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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

NATIONAL REVIEW.

EDITED BY G. MERCER ADAM.

VOLUME III.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1879.

TORONTO:

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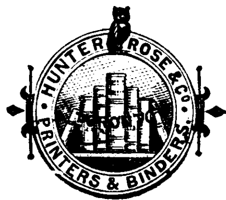
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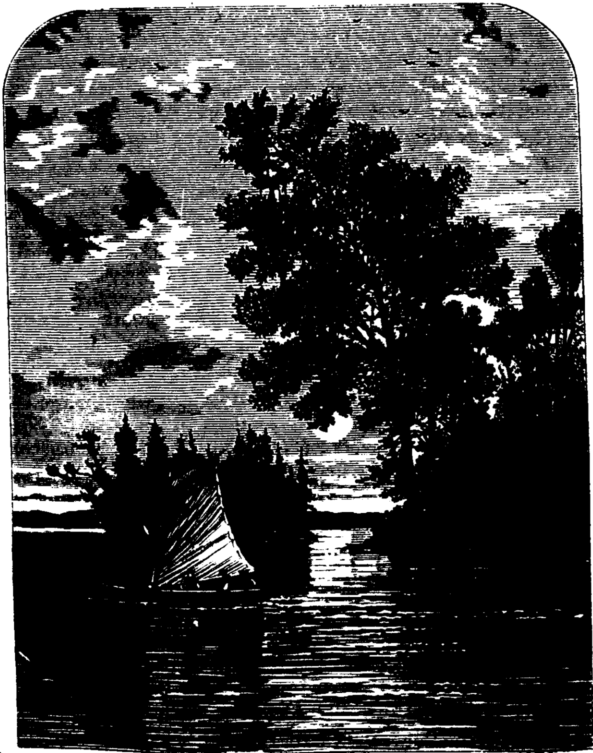
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JULY, 1879.

THE NORTHERN LAKES OF CANADA.

TO emancipate oneself, at intervals, from the toils of business, to determine to turn one's back upon the depressing influences of routine occupation, is now happily a recognised necessity. Quitting commercial and industrial centres and hieing off to give a fillip to the mind by a few weeks' recreation amid nature's solitudes is, moreover, a wise and laudable act, the mental and physical refreshment of which is well-nigh incalculable. Of places of desirable resort there are many in Canada to which the wearied and over-worked business or professional man may hasten to take a *bain de vie*, and to reinvigorate his system, in a period of



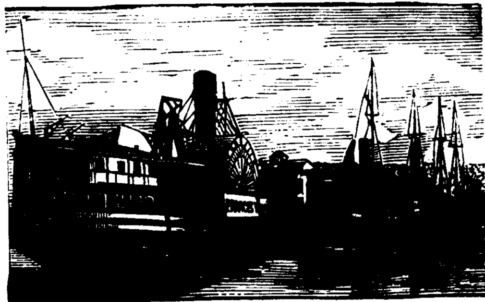
EAGLE'S NEST ISLAND, LAKE ROSSEAU.

repose, by the restorative influences of a change of scene. Few of these resorts possess greater attractions than the Upper Lakes of Canada, in the bracing and invigorating atmosphere of which almost every essential will be found for the recuperation of exhausted strength, or for the delight and entertainment of robust vigour. In the following paper we design to give a brief itinerary of the points of interest in a trip from Toronto to the head of Lake Superior, to be followed at a future time by similar notes of travel in other parts of the Dominion. The reader will find no incidents to interest him in the tour, but simply a guide-book record of the places successively met with *en route*, with such information regarding them as may be useful, and as may tend to the enlightenment of those who are ignorant of what is to be seen in the region described. The trip, which occupies going and returning from eight to ten days, is, to our mind, the most delightful the traveller will find in Western Canada. It divides public favour with the steam-boat voyage down the St. Lawrence, to which many tourists unhesitatingly prefer it. The bracing air, the grandeur and beauty of the ever-changing scenery, and the tranquillity with which the absence of all hurry, bustle, or care infuses into the soul, are worth all the physic compounded by all the apothecaries.

Our present excursion will lead us by the Northern Railway of Canada, the oldest of the Toronto lines, to Collingwood, situate on Nottawasaga Bay, the point of embarkation for the tour before us. The Northern road traverses the neck of land between Lakes Ontario and Huron, and covers a distance of some ninety-five miles from Toronto to Collingwood; thence it branches off along the shores of Nottawasaga Bay to Meaford, about twenty-five miles further on. On leaving Toronto, the road passes through the old settled county of York; but the thriving character of the villages in the line of Yonge Street is hardly seen, as the railway runs rather wide of them. There is a constant ascent for about twenty-five miles, where we reach the watershed, the streams north and south of it flowing into Simcoe and Ontario respectively. Passing the pleasant little villages of Richmond Hill, Aurora, Newmarket, and the town of Bradford, we arrive at Barrie, the county town of Simcoe, which is delightfully situated on Kempenfeldt Bay, an inlet of Lake Simcoe. From Barrie, a branch of the Northern Railway extends along the shore of Lake Simcoe to Orillia, on Lake Couchiching; from whence, winding round the southern end of the lake, it projects itself into the Muskoka district, and after reaching Severn Falls, the next point on the route, terminates at Gravenhurst, at the foot of Muskoka Lake, and the key to the labyrinth of waters which lie to the northward. Here the tourist would doubtless fain arrest our steps, and bid us seek our holiday amid the wealth of picturesque islands and the charmingly varied coast lines that everywhere meet the eye in this delightful haunt of Nature. But for the present, turning our back on the attractions of this region, a specimen illustration of the scenery of which embellishes the first page of this paper, let us resume, at Barrie, our journey northward, and conduct the reader over the intervening ground between the latter place and Collingwood. Passing along the line between these points there is nothing that calls for particular attention. The railway has done great things for North Simcoe; villages are springing up on both sides of the line, the wilderness has been subdued, and agriculture and manufactures are making rapid progress. Collingwood, which is supposed to have derived its name from the great admiral, is situated, as we have already said, on Nottawasaga Bay, or the Hen and Chickens Harbour, as it used to be called,

from a group of small islands of that name a short distance from shore. The Indian name is said to mean "Mohawk river," and is still applied to the stream which enters the bay at this point. The town is not yet thirty years old, and certainly is still far from being an attractive place. The greater part of the dwellings are simply lumberers' shanties, and the principal branches of its trade are lumber and fish, both of which are carried on on a very extensive scale, although they scarcely afford much novelty to the Canadian tourist. Collingwood, however, possesses considerable importance from its shipping connection and trade with Chicago and other ports on Lake Michigan, in addition to its direct trade with the various mining and other settlements on Lake Superior, and with those nearer home on the Georgian Bay. Communication with these ports in the vicinity affords the opportunity of short excursions, which have become very popular, to those who cannot spare the time for the round trip to the Upper Lake. Steamers will here be found communicating with Penetanguishene, Byng Inlet, Manitoulin Island, and Parry Sound, and they enable the tourist to see, on a small scale, the beautiful and romantic scenery which forms the charm of the longer excursion we are about to describe. From Parry Sound the visitor can pass by stage to the head of Lake Rosseau, and thence by steamer through the Muskoka Lakes to Gravenhurst, and then by way of Orillia and Lake Simcoe, return to Toronto.

But to resume our journey, we board the steamer at Collingwood, which after setting out, and calling at Meaford and Owen Sound—the latter place being the northern terminus of the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway—heads nor'-nor' west, and traverses the entire length of the Georgian Bay. Having passed Lonely Island, with Squaw and Papoose Islands lying to the northeast, and the Fox Islands further inland, we at length come upon the Great Manitoulin, and sight a light-house on the rocks, apparently out of reach by water. Behind it rise, like petrified sea-billows, immense waves of granite of the Huronian formation. Still further in the rear lie the La Cloche Mountains, ranging from 1,000 to 2,000 feet in height and stretching along the whole northern shore. The whole coast from this point to the Sault Sainte Marie is full of craggy headlands, and rugged indentations and inlets. The channel is studded with innumerable islands of all sizes, forms, and degrees of elevation. There are said to be 3,600 of them between the points we have mentioned, and 23,000 altogether from Parry Sound to Fort William, on Lake Superior. On reaching the narrow coast of which we have spoken, we find there is a narrow passage—narrow, but deep and safe. The Indians call it Shebawanahning, that is to say, "here is a channel." Into the inlet we glide, with the high rocks of the island on the one hand, and the heavy masses of the La Cloche Mountains on the other, to find a very quiet little settlement called Killarney. This is a little fishing-place, not very interesting in itself—a quiet nook in the rocks, like some kindred spots, it is said, in old Normandy and Brittany. The Indians flock about on the arrival of the steamer with their little curiosi-



STEAMERS AT OWEN SOUND.

ties, which may be obtained here perhaps at better advantage than elsewhere. Baskets, boxes, and other trifles made of scented grass, birch-bark-work in fans, canoes, etc., with their trimming of coloured straw and beads of porcupine quills stained and arranged with the rustic taste of the squaw, are the articles eagerly vended. From Killarney we pass into a lovely bay studded with islands as the firmament is fretted with stars. On the right rise the sterile mountains of La Cloche; on the left is the Great Manitoulin—the abode, in the Indian mythology, of Manitou, the Great Spirit. Everywhere are the evidences of geological convulsion, during the reign of fire, earthquake, and volcano. Yet the islands have gathered soil to cover their gaunt bones of rock, and stand out like emeralds upon the glassy surface of the channel. The endless variety of these islands is absolutely enchanting. To one who has never visited them, the constant change of scene, the play of nature, infinite in her resources, can scarcely be conceived. Between the bit of angular rock just emerging from the surface, and the large islands of many thousands of acres, there is an infinite series. Some are barren or clad only with moss; others bright with the freshest verdure; on some the warmly-tinted foliage of the Canadian maple, the birch, and the pine, throw an air of cheerfulness even on the rocks of the main shore. Our next landing-place, about twenty-five miles west of Killarney, is Little Current. It is not quite so dull as Killarney, for it occupies a commanding position on the Great Manitoulin. The channel here is narrow, and the current runs at the rate of between four and five miles an hour. Opposite Little Current is La Cloche Island proper. The name is said to be derived from the fact that a peculiar kind of stone is found there, which, when struck, gives a sound like a bell. It is even hinted that, by a proper arrangement of stones, the notes of the scale in music may be produced. Here the visitor may meet with a few worthy successors of the early Roman Catholic Missionaries, who suffered and died for Christianity; and whether Protestant or Catholic, he will not be disappointed with a short interview with the Fathers on Manitoulin Island. They have nearly a thousand Indian converts, and boast of a stone church and regular service. There is also a convent with eight or ten Sisters.

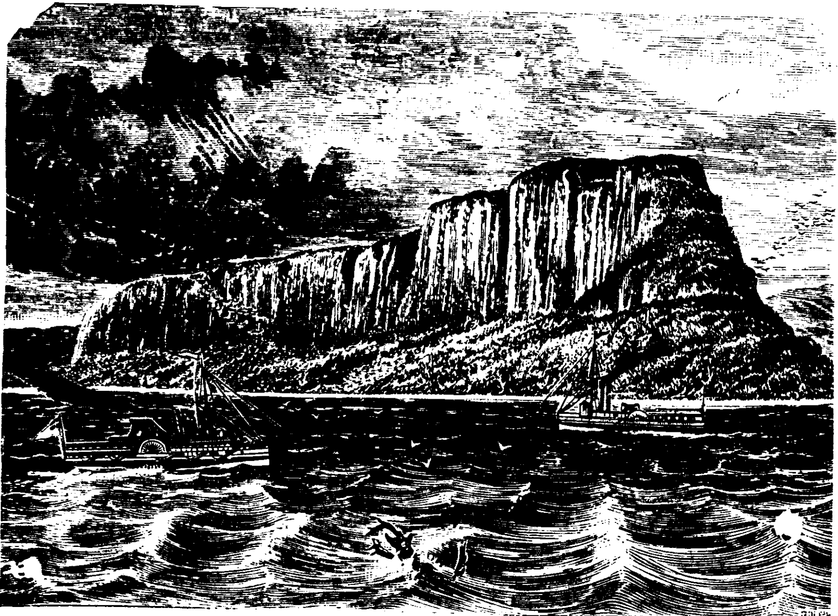
Passing Spanish River, a post-office station on the Algoma side or mainland, and Lauzon's Mill, with its huge pile of timber ready for shipment, we arrive at the end of the first stage of our journey, the Bruce Mines, the village of which is the great depôt of the mining district of the neighbourhood. These famous copper mines are situated at the north-west angle of Lake Huron, not far from the mouth of the St. Mary River, the outlet of Lake Superior. The copper found here occurs in the form of the yellow sulphuret, running in veins through the quartz rock. In the Wellington mines, which are the most productive, some ten or twelve shafts have been sunk, and the yield is extremely good. The village of Bruce Mines is opposite the lower end of St. Joseph's Island, seven miles off, a beautifully wooded and picturesque spot. The island is twenty miles long by fifteen wide, and is well worth a visit if the tourist stops at the Mines. Coasting along between St. Joseph's Island and the mainland, over a fine inlet from the lake, with the usual complement of islets, and leaving Campement d'Ours to our left, we pass through a rather difficult channel called the Narrows, surrounded by barren islands. About ten miles west of this we reach St. Mary's River. This rapid and broken current is at once the outlet of Lake Superior, and the boundary line between Canada and the United States. At present, however, the course is smooth and pleasant. The La Cloche Mountains have

disappeared, and we appear to glide along, surrounded by scenery not altogether strange to us. Raspberry Jam, a settlement of the Chippewa Indians, is a pretty little place; and the soil about Garden River is rich and productive. Sugar Island, which we have passed to the left by this tortuous channel, belongs to the United States, the boundary line running through the centre of the main branch of the river. Twenty-five miles further on we reach, on the Canadian side, the village of Sault Ste. Marie. There are two villages bearing this name, one the capital of the Algoma District of Ontario, and, the other, on the opposite side of the St. Mary's River, the capital of Chippewa County, in the State of Michigan. Both are situated near the foot of rapids which obstruct the navigation between Lakes Superior and Huron. The current in the rapids runs at the rate of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, and forms an impassable barrier to the passage of vessels of any description. The Chippewa Indians, however, amuse tourists by "running" or "shooting" them in birch-bark canoes. The Canadian village is rather a scattered clearing than a town, although it boasts of a district judge, sheriff, court-house, gaol, post office, hotels, and the other appurtenances of civilized life. The churches are also represented in considerable numbers. The Sault is beautifully situated, and forms one of the favourite summer resorts in this healthy region. It was here in 1671, that Father Allouet planted the cross, and took possession of the country in the name of the French King, Louis XIV. The influence of these early Jesuit missionaries is still potent among the Indian tribes, even as far west as the Rocky Mountains.

