whole male sex, to continue a defensive warfare for maintaining the integrity of their cherished privileges? It would seem as though they dare not venture to resign the contest, and with simple courtesy throw their territory open to an enemy whom they consider as but impotent aggressors. In all these contentions for extended privileges on the one hand, and enforced restrictions on the other, contentions engendering an amount of undignified bickering and jealousy which is alike derogatory to men and degrading to women, men are, by their own saying, fighting with such immensely superior odds, that, on the face of it, all competition is an absurdity. What man is there who would for a moment admit the theory that women, as a class, could ever meet him in a fair field of equality? He firmly believes that they are by their very nature inferior, physically, intellectually and morally. Women on their side say: 'You have no right to make any such assertion, we have never yet had anything like a fair trial, we demand that all these unjust and tyrannous restrictions, which for centuries have shackled us, be removed, and we will soon prove our ability to compete with men in any of the arenas of life.' So the two parties stand at issue, but it seems to me that women have lacked their instinctive tact in taking up so aggressive a position. They ought rather to have turned round on their masculine opponents, and attacking them with their own weapons

said: 'Granted that your estimate of our powers is the true one, if we are irretrievably inferior and impotent, why then should any restrictions exist, why not remove them all in order that by our failure we may prove your proposition, and thus establish your superiority and seal our submission?' 'True,' the men reply, 'we do not in the smallest degree fear your attempts to vie with us, but you would put us to much useless trouble in making an experiment which we are so firmly convinced *must* prove abortive.' The counter reply, which women could then make, is the argument which impresses me as being their strongest possible one, and my wish briefly to indicate it, is the only consideration which induces me to offer myself as a guest at the Round Table. It is this: that accepting the truth of the men's assertion that women are absolutely incapable of meeting them on a footing of equality, then, the shortest way to end the whole matter, and the way which would give the *least* trouble and inconvenience to men, is to make the experiment. Break down all barriers, abolish all grievances and end all discussion. This would silence at once and for ever the whole 'shrieking sisterhood' whose votaries with unwomanly ardour in season and out of season, descend on public platforms and private societies on the wrongs of women and the tyranny of men, awakening a thirst for notoriety and strong-mindedness in many a foolish brain which would else never have thought of abandoning simple homely duties. There would then be an end to all unmanly haranguing about the incapacity and presumption of women. All this bitter sense of antagonism and clashing of interests so unseemly between men and women, which does more to disturb social harmony and reverse the natural order of things would be put a stop to by the simple expedient of letting the movement take its course and work out its own cure. The strife for emancipation, if carried on in its pre-

sent spirit, will be interminable, and will breed a thousand social ills. If, on the other hand, the policy of absolute freedom were pursued, a very few years would set the matter practically at rest. Some women of great talents and brave spirit would undoubtedly rise to the front rank, and there would not be wanting examples of noble lives spent in public careers; but the majority of women would find that the force of circumstances, and the inherent weakness of their sex would soon guide their feet into the old paths, and establish their 'sphere' as substantially, what from all ages it has been the one:

'Wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise.'

ST. C. J.

—What a genius for good titles that fascinating Lower Canadian author, J. M. Lemoine has! I think he owes a great deal of his success to the skill and taste he possesses, for naming his literary progeny. Only think of it! *Maple Leaves*—what a dear, delightful title for a bundle of essays, sketches and romances redolent of the Canadian forest and stream and lake, and smelling of the maple and the resinous pine and the woodland mosses and flowers. *Maple Leaves*! who couldn't write a book with such a title? Why the reader is prepared on the instant to enjoy a rich dissertation on Canadian life and customs, and the manners of the people eighty or a hundred years ago. There is something intoxicatingly fragrant about the very name of *Maple Leaves*, and a less able writer than Mr. Lemoine could hardly fail to do something with it. Then, again, what a mine of wealth is there in 'Quebec, Past and Present.' The reader takes the book in his hand and before turning a page, he can tell you how full it is of ancient lore, of tales deftly told of the backwoods and of old times by the banks of the broad St. Lawrence, of early life at Quebec and the anxious days and nights

spent beneath the towering and frowning cliffs. Montcalm and Wolfe and brave Montgomery, Frontenac and his Intendant, the Indians and *Coueurs des bois*, appear at once before our eyes, and we can guess what Mr. Lemoine is going to say about these eminent persons by merely glancing at the headings of his chapters. The *Sword of Montgomery*, *L'Album du Touriste*. How very suggestive! The former is a very small book and the latter is a goodly sized one, but both of them claim the reader's attention at a glance. The title draws him to the nearest bookstore to purchase. If he cannot read French, he loses no time in learning the liquid language, for it is a misdemeanour in Quebec not to know how to read Mr. Lemoine's French books, and *L'Album du Touriste* is one of his best works. The last volume of this popular author is equally happy in its cognomen. Indeed it eclipses some of its brethren in this respect. I don't know whether Mr. Lemoine lies awake all night thinking out titles for his new books, but certainly he has the faculty for bestowing charming names on them, names which enlist the reader's attention immediately. What can be more complete than 'Chronicles of the St. Lawrence,' for a bright sketchy book of travel and local adventure? I would give something to know Mr. Lemoine's secret. A. B.

—A very common practice prevails in Canada, to which it is worth while, perhaps, to call attention just now. The custom, I am told, originated in Ireland, whence our newspapers, doubtless, have caught the trick, to allude to people with the title of Earl as 'Earl Beaconsfield,' 'Earl Dufferin,' 'Earl Elgin,' instead of 'Earl of Beaconsfield,' 'Earl of Dufferin,' &c., but in nine cases out of ten, this is a solecism. It would be right to say 'Earl Spencer,' or 'Earl Russell,' because these two noblemen belong to a junior branch of a noble family, and

were so created ; but when the title is not identical with the family name, but is territorial, the 'of' should never be dropped. The designation of 'Lord' so and so, of whatever rank the person may be below a Duke, is always proper.