SAULT ST. MARIE FALLS.

Proceeding through the canal, to avoid the *Sault*, or rather the prolonged rapid, which, leaping over ledges of rock, descends about twenty feet in the three-quarters of a mile of its length, we enter a widening of the river, and, seven miles further on pass between Gros Cap (700 feet high) on the Canada shore, and Point Iroquois, in Michigan. Finally, we enter the waters of Lake Superior, the Indian name of which is Gitche Gumee,—the Big Sea Water—covering an area of 33,000 square miles. Its shores are almost uninterruptedly rockbound, the cliffs varying from 200 to 1,500 feet in height; the north, or Canadian, side being pre-eminently grand and rugged. On the southern side the objects of interest are the Pictured Rocks, Porcupine Mountain, The Twelve Apostles' Islands, and the town of Marquette, 170 miles from the Sault, the seat of the iron trade of the region, and the distant city of Duluth, in Minnesota. But having taken, as it is called, the Collingwood route, the preferable one, it will be admitted, for sight-seeing, we proceed to view the stupendous grandeur of the North

Shore. Soon we come upon Michipicoten Island (*Anglice*, the Island of Knobs or Hills), the loveliest spot on the great lake. It is from twelve to fifteen miles long and five or six wide, and rises to a height of between 700 and 800 feet above the surface of the lake. There is a commodious harbour on the south side. Geologically the island may be termed a mass of amygdaloidal trap, with beds of conglomerates, red sandstone, and shales. Crystals of red felspar, colourless quartz, pitchstone, and greenstone are also found on the island; and innumerable agates are picked up on the shores of the beautiful islets at the entrance of the bay and within it. At present Michipicoten Island is nearly in a state of nature; but when suitable accommodation is provided, it will probably prove the favourite summer resort of Lake Superior. Twenty-five miles north-west of the island is Otter Head, the neighbourhood of which abounds in game—the cariboo, the deer, fox, bear, otter, marten, beaver, partridges, and pigeons. The whole shore, till we approach Nipigon Bay, is wild and rugged, with beautiful bays and lovely islets, as well as innumerable streams that force their way over the rocky barrier. Nipigon Bay, which extends for many miles between the rocky islands and the dark frowning cliffs of the mainland, is perhaps the wildest and most picturesque portion of the trip. We are in the region where fire, earthquake, and volcano have rent and melted and hurled about the strata near the surface of the earth. To the sportsman, whether with rod or gun, the artist, the geologist, or the pleasure-seeker, this wild archipelago presents unrivalled attractions. Nipigon River, which flows out of the large lake of the same name thirty miles to the north, enters the bay at its north-western extremity. Passing along the narrow peninsula which separates Nipigon from Black Bay, we round Point Magnet and Point Porphyry, with islands on every side of us; and, leaving the large American Isle Royale to the left, land at the now renowned Silver Islet, some miles



THUNDER CAPE, LAKE SUPERIOR.

off Thunder Cape. This insignificant speck upon the surface of the lake has of late years attained great importance in the estimation of the mining companies, for within its circumscribed space of some 80 feet square, there lies concealed untold wealth of precious metal. Several companies are now at work on the island, and the annual yield is enormous, the rock averaging in value $1,500 to $2,000 per ton. In some places the pure silver appears in belts in the wall of the mine, or forms a glittering floor beneath one's feet. But, reluctantly leaving this argentiferous spot, in which the needy man might well desire to possess an interest, a few hours' sail brings us in view of Thunder Cape, which notably marks the entrance to Thunder Bay.

This lofty promontory, 1,350 feet in height, is a very conspicuous object at a distance of many miles. It first rises rather gradually, but steeply from the water, but finally terminates in a bold wall of chert or quartz. Its great height is hardly appreciated from the water on account of the corresponding length. After rounding the Cape, we pass into Thunder Bay, which is studded with innumerable rocky islets, which may probably be as rich in mineral wealth as the one of which we have just spoken. About fifteen miles from the Cape we arrive at Prince Arthur's Landing, a settlement now rising to great importance, but which seems to have sprung up a few years ago, like Jonah's gourd, in a night. Its situation is a fine one, as the land ascends gradually, by ter

McKAY'S MOUNTAIN, FORT WILLIAM.

races, to a height of 200 feet, from which elevation may be seen Thunder Cape, the islands in the bay, and the McKay range of mountains, at the foot of which lies Fort William. The Dawson road to Red River, by which, partly on land but mainly by river and lake, Winnipeg and Fort Garry are reached, terminates at Prince Arthur's Landing. The lumber trade here is immense; but there is no doubt the silver discoveries gave the first impulse to this promising settlement. Silver has recently been discovered only three miles from the Landing, and gold north of Lake Shebandowan, on the road to Manitoba. The mineral wealth, indeed, of the whole north-west country, from the Bruce Mines west to the Pacific, is incalculably vast; it is only to be regretted that as much spirit and energy have not yet been manifested in Canada as have been for many years displayed in Michigan and Wisconsin.

Fort William, which in the mean-

time must be our halting place, as the steamer here returns to Collingwood, is reached from the Landing by road, or by boat—a pull of about two miles—or by the recently constructed Prince Arthur branch of the Canada Pacific railway. It is an important Hudson's Bay Depôt for furs and stores of all kinds, and at one time was the head-quarters of the North-West Company, until its union, after a desperate struggle, with the old monopoly. McKay's mountain, immediately behind Fort William, is an abrupt eminence ahout 1000 feet in height, with a back ground of distant mountains still higher. The river Kaministiquia (Indian, "place of many currents"), upon the banks of which the settlement is formed, is navigable for ten or twelve miles from its mouth to where rapids occur. About eighteen miles further up there is a beautiful cascade, the Kakabeka Falls, about 200 feet in height. The name Fort appears to be a misnomer, for there is certainly nothing worthy of the name of fortification there now ; but in early days, more than one hostile expedition set out from this quiet spot. Prince Arthur's Landing seems destined to throw the old trading-post completely in the shade ; still it will always be worth a visit, if only for the tranquil beauty of its surroundings on lake, mountain, and river.

DOMINION DAY, 1879.

BY FIDELIS.

WITH *feu-de-joie* and merry bells, and cannon's thundering peal,
And pennons fluttering on the breeze, and serried rows of steel
We greet once more the birthday morn of our Canadian land,
From the Atlantic stretching wide to the far Pacific strand ;
With glorious rivers, ocean lakes, and prairies wide and free,
And waterfalls, and forests dim, and mountains by the sea ;
A country on whose birth there smiled the genius of romance,
Above whose cradle brave hands waved the lilied cross of France ;
Whose infancy was grimly nursed in peril, pain, and woe,
When gallant hearts found early graves beneath Canadian snow ;
When savage raid and ambuscade and famine's sore distress
Combined their strength, in vain, to crush the dauntless French *noblesse* ;
And her dim trackless forest lured again and yet again,
From silken courts of sunny France, her flower, the brave Champlain :
And now her proud traditions boast four blazoned rolls of fame ;—
Crecy's and Flodden's deadly foes for ancestors we claim,

Past feud and battle buried far behind the peaceful years,
While Gaul and Celt and Briton turn to pruning hooks their spears ;—
Four nations welded into one, with long historic past,
Have found, in these our western wilds, a common life at last !
Through the young giant's mighty limbs, that stretch from sea to sea,
There runs a throb of conscious life, of waking energy ;
From Nova Scotia's misty coast to the Pacific shore,
She wakes—a band of scattered homes and colonies no more ;
But a young nation, with her life full beating in her breast,
And noble future in her eyes—the Britain of the West.
Hers be the noble task to fill the yet untrodden plains
With fruitful many-sided life that courses through her veins ;—
The English honour, nerve, and pluck ; the Scotsman's love of right ;
The grace and courtesy of France ; the Irish fancy bright ;
The Saxon's faithful love of home, and home's affections blest,
And chief of all, our holy faith, of all her treasures best ;—
A people poor in luxuries, but rich in noble deeds,
And knowing righteousness exalts the people that it leads.
As yet the waxen mould is soft, the opening page is fair,
It rests with those who rule us now to leave their impress there,
The stamp of true nobility, high honour, stainless truth,
The earnest quest of noble ends, the generous heart of youth ;
The love of country, soaring far above all party strife ;
The love of culture, art and song, the crowning grace of life ;
The love of science, reaching far through Nature's hidden ways ;
The love and fear of Nature's God, a nation's highest praise ;—
So in the long hereafter, our Canada shall be
The worthy heir of British power and British liberty ;
Spreading the blessings of her sway to her remotest bounds,
While, with the fame of her fair name, a continent resounds ;
True to the high traditions of Britain's ancient glory,
Of patriots, saints, and martyrs, who live in deathless story ;
Strong, in their liberty and truth, to shed from shore to shore
A light among the nations, till nations are no more.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

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IT would be impossible in dealing with an historical subject with which are connected still living issues, to write so as to please everybody. The productions of a writer who has no back-bone, no opinions, whose mind is but a reflecting surface giving back the views of those who surround him, are likely to be worth little.

We have strong views about the subject which we are about to discuss, and we mean to speak fearlessly what we believe to be the truth, only being careful to do so courteously and so as to avoid giving legitimate offence to those whose views differ from our own.

The recent agitation for Home Rule, that is for the restoration more or less complete of the parliament at College Green, is at once the natural expression of the desire of a high-spirited nation for legislative independence in domestic concerns, and a protest against the long continued illtreatment of Ireland by England. The agitation may be a mistaken one, the desire may be unwise, but it deserves to be reasoned with and not, as is too often the case, to be scorned. The keeping up of bitter memories is assuredly unwise, but it is inevitable amongst a sensitive and sentimental people, and such memories will only die out under patient and long continued kindly treatment.

There is no possibility of denying the long and cruel misgovernment of Ireland by her more powerful sister; indeed it would be mischievous to ignore it, even more mischievous than for Ireland never to forgive it, for it is only so far as the Imperial Parliament is convinced of the evil of the past that it will steadily set itself to adopt, and to persevere in, a more beneficent and just system of legislation.

England in the past has practised in Ireland with much success the old Roman maxim, '*Divide et impera*;' and unhappily Ireland has never wanted traitors to the national cause. The spirit of faction and the vice of venality have been poor Ireland's curse. She has never been without men of the type of that member of the House of Commons who when asked 'Did you vote for the Union?' answered 'Yes;' 'What! did you sell your country?' 'Yes, sir, and very happy that I had a country to sell.' England has never maltreated Ireland worse than when she foisted even beneficent measures on an unwilling or unprepared country by the aid of the venality and vices of her own sons. The Act of Union is a flagrant case in point. Pitt meant well by the measure; but the foul means employed to carry it have brought after them their own retribution, and have rendered Ireland ever since the despair of English Statesmen.

'Why is it that the Sovereign hath no profit from his realm of Ireland?' has often been asked wonderingly, anxiously, sadly, by those who guide the destinies of the empire. Why? Because a nation outraged, misgoverned and insulted, has a long memory; it takes tedious years to cicatrize such scars, and much persevering and beneficent legislation to convince an often wronged people of the sincerity of their rulers, and to permit the growth of kindly brotherly feelings.

Latterly, we gladly admit, a new spirit has animated the British Legislature, an anxious desire has been shown to redress even sentimental grievances and to pass wise and beneficial laws. We look forward accordingly with hope to the time when the old rancours will die away, and Ireland populous, prosperous, and contented will stand by her great sister's side, an integral part of that mighty empire on which the sun never sets, participating in its progress, claiming in right of her genius a full share of Imperial honours; no longer subjected but allied, helping to carry forward into the world the battle-flag of civilization and ordered freedom, helping to build up in the broad and yet unpeopled valleys and plains of America, Canada, and Australia, new communities rich and powerful through the application of the same principles of law-abiding self-government, industrial activity, and international honesty, which have been the architects of her own political edifice so stately, so beautiful, and so enduring. With this view, we wish Irishmen would study their own past history, not in a revengeful or partizan spirit, but gravely, dispassionately, and wisely, so that seeing their mistakes in the past they may shun them in the time to come; and observing where they used to be ill-treated and oppressed, determine to let no body of men tyrannize over them any more. Let them trace out those broad and wise constitutional principles embodied in the laws which are the precious gift to them of the great English nation; for they *were* a precious gift, even though the English, acting like conquerors in a vanquished land, were often false to their own teaching;—and learn from them how a wise and understanding people can govern themselves better than by throwing themselves at the feet of any despot, whatever his heaven-born genius. Thus putting Irish mettle into English solidity and tempering Irish rashness with English phlegm, they may at last take their rightful place as one of the leading and useful nationalities of the world. It is because we feel very strongly the need of looking back firmly but calmly on the past, that we shall venture to speak freely of some of the mistakes made by England in her attempts at governing Ireland, in matters which have left behind them burning recollections, and which are pregnant with warning for us in this new country with its grand but undeveloped destiny.

England's policy in checking and hampering the trade and manufactures of Ireland, through a too narrow and selfish regard for her own separate interests, provoked Ireland to seize the opportunity of England's distress and exhaustion consequent upon the Revolutionary and Continental wars, to demand and secure at the bayonet's point her legislative independence. But that independence from the sin of its origin survived not many years, and that which was won by the sword was stolen away by the purse. And why? because England's unfairness in the past had produced vivid resentment in the breasts of Irishmen, and they used their independence in such a way as to threaten the solidarity of the empire.

Then came the horrors of the Rebellion of 1798, daughter of French Jacobinism, and the Irish Parliament, paralyzed with horror and fear, let slip, from its nerveless fingers, the reins of power, and at last, committing suicide, its members retired into private life, consoled for the loss of their honour by the distension of their breeches pockets with English gold. The English Statesmen, with unfaltering tenacity of purpose and far-seeing wisdom, carried, by foul means, a measure which they felt to be for the safety and welfare of Imperial interests. But so carrying it, it is only now, after the lapse of more than three-quarters of a century, beginning to bear good fruit. The lesson should make Canadians wise, and teach them not to display in their commercial legislation a parochial

and peddling spirit; but to take large and statesmanlike views; not ignoring the special circumstances of their country; but regardful of the interests of the whole empire, and of the world at large. Forced to protect their own interests in consequence of being met by hostile tariffs, they should look upon such action as at best an expedient thrust upon them by the backward education of others, and be unwearied in striving to win them to a better way. But it was not only in her commercial legislation that England sinned grievously against Ireland in the past. If we go back to the time of the Reformation, we cannot but be astonished and grieved at the way in which the English Government endeavoured to plant the Protestant religion in the country. Prelates and priests of an alien race, often absentees, the Bible and Prayer Book concealed in a foreign tongue, partly as a device for imposing that language on the native population; tithes collected from a submissive but sullen peasantry; churches without congregations; the priest a state official appointed by the dominant race, yet paid by but rejected by his assigned flock; such a method as this of thrusting a religion down a people's throat, as castor oil is forced on a reluctant child, who is told, as he screams and struggles, that it is for his *good*, can meet with the approval of no honest man. We may regret that the Reformation failed to convert the Irish people, but we are in no way surprised at it. The English Government and the Irish Protestant Parliament proscribed the religion of the people; shut the Catholics out of office; slammed the doors of the Senate House in the faces of the Catholic nobility and gentry and people; forbad a priest to own a horse or an acre of land; forbad a Catholic to sit on a jury; discredited the testimony of the Papists, disarmed and kept them under heel; and with what result? They gave to Roman Catholicism the grandest position that any Church can covet, for they enshrined it in the heart of the nation. That religion became identified in the national mind with patriotism; that Church became the champion of a down-trodden nationality; and on her altars burned the sacred fire of a people's love. The barely tolerated priest, as he sprang from the ranks, so became the friend and counsellor of the despised and poor. Protestantism was, and remains to this day, the religion of the invaders. Protestantism has never had till recently a fair chance in Ireland, owing to the blindness and folly of the English Government and of the English settlers. Two hostile races, two hostile—or at any rate competing—religions were camped on the same soil; and then again and again, as a natural consequence, there were uprisings of the weaker and subject race, hideous massacres, brutal retaliations; then the exhaustion of despair, and then once more frantic and fruitless rebellion, the mutterings of which have not yet entirely died out.

We use plain and strong language, and we do so boldly because the English nation has at last acknowledged these things to be true. At last, for a high spirited nation cannot be kept for ever in bondage, the British Legislature admitted the Roman Catholics of Ireland first to the franchise and then to Parliament; at last, with generous solicitude for the removal of Irish grievances, they passed a bill to abolish the tithes paid to the Protestant clergy. We have lived to hear an English Premier talk of that Protestant Establishment, so fondly cherished and to some so dear, as a Upas tree which had to be cut down. At his bidding they cut it down, they have disestablished and disendowed, not, however, too greedily, the Protestant Church—to the great satisfaction of Ireland, and not at all to the detriment of the Church itself.

True, the establishment had ceased to be to the Roman Catholics more than

a sentimental grievance; but it was a relic of conquest, and as such was wisely swept away. The idea of a religious establishment is a noble one; in the alliance of Church with State, the State has perhaps most to gain; but an establishment is only justifiable when the established church embodies the views of the majority of the nation; when it ceases to do that, it must be cut adrift and live by virtue of what inherent energy it has. The English Church is still established because it fairly fulfils this condition; the Irish Church had ceased to fulfil it, or rather had never fulfilled it; and now she has to show what virtue is in her, and convert the Irish nation to Protestantism if she can, unhampered by State connection.

Yet it is interesting to observe that the disestablishment of the Protestant Church was received by the Irish Catholics with but slight applause; and so long enduring are the effects of wrong-doing that the representatives of Ireland in the Imperial Legislature have not yet learned to join heartily in working for the interests of the empire as a whole. Thus we see them banded together to agitate for measures dictated by the Church, or when they break loose from priestly control deluding the people with the cry of Home Rule, demanding a kind of parliamentary vestry to sit in College Green, and to emulate the fame of the remarkable corporation of the Irish Metropolis, or degrading themselves into mere obstructives like Parnell and Biggar, throwing rails across the parliamentary track like mischievous boys, but performing no useful legislative function whatever.

Such conduct is utterly undeserved by a legislature which has passed a liberal and well intentioned land bill, striking at the root of those evils of landlordism from which Ireland has suffered so terribly in the past, and holding out to the Irish peasant a prospect of owning his own potato garden, —perhaps the most passionate desire that agitates the Celtic breast. For an Irishman loves his native soil with a vehemence which may seem to a political economist absurd; but which is from another point of view most pathetic, we might almost add, sacred. At last then England shows a desire to be just to Ireland, and we look into the future with brightening hope for that fair but often unhappy country.

Perchance the time may come when sectarian animosities and national jealousies will only be remembered with a smile; when England will no longer be contemptuous, nor Ireland discontented; when the great Jupiter Tonans of the press will not dare to recommend that singular panacea for Irish troubles, that Ireland should be towed out into mid-Atlantic and submerged for twenty-four hours, and then be fished up clean and bare for Saxon settlers; when a Prime Minister will not humorously ascribe Irish sadness to the neighbourhood of the melancholy ocean; when that terrible condition shall cease to be appended to advertisements in English papers—'No Irish need apply;' and when, on the other side, an O'Donovan Rossa will no longer find any market for his nitro-glycerine explosives because the Irish will no longer want to blow into smithereens the English capitalist who will then be a familiar object in their cities; when in a land prosperous, contented and happy, Croppies will no longer be ordered to lie down, but to rise and go about their honest work; when the sturdy Orange mastiff will be too busy guarding the farmyard to have time to bite the legs of the farmers' sons, and when the good old gentleman who rules the Papal Church will be allowed cheerfully to fulfil the years of Peter without being desired to go down to a warmer climate than that of Rome. If the action of the Imperial Parliament shall be so just and beneficent as to hasten this millennium, then however much, on sentimental grounds, Irishmen may regret

the merging of the native parliament into the greater body at St. Stephen's, they will imitate the canny Scots and make the British connection profitable to their country, and begin to take a pride in the Union Jack, and in the wide empire over which it floats; and those in this new country will endeavour to avoid the mistakes of the old, and joining hand-in-hand with Englishmen, Scotchmen, and French Canadians, reserve all their wrath and bitterness for the Mackenzies, Blakes, and Macdonalds, according to which of them is 'in,' for they can follow their ineradicable propensity to fight by keeping perpetually in opposition, and being 'agin the government anyhow.'

Let us now before describing the closing scenes of the Irish Parliament, rapidly review its origin, the achievement of its short-lived independence, and perhaps dispel some illusions with regard to its dignity and power. No one can have even a superficial acquaintance with the City of Dublin without discovering that it has been the seat of a court and a legislature, the centre of a national life, the capital and metropolis of a country. Its venerable Castle speaks of royalty, its Exchange and Custom House of commerce, its Mint and Post-office of national trade and intercourse, its Cathedrals of a stately religious establishment, its Courts of Law of wealth and a vigorous life, its University of a keen appreciation of learning. Its shops tell in their signs of a resident nobility and gentry; whilst a somewhat frayed and faded splendour betrays the fact that these glories are, some of them at least, of the past. Issuing from the gates of Trinity College, that dear and venerable alma mater, from whose bounteous breast the present writer has sucked whatever milk of learning he possesses, we see before us a wide open space. To the right stretches D'Olier Street, and the eye wanders across Carlisle Bridge down Sackville Street, the 'finest thoroughfare in the world,' to Nelson's Pillar. To the left we see the end of the once fashionable Grafton Street. Away in front stretches Dame Street, handsome and broad, in the foreground the much gilded equestrian statue of William III., of 'glorious, pious and immortal memory.' That cold and sagacious sovereign, clad in very frigid Roman armour boldly faces the setting sun, and supporting his truncheon on his muscular thigh, sits serenely regardless that he has on, like an Irishman, only the *brim* of a hat made of leaves, and bestrides one of Guinness' brewery horses. That noble animal has apparently just trodden on a broken porter bottle, and is holding up the wounded foot with a snort of pain. Behind us in the College enclosure two noble statues, one of Burke, blandest and most dignified of statesmen, the other of Goldsmith, sweetest of poets and dearest of men, regard his Majesty as with an air of tireless amusement.

Away to the right, stands, or used to stand, an outrageous caricature of Tommy Moore, which looks as if swollen by death out of all recognition, and enveloped in a horse-blanket, apostrophizes the Parliament House opposite in one of his own melodies, 'Believe me if all those endearing young charms,' or is perhaps shouting to King William, 'Go where glory waits thee' —in the Castle beyond, or perchance it may be further off, in the Province of Ontario.

Now let us take a good look at the building opposite. Yes, that was the Irish Parliament House; those walls echoed its wit, rang with its eloquence, shook with its denunciations, witnessed its State, and beheld its dying agonies. Sweeping round from East to West, in stately curves, with rich semi-Corinthian pilasters, topped by an exceedingly graceful balustrade, on the east front is a noble portico of six Corinthian columns crowned by a tympanum and pediment, on which stands a statue of Fortitude, with Justice on her right and Liberty on her left hand.

The south front or centre of the edifice is a grand Ionic colonnade, occupying three sides of a square, with lofty and graceful columns resting on a flight of steps, which are continued round the court-yard to the extremities of the colonnades, which terminate in two noble arched entrances. The four central columns support a pediment on the apex of which stands a figure of Hibernia flanked ov statues of Fidelity and Commerce, whilst the tympanum displays the Royal Arms. Entering the building and turning to the right, we are ushered into the House of Lords, standing just as the Peers left it, stately, gloomy, and deserted. Passing the bar of the House, we observe the throne, and the battle scenes tapestried on the walls. Emerging, we seek the busier House of Commons, and find it still alive, but with a far different activity from that of old, for this chamber is now the principal apartment of the Bank of Ireland. Instead of repartee and declamations, we hear the clink of gold; the Speaker with his wig and mace has vanished, and we see only busy merchants depositing money, faded old ladies drawing annuities, and active clerks shovelling sovereigns about with an apparently reckless contempt which only great familiarity with money could enable them to acquire, or counting, handling, and paying sheaves of the crisp and beautiful notes of the Bank, with the long vanishing line of ladies' faces across the top, corresponding to the long vanishing perspectives of the same notes in a lady's hand, in a manner acutely tantalizing to a poor man. We leave the building with a curious sense of regret that it has come down in the world, and degenerated from a Temple of Government to a shrine of Mammon; but Fortitude looks down on us and bids us bear up; Justice, with bandaged eyes, still poises the even scale, and Liberty smiles as though to tell us she still maintains her ancient post; whilst, over the main entrance, Hibernia still keeps pointing hopefully to the west, and Fidelity and Commerce still appropriately crown the headquarters of Finance.

As we turn reluctantly away from the exquisite and majestic pile, let us review the history of the Parliament which is no more, and see what lessons it suggests for the present and the future. Edgar, Saxon King of England, in the tenth century, is said to have added to his dominions 'the greater part of Ireland with its most famous city of Dublin.' If he did, he left no traces of his conquest; it must have been like Julius Cæsar's conquest of Britain, 'he came, he saw, he conquered,'—or said he did—and went straightway home again. William the Red gazed from the Welsh hills at the green shore of Erin and vowed to conquer the island; but he never was able to keep his vow. Henry II. came over, invited the Irish chiefs to dinner, received their courteous homage, settled his followers in Dublin, and along the eastern coast, promulgated the English law; and then, he too went home again, and ever afterwards called himself Lord of Ireland. Henry is said to have sent into Ireland a 'modus tenendi parliamentum,' or writ explaining the method of holding a parliament, and John specially confirmed to Ireland the provisions of Magna Charta. But even as late as the reign of Henry VIII., the English pale only extended over a space twenty miles square, and no parliament equal in importance to a county council could have been summoned from such a limited area as that. The fact is that for a century and a half after the so-called conquest by Henry II. no parliament was summoned in Ireland.

The English Acts of Parliament were promulgated in such parts of Ireland as owned the English King's sway, under the great seal. Occasionally some of the Irish magnates, that is, be it always remembered—the Anglo-Irish—were summoned to England, and that was all. Parliaments were held in Ireland in the reigns of

Edward II., Richard II., Henry IV. and V.; no Acts, however, appear in the Statute Book between the reigns of Edward II. and Henry VI.

In the reign of Henry VII., a law was passed in the English Parliament called Poyning's Law, which made all laws and statutes, passed in England up to that date, binding upon Ireland, and provided that in future no Act should be passed in the Irish Parliament which had not previously been discussed and approved in the Privy Council in England; moreover, the English Parliament, by naming Ireland in any statute, made that statute binding upon Ireland without the intervention of the Irish Parliament at all.

Since then it appears that the Irish Parliament had no independence, that its business can scarcely have equalled in importance that of a municipal corporation, we may safely pass over its history previous to the period of the successful assertion of its legislative independence, although the narrative would not be without certain points of interests, one or two of which we will venture to notice.

The Irish Parliament consisted of three hundred members, of whom, said Mr. Grattan, 'above two hundred are returned by individuals, from forty to fifty are returned by two persons, several of the boroughs have no resident elector at all; and on the whole two-thirds of the representatives in the House of Commons are returned by less than one hundred persons.' Add to this, that by an English Act passed in the fourth year of William and Mary, Roman Catholics were excluded from the Irish Parliament, and by an Act of the first year of George II. they were prohibited even from voting at the elections, and it is plain that the Irish House of Commons, regarded as a representative assembly, was a cruel farce. In 1793 the Irish House of Parliament passed an Act permitting Roman Catholics to vote at the election, but still forbidding them to sit as members. Such was the so-called National Parliament, a fraction of the nation had alone the right to be elected, and about one hundred lords and gentlemen elected nearly all that *did* sit.

It is a matter of amazement that the nation was so long contented to endure such a sham and pretence of representation till we reflect on the impoverished condition and dreadful ignorance of the bulk of the people, and on the jealousy and weakness of the handful of Protestants encamped on the soil;—jealousy of the native Irish, dependence upon their fellow-countrymen in England, without whose protection they would have been speedily massacred.

We naturally ask why so able a man as Sir Edward Poyning did not complete his work by ordaining one Parliament for both kingdoms? Cromwell anticipated the Union and summoned an Imperial Parliament, allotting twenty-one members to Scotland and thirty to Ireland. No unfair proportion considering the poverty and sparseness of the population.