S. F.

—I suppose the guests at the table have noticed, with more or less astonishment and amusement, the contest which is raging in the newspapers, on the all-important question of how to live on a moderate income. It is quite delightful to witness the breadth of view which some of the correspondents take of the married state. One would think after reading their remarks that they had never heard of such a thing as domestic comfort in their lives, and that married life was only another name for an existence of abject misery. Young men who hold such views should think twice before marrying, even on any income. They evidently believe with Dryden, though they have not the courage to say so, that

'Minds are so hardly matched, that e'en the first,
Though paired by Heaven, in Paradise were cursed.
For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet, first or last, return again to two.

* * * * *

Each might have stood perhaps ; but each alone ;
Two wrestlers help to pull each other down.

* * * * *

Thus have you shunned, and shun the married
state,
Trusting as little as you can to fate.'

Mr. Dryden does not paint a very bright picture of married life, and since his day others have taken the pains to describe domestic felicity as a bugbear which we should all avoid. Now, as confession is good for the soul, perhaps I may as well confess the result of my experiences. I have been married four years. My annual income at the time of my marriage was just five hundred dollars. I was and still am a clerk in a dry goods store—my income now is eight hundred dollars a year, and next year I hope to have it increased to nine hun-

dred. My family is composed of two children besides my wife, and we keep a servant. She is a faithful help, and has been with us ever since we took up housekeeping. I have said that during the first year of our marriage I was in the receipt of five hundred dollars. I will now proceed to show how my wife and I contrived to make both ends meet on that sum. We lived in a pleasant but small rough cast house. It was comfortable and warm, and though we could not boast of a spare room, or sewing-room, or any other apartments that we did not absolutely need, we had quite enough space for our immediate requirements. For this accommodation we paid \$84 per annum. We lived in Toronto, and about a couple of miles out of town. The street was a very pleasant one, and the locality was good and healthy. I will now give a tabular statement of our expenses :

House rent	\$84.00
Fuel	60.00
Groceries	80.00
Meats	65.00
Servant	48.00
Dry goods and tailoring	85.00
Taxes, medicines and contin- gencies	20.00
Amusements and Literature.	20.00
Total	<u>\$462.00</u>

We had thirty-eight dollars left. This we put by for emergencies. The next year my salary was increased to five hundred and fifty dollars, and my family to one very small boy. The additional fifty dollars just about paid his expenses, and we were able to bank nearly thirty dollars at the end of the year. My third year saw me with an increase of one hundred dollars in my salary, and I did so well on the six hundred and fifty dollars, that at the close of the year my bank account showed a total balance, interest included, of one hundred and three dollars and thirty-eight cents, and during that time we lived quite comfortably.

My present salary is eight hundred dollars, and we spend it in this way :

House rent	\$100.00
Fuel	86.00
Groceries	120.00
Meats	95.00
Servant	60.00
Small nurse	24.00
Dry goods and tailoring . .	130.00
Taxes, medicines and contingencies	40.00
Amusements and Literature.	45.00
	<hr/>
	\$700.00

You can hardly help seeing how well and how comfortably we lived on seven hundred dollars a year, and without stinting ourselves in any way, we managed to put away one hundred dollars for a rainy day. Of course we did not indulge in extravagance. My wife was only a judge's daughter, and not accustomed to throw hardly earned money away on every silly or useless thing she saw in the store windows. We have a few friends in to tea now and then, but we give no large parties, nor attend state balls. We go to the theatre occasionally and a concert sometimes. We also have sittings in a dear old church, which, if it is not quite fashionable, is quite good enough for us. Our sittings cost us only twenty dollars a year, and we pay this out of our little contingent fund. Our family has received the addition of a baby girl, and thus are we able to live in happiness and some little refinement on less than eight hundred dollars a year. We keep up no style and we don't care a great deal about society and society airs. We prefer to live within our income, and I will venture to say that very few dark clouds ever cross the cheerful threshold of our pleasant little home in— street. Young man, you can go and do likewise, if you only select a good sensible girl. Give up all ideas of nonsense and don't try to live like your father and your pros-

pective mother-in-law, on less than two thirds of their incomes.

L. M. S.

—In late numbers of some of the Toronto journals, some discussion has been had upon the subject of matrimony *versus* money, or, whether two people loving one another ought or ought not to marry upon a small salary.

The question is not a new one. It has been discussed before, and probably will be again, and it is not likely to be settled to the satisfaction of all minds, either now or hereafter.

Love, it is said, laughs at locksmiths, and prison-bars have no terror for the little god. How much more then shall he resent the interference of mean mercenary interests when his own are at stake.

It is not love who flies out of the windows when grim poverty stalks in at the door, but a counterfeit of himself often deceptive to mortals.

The true love stays, and battles with the spectre, until he either drives him forth, or his own divine arts transform him into a more endurable sort of a person.

Genuine love will enable two persons to be happy together, on even *eight hundred a year* (which one correspondent thinks too little), and will make them miserable apart on much more.

So at last, the question resolves itself into a test of the quality of the affection two people have for one another. If it is pure and genuine, it will bear adversity, if false, it will fall before the first blast. * * *

—There are few pleasanter ways of spending the long winter evenings than by reading. I don't mean reading to oneself, for that is a selfish practice when there are others in the room. I think we should all form, within a reasonable radius of each other, a number of little reading clubs. These gatherings should assemble at a

neighbour's house, say two or three times a week, and after enjoying two or more hours' perusal of a book, the company might then discuss the subject in a free and pleasant way. The meetings should be migratory, and the membership ought to be limited to ten or twelve, as larger bodies are often too cumbersome to manage. At times the pleasure of mere literary assemblages would be considerably increased were a little plain refreshment served up shortly before the close of the evening. Nothing very expensive need be done in this respect—only coffee and sandwiches. Reading clubs may be made very enjoyable and entertaining, and, besides the mere pleasure derived, the intellectual benefit which would accrue may be made very great indeed. I would advise as much variety

as possible in the choice of subjects. History one week, biography another, poetry another, and good wholesome fiction at another time. The entertainment might be varied with no little profit, if some of the members would prepare original papers on pertinent topics and read them to the audience, who should be at liberty to criticise the argument at the conclusion of the reading. Such a performance would be sure to produce excellent results, and prove a genuine stimulus to the intellect of the participants. I hope to hear of the formation of many such clubs as I have in my eye, before many weeks pass by. I trust the reading of original papers will not be omitted from the programme. It would be a pity to omit that feature. K.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A TEMPTING volume is Mr. Whittier's new book of poetry, *The Vision of Echard and other Poems*.^{*} One gets so attracted to the older poets that a new book by one of them is sure to be read first. We love to note the gradual change in style and sentiment which comes with increasing years. Some poets grow better with age. Their verse is more mellow, and gentler, and more delicate. There is less passion, less fire, and more subtlety of thought and greater power of reasoning. The old man's love song is generally very pretty and musical, and often graceful, but it rarely quickens the throbbings of the heart or hastens the beatings of the pulse. There are poets, however, who never lose the passion of their youth, and their verse at seventy is as grand and impetuous

as it was at thirty. Tennyson is one of these, Longfellow is another, Holmes is another, and Whittier is as full of fire as he was when he wrote those slave songs of his which sent the hot blood careering through our veins. The occasion which called forth his anti-slavery lyrics has happily past away, and we may no longer look for those tremendous bursts of passion which so distinguished his earlier verse. Mr. Whittier has only changed the subject matter of his poetry, his manner is still the same, his treatment is as strong, his periods are as warm and eloquent and mellifluous, and his grace is as charming and delightful as ever. The same tenderness of feeling glows in every line, the same homely thought and delicate expression cling to his verse. He is a sincere poet, and he means every word he says. He is never so happy as he is in descriptive poetry. His pastorals are true

^{*} *The Vision of Echard and Other Poems.* By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston, Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

to nature, and no one has described with finer effect home life in the country. His village scenes are always natural, and whether the time be summer or winter, there is no mistaking the truthfulness of the picture he has painted. His canvas speaks with reality and individuality. In the pretty little volume which has just come to us there is one poem which is really magnetic in its character. It is entitled *June on the Merrimac*, and its verse flows as freely as the water which the poet describes so well. We may be pardoned for making an extract or two to show the rhythm and scope of the poem.

As gayly as these kalmia flowers
Your door-yard blossoms spring;
As sweetly as these wild wood birds
Your caged minstrels sing.

'You find but common bloom and green,
The rippling river's rune,
The beauty which is everywhere
Beneath the skies of June;

'The Hawkwood oaks, the storm-torn plumes
Of old pine-forest kings,
Beneath whose century-woven shade
Deer Island's mistress sings.

'And here are pictured Artichoke,
And Curson's bowery mill;
And Pleasant Valley smiles between
The river and the hill.

'You know full well these banks of bloom,
The upland's wavy line,
And how the sunshine tips with fire
The needles of the pine.

* * * *

'Cool, summer wind, our heated brows;
Blue river, through the green
Of clustering pines, refresh the eyes
Which all too much have seen.

* * * *

'From manhood's weary shoulder falls
His load of selfish cares;
And woman takes her rights as flowers,
And brooks and birds take theirs.

'The license of the happy woods,
The brook's release, are ours;
The freedom of the unshamed wind
Among the glad-eyed flowers.

* * * *

'And if, unknown to us, sweet days
Of June like this must come,
Unseen of us these laurels clothe
The river banks, with bloom;

'And these green paths must soon be trod
By other feet than ours,
Full long may annual pilgrims come
To keep the Feast of Flowers;

'The matron be a girl once more,
The bearded man a boy,
And we, in heaven's eternal June,
Be glad for earthly joy!

The longest poem in Mr. Whittier's new volume is *The Vision of Echard*. It illustrates an incident in the life of the Benedictine Echard, who

'Sat, worn by wanderings far,
Where Marsberg sees the bridal
Of the Moselle and Sarre.'

He falls asleep, and a vision appears to him in a dream. Presently he hears a spirit voice calling to him and a revelation telling of Christ and Heaven, breaks in upon his ear. The Vision concludes with

'The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear
Are with yourselves alone.'

Then

'A gold and purple sunset
Flowed down the broad Moselle;
On hill- of vine and meadow lands
The peace of twilight fell.

'A slow, cool wind of evening
Blew over leaf and bloom;
And, faint and far, the Angelus
Rang from St. Matthew's tomb.

'Then up rose Master Echard,
And marvelled, "Can it be
That here, in dream and vision,
The Lord hath talked with me?"'

Echard then seeks the vale of Eltzbach and frees his burdened soul in prayer and in holy communion. The poem is fanciful and pretty, and in places is quite dramatic and spirited. Some of the passages are very powerfully drawn, notably the scene in the Kloster where Echard talks with Tauler and Nicolas of Basle.

The Witch of Wenham owes its origin to an incident in Salem, which enjoys in America the same supremacy in witchcraft that Caithness does in Scotland. The Caithness folk were quite proud of their achievements in witch-burning, and the witch-hunters of Salem had fully as laudable an ambition in their day, and were equally proud of their exploits. Mr Whittier in his poem, tells very prettily a touching story of a young girl who, being suspected by some old women of both sexes, of practising forbidden wiles and arts, was captured one day and thrown into jail. Her lover, however, aided her to escape and the twain flew away,

if not on the wings of love, on the back of a very swift steed.

'And, noiseless as if velvet shod,
They left the house behind.

'But when they reached the open way,
Full free the rein he cast;
Oh, never through the mirk midnight
Rode man and maid more fast.

'Along the wild wood-paths they sped,
The bridgeless streams they swam;
At set of moon they passed the Bass,
At sunrise Agawan.'

'At high noon on the Merrimac
The ancient ferryman
Forgot, at times, his idle oars,
So fair a freight to scan.

'And when from off his grounded boat
He saw them mount and ride,
"God keep her from the evil eye,
And harm of witch!" he cried.

'The maiden laughed, as youth will laugh
At all its fears gone by;
"He does not know," she whispered low,
"A little witch am I."