To recapitulate—for a century and a half there was only one legislature for both kingdoms in which Ireland was not in any way represented, during the Commonwealth there was a joint legislature. Previous to 1782 an old couplet well describes the sessions of the Irish Parliament—

> 'Little said, soon mended,
> A subsidy granted, parliament ended.'

We now, however, approach stirring times. England was at war with France; at war with her revolted colonies in North America; republican theories were being broached, and the French were threatening a descent in Ireland. Ireland was in a most distressed condition, her industries chained by repressive laws, her commerce in ruins; she had no money and she had no arms. Appealing to England for protection, she was told that Ireland must arm and defend herself. Instantly the nation sprung to its feet; a hundred thousand volun-

teers were marshalled in their country's defence, and England amazed and alarmed found herself fronting a nation of soldiers. So intolerable had the evils under which Ireland laboured been felt to be, that a legislative union had been more than once proposed as a remedy for them; now, however, a new idea presented itself, that of legislative independence. The sovereign rights of the nation were discussed by men with arms in their hands, and at a great meeting of the Ulster volunteers held at Dungannon, presided over by Col. Irwin, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

'Whereas it has been asserted that volunteers as such cannot with propriety debate or give opinions on political subjects, or the conduct of Parliament or public men, resolved unanimously—

'That a citizen by learning the use of arms does not abandon *any* of his *civil* rights:

'That a claim of any body of men, other than the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance.

'That the power exercised by the Privy Council of both kingdoms, under the pretence of the law of Poyning, is unconstitutional and a grievance:

'That the ports of this country are by right open to all foreign countries not at war with the king: and that any burdens thereupon, or obstructions thereto, save only by the Parliament of Ireland, are unconstitutional, illegal and a grievance:

'That a mutiny bill not limited in duration from session to session is unconstitutional and a grievance:

'That the independence of judges is equally essential to the impartial administration of justice in Ireland as in England; and that the refusal or delay of this right to Ireland, makes a distinction where there should be no distinction, may excite jealousy when perfect union should prevail; and is in itself unconstitutional and a grievance:

'That it is our decided and unalterable determination to seek a redress of those grievances; and we pledge ourselves to each other and to our country, as freeholders, fellow-citizens, and men of honour, that we will at every ensuing election support those only who have supported us therein, and that we will use every constitutional means to make such our pursuit of redress speedy and effectual:

'That as men, and as Irishmen, as Christians, and as *Protestants*, we rejoice in the relaxation of the penal laws against our Roman Catholic fellow subjects, and that we conceive the measure to be fraught with the *happiest consequences* to the union and prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland.'

The fiery spirit of independence spread from the Irish volunteers to the Irish Parliament. The Irish Roman Catholics, though forbidden to arm, loudly expressed their sympathy with their Protestant brethren, and thus with the nation at its back, Parliament established the Dungannon resolutions as the law of the land.

But we must now turn to that distinguished man whose eloquence and genius so largely contributed to the success of the national cause that he was called the Father of Irish Independence; and though his popularity suffered a reverse after the first glow of the national gratitude which voted him an estate of £50,000, yet he returned to Parliament to fight against the Union, and to shed the glory of his pathetic eloquence around the dying form of that assembly which he had baptized into independent life, and vindicated later still in the Imperial Legislature at once the cause of his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and his own reputation as a thinker and a statesman.

Henry Grattan was born in the year 1750, of respectable parents; his father being a barrister and his mother the sister of Dean Morley. In 1765

he entered Trinity College, and here his diligence and ability enabled him to carry off all the prizes. Leaving the University, he entered as a student of the Middle Temple, London; and such was his zeal for work that he invented an apparatus which compelled him by its curious ingenuity to rise early in the morning. A small barrel filled with water dripped into a basin which projected over Grattan's bed-head; the basin filled at a calculated time, and then ran over on to the sleeping student and drenched both him and the bedclothes; as a result, *he always got up.* In 1772 he was called to the Irish Bar, and being very poor, he, Irish like, determined to mend his position by matrimony. Accordingly he fell in love with and espoused a Miss Fitzgerald, a beautiful and penniless girl, and with her he had much poverty, much happiness, and by her thirteen children. Some one once said that with a light heart and a thin pair of breeches, an Irishman will get through the world; Grattan is a case in point. In 1775, Grattan entered Parliament as a member for the borough of Charlemont, and soon made his mark as a leading spirit of the opposition.

In person, Grattan was very small and ungainly, with a long angular chin, and a yellow complexion somewhat pitted with small pox. From a habit of walking on his toes, he was called 'the elastic boy.' Two distinguished American visitors calling on the celebrated orator, were surprised to find a little insignificant, ugly, yellow, stooping figure come into the room with a hop-step-and-a-jump gait, with a shoe on one foot and a slipper on the other, breeches unbuttoned at the knees, cravat untied, and an old hat on his head. His voice was shrill, harsh, and unmusical, and at times he sunk it so low as to be inaudible.

Here is a picture of him in the English Parliament in later years, painted by an eye-witness: 'You saw a little oddly compacted figure of a man, with a large head, and features such as they give to paste-board masks or stitch on the shoulders of Punch in the puppet-show, rolling about like a mandarin, sawing the air with his whole body from head to foot, sweeping the floor with a roll of parchment which he held in his hands, throwing his legs and arms about like the branches of trees tossed with the wind, every now and then striking the table with impatient vehemence, and in a sharp, slow, nasal, guttural tone drawling forth, with due emphasis and discretion, a set of little, smart, antithetical sentences, all ready, cut and dry, and polished, and pointed, that seemed as though they would lengthen out in succession to the crack of doom. Alliterations were tacked to alliterations, inference was dove-tailed into inference, and the whole derived new brilliancy and piquancy from the contrast it presented to the uncouthness of the speaker and the monotony of his delivery.'

On the 16th of April, 1782, the Irish Parliament assembled, and the speech from the throne recommended to their consideration the difficulties existing between the two countries for final adjustment. The House was thronged with members, and the spacious gallery running round the inner edge of the dome and supported by Tuscan pillars, was filled by some seven hundred ladies of rank, prominent citizens, and students of the University. Mr. George Ponsonby proposed a vague reply to the speech from the throne, and then Mr. Grattan rose and delivered his great speech, closing with an amendment to the address. The following are a few brief extracts from it:

'I admire, Sir, that steady progressive virtue which has at length awakened Ireland to her rights, and aroused her to her liberties. I am not yet old, but I remember her a child, I have watched her growth; from childhood she grew to arms, from arms to liberty.

Whenever historic annals tell of great revolutions in favour of freedom, they were owing to the quick feeling of an irritated populace excited by some strong object presented to the senses, such was the daughter of Virginius sanctified to virtue, such were the meagre and haggard looks of the seven Bishops sacrificed to liberty.

'But it is not the sudden impulse of irritated feelings that has animated Ireland. She has calmly mused for centuries on her oppressions, and has deliberately risen to rescue the land from her oppressors. For a people to acquire liberty they must have a lofty conception of themselves. What sets one nation above another but the soul that dwells within her? Deprive her of her soul, she may still retain a strong arm, but from that moment she ceases to be a nation. Of what avail are the exertions of Lords and Commons if unsupported by the soul and exertions of the people? Gentlemen will perceive I allude to the transaction at Dungannon. Not long ago the meeting at Dungannon was considered a very alarming measure, but I thought otherwise. I approved, yet I considered the meeting at Dungannon *an original transaction.* As such only it was matter of surprise. What more extraordinary transaction than the attainment of Magna Charta? It was not attained in Parliament, but by the barons armed in the field. A great original transaction is not founded in precedent; it contains in itself both reason and precedent. The Revolution had no precedent; the Christian religion had no precedent; the Apostles had no precedent. The Irish volunteers united to support the laws and constitution. The usurpations of England have violated both; and Ireland has, therefore, armed to defend the principles of the British Constitution against the violence of the British Government.

'Let other nations basely suppose that people were made for governments, Ireland has declared that governments were made for the people; and even crowns—those great luminaries whose brightness they all reflect—can receive their cheering fire only from the pure flame of a free constitution. England has the plea of necessity for acknowledging the independence of America; for acknowledging Irish independence she has the plea of justice. America has shed much English blood, and America is to be free; Ireland has shed her own blood for England, and is Ireland to remain in fetters?

'Is Ireland to be the only nation whose liberty England will not acknowledge, and whose affections she cannot subdue? We have received the civic crown from our people, and shall we, like slaves, lay it at the feet of British supremacy? I move, sir, as an amendment to the address, that "We assure His Majesty of our unshaken attachment to His Majesty's person and government, and of our lively sense of his paternal care in thus taking the lead to administer content to His Majesty's subjects in Ireland. That thus encouraged by his royal interposition, we shall beg leave, with all duty and submission, to lay before His Majesty the cause of all our discontent and jealousies; to assure His Majesty that his subjects of Ireland are a free people, that the crown of Ireland is an imperial crown, inseparably connected with the crown of Great Britain, on which connexion the interests and happiness of both nations essentially depend; but that the kingdom of Ireland is a distinct kingdom, with a Parliament of her own, the sole legislature thereof; that there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind the nation but the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland, nor any Parliament which hath any sort of authority or power whatever in this country, save only the Parliament of Ireland; to assure His Majesty that we humbly conceive that in this right the very essence of our liberty consists—a right which we, on

the part of all the people of Ireland, do claim as their birthright, AND WHICH WE CANNOT YIELD BUT WITH OUR LIVES." '

Mr. Grattan's amendment was seconded by Mr. Burroughs, member for the County of Armagh. Mr. Flood added fire to the debate by exclaiming, 'A voice from America shouted to liberty; the echo of it caught your people as it passed along the Atlantic, and they renewed the voice until it reverberated here.' The amendment was carried by acclamation, and the crown yielded to the demands of the Irish people by declaring the obnoxious acts repealed. In its joy and gratitude, Parliament voted Mr. Grattan an estate; but Mr. Flood disturbed the general harmony by declaring that the edifice was not crowned, the work was not completed. 'It is not enough,' he argued, 'for England to declare, under stress of circumstances, that she repeals Acts, which, by-and-by, she may re-enact; she must renounce the *right* to legislate for Ireland.' He said, 'Were the voice with which I utter this the last effort of expiring nature, were the accent that conveys it to you the breath that wafts me to the grave to which we all tend, and to which my footsteps rapidly accelerate, I would go on. I would make my exit by a loud demand of your rights; and I call upon the God of Truth and Liberty, who has so often favoured you, and who has of late looked down upon you with such peculiar grace and glory of protection, to continue His inspirings, to crown you with the spirit of His completion, and to assist you against the errors of those that are honest, as well as against the machinations of those who are not so.'

In the ensuing session of Parliament, Grattan twitted Flood with his bodily infirmity, and with having voted 4,000 men to butcher our brethren in America. Then Flood scarified his rival: 'I do not come here dressed in a rich wardrobe of words to delude the people. I am not the gentleman who subsists on your accounts. I am not the mendicant patriot who was bought by my country for a sum of money, and then sold my country for prompt payment. I object to no man for being in office—a patriot in office is more the patriot for being there. There was a time when the glories of the great Duke of Marlborough shrank and withered before the right honourable gentleman; when palaces superior to Blenheim were to be built for his reception; when pillars and pyramids were to be raised and adorned with emblazoned inscriptions sacred to his virtue; but the pillars and pyramids are now sunk, though then the great Earl of Chatham was held inferior to him. However, he is still so great that the Queen of France, I dare say, will have a song made on the name of Grattan.' Grattan winced, and poured out in reply a lava flood of invective. He said, 'It is not the bad tongue of a bad character that can defame me. I maintain my reputation in public and in private life. No man who has not a bad character can say I ever deceived him; no country has ever called me cheat. I will suppose a public character, a man not now in this House, but who formerly might have been here. I will suppose that it was his constant practice to abuse every man who differed from him, and to betray every man who trusted him. I will suppose him active; I will begin from his cradle and divide his life into three stages: in the first he was intemperate, in the second corrupt, and in the third seditious. Suppose him a great egotist, his honour equal to his oath; and I will stop him and say, "Sir, your talents are not as great as your life is infamous; you were silent for years, and you were silent for money. When affairs of consequence to the nation were debating, you might be seen passing by these doors like a guilty spirit, just waiting for the moment of putting the question that you might

pop in and give your venal vote; or at times, with a vulgar brogue, aping the manners and affecting the infirmities of Lord Chatham; or like a kettle-drummer lather yourself into popularity to catch the vulgar; or you might be seen hovering over the dome like an ill-omened bird of night, with sepulchral notes, a cadaverous aspect, and broken beak, ready to stoop and pounce upon your prey.

"You can be trusted by no man; the people cannot trust you, the Ministers cannot trust you; you deal out the most impartial treachery to both. You tell the nation it is ruined by other men while it is sold by you. You fled from the embargo, you fled from the Sugar Bill, you fled from the Mutiny Bill. I therefore tell you in the face of your country, before all the world, and to your beard, you are not an honest man."'

This was tall abuse, and we are not surprised to hear that a duel was with difficulty prevented. Flood defended himself in the House, and on the question of renunciation the country was with him.

In the twenty third year of George III., the English legislature passed a bill renouncing the right to legislate for Ireland, and the legislative independence of Ireland was finally complete. Grattan's star now waned, and Flood took his place for a while in popular estimation. George III's illness necessitated the appointment of a Regent, and the Prince of Wales was indecently eager for the post. To assert the complete independence of Ireland, Grattan and his friends most unwisely carried an address appointing the Prince, Regent of Ireland. The natural result of this was, that the possible danger of having a separate executive for each of the two countries, profoundly alarmed all moderate men. The king's recovery averted the danger; but the English Government from that time resolved to carry the union in order to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of such an alarming incident. Then came the rebellion with all its horrors; and at its close the subject of a legislative union between the two countries was mooted in the Speech from the Throne to the Irish parliament.

The House after an animated debate adopted Mr. Ponsonby's amendment to the address, declaring their intention of maintaining the right of Ireland to a free, independent legislature residing within the country. This was decisive of the temper of the Irish House of Commons; they would not even entertain the question of an union. The English Ministry were determined, however, to force the matter through. They believed it to be good and even necessary for Imperial interests, and they acted on, if they did not avow, the doctrine that 'the end justifies the means.' They surmised that the virtue of legislators would not be long proof against the solicitations of *private* arguments.