The lovers rode on till they reached the door of a friendly Quaker's house, in 'distant Berwick town,' and at this place, safe beside the kindly hearths, the 'hunted maiden dwelt.' *Sunset on the Bearcamp* is tuneful and sweet, and full of delicious bits of description. *Lexington, the Centennial Hymn*, and *In the Old South*, are poems of occasion and they breathe the truest patriotism, and poetic fervour. *Thiers* is a masterly poem. One might mistake it at first for a sonnet in two parts, the first representing the aged statesman in the zenith of his power, the second a memorial to the dead President of France. *Fitz-Greene Halleck* was composed on the occasion of the unveiling of his statue, and it is exceedingly beautiful and rich in graceful allusion to the old poet and some of the more familiar of his writings, closing with these tender words:

'Our lips of praise must soon be dumb,
Our grateful eyes be dim;
O brothers of the days to come,
Take tender charge of him!

New hands the wires of song may sweep,
New voices challenge fame;
But let no moss of years o'ercreep
The lines of Halleck's name.'

William Francis Bartlett, The Two Angels and *The Library* are among the better pieces of the book, and

may be classed with the best work which our poet has done. They are characteristic of him, and are positively a real enrichment to the poetic literature of the day. *The Library* is an especially noteworthy poem, and affords much food for thought. It is a poem which should be read often, for all its beauties are not seen at first. It is a study—a grand thought—a picture.

Mr. Whittier has lost none of his fanciful colouring, none of his love for the beautiful, none of his veneration for holy things, none of his force, none of his tune or musicality. His songs are like beautiful flowers. They carry happiness to every home and make glad every heart.

Poetry illustrates every phase of thought, and the sublimest things in nature, in our souls, in our minds and in our lives have found a ready echo in the magnificent utterances of the poet. Almost every country in the world has had at one time its great poet, its lofty singer whose words have penetrated every heart and whose songs have hurried armed men to battle, or incited peoples to mighty deeds and exploits. The rudest nations have felt their pulses stirred at times by the musical voice of some bard in whom their faith never wavered. History is full of examples, but Great Britain has produced more great names in poetry than any country in the world. One cannot always afford to buy Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co.'s elegant 'Riverside Edition' of the British Poets, nor Robert Bell's numerous volumes of British Poetry, but an opportunity of getting the priceless gems of English, Scotch and Irish verse from Chaucer to Swinburne, in one compact volume is now presented.* We know of no more complete single-volume collection in the world, and

* *The Family Library of British Poetry from Chaucer to the Present time (1350-1878)*. Edited by JAMES T. FIELDS and EDWIN P. WHIPPLER. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

certainly there can be no better edited collection than the new Family Library of British Poetry, which the famous Boston publishers have just issued. Mr. James T. Fields is an editor of large experience, tact and excellent judgment. He is familiar with the poetry of Britain for the last five or six hundred years, and no literary man has enjoyed such an extended personal acquaintance with the great Worthies who have flourished in his own time, than Mr. Fields. A poet himself of singularly delicate tastes and feeling, of genial disposition and manner, and possessed of an appreciative and discerning mind, he has ever been warmly welcomed among his brother-poets across the great seas. To his other qualities he adds the faculty of quick perception, and whether his eye rests upon a painting, a drawing, a poem, or a novel, his trained vision sees only the beautiful and the picturesque and the good. He never burdens his mind with the imperfect or the unfair. He prefers to look for the best, to love the best, and to hold up for the emulation of mankind the beautiful things he finds. He is no cynical or morbid critic, who grudgingly praises when he can't help himself. He selects what he *can* praise. He lets the ungainly and uncouth things remain where they are. As joint editor with Mr. Fields, we have Edwin P. Whipple—a really great critical writer and student of literature—a man who has spent the best years of his life in perfecting himself for his duties. Mr. Whipple's fine scholarly tastes and graceful pen have had full scope in his last editorial labour. In Elizabethan literature he has earned a name in England, which has been gained only by very few of the eminent British scholars who have made that study the aim of their lives. Macaulay was the first to discover the masterly qualities of Mr. Whipple's mind, and the great Reviews of England soon reiterated the historian's praises. 'The New Library of British Song' has an unusual

advantage over other books of the same class, in being edited by two gentlemen of such great reputation. The book, as its name implies, has been especially arranged for family reading. The very cream of British poesy will be found within its covers, and the scope of the work may be readily guessed at when we tell the reader that no fewer than four hundred poets have been laid under contribution. There are one thousand double-column pages in the book, and there is not one poem in the whole collection that could be left out without detriment. This cannot always be said of similar books. It shows how careful and industrious and conscientious the editors have been in their work. The notes which appear at frequent intervals elucidate the text very happily, and convey information about certain poems and their writers in an interesting and intelligent way. In their preface the editors announce a companion volume,—the 'Family Library of British Prose,' and when that book appears it will contain a general sketch of British literature. A number of portraits embellish the book, and we notice a very handsome likeness of Byron, which we do not remember to have ever seen before, and equally good pictures of Burns and Scott. The arrangement is convenient and easy for reference, and contains besides the names of the poets and the titles of the poems, a complete index of first lines. The work is further enhanced by reliable data, referring to the birth, death, and other personal particulars about the different authors consulted. This book will pass through many editions.