The recess accordingly was utilized for negotiations. Lord Cornwallis was sent over as Lord-Lieutenant, and Lord Castlereagh as Secretary, with instructions to buy up a majority of each house. The plain-minded soldier sickened at his work. Refractory Peers were promised an English, or at least a step in the Irish, peerage. Owners of boroughs were compensated with money to the tune of six millions of dollars; ambitious barristers were seduced with promises of place; and when Parliament met again and for the last time, the Government were able to outbid the Opposition, and to secure a small but servile majority.

Wonderful glories of oratory illumined the dying struggles of the Irish Parliament, glories which have thrown an unreal glamour over the transaction; the pathetic eloquence of Grattan touched every heart, and even at this distance of time makes the heart-strings tremble with emotion. The great orator was almost too feeble to stand; but the old ring was in his voice, the old sweetness in his rheto-

ric. We have, unfortunately, only space for his peroration. 'Identification is a solid and imperial maxim, necessary for the preservation of freedom, necessary for that of empire: but without a union of hearts, with a separate government but without a separate Parliament, identification is extinction, is disastrous, is conquest, not identification. Yet I do not give up my country. I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead; though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty:—

> "Thou art not conquered: beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheek,
> And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

'While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of wind, I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall.' It was too late; the great speech had no effect in redeeming venal votes. The dying hour of the Irish Parliament had come. The Speaker, Foster, rose from his chair and put the question, 'That this Bill do now pass; as many as are of that opinion will say aye.'

Then, with eyes averted from the Bill, which he held in his hand, he said, in a subdued voice, 'the Ayes have it.' 'For an instant,' says an eye-witness, Sir Jonah Barrington, 'he stood statue-like, and then sunk into his chair with an exhausted spirit.' Then, when the House adjourned, he withdrew in silence to his own residence, followed by about forty members, also in silence and uncovered. The Speaker bowed to the crowd, and then the whole assemblage dispersed without a word.

On the 29th of July, 1800, the King, closing the Session of the English Parliament, gave his assent to the Act of Union, and said, 'This great measure, on which my wishes have long been earnestly bent, I shall now consider as the happiest event of my reign.'

The chief articles of the Act of Union were as follows:—

The Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland should, on and after January 1st, 1801, be styled 'The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.' Ireland was to contribute to the United Parliament twenty-eight Elective Peers, and four Spiritual Peers by rotation. There were to be a hundred members of the House of Commons from Ireland, two from each county and from each of the cities of Dublin and Cork, one from the University and each of twenty-one boroughs.

The Churches of England and Ireland were to be united.

Ireland was to pay two-seventeenths of the revenue for the next twenty years.

Certain commercial amendments were also made.

Such, very briefly, was the Act of Union.

We have already reprobated in strong terms the corrupt means employed to carry it; let us, however, endeavour calmly to judge of its wisdom, and see if a return to the old plan, even if possible, would be a benefit, and, finally, gather up the lessons of the whole story for our own political instruction.

George IV. humorously said, during his visit to Ireland, to some of the opponents of the Union, 'You made a mistake; you should have made terms, and you would have got good ones;' and there was a good deal of shrewdness in the observation. Had the Irish patriots had some Scotch prudence the countries would doubtless have been united on more equal terms. But, in all fairness, has Ireland gained nothing? Assuredly she has gained much, and will yet gain more. Consider what would have been the probable fate of Ireland as an independent nation. England, it has been well

said, probably owes her greatness to having been conquered by the Normans. Ireland, it may with equal justice be said, will yet owe her greatness to having been incorporated with England. Ireland is too weak to stand alone; it may be irritating to say it, but it is too true. Were her people of one heart and mind on all national questions, then perchance Ireland might dispense with the protection of England; but, divided in religion, unable to agree in politics, we should anticipate but a sorrowful future for her were she at this moment cut adrift from England. Imagine the blaze of sectarian animosity! Why, the famous battle of the Kilkenny cats would be the only parallel. Then think of the quack political nostrums that would be speedily in the market—the royal soothing syrup, the republican pills, the imperial elixir.

Faction would degenerate into civil war, and, at last, the nation, exhausted and bleeding from the wounds of internecine strife would be clutched in the strong hand of England in self-defence, or fall under the seductive patronage of France; and until France learns to respect her own liberties, she is hardly likely to preserve those of Ireland.

Look, on the other hand, at her present position as an integral part of the British Empire. Sharing freely in the noblest, wisest, freest constitution that the world has ever seen, every citizen, whatever his race, whatever his creed, elects the man of his choice to represent him in making those laws by which the country is governed, and finds open to his talents every office in the land, save only the throne. No prohibitory tariffs shut them out from the markets; they share in the commerce, and may traverse the seas of the globe protected by the might of the whole Empire. Moreover, Ireland can soon woo English capital to her shores, if only she can convince John Bull that the Irish won't tell him lies or shoot him.

England wants to atone for the past. She has shown it, and Ireland should not for ever nurse her wrath; she should grasp her sister's outstretched hand, and in that warm clasp all the bad old bitterness melting away, they should go forward united, loving each other, respecting each other, and therefore happy, to the accomplishment of the great work which God has given them to do in the world. England needs Ireland, for that is her vulnerable flank, 'tis there she might be mortally struck. England needs Ireland, for Ireland supplies her army with thousands of her best soldiers. England needs Ireland to produce for her, from its rich green pastures, the beef which is a necessity of life to John Bull.

And, on the other hand, Ireland needs England; she needs English capital, English manufactures, English law, English colonies, English common-sense, and English ballast.

Those that are loudest in denouncing the British connexion are generally those whose political education is deficient, and their political instincts a couple of centuries behind the time. Some folks object to order, cleanliness, and law. There was once an excellent English lady residing in Ireland, who tried to reorganize an old Irishwoman. She sent her servant to clean up the cabin, put in some decent furniture, hang some bright cooking tins on the wall, and lastly to wash the old woman herself and clothe her in new and wholesome garments. When all was complete, the lady went to see her protegée. She was alarmed to observe that the old woman looked very sullen and hostile. 'Well, Mary,' she said, 'how do you feel now?' 'Ah, thin, ma'am, I do feel horrid clane.' Now, is it not difficult to sympathize with those who want Ireland to go back to the good ould times, the grand ould times, of poverty, ignorance, and dirt, just because they feel 'horrid clane?'

This proposed Home Rule will not

satisfy the discontented people in Ireland; and we have a shrewd suspicion that its promoters have no belief in their own nostrum. Their secretary, Mr. Alfred Webb, has abandoned the cause, and the one really able leader they had is dead; and we imagine that it will be found a difficult task to galvanize the party into fresh life.

In the abstract, there is no reason why Irish local affairs should not once more be discussed at College Green by a local parliament. Westminster and Dublin might correspond to Ottawa and Toronto. But such a legislature would have hardly more dignity than the Dublin corporation; our experience here leads us to smile at the idea of so much enthusiasm being wasted upon so petty an object, and to infer that it cannot be such a Parliament as that that the Home Rulers really want. Yet more than that they will never get unless as a result of a successful war with the rest of the Empire; and even were they to succeed in battle, the permanence of their independence would be exceedingly precarious.

Irishmen may well be pardoned if they look back with pride to the eloquence and ability shewn in their native parliament; especially during its closing years; if they contemplate with sorrow the faded glories of their metropolis shorn of its senate, and deserted by its nobles. This is but natural, and yet they ought like wise men to look forward hopefully into the future and to accept the existing situation, rather than to dwell idly on the irrevocable past.

For the past *is* irrevocable; but the future may be big with treasures and triumphs for Ireland if only her sons prepare themselves to take advantage of its opportunities. They have a Parliament to which they contribute no insignificant proportion, a parliament which stands *facile princeps* among the senates of the world. They have a Queen, who is not only a pure and noble and charitable lady, but a most experienced stateswoman, and a most loyal and constitutional sovereign. With such a Queen, with such a constitution, with a share in fortunes so imperial, with a future of which, if she will, she can make so much, we should be false to education, to common-sense, to religion, if we did not supplicate Heaven to wipe away with pitying hand the evil past from the tables of Ireland's memory, and to bind her and England and Canada and the whole empire together with the chains of love, in one common interest and one glorious destiny.

And now, are there no lessons from the chapter of Irish history which has been lying open before us, which it would be specially good for us Canadians to learn? Let us see that while party government is the safety of a nation, faction is its bane and inevitable ruin. Whilst differing manfully, and often widely, from the opposite party as to methods, let us credit them with the same aim as our selves, the glory and welfare of our common country.

A good deal of the bitterness of Canadian politics is probably 'from the teeth outwards;' our bark is worse than our bite; but we should reflect that it is degrading to our culture and bad for our morality to be always throwing dirt, and imputing rascality. Let us follow party for the sake of principle, never for the sake of men, let us be jealous of the honour of our public men; the patriots' cloak, the statesman's mantle should be as lustrous-white as the ermine of the judge; and those who habitually befoul their rulers deserve to be—and generally are—betrayed.

Let us learn, too, the incalculable evils of religious animosity. 'I come not,' said the Master, with the sad prescience of one who knew perfectly what was in man, 'to bring peace on earth but a sword.' How many have mistaken this, which was a prophecy of what man would do with the gospel, for an announcement of the divine purpose. Oh! how keen, how

heavy, and how long has been that sword forged by the wickedness and folly of man out of the gracious promises and gentle commands of Him whose very name is love, and how often has it dripped with blood! Poor Ireland has passed under the harrow of fanaticism, and it is much to be wished that Irishmen in this new world would be warned by the follies of the past, and be wise for the time to come. Catholics amd Orangemen, would to Heaven ye would cease to provoke one another, to envy each other. Does it run in the blood? Wise Paul of Tarsus rebuked just the same faults in the Galatians who were cousins, not far removed, to the Irish. Here all Irishmen have equal privileges before the law; and whilst they never should yield them but with their lives, they should not envy to each other their enjoyment. We trust that the coming twelfth may be signalized by no disaster, by the shedding of no fraternal blood. Irishmen ought to be Christians and patriots first, and then Catholics or Protestants, as the case may be. Let all Irishmen join to build up this grand new country, where all creeds and all nationalities are free with a common freedom; where all citizens are privileged alike to make their own laws, and to help each other to obey them. Let Irishmen pit themselves against the shrewd Scot and persevering Englishman, and then perchance their genius will give them the foremost place. Then with Irishmen in the van—their favourite place in battle, with the old cry, 'Faugh a ballah!'—clear the way!—down will go all obstacles physical, social, and political, and in fulfilment of their manifest destiny, Canadians shall march across this vast continent, the apostles of civilization, the champions of freedom, the architects of empire, and the missionaries of peace.

SONNET,

BY GOWAN LEA.

IN silence do ye gather, shades of night!
  The sun in peaceful glory passed away;
  As quietly arises the new day;
And gently fall the rays of the moon's light.
How doth the sparkling eye with glances bright
  Make revelation more than tongue can say—
  The inmost secrets of the heart betray!
No speech is needed for the soul's insight,
To thought, O silence, thou'rt a very sun;
  Without thee, genius withers and grows pale,
    And will not charm us with her faintest flower:
  High born art thou; even the gods do hail
    Communion with thee—consecrate thy hour.
  In silence nature's grandest work is done!

MONTREAL.

THE REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS ON POPULAR SCEPTICISM.

BY LAON.

THERE is much that every candid and earnest mind must admire in the article contributed by the Rev. Phillips Brooks to the March number of the *Princeton Review*, under the title of 'The Pulpit and Popular Scepticism.' It is an article which, in the opinion of the present writer, does not seriously touch the intellectual position of sceptics, that is to say of unbelievers in the Christian scheme of doctrine; yet it will summon every serious sceptic to not unprofitable reflection, while the orthodox will find some of their own weaknesses exposed in a very faithful and effectual manner. Clergymen of all denominations are urged by Mr. Brooks not to pretend to believe more than they do—not to bind on men's backs burdens which they do not themselves touch with their little finger. 'How many men in the ministry to-day,' says Mr. Brooks, 'believe in the doctrine of verbal inspiration which our fathers held, and how many of us have frankly told the people that we do not believe it? I know,' he adds, 'the old talk about holding the outworks as long as we can, and then retreating to the citadel; and perhaps there has hardly been a more mischievous metaphor than this. It is the mere illusion of a metaphor. The minister who tries to make people believe that which he questions in order to keep them from questioning that which he believes, knows very little about the certain workings of the human heart, and has but little faith in truth itself.' A great many teachers and parents, Mr. Brooks thinks, are just now in this condition. Another serious evil lies in the partizanship which Christian teachers display, and which makes their ministry 'seem rather a scramble for adherents than a Christlike love for souls,'—which stamps their unanimity as the mere outcome of 'a professional mind.' These are brave and strong words which ought to cause a good deal of heart-searching. While evils like these are at all common in the Church there is but little need to seek an enemy outside; the enemy is within the gates, wearing the very livery of the defenders of the citadel. 'There is nothing so terrible,' says Mr. Brooks, yet more emphatically, 'as the glimpses we get occasionally into a minister's unbelief; *and sometimes the confusion which exists below seems to be great just in proportion to the hard positiveness of dogmatism which men see upon the surface.*'

Now Mr. Brooks hints at these evils as wide-spread; but a very important question is—how widely are they spread? Are the cases in which we observe them in any true sense exceptional, or are the exceptions the cases in which faith is so clear and strong as neither to vacillate nor temporize, so pure and fervent as to make nothing of worldly or professional success, in comparison with the vivifying of human souls by the power of the gospel? Each one would answer such a question in the light of his individual experience, but certainly many would say that the Christian ministry, speaking generally, is a profession like any other; that its members are professionally-minded; that the 'scramble for adherents,' and the ways and means, first of building, and then of maintaining,

more or less ostentatious church edifices, occupy more thought and absorb more energy than the 'saving of souls.' The average sinner is to the average minister, first a contributor, or possible contributor, to a church fund; second, a being with spiritual capacities and responsibilies and a somewhat problematical destiny in another world. And where the minister is actuated by a higher spirit, and desires to preach what he regards as a pure gospel, without respect of persons and free from all pecuniary calculations, the financial men of his church, churchwardens or trustees, often step in to tell him, not in so many words perhaps, but plainly enough for all practical purposes, that this kind of thing will not do, that ways and means have to be provided, and that the preaching must be of a character to fill the galleries and produce large collections. What effect such an insinuation must have upon a sincere and high-minded man, who had never before looked upon his ministry as, primarily, a means of raising revenue, may easily be imagined. Yet will any one who knows the facts deny that, in an ever increasing number of churches, the financial question is taking precedence of every other. The cry is not 'What shall we do to be saved?' or 'What shall we do to save the world?' but 'What shall we do to pay the interest on our mortgages?' And the ingenuity which this state of things calls into play is really in its way admirable. Time would fail to tell of the numberless devices employed to draw money from people's pockets,—some of an unobjectionable character, but many of them grotesque and vulgar in the last degree. I have before my mind at this moment a case in which, at a tea-meeting held in aid of the funds of a leading Methodist church, a platform scale was introduced, and the 'ladies' were weighed at so much a head, the weights being duly recorded, under initials, in the local papers. Whether the weigh-house fee was paid by the fair ones themselves, or by their adorers, or whether the charge was graduated according to the pressure exerted on the scales, I am not in a position to state.