We have much pleasure in recommending to the student and general reader Mr. Withrow's illustrated 'History of Canada.*' It is writ-

* *History of Canada.* By WILLIAM H. WITHROW, M.A. Boston: Z. B. Russell. Toronto: Clough & Townsend.

ten with fairness and a strict regard to historical accuracy. Mr. Withrow's style is exceedingly good, and he has succeeded in presenting the results of many years' study in a very happy and contained way. The History is brought down to the departure of Lord Dufferin, and the leading political questions before and after Confederation are placed before the reader in an impartial and, in the main, correct light. Mr. Withrow has not allowed his feelings or his prejudices to over-ride his judgment, and he has evidently taken Hallam, rather than Macaulay or Froude, for his guide. Indeed, so far has he followed this model that some of his facts occasionally lapse into dry annals and details, though there is much impassioned writing in the book as a whole. We notice one or two errors in Mr. Withrow's account of late events which he would do well to correct in future editions. Lepine's sentence was commuted to two years' imprisonment, and the forfeiture of his political rights. Riel was disqualified for life. The Land Grant in the Pacific Railway Charter was *fifty* millions of land in alternate blocks along the line of railway, not *five* millions. The late Premier of the New Brunswick Local Government is *George* E. King, not *J. E.* King. These are but slight blemishes in a work which possesses so many excellent characteristics, but we think it well to draw the author's attention to them at this time. Mr. Withrow has gone quite deeply into the educational history of the country, and his sketch of the progress which has been made in this department, is both pertinent and useful. The Index is carefully made, and the portraits of Her Majesty and the Earl of Dufferin are decidedly good. We wish we could say as much for some of the other plates with which the book is embellished. The volume is attractively printed and bound, and is altogether exceedingly creditable to author and publishers.

Though designed for especial use in High Schools, Academies and Colleges, Dr. Quackenbos' illustrated 'History of Ancient Literature'* will be found a most useful and valuable work for the general reader. It is of comparatively recent date that the study of literature has become recognized as a separate branch of the history of civilization. Previous to the sixteenth century, as our author says, the first work on the subject was scarcely more than a mere catalogue of authors and their books. Since that time, however, and especially during the present century, a fresh impetus to the study has been given. Literature is the most delightful of all studies. It quickens the intellect, furnishes the keynote to the history of nations and of great events, and enables us to understand current allusions to the writers and literary works of other times. It refines our tastes and upholds to our gaze the intellectual development of our race, and widens the scope of our judgment. Dr. Quackenbos has just given to the world a book of paramount importance. He has followed no model, for his book is as original in scope and plan, as it is rich and full in information. It is a complete and admirably condensed text-book, perfectly free from misknown and obscure names, and while it is a most interesting volume to read it is exceedingly valuable as a work of reference. The text is unencumbered by wearisome and dry platitudes, and the short biographies of the eminent authors whose works come under review are not among the least enjoyable things to be found in this concise history. The index is very full, and the engravings and coloured maps facilitate a proper understanding of the letter-press. Dr. Quackenbos has made several happy selections from the writers of antiquity and the orient, and these add very much to the inter-

* *Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical.* By JOHN D. QUACKENBOS, A. M., M. D. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

est and value of his work as a whole. The introductory chapter is composed of an able and terse account of the origin and relationship of languages and the philology of the ancients, and a general review of their literature. The balance of the first part of the book is taken up with carefully considered chapters on Hindoo literature, Persian literature, illustrating the times and manners of Zoroaster, the literature of the Chinese and a sketch of the philosopher and teacher, Confucius, Hebrew Letters, and the Semitic languages and their distribution, the Book of Job and the golden age of Hebrew poetry. Chaldean, Assyrian, Arabic and Phœnician and Egyptian literature conclude the half dozen chapters which comprise the first part. The second portion of the History introduces us to the literature of the Greeks, their earlier forms of poetry, the epic verse, the days of Homer, the Cyclic poets and the bards of the Epic Cycle. We are then treated to a dissertation on Lyric Poetry, the Doric School and the undying measure of the great Sappho whose memory has been kept perpetually green by the eminent poets who have flourished since his day; the rise of Greek prose with brief sketches of Æsop, Solon, the Seven Sages, the golden age of Grecian literature, the Attic period, Pindar, the drama introducing Sophocles and Æschylus, the Alexandrian period, the later literature of Greece, taking up the writers of the first century before Christ, and the writers of the first three Christian centuries, with notes on Plutarch and his famous *Lives*, Lucian, Pausanias, and others equally notable, concluding with a short history of Byzantine literature and some well-selected gems of Greek thought. The third, and last, part of Dr. Quackenbos' volume is devoted to Roman literature, and the reader who has followed our author up to this period will be prepared to experience fresh pleasure at the literary feast before him. The first chapter is occu-

ped by an excellent sketch of the Latin language and ancient Latin relics which will repay perusal. Chapter second brings us to the dawn of Roman letters, to the time of the Roman drama, and when the Latin writers modelled their works on the writings of the Greeks. We meet Cato, the Censor here, and Lælius, and Scipio, who improved upon the rude eloquence of the author of the 'Origines,' and the Gracchi, the sons of the noble Cornelia, daughter of Scipio. Then come the minor historians and orators of the period. The golden age of Roman literature discusses Cicero and Julius Cæsar, Sallust, Catullus, Virgil, whose 'Æneid' and the 'Georgics' are so familiar and dear to the student of the classics; Horace, whose grand odes have been translated into almost every tongue; Ovid, who painted vice so brilliantly in his 'Art of Love' that Augustus banished him to Tómi, a village in the Black Sea, and, despite the prayers and entreaties of the poet, never revoked his stern decree; and the prose writers of the Augustian age. The last chapter is one of the most brilliant in the book. It treats of the Silver age, and gives some insight into the character and teachings of Celsus, the author of a scientific encyclopædia; Phædrus, the poet and fable writer of the reign of Tiberius; the three great ornaments of Nero's time—Persius, who wrote satires, and Seneca, the orator, and Lucan, his nephew, who, at the age of twenty-three, was reckoned the greatest of living poets. Pliny the elder, Quintilian, Juvenal the satirist, Tacitus, Pliny the younger, the Latin fathers, followed by specimens of Latin poetry and gems of Latin thought, brings this admirable and scholarly work to a close. It may be faithfully commended. A well selected library is incomplete without it.

'The Waverley Dictionary,'* is a

* *The Waverley Dictionary.* By MAY ROBERTS. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: A. Piddington.

timely and useful book. It supplies a want which the admirers of the great novelist have long felt. As the years go on, Scott grows in greater popularity than ever, and the different editions of his works almost equal in number those of Shakespeare. Nearly every publisher of any standing now-a-days includes among his list of books the Waverley Novels; and the wonder is that a compact and interesting dictionary like Miss May Rogers' has not been thought of long ago. Miss Rogers has gone into her work with all the delight and pleasure which only a genuine lover of Sir Walter could feel. She has made an exhaustive study of the famed novelist, and her book should live as long as the works she so well and so painstakingly describes. This dictionary contains an alphabetical list of all the characters in the Waverley Novels, with a clever descriptive analysis of each individual mentioned. Besides these there are illustrative selections from the text. A mere casual glance at the scope and plan of the book will show its value, and we predict for it a very wide sale.

The latest of Mr. Morley's splendid series of English Men of Letters is Hutton's 'Sir Walter Scott.*' Like the preceding volumes, it is compact, well-written, and rich in individuality and form. For one who has not leisure to read the numerous lives of Scott, from that masterpiece of biographical writing, Lockhart's 'Life,' to Dr. Shelton Mackenzie's story of Sir Walter's life, this book will prove a veritable mine of information about the wizard and his times. Indeed it is for readers such as these that the present series of short books has been specially prepared. Within the compass of less than two hundred pages, Mr. Hutton has given us the very cream of what

has hitherto been written about the career and labours of Sir Walter. Taking Lockhart as his main authority, our author has succinctly put together the leading events in the life of his hero. It is complete in biographical information, and enters largely into the literary life of Scott, his companions and friends, his life at Abbotsford, his relations to the Ballantynes, the Waverley Novels, his morality and religion, his attitude towards the King, his politics, his days of adversity, the last year of his career, and the end of the struggle. The book is written in a charming style, and though we are disposed to quarrel with Mr. Hutton for the way in which he has treated the Ballantyne partnership, we can commend the book as a whole. It is far superior to Mr. Lockhart's own abbreviation of his ten volume life, and for those who have neither the leisure to read, nor the means to gratify that leisure if they had it, we can cordially recommend Hutton's *brochure*.

It seems quite a pity that Mr. Robt. Lowell, the elder brother of the eminent American Minister to Spain, should appear in print at such rare intervals. He writes so enjoyably and has apparently so many admirers among readers who prefer books subdued in tone but perfect in finish and design, that his protracted silence is a positive literary crime. It is upwards of twenty years now since Mr. Lowell published his forcible story 'The New Priest in Conception Bay,' and since that date we have had but little from his pen beyond Antony Brade and some very musical poems. His new volume, 'A Story or Two from an old Dutch Town,'* will be hailed with much satisfaction by all readers of scholarly prose and admirers of simple and delicate humour. Mr. Lowell resembles Washington Irving

* *English Men of Letters.—Sir Walter Scott.* By RICHARD H. HUTTON. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

* *A Story or Two from an old Dutch Town.* By ROBERT LOWELL. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

in many respects, and his characterizations are always gentle and graceful. 'Abram Van Zandt' is a charming little story. It is original in design and treatment and a keen interest is at once awakened in the fortunes of the old Dutch baker, his wife, and Patsy, the pretty grand-daughter, who 'tends the shop.' Mr. Lowell has managed to work up a little pleasant excitement in a rare picture, which the Dominie of the sleepy old town carries home with him for examination, and the whole narrative is told with a skill amounting almost to genius. In these days when everyone who can write at all, writes long stories instead of short tales, Mr. Lowell places the public under lasting obligations for this clever work. The volume contains three delightful sketches, 'Abram,' 'Schermerhorn's Marriage and Widowhood,' and 'Master Vorhagen's Wife;' either of which may be read at a single sitting. Each of these illustrate a fancy of the author, and the character-drawing and bits of description here and there will win from the first the admiration of the reader.

Mr. Chas. F. Richardson has done a good work in presenting, in a concise way, his sketch of the progress of American Literature.* His Primer takes a wide range and covers a large area. Starting from the year 1620 Mr. Richardson brings his history down to our own times, crowding his pages with information about the men and women who, from following in the beaten track of English models for more than a century and a half, gradually cut themselves adrift from old country influences and succeeded at last in creating a position distinctively their own. The study is an interesting one and our historian has managed his material ably and well. We notice one or two omissions such as George Arnold, Robert Lowell, Dr. E. H.

Clarke, Park Benjamin, James Aldrich, whose pleasant poems find honoured places in all collections of poetry, and others equally well known from Mr. Richardson's list, but these will detract little from the merit of his performance as a whole. The Primer is a perfect Encyclopædia of American Literature, within a brief compass, and the author has succeeded in doing much more than mere cataloguing in his estimates of the labours of the writers who come under his notice. We might ask for more about one writer and less about another, but Mr. Richardson has been generally fair and impartial, considering the limited space at his command. We like the way in which he has grouped his subject-matter.

Mr. Longfellow has reached *Africa** in his pretty series of 'Poems of Places.' The collection will conclude with several volumes descriptive of American scenery and locality, considerable space being devoted to Canada. The present volume, like its predecessors, is handsomely printed, and rich in poetry belonging to its scope. There are many gems in the book, including Mr. Longfellow's fine poem, *The Slave's Dream*, Mr. Bryant's *African Chief*, Shelley's *Mountain Streams*, Schiller's *Carthage*, Aldrich's *Egypt*, Præd's *Pyramids of Egypt*, O'Reilly's spirited *Macarius the Monk*, Hunt's *Nile*, and Whittier's glorious *Song of the Slaves in the Desert*, which has added so much to the Quakerbard's reputation. Central and Southern Africa, too, have been levied under contribution, and the familiar lines of Bayard Taylor on *Kilimandjaro*, Cameron's vigorous *Spirit of the Cave*, Tennyson's *Timbuctoo*, and Pringle's *Genadendal*, have each an honoured place in the handsome little volume. It is edited in the same painstaking manner of its companions of the series,

* *A Primer of American Literature.* By CHAS. F. RICHARDSON. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

* *Poems of Places—Africa.* Edited by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: A. Piddington.

and the collection holds a place peculiarly its own in literature.