It would seem, therefore, altogether questionable whether the Church, in any broad sense, is in a position to act aggressively towards scepticism, or to undertake its cure. Individual men of exceptional qualifications may be moved to do it, and anything that a good and wise man may have to say on a subject to which he has given earnest thought is deserving of serious consideration. The Rev. Mr. Brooks is a man with whom sceptics should be glad to have an opportunity of coming to an understanding, as it is well worth their while to know his view of their position and of his own. I shall, therefore, proceed to make a few remarks on Mr. Brooks's theory as to the causes of modern scepticism, and as to the best means of battling with it, in the hope, not of argumentative victory, but of some small increase of light, some slight gain to the cause of truth.

The first remark of any importance that I find in the article to which reference has been made, is that Christianity enjoys a perpetual advantage over scepticism in this, that the latter 'offers men no substitute for the religion it would destroy, and thus leaves man's religious nature unprovided for and hungry.'

Now, is it true that modern philosophy offers no substitute for the religion or rather the theology which it tends to supersede? If we consider for a moment what a vast and ever-increasing place in men's minds the modern doctrine of development holds; when we think how profoundly it has modified thought; what a light it has shed upon many questions upon which before no light could be obtained; when we think of the sustained intellectual interest it has power to create; we certainly find in it, I do not say a

substitute for the belief in a Divine government of the world, and a Divine purpose in all things, but much more than a substitute for religion in its popular forms, or, in other words, *for anything which it has a necessary tendency to destroy.* The belief in God not only survives the demonstration of the universality of law, but in many minds is only deepened and strengthened as the proof proceeds. On the other hand, the belief in perpetual miracle enfeebles and degrades the conception of the Divine Being, reducing Him to little more than a puppet, whose wires are controlled by a priesthood, or by the prayers of the individual. When, therefore, we think of the ordered condition of the thoughts of a liberally educated man of to-day, his rational confidence in natural law, his clear insight into the causes of many things which not long ago were insoluble mysteries; when we think of his well-grounded hopes of future progress, and above all, of his clear perception of cause and effect in the affairs of life, and consequently greatly increased chances of being happy himself and making others happy, we surely must conclude that he has obtained a glorious substitute for almost any amount of purely theological doctrine. Mr. Brooks would scarcely refuse to allow that, in this new conception of the universe as the theatre of law and order, there is much to stay the thoughts and even to inspire a faith which, in minds duly fitted, may rise to any degree of sublimity and enthusiasm. To see the full importance of this consideration, we have only to think of the chaotic condition of mind and the purposeless lives of many who have never lost their theological faith. What is the very idea of God to many but, as it were, the symbol of unknown and incalculable forces which each tries to coax, to wheedle, or to whine over to his own side? The fretting and grumbling of pious people, when things are not to their mind, has struck many a sceptic, I am sure, with astonishment. The same people who grumble and fret will, of course, have their seasons of prosperity and consequent exultation or self-complacency; and then they are prepared to dilate with great unction on the 'comforts of religion.' But we who watch such people through their various stages, know what their comfort of religion amounts to, and vastly prefer a system of thought, which, by taking away from us all sense of privilege, all pretension to command the unseen powers of the universe, except by obedience to law, removes all occasion of fretfulness, and enables us to take things as they come, 'the best of now and here.'

I pass now to the explanation offered of the causes of modern scepticism. 'Any man,' says Mr. Brooks, 'who has seen much of unbelief as it exists among our people now, knows that in general it does not consist of any precise and assignable difficulties. It is not the difficulty of this or that doctrine that makes men sceptics to-day. It is rather the play of all life upon the fundamental grounds and general structure of faith. . . . . The reason why my hearer, who sits moodily or sadly or scornfully before me in his pew, and does not cordially believe a word of what I preach to him, the reason why he disbelieves is not that he has found the evidence for inspiration or for Christ's divinity or for the atonement unsatisfactory. It is that the aspect of the world, which is Fate, has been too strong for the fundamental religion of the world, which is Providence. And the temptation of the world, which is self-indulgence, has seemed to make impossible the precept of religion, which is self-surrender; and the tendency of experience, which is hopelessness, has made the tendency of the Gospel, which is hope, seem unreal and unbelievable.'

This is impressively put, but it suggests to my mind many questions. First—Why should 'the play of life'

be so deadly to faith in these days particularly? Why should it not have been equally so in the Middle Ages, when social order was so imperfect, when Force stood so often in violent antagonism to Right, when passions were stronger than they are now, and hopelessness, so far as this world was concerned, more general and more profound? Mr. Brooks surely owes us some explanation upon this point. Before we can be asked to accept his theory, he must show us wherein the 'aspect of the world' to-day differs from its aspect in former days, and must also make it plain that the difference, whatever it may be, has a causal connection with the phenomenon under consideration. Until this is done the theory that the decline in belief is due to the greater spread of intelligence and education is entitled to hold its ground. Comparing present times with past we *do* find a more enlightened condition of public opinion now than formerly, and why should we not say that this is the explanation of the abandonment of so large a portion of the theological belief of our forefathers? We explain a modern phenomenon by a modern phenomenon, and it is for those who do not like the explanation to bring forward one more profound and philosophical.

Secondly—When Mr. Brooks says that 'any man who has seen much of unbelief as it exists among our people now, knows that, in general, it does not consist of any precise and assignable difficulties,' is he not aware that, allowing this to be true, the unbelief to which he refers may still be the result of a true intellectual instinct, such as led to the abandonment of the belief in witchcraft so strongly held by our forefathers. He has probably not forgotten Mr. Lecky's celebrated chapter on the belief in witchcraft and its decline; and, if so, he must know that some beliefs perish from the world not on account of the 'precise and assignable difficulties' connected with them, but because the evidence for them gradually fails, and because men's thoughts take a direction that leads them insensibly away from such beliefs.

Thirdly—When Mr. Brooks says of a typical unbeliever that the reason why he disbelieves is not that he has found the evidence for inspiration or for Christ's divinity, or for the atonement unsatisfactory, does he not pronounce judgment where he ought to investigate? Is Mr. Brooks in a position to say that the evidence for these things *cannot* be found unsatisfactory? If so, the only thing to say of popular scepticism is that it is a popular delusion. If Mr. Brooks admits that there is room for argument in regard to these matters, he must allow a chance, at least, that 'the hearer who sits moodily or scornfully or sadly in his pew,' and doesn't believe a word of what he hears from the pulpit, may have his own quite satisfactory reasons for not believing—reasons, perhaps, which, for logical coherence, would favourably compare with those which his neighbour in the next pew has for believing everything. I fear it would prove a somewhat dangerous thing for our orthodox friends to insist that every person who either believes or disbelieves should have pointed and conclusive arguments by which to establish his scheme of thought. Such a rule would, no doubt, embarrass a portion of the unbelieving world, but what confusion and dismay would it spread among the believers!

It is, however, the wear and tear of life, according to Mr. Brooks, that produces scepticism. But surely, if the Christian religion is meant for this world, it should not only be able to stand the wear and tear of life, but the wear and tear of life should be the very thing to bring it home more intimately to men's minds and hearts. But what, let us ask most seriously, can the wear and tear of life, or, as Mr. Brooks calls it, 'the play of life,' have to do with such a dogma as, for example, the infallibility or inspiration

of the Bible, which is one of those which the unbelieving pew-holder before referred to is supposed to reject? How are we to escape 'the play of life?' And if it is a misleading influence, how are we to know that it does not as often incline men to belief as to unbelief, to orthodoxy as to heterodoxy? There is no doubt that many cling in the most wilful manner to their religious opinions because, as they say, they find comfort in them. What is this but the play of life making belief on a vast scale? Evidently we must leave a general influence of this kind out of the account, and try and weigh a doctrine of the kind in question in the balance of enlightened reason. The Bible is either infallible or it is not; it can either be proved to be so or it cannot. To say that the pew-holder cannot have good reasons of his own for rejecting the Bible as a specially inspired book—that he is the victim of his own life-experiences—is to prejudge the whole case, and put a stop to all argument.

Mr. Brooks tells us, in effect, that for his own part, he has got bravely over any belief that *he* ever had in the *verbal* infallibility of the Bible. But this word verbal is very vague. How much does it cover? Are we to limit its application literally to *words* here and there, or may we extend it to sentences, verses, chapters, books? It is very doubtful if Mr. Brooks would attempt to draw the line showing where fallibility ends and infallibility begins. But, in that case, somebody may go a little further than Mr. Brooks in the recognition of fallibility, without being accused of having had his whole judgment perverted by 'the play of life.' That is too summary and convenient a way altogether of disposing of an opponent. The Supreme Being did not intend, as Mr. Brooks allows, to give to the world an absolutely infallible book; but, if so, how are we to know that He meant the Book to be infallible in any sense? How do we know, in fact, that the pew-holder is not right, and that the play of life, especially the past life of the world, with its abounding superstitions, has not been too much for the minister?

At the outset of the essay we are told that scepticism, 'offering men no substitute for the religion it would destroy, leaves man's religious nature unprovided for and hungry,' and, therefore, gives to Christianity a perpetual advantage. At the close we are told that 'We need to remember how irreligion has invaded religion, and to imitate its methods. It has got hold of the passions and enthusiasms of men; and there has been its strength.' These two statements do not seem very compatible. When a man's passions and enthusiasms are roused to activity he is not likely to feel very hungry. I do not know, of course, in what precise sense Mr. Brooks intended to use the word 'enthusiasms,' but I should think he meant it in a noble sense; and it certainly says something for scepticism if religious teachers require to be pointed to the sway which it exerts over men's 'enthusiasms,' in order that they may be stimulated to try and do as much.

Mr. Brooks, however, as every thoughtful liberal will readily agree, does well to point to character as the great means of influencing men for good. There is no preaching so powerful as that which comes direct from a man's life, and, if a man cannot preach in this way, the rest of his preaching is vain. These are days when all who have any higher light require to be very faithful in letting it shine forth; for there is a scepticism abroad which threatens to sap the foundations of both private and public morality—*a scepticism as to whether it is worth while to do the right thing at any great inconvenience to yourself.* Such a scepticism, we will freely concede, is not to be met by arguments, but only by the power of an intense conviction—a religious faith—*that it*

is worth while. A morality that calculates is no morality; it is mere police regulation of the appetites and impulses. We want a morality the vital power of which lies, not in self-interest, however refined, but in a reverential sense of the eternal beauty of holiness. It would be sad to think that there could be any doubt as to the issue of the conflict between the powers of good and evil, but in the prevailing and, as it would almost seem, extending, relaxation of all moral sanctions, there is sore need that all who can help the right cause should put on 'the armour of faith,' and manfully contend for the highest interests of humanity. And, in this warfare, the conscientious 'sceptic' and the faithful minister of the Gospel will meet, not as enemies, but as comrades, pressing on to a common victory over evil, and, in the stress of the fight, casting aside more and more of mutual suspicion and misunderstanding, until, at length, their essential moral agreement in sentiment, purpose, and life shall stand fully revealed.

SPECULUM VITÆ.

LET us look in the glass for a moment,
Let us brush off the mist from the face—
The mirror of life that is broken
When Death in our ear knells the token
To crumble in space.

We must fall whether praying or pining,
Whether fearing or mocking the blow,
Brush the mist from the mirror, then, trembling:
The grave is no place for dissembling—
There vaunting lies low.

The eyes, as they gaze to earth's glory,
Peer into that mirror of pain
Where the slain of our years lies all gory,
Bent over by grim shadows hoary
Recording each stain.

Not a blot nor a blemish escapes them,
The sins of the lone and the crowd,
The crime where we pandered or paltered,
The dark things that lips never faltered,
There cry out aloud.

They are there, and no tempests can hide them;
They glow with accusing and shame.
Tho' the years be all dead, they are living,
'Mid the silence they cry for forgiving
With direful acclaim.

On the wreck-plank of life is there pardon
When joy is worn hollow in sin?
When the heart sees no light in the sparkle
Nor gloom where the drowsy waves darkle
O'er foeman and kin?

Then brush the world's mist from the mirror
While life in our bosom is sweet,
And turn, with a love of the purest,
O'er pathways the fairest and surest
The trace of our feet.

From 'Public Opinion.'

A FEW WORDS ABOUT IRON.

BY W. HAMILTON MERRITT, ST. CATHARINES.

Member of the Iron and Steel Institute.

THE true philosopher's stone of the nineteenth century, which rules the financial destiny of the principalities of the world, is a very homely looking object, varying from a dingy shade of white to red, brown, or sombre black, scattered abundantly in every land, and found in more or less quantity in each handful of soil we take up.

Why then can we not seize this treasure and fill our pockets with gold? Because, unfortunately, our philosopher's stone requires long and tedious intermediate processes at the hands of adepts ere it is metamorphosed into the golden product. In like manner the El Dorado of to-day is singularly devoid of bird and flower, crystal stream and cloudless sky; it is usually uncommonly prolific in dearth and barrenness, turbid water, and volumes of smoke, which entirely obscure the heavens and renders breathing no longer an unconscious operation, but attendant with many varied sensations and surprises to the gustatory and olfactory organs.

If my reader will not grant that iron rules the nineteenth century, then a fresh start is necessary to substantiate our supposition that it does. No better example is afforded than that of England. With the rise of her iron smelting, and a concomitant increase in general manufactures, she was able to declare free trade and throw open her markets to the world.

Of late years, with the depression in her iron, 'hard times' and general distress throughout the kingdom soon followed. Again, since manufacturing her iron, though at less advantage than in Great Britain, the United States have turned the balance of commerce from a large import to a large export trade. Also those who were at the last Paris Exhibition, could see that hand in hand with the present great prosperity of France, gigantic strides have been taken in the smelting and working of her iron ore in a thoroughly systematic and scientific manner.