We have no more delightful writer of stories for the young than Miss Louisa M. Alcott, whose name as the author of 'Little men' and 'Little women' is endeared in many and many a household. She writes with a naturalness quite her own, and the sprightliness and vigour of her style often commend her books to older readers. 'Under the Lilacs,'* is her latest story, and it displays fully as much ability and grasp of character as any of her previous books. The romance is skilfully and gracefully told, and while a moral is pointed, the absence of 'goody-goody' padding is quite conspicuous. 'Under the Lilacs' traces the history of a fatherless circus boy, and we are introduced to a number of pleasant people, and a variety of incidents of some moment. The story is told with real dramatic effect and cannot fail to create a genuine impression for good on the reader. It is not full of dry details or uninteresting verbiage, but every line sparkles with interest and reflected light from the author's genius.

'The Bodleys on Wheels'† is a very pretty holiday-book and, like its companion-volumes, it contains a large variety of delightful reading for the young and a splendid collection of choice illustrations. The quaint character of the cover, the whole plan of the letterpress which is not for a single page dull or commonplace, and the bright and spirited pictures will attract the attention of children at a glance. The tale is healthful and cheerful, and the warm-hearted old gentleman who pays a visit to our chimneys every Christmas-eve can hardly do better than lay in a supply

of these charming Bodley books. They will gladden many a young heart.

The Messrs. Appleton have added *Sound** to their 'Experimental Science Series for Beginners'—a useful collection of books, which cannot fail to be productive of the utmost benefit to the science student. The present volume is a companion to *Light*, and, like that work, it is written in an easy and simple way, and well illustrated by means of diagrams and plates explanatory of the subject-matter. The book is wholly devoted to experiments and the means by which cheap and simple apparatus to perform them may be made. The study of sound is very interesting, and the immense amount of information which Professor Mayer manages to bring to bear on the subject will do much to popularize the science, and inculcate a love for experiment and further knowledge in this branch of our education. Professor Mayer has brought his work down to the very latest dates, and we have, accordingly, a brief account (illustrated) of Edison's Phonograph and Faber's Talking Machine, with full explanations concerning their use and manufacture. *Sound*—apart from its scientific character and value—is a most amusing book for the home circle, and just the thing for the long winter evenings which will soon be upon us. The author has taken care to present his experiments in an attractive light, and he has succeeded in imparting to them a means of much entertainment and amusement. He has designed to teach in a pleasant and agreeable manner the great truths of his study, and by these means his book will gain access to many circles where the love of experiment outweighs the taste for research and the pursuit of knowledge. *Sound* is a home and family book, as interesting as a novel for the older reader, as

* *Under the Lilacs*. By LOUISA MAY ALCOTT. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *The Bodleys on Wheels*, with illustrations. By the author of 'The Bodleys telling stories.' Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

* *Sound*. By ALFRED MARSHALL MAYER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

delightful as a story-book for the young, and fascinating in the highest degree to the student. The third volume of this series will take up Vision and the Nature of Light, to be followed by Electricity and Magnetism.

Mr. Wilkie Collins has a wonderful power over his reader. He holds him in a firm grasp. There is a fascination about his work which wins him many admirers. He is morbid sometimes, and loves to paint horrors in the brightest pigments, but he is also real and life-like and natural. He is quick to perceive, and though his stories lack frequently that finish and polish which distinguish the writings of George Eliot and William Black, he is much the more popular novelist of the three. He wastes no words in coming to his object. He indulges in no unnecessary verbiage. He is never tiresome nor prolix nor dull. He sketches with a bold pencil and the interest of the reader is awakened at once. Mr. Collins is an admirable story-teller. He writes in the narrative form, and with the air of a man who is relating in the simple language of the conversationalist, an actual occurrence around which a deep mystery hangs. His last story* is an excellent specimen of his art. *The Haunted Hotel* is a vigorous novel. The incidents are powerfully drawn, and intense dramatic effect is seen in every line. There are some spirited bits of character drawing in the book, and a good deal of energy is displayed in some of the descriptive passages. The scene is laid partly in England and partly in Venice. The reader is introduced in the first chapters to a celebrated London physician whose speciality is disease of the mind, and a heavily veiled lady who seeks his professional assistance. The former disappears at an early stage from the scene, and we hear of him no more.

With the lady, however, the case is different. We see her quite often, and it is her career that the author traces with such force and skill. She is the countess Narona. She marries a British peer, Lord Montbarry—a cold, stingy, misanthropic individual, who forsakes his betrothed, Agnes Lockwood, for the dark-browed Countess. The marriage is consummated, and the bride and groom and the lady's brother, the Baron Rivar, leave England for Venice. They rent a mysterious old Palace in the City of gondolas. They live here for a time very unhappily. His Lordship grows moody and sullen. The Countess chafes under the treatment she receives. The Baron is a gambler and spendthrift, and is continually trying to borrow money of his brother-in-law. That gentleman refuses to lend him any, and the result, of course, may be surmised. Lord Montbarry's life is insured for a large amount. He suddenly dies. The case is investigated by medical men and insurance officers, but though there is dark suspicion, nothing is brought forward to sustain it, and the money is paid over to Rivar and his sister who remove at once to the United States. About the time of the death of Lord Montbarry, a courier, Ferrari, disappears mysteriously after sending a cheque for a thousand pounds to his wife. Agnes Lockwood is loved by the brother of the man she loved. He proposes to her, but is rejected. He loses no interest in Agnes, however, and determines to win her heart. A Hotel Company is formed in Venice, and the old Palace is fitted up on a grand scale. The Montbarrys take stock in the concern, and in order to see how the affair is managed, the whole party go to Venice. The plot now deepens in mystery. The Countess appears on the scene. A chamber in the palace is as full of horrors as Master Bluebeard's ancient apartment in the story books. This room is occupied by various mem-

* *The Haunted Hotel: a Mystery of Modern Venice.* By WILKIE COLLINS. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

bers of the family, and they all see strange sights, and undergo experiences of grave significance. Unpleasant smells, blood-stains, headless ghosts, and floating heads, visions, and what not, keep the unfortunate occupant of the apartment, and the reader, in a perpetual whirl of excitement and fear. At last a discovery is made. The head of the dead Lord Montbarry, who was disposed of by the Baron and his sister, is found. The Countess confesses her crime in the form of a play which, nearly finished, she leaves on her writing table. She dies in time to save arrest, and the story, which is most exciting and interesting throughout, concludes with the marriage of Agnes Lockwood to her lover, the brother of the dead Lord Montbarry. In England *The Hounded Hotel* has been pronounced to be fully equal to Mr. Collins' masterpiece, the *Woman in White*.

Stanley's 'Through the Dark Continent' has been cleverly burlesqued by Mr. F. C. Burnand, and the publishers have issued the bright little book* in a very attractive shape. It has appeared promptly in the market, and the first edition has been quickly followed by a second and third issue. The letterpress and illustrations are admirable. The humour is infectious and lively and the author, who has already burlesqued Victor Hugo and 'Ouida' so well, has caught with rare spirit the peculiar and nervous style of his author. The editorial notes explanatory of the text are also exceedingly clever and piquant.

The Rev. Dr. Abbott, of London, England, is doing excellent service to the cause of scholarship by the publication of a number of really good text-books. He has made his subjects so attractive, and has developed so much industry in the collection of the

multitudinous examples which he has brought forward to fortify his premises, allied to his own practical suggestions and experience, that there is little difficulty in allotting the very highest place to the result of his labours. 'How to Write Clearly,' and 'English Lessons for English People,' are most invaluable, and 'How to Parse'* is a book of equal importance. Dr. Abbott applies the principles of scholarship to English Grammar, and furnishes a compact work on analysis, spelling and punctuation, which must prove of great value to the advanced pupil. The chapter on poetical construction is especially able and may be read with profit by everybody. We wish to call the particular attention of the Educational Department of Canada to Dr. Abbott's work. It has no superior among the very many books of its class. School-teachers especially should look into its pages.

Mr. Angus Dallas has prepared a very good Latin Grammar† for the use of parents in the work of home education. This book, we presume, is not intended to supersede Moody or Edwards, but it is modelled on a simpler basis than those standard grammars. Mr. Dallas adopts the Platonic system in his means of conveying instruction to the pupil, and deprecates the parrot method of study, so much in vogue with the less skilful and more stupid of our schoolmasters—and there are stupid schoolmasters sometimes, even in Canada. Mr. Dallas has practically tested many of the principles advanced in his treatise, and has been rewarded by exceedingly good results. A handy Latin-English dictionary, containing all the words used in the grammar, is added to the volume which should prove very useful, as it saves reference to the larger work of Charles Anthon which is not always within

* *Through the Keep-it-Dark Continent; or How I Found Stanley* (21 illustrations). By F. C. BURNAND. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company.

* *How to Parse*. By the REV. EDWIN A. ABBOTT, D. D., Head Master of the City of London School. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.
† *Latin Language and Grammar*. By ANGUS DALLAS. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

the means of the student. It is a pity that Mr. Dallas has omitted the accentuation marks, as false quantity in pronunciation is likely to result from it. This may easily be remedied in a future edition.

Messrs. Roberts Bros. have added two dainty little volumes to their popular "Wisdom Series"*—*Selections from the Apocrypha*, and *The Wisdom of Jesus, the Son of Sirach*. The circulation of these booklets cannot help having a most beneficial effect. They are well edited, and the reader has within a brief compass the most precious of the writings of the master minds of the Christian world. In the books of the Apocrypha the most interesting relics of antiquity may be found; and many pearls of wisdom may be gathered from the teeming pages. Wise maxims, devout sentiments, glimpses of private life and customs, and quaint pictures of Oriental life, form only a portion of the contents of these books. The editor of the Wisdom Series is a judicious scholar and critic, and a safe guide. He has culled from a rich mine the very choicest passages. These are illustrative of the sapience of Solomon and of the Jews, and copious quotations follow from the Books of Esdras, Tobit, and Baruch, the Song of the three Holy Children, the Prayer of Manasses, King of Judah, and from Maccabees, 1st and 2nd. The *Wisdom of Jesus* is from the Book of *Ecclesiasticus*. A long selection from Dean Stanley's *Jewish Church* forms the introduction to the first named of these books. Thus far seven tiny volumes of the series have been issued, and they are well-deserving of the title which has been given to them.

It is with real pleasure and satisfaction that one reads a new novel by

William Black. He is one of the strongest of living novelists. His stories instruct as well as charm. They educate as well as amuse. His last romance is the most robust and vigorous story he has written since *A Princess of Thule*, and like that great novel it appeals to the cultivated reader. *Macleod of Dare** is strong in Mr. Black's best characteristics. It smells of the heather and the Highlands of Scotland, and the scene changes from the far north to England. Many of the pictures of life in London are new, but the old views which our author gives us of the gay metropolis are strikingly and attractively done, and recall Thackeray in his best days and some of the earlier novels of Disraeli. The portraiture of Macleod is a study. He will live in fiction as long as his clan survives in history. Mr. Black is always successful in his character drawing. His men and women become attached to the reader from their first appearance on the scene. His incidents are dramatic, bold, and real. They never tire nor become tedious. His characters say intelligent things when they speak, and they never sermonize or preach. Mr. Black manages his love scenes well, and his lovers are never stupid lovers. *Macleod of Dare* will add largely to our author's reputation. It more than surpasses *Mad Cap Violet*, and in point of interest it is not a whit behind *A Daughter of Heth*. This edition of the novel is illustrated by a number of prominent artists, notably F. Faed, J. E. Millais, J. MacWhirter, and T. Graham.

The Rose-Belford Publishing Co. have in press *Buckle's History of Civilization in England*, in three handsome volumes. This edition will contain a complete and carefully revised index, specially prepared for this work. The price per volume has been fixed at one dollar and a half.

* The Wisdom Series: *Selections from the Apocrypha*; *The Wisdom of Jesus, the Son of Sirach*. Edited by the Editor of 'Quiet Hours.' Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

* *Macleod of Dare* (illustrated). By WILLIAM BLACK, author of *Mad Cap Violet*, etc. Canadian Copyright Edition. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.