Belgium, the most thriving of all the small European States, has lately exported a small quantity of iron to England; her most important works, those of John Cockerill & Co., at Seraing, being unsurpassed by any it has been my good fortune to see. Sweden, who is leaving her sister, Norway, behind in the race for prosperity, helps to supply her neighbours with excellent iron. Then on the other hand, Germany and Spain (which together supply half Europe at present with pure hematite ore), Russia, Austria, Italy, &c., are only beginning to make all their own iron, and at the same time we do not see signs of great prosperity in any of these states. No doubt a hundred and one other reasons might be given as to the cause of local depression, but as seen from the above facts, none exercise such a broad dominion as the iron trade.

Now that this question is beginning to excite no slight attention in the Dominion, it might be of interest to some of the readers of this magazine to learn the brief outlines of iron manufacture; after which it is my intention to give a sketch of a typical English district, taking North Stafford (perhaps the most successful in Great

Britain), for an example, then, in comparison, the United States region about Pittsburg, where the American Institute of Mining Engineers, have lately held their annual meeting. The facts, it is hoped, will help the reader to form an opinion for himself of the chances Canada would have to exclude these two giants from her markets, and to produce her own iron, under the present tariff.

The smelting of iron differs from that of most other metallurgical industries, in that the only minerals used for its extraction are limited to the group of oxides, or compounds of iron and oxygen. To get the metallic iron we must, therefore, remove this oxygen, and that is done by carbon (or carbonic oxide) in the form of coal and coke, which, uniting with the oxygen, carries it off in the form of a gas,—carbonic acid gas. Notwithstanding the numberless processes that have been and are in use, this simple reaction is at the root of all. Iron smelting is, perhaps, the most ancient of the arts, dating back to the rival metallurgists, Vulcan, and Tubal Cain, if indeed they were not the same personage.

The primitive furnace, yet seen in Burmah and in Africa, consisted of a hole dug in the ground, in which an easily reducible iron ore was mixed with charcoal, the blast being supplied by the wind. A spongy mass of metal resulted, which was hammered into the shape required. A slight advance on this is the Catalan forge, used in Spain, the East Indian forge, and the American Bloomary process, seen in the States of New York and Vermont.

In these three the iron ore is reduced in hearths by charcoal; a blast of air being directed on to the smouldering mass through tuyeres or iron nozzles. In the latter the resulting 'blooms,' or porous masses of iron, are sometimes as large as 300 lbs. The fine 'Otis Steel Works,' at Cleveland, use many of these for producing the excellent mild steel, by the Siemens-Martin process, out of which their splendid boiler plates are made; this steel contains frequently as little as twelve hundredths of carbon.

No fuel but charcoal has ever been employed in these 'direct' processes, or processes by which malleable iron is produced at once, without any intermediate manipulation. The amount of fuel used, however, is enormous, and, though the product is generally very pure, no process for the direct production of iron has proved successful. Many attempts have been made of late years; but as mild steel is now beginning more and more to take the place of wrought iron, to which it is undoubtedly in every way superior, it is to be feared that such efforts are more futile than ever.

It was first discovered in Sweden that by raising the height of their hearths to the dimensions of furnaces, and by feeding from the top, there was a decided increase in the saving of fuel, but that, owing to the longer contact between the reduced iron and the hot charcoal, a notable quantity of a molten compound of iron and carbon was formed, along with the wrought iron 'bloom' obtained from the process. This compound of iron and carbon, containing from two to six per cent. of the latter, is 'cast' or 'pig' metal, and it is more brittle and easily melted than the purer or 'wrought iron.'

The next step was yet higher furnaces, a still greater economy in fuel, and now, owing to the much longer contact between the reduced metal and carbon, a product consisting entirely of 'pig' or 'cast' metal. This is run out of the furnaces in the liquid state into the 'pig beds' or straight moulds made in a bed of sand; or, as in some works, the metal is run directly into Bessemer converters for the manufacture of steel, which, in this way, is produced at an equal or less expense than wrought iron.

The following great improvements were: first, the use of coal and coke in the place of charcoal, then the im-

mense saving effected by heating the blast on the way from the blast-engine to the furnace to about 1000° F; and still later, the partially burnt gases from the top of the furnace were collected and made to do the work of heating the blast and the boilers which supply steam for working the engine.

The blast-furnace varies in height from 50 to 100 feet, but the most modern averages from 70 to 80 feet. The interior is somewhat the shape of a soda-water bottle, and is composed of the most refractory fire-brick; the outside being generally cylindrical, and of iron plates rivetted together. The ore, coal, and limestone are lifted in a cage by a little engine, or by the force of the blast, and thrown, at the top of the furnace, on to an inverted iron bell, which is lowered when enough is on it, the charge falling into the furnace; this accomplished, the bell is brought back and the top closed again.

Great care has to be taken in mixing the charge; for by using different ores and varying quantities of limestone, a slag is obtained which flows easily, and in no way impedes the working of the furnace;—the limestone being added with this sole object in view. By altering the condition of the charge and blast, a different class of pig ore is obtained, but this part of iron manufacture needs more than the average skill and manipulation to bring about the desired result. The slag above referred to, is practically composed of all the foreign matter associated with the ore, and this floats above the metallic iron, which lies in the hearth at the bottom of the furnace. The iron is drawn off through a tap hole at its lowest part, as a rule, twice a day of 24 hours, and run into pigs. In this state the iron is used for making all sorts of castings, such as stoves, ornamental work, etc., by being poured into moulds in a molten condition.

After the 'pig,' or 'cast' metal is obtained, another process has to be gone through, by which the carbon in the cast-iron is eliminated. This is necessary ere it arrives at the state of 'wrought' metal, which can be rolled, welded, or beaten, at a red heat, into any required shape. This decarburation is accomplished either by 'puddling,' wrought iron being the product, or by the 'Bessemer process,' by which the Bessemer steel is made, and which now furnishes the world with rails.

Even those among the readers of this magazine who take the smallest possible interest in iron, will have associated the name of Bessemer with a great revolution in the iron trade, and not unjustly, for no discovery in this century has so affected the markets of the world. In puddling, the 'pig' is melted in a small reverberatory furnace, and either by hand or by machinery, stirred about to bring the metal in contact with a pure ore, or oxide of iron, which, helped by the air, oxidizes and removes, as carbonic acid gas, the carbon in the iron. It then 'comes to nature,' or assumes the infusible 'wrought' condition, and is gathered into a glowing white mass, which is taken out and hammered and rolled to the required shapes.

In the Bessemer process, on the other hand, the cast-iron is decarbonized by running it into a 'converter,' or big pot, and then blowing in air, which again carries off the carbon as carbonic acid gas. As steel differs from wrought and cast iron in containing more carbon than the latter, and less than the former, and as the Bessemer product will not work unless in some form of steel, a little carbon is added by running some 'spiegel-iron,' or 'pig,' containing manganese, into the molten mass before pouring out.

Hitherto, a 'pig' free from phosphorous was essential, which, of course, necessitated using a very pure iron ore. This very serious limitation is being rapidly swept away, from results obtained within the last few

months in England, with the phosphorescent ores of Cleveland, by Mr. Thomas. Hence, we shall very shortly see the so-called steel, which is in truth pure wrought iron, take the place of its weaker brother. The old method of making steel (yet used in knife manufacture, where the finest quality is necessary) was by adding the carbon to wrought iron by means of charcoal.

Many other methods than the two mentioned above have been brought before the public, but none have been thoroughly successful except the Siemens'-Martin, which, however, is only economical where there is a great deal of old scrap-iron. In this process, scrap wrought iron is melted down in a bath of the requisite amount of cast iron, samples being taken out of the reverberatory furnace used for the purpose until the desired product is arrived at.

Having, in the above short description, given the broad, original outlines of, first, the manufacture of iron by the old 'direct' method; second, the manner by which cast metal is made; third, the conversion of cast into wrought metal and steel; and fourth, the most usual methods of steel-making, I shall proceed to my sketch of the North Staffordshire coal and iron district, and of that in the neighbourhood of Pittsburg.

The northern part of the former field, with which I was for some time intimately connected, converges to a narrow tongue in the neighbourhood of Congleton, and here, at Biddulph, one of the most successful iron centres in the kingdom is located. The coal and iron lie directly beneath the blast furnaces; the former consisting of thirty-two workable seams, shewing an aggregate thickness of one hundred and thirty feet, and the latter an average thickness of twenty-four feet. Not only is the location, theoretically and practically, almost perfect, but, added to this, the coal is of an exceptionally pure character, containing little or no sulphur, and working admirably in the furnace.

In 1877, before wages went down, it cost a little under $1 a ton to mine the coal. The iron-stone, worked about half a mile from the furnaces, cost from about 75 cts. to $1.15 a ton to get it out; in the raw state, it contains thirty-five to fifty-eight per cent. of protoxide of iron, but, after calcining in heaps with slack, it averages as high as ninety-one per cent. of the peroxide It contains about one per cent. of phosphoric acid, which has hitherto prevented its use for Bessemer steel, but there is little doubt that it will shortly be made in North Staffordshire, as well as at Cleveland, (Eng.).

Limestone is also obtained close at hand; and to increase the perfect independence of the great iron masters, besides owning and working their raw materials, they make everything they use, from pipes and boilers to the railway trucks for carrying their products. To give an idea of the cost of manufacture; for every ton of pig produced there is consumed about—

Ton.	Cwt.	Qrs.	
1	15	3	of coal.
1	14	4	of ironstone.
0	8	2	of limestone.
0	4	2	of flue cinder.

The cost of smelting the 'pig,' taking the immediate wages into consid eration, was, in 1877, a trifle over $1 a ton. Therefore, we see that $5 would about cover the production of a ton of 'cast iron' in that year, but with the present reduced wages, it could be made for considerably less.

At Pittsburg, which I visited last month, I shall take the Lucy furnaces, than which there is no finer pair in America, as examples. These two furnaces cost about $520,000 a few years ago, but possibly could now be built for nearly half the price, if economy were an object. The coal is obtained from the neighbouring hills, through which it runs in horizontal beds of about four feet thick; hence

the working is comparatively easy. This coal is highly bituminous, and the coke made from it, and used in the furnaces, contains eighty-seven per cent. carbon, ten per cent. ash, and one per cent. of sulphur, and costs, at present, but four and one-fourth cents per bushel. The iron ore is obtained from Lake Superior; that from the Republic mine costing $8.80, and that from the Menominee mine, $7.40 per ton. Both of these are very pure ores and contain but little phosphorus, the resulting pig being used for Bessemer steel at the Edgar Thompson Steel Works. The analysis of these ores show—

	Republic.	Menominee.
Iron	67·943	64·633
Phosphorous..	0·041	0·007
Alumina	0·237	2·203
Insol. Residue.	2·750	4·349

Besides the enormous cost of the ore, limestone (which is brought thirty-five miles) costs $1.25, labour $1.25, besides fuel, $3 for every ton of pig produced. Therefore we cannot wonder from the above figures that the price per ton of steel rails in the United States is from $43 to $44, while in Great Britain it is $22.50, which latter figure will be considerably reduced as soon as the phosphorescent ores are used. Great as the difference between the cost of production in these two countries may appear, it is owing entirely to the natural circumstances under which the mines in the two countries are situated.

From the experience of these examples what encouragement can we gather for smelting iron in this part of Ontario with a protection of $2 a ton? I shall leave my reader with his knowledge of the country to work out his own answer; but one thing is certain, we cannot build our furnaces on coal and iron seams, and though we could get nearer to good ore than our neighbours in Pittsburg, we should still be almost hopelessly distant from the needed supplies of fuel. I have seen lately some very promising looking figures in some of our publications,—nine and a half per cent. profit worked out with a large margin, and that sort of thing,—therefore I may be all wrong, but, as I have said before, I leave this part of the problem to my intelligent reader.

In closing this paper, I might mention that I hope to supplement it by one on iron-smelting by lignite, which is successfully carried on in Austria and Sweden, and which may play no small part in the future prosperity of our Dominion.

ALL A GREEN WILLOW.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

Author of 'Robin Gray,' 'For Lack of Gold,' &c.

I.

SHE sat down carelessly at the piano, and, as if without thinking of what she was doing, her fingers touched the keys, bringing forth the pathetic air of the Jacobite song:

> 'Hame, hame, hame, O, hame fain wad I be,
> O, hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!'

and she contrived to throw more sadness into the sad air than John Aylmer had ever heard before.

Yet the sun was shining, and through the open French window of the Doctor's little drawing-room you could see the light glowing upon the red, yellow, and fading green tints of the autumn foliage. Here the bright yellow of the chestnuts, blending with the transparent red of the beech, and the berries on the rowan trees holding their place whilst the leaves fell with every gust of wind and with other leaves carpeted the garden paths.

She was looking, whilst she played, at the green lawn, then at the heavy-laden apple-trees, the many-coloured beeches, elms and oaks, above which was a pale blue sky; and she seemed to be dreaming, rather than playing for the pleasure of her companion or herself.

'Why do you always play these melancholy airs, mostly ending in minors?' said John Aylmer, turning over the pages of a large album of photographs and paying very little attention to the portraits it contained.

She continued to play as she answered: 'I don't know—do you not like them?'

'No, they always end as if there were something else which ought to come, and as it doesn't, one feels uncomfortable and dissatisfied.'

'Is not that like our lives?' she said, still playing the sad air dreamily. 'There are so many things which we fancy ought to come that do not: and so, we go on in periods of unfinished chords.'

'Give it up,' cried Aylmer, laughing at the droll problem which the girl had presented to him. 'I don't see why we should play music without a comfortable finish any more than I can understand why we should not make a satisfactory and harmonious finish to our lives. The notes are all on the instrument, why should we not strike them as we please?'

'Because we cannot always strike the notes which please us most. Have you ever known anybody who has been able to live the life he or she would have chosen if permitted to do so?'

She had wheeled round on the piano stool, and looked straight in his face as she put the question.

'Yes,' he answered boldly; 'there's Dr. Humphreys: I believe he will end his days harmoniously—contented with the life he has led, the work he has done, and followed to the grave by a long row of patients —mind, I say patients—who will remember him with gratitude. What do you say to that?'

She did not say anything, for she was serious and he was inclined to make fun of the whole question. She turned again to the piano, and with a very soft touch proceeded to play the plaintive air of 'Hame, hame, hame,' as if to herself and as if seeking some

consolation from it for the absence of sympathy in her companion.

Aylmer closed the album, got up and stood behind her.

He was a handsome young fellow of about twenty-five, with sandy-coloured hair, the shadow of a moustache, and bright laughing eyes. He was only beginning life, and, blessed with a sanguine disposition, he scouted its shadows and believed in its sunshine.

She was about his own age, tall, graceful, and with a face that was beautiful, whilst the lines indicated firmness of character. The hair was dark, but the eyes were a soft blue-green when in repose; they appeared to become gray when she was moved by any strong emotion. Looking in her face with its strangely sad, yearning expression, one would feel that there were depths of affection in her nature which had not yet been reached, but that once sounded would never be calm again.

'Miss Richardson,' he said, with his hands clasped tightly behind him, as if he feared that the temptation to clasp her in his arms would otherwise prove too great for him, 'you are too deep in philosophy for me.'

'I know nothing about philosophy. Why do you say that?'

'Because you are always asking me riddles which I cannot solve to your satisfaction. After I have left you, I often think of such clever things I might have said; but they never turn up at the right moment, and so I know that you must think me an ass.'

'Your ears are not long enough,' she said, so quietly that even if he had been a man of a 'huffy' nature he could scarcely have taken offence. Very likely she would not have spoken so to any one else.

He only laughed and answered in kind, with a mock severity of politeness: 'That is my misfortune, Miss Richardson, for it is better to be a dull ass than a stupid man.'

'I do not think you are either.'

'Thank you. Then suppose you were asked to give me a character—say by your most intimate friend, and in strict confidence of course—what would you say?'

'That is scarcely a fair question.'

'It is fair and interesting, too, if you will answer without doing me the injustice of thinking that I can't stand hearing myself abused.'

'I am not so much your friend as to abuse you.'

'Then do not be so much of a mere acquaintance as to flatter me.'

'Well, I should say in strict confidence'—and her words seemed to keep time to the air she was playing—'that you were a man so hopeful as to be too trustful, so earnest as to be too jealous.'

'Another conundrum!' exclaimed Aylmer, laughing at this description of his character, 'and somewhat of a paradox besides. Now, how can I be trustful and jealous at the same time?'

'Wait,' was the reply.

He would have sought further explanation, but he was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Humphreys. She was a little dark woman whose eyes seemed to be always gazing into futurity, never by any chance indicating a consciousness of the persons or circumstances around her; yet she was always nervously anxious to do whatever might be most pleasing to others. She formed the most singular contrast to her husband—a big, robust, ruddy-faced, jovial man, who would contentedly get out of bed a dozen times of a night, whether the summons came from pauper or peer.

She had been called away to attend to some household duties and thus the young people had been left alone. Now she appeared with the proposal that as the Doctor had not yet returned, they should proceed to luncheon without him.

'Are you hungry, Miss Richardson?' said Aylmer, making a terrible descent into the commonplace question of appetite; 'because, if not, I think we should give the Doctor another

half-hour. I know the case, and unless something extraordinary has happened, he cannot be detained longer than that.'

Miss Richardson of course assented to the adjournment, and Aylmer continued merrily: 'Then I propose that we all go out to the garden and take a tonic in the shape of one of those red-cheeked apples, and that it may taste the sweeter we will try to imagine that we are schoolboys and stealing it.'

'Oh, fie, Mr. Aylmer,' said Mrs. Humphreys; but she smiled at his boyish absurdity.

'I am afraid Mr. Aylmer's morals require correction,' observed Miss Richardson, in her calm, grave way.

'Never mind, get your hats and come along,' cried he.

He marshalled the ladies out through the French window, and when they were about to cross the lawn he became commonplace and practical; he warned them that the grass was damp, and that they would be much safer if they walked on the path.

Miss Richardson lifted her dark eyebrows, and her lips formed an unuttered 'O!' of surprise.

'You have not lived much in the country, Mr. Aylmer.'

'No, and that is why I enjoy its beauties and avoid its dangers. To walk on damp grass in thin shoes is simply a deliberate way of catching cold, resulting probably in bronchitis, consumption, and an early grave.'

'Dear me, I wonder there is anybody alive in the country.'

'You forget the doctors.'

'I would not like to have you for my doctor.'

'And I should be sorry that I or anyone else had you for a patient.'

His eccentricities did not end in the warning about the damp grass. Instead of going straight to the apple-tree as he had proposed, he went to an old-fashioned rose-tree which almost covered the white walls of the house, and cut two roses. One he presented to Mrs. Humphreys with becoming respect, the other to Miss Richardson—but there was a subtle difference in the manner of the presentation, and she was conscious of it. There was a faint colour on her pale cheeks as her eyelids drooped and she pinned the rose on her breast. He was watching her, smiling and yet eager to note how she received the offering. When he saw its destination—'Now for the apples,' he cried, with boyish glee.

He tried to reach them, but the branches were too high, and leaping towards them, he became hot and very red in the face. He was chagrined too at his failure.

'I used to be able to climb a tree,' he said gaily; and without considering how ridiculous he would appear, he clambered up the tree and seated himself on the first branch, much to the amusement of the ladies.

'Do come down,' said Mrs. Humphreys; nervously, 'the branch will break.'

'There's one for you, Mrs. Humphreys, and one for you—and one for me——'

'What in heaven's name are you doing, Alymer, climbing a tree like a schoolboy when you are wanted immediately at Mrs. Carson's?'

The words were addressed to him in the loud clear voice of Dr. Humphrey's, who had just returned and had followed the party into the garden.

Aylmer slid down the tree, and with his handkerchief dusted the green mould from his knees.

'We were waiting for you, Doctor, and it is rather hard to send me off to Carson's without my lunch, when it was on my plea that we waited half an hour for you.'

'And the Carsons have been waiting an hour for you.'

'Very well; I'll go to the Carsons.'

'And we'll go into luncheon,' said the Doctor with a malicious twinkle in his merry eyes, as he offered his arm to Miss Richardson.'

She smiled demurely amd glanced

sideways at the disappointed hero of the apple-tree. He observed the smile, and it sent him off in hot haste to minister to his patient.

Dr. Humphreys chuckled much at some secret joke which he would not explain to anybody.

'What do you think of my young colleague?' he inquired as the walked towards the house.

'He seems to be very light-hearted,' she answered calmly.

'Too light-hearted, I sometimes think, and yet he can be serious too, when occasion requires it. I have heard him talk with the gravity of a judge pronouncing sentence of death. But the impression never lasts long with him. As soon as he escapes from the surroundings which made him serious, he seems to forget them entirely.'

'But it is a great blessing to have a light heart, Doctor.'

'So it is, and I hope he will long retain his.'

The Doctor was very merry at table, and whilst he ate heartily he expatiated on the miseries of the life of a medical man who never had a moment that he could call his own, by night or by day, and never was allowed time to take a proper meal.

'A message from Mrs. Doldrums, sir,' said a servant entering the room, and would you please go at once.'

'All right.'

'The servant disappeared; the Doctor quietly finished his meal, took ten minutes' nap, and then obeyed the summons of Mrs. Doldrums. He knew, however, that the lady's ailments were more imaginary than real, and therefore could afford to take his ease.

II.

WHAT was the mystery of this girl's life? There was a mystery, John Aylmer felt sure: the pale face, the dreamy inquiring eyes, the self-possession, and the self-repression of the lady confirmed him in the idea. But what was it?

That was the question he harped upon all the time he was riding along the green lanes to the farmstead where his patient lay. The question haunted and confused his mind even when he was in the presence of the invalid, and sensible of the responsibility which rested upon him. Whilst he was feeling the woman's pulse and examining her tongue, Margaret Richardson was in his mind. He made severe efforts to recall himself to the duties he had to perform, and he succeeded so far that he made no blunder. The case was a simple one, although at times the weakness of the woman alarmed her husband and caused him to send post-haste for the doctor. Aylmer's blithe manner and hopeful nature communicated hope to the patient, and so helped towards her recovery.

But as soon as he was on the road again, Margaret Richardson took full possession of his mind. 'Madge' the Doctor always called her, and it was as Madge that Aylmer always thought of her. It was the prettiest name he knew, and it always conjured up the pale earnest face which had fascinated him.

At dinner he was more silent than usual, although he made palpable efforts to be agreeable. In the drawing-room he tried to sing, but he was husky and the higher notes were painfully flat. He excused himself. Miss Richardson remarked that the voice frequently failed after driving about in an autumn evening. He retired to his room with the uncomfortable feeling that he had made a fool of himself when he had most desired to appear particularly bright.

He filled his pipe, took up the last copy of the *Lancet*, but he read nothing: Madge was still the centre of his thoughts.

She had come there only a few days before, and her pale, grave face had attracted him at once. On the first evening of her arrival he had entered

into a lively discussion with her on the merits of Comte's philosophy and the Life of John Stuart Mill. It is always dangerous when a young and pretty woman and an impressionable man begin to discuss philosophy.

They became friends immediately, and philosophy soon gave place to lighter themes in their conversation—music, theatres, novels. She played the piano with skill and feeling, and he, with a superficial knowledge of the notes, was able, by watching the music, to turn the leaves for her at the proper moment without requiring any sign. Utterly unconscious of what he was doing, he entered into a violent flirtation with her, which threatened to become something more—but the flirtation was all on one side. She was kindly, but always maintained her calm manner.

In two days he talked to her with a kind of chaffing earnestness about everything she did, as if he had been her intimate friend for years. He proposed wild excursions to the sights of the district which they were to make alone in the teeth of all propriety, and she did not say 'No.' She had even accepted his invitation to accompany him one fine moonlight when he had to drive five miles to see a patient. Of course the plea was that it would be such a splendid thing to watch the effect of the moonlight amongst the trees as they drove through the Earl's Park. The Doctor was not at home, and Mrs. Humphreys was too feeble a person to make any strong objection to the plan, although she did not like it. Besides, Madge had once said to her that she felt quite competent to take care of herself.

Aylmer was very particular about the rugs, very anxious to see that she was sufficiently wrapped, and that her pretty feet should be kept warm. She accepted his attention as a matter of course, only requiring the one word 'thanks' in return. They started, and they were very merry on the way, and he at any rate saw very little of the beautiful moonlight effects amongst the trees in the Earl's Park. More than once he had been tempted to kiss her when she turned to him with those soft yearning eyes, as if wondering at some of his absurd sayings; but there was always that serious reserve in her manner which he respected in spite of his way of becoming familiar with everybody in half-an-hour to the extent of using the Christian name. Perhaps some thoughts of his own position, also, restrained him from making deliberate proposals.

She was the daughter of an old schoolmate and friend of Dr. Humphreys. Her father had died recently, leaving her a small annuity of fifty pounds a year. Her mother had died when Madge was only ten years old. Now she had come to stay at Dr. Humphreys' house until her future course should be decided upon. She had often lived with the Humphreys before, when their son Jack had been at home.

John Aylmer had received his degree of M.B. at the Edinburgh University, and for a year he had been acting as the assistant of Dr. Humphreys—the oldest established and principal medical man in Dunthorpe. Alymer lived in the house, and his merry spirits soon made him a welcome addition to the family. The jovial old Doctor found in him not only an active assistant, but almost a substitute for the son who *should* have been with him. Except in the few quiet curtain hours allowed to the busy country practitioner, Dr. Humphreys never spoke of the absent son; but his absence had made a deeper scar on the old man's heart than any-one who saw his ruddy, genial countenance would have imagined.

Aylmer was the son of a widow, who had been a patient of Dr. Humphreys, and he was made welcome. The young man's bright and kindly nature not only won the affection of the Doctor and his wife, but obtained the esteem of the patients to such a degree that they never grumbled when the

assistant appeared instead of the principal.

He was a robust, cheery follow who at once became an authority amongst the local cricket clubs, and as soon as his play had been witnessed each club competed eagerly to make him a member. He was fond of a gun, and never lost an opportunity that was offered him to use one, no matter what the game might be. He often wished to get off to the jungles of India in order that he might feel what real sport was —sport in which there was danger to the sportsman as well as to his quarry. But he turned away from the thought of leaving England, because his mother would be left alone. She had struggled hard enough to make a small income meet the expenses of his education for the profession to which he was devoted with the enthusiasm that makes many men sacrifice their lives to their work.

When a child and standing by the death-bed of his father, watching the physician who was powerless to save the life so dear to his mother, he made up his mind to be a 'doctor.' And the source of his inspiration was the hope of being able to do something to save life. That idea never left him, although, as he grew up, his mirthfulness often blinded people to the noble impulse which had guided him in his choice of a profession.

He had been all along aware of the struggle his mother had made on his behalf, and there had been many a bitter day of regret that he had been the cause of so much sacrifice. But the thought quickened his energies. Then came the happy day on which he passed his examination with honour, and from that moment his whole ambition was to repay his mother for all that she had done by providing ease, and if possible luxury, for her declining days. Therefore he had resolved never to marry.

But now—'Madge, Madge, Madge' was the burden of his thoughts, and his step became quicker when he walked, with that sweet face and the sad eyes haunting him.

Occasionally he would pull himself up, and speak as if he were addressing a love-sick friend.

'This is nonsense. You know you can't marry her—at any rate you couldn't do so for a good many years, and she might get tired of waiting.' (Even to himself he qualified the statement 'you can't marry her.') 'No, no, my lad, you must think about other things and keep out of her way. It's all very well to make love in fun, but this is beginning to be love in earnest. I won't go near her to-day until dinner-time.'

With which brave resolve he marched on as if strong ropes could not draw him from it. But he happened to turn his head towards the meadow, and he saw Miss Richardson walking slowly down the footpath towards the river.

He instantly altered his own course, and followed her hastily. A lover's consistency!

'I am glad to see you out this splendid afternoon,' he said, as he approached.

There was a kind of startled expression in her eyes as if she had been caught doing something wrong.

'Oh, Mr. Aylmer! I thought you were at the other end of the village.'

'So I was, but I have been called to the blacksmith's.'

'Then why don't you go?'

'I would like to walk as far as the river with you first.'

'And I would rather you went to the blacksmith's first. Duty before pleasure, you know.'

And she meant it: he saw that she did, and yet the words were spoken in such a quiet, sweet voice that he loved her all the more.

'Upon my word, Miss Richardson, you are a tyrant, and, I suppose I must give in?'

'If you wish to please me—yes.'

'That settles it—I'm off.'

He retraced his steps hastily to the road, glancing back occasionally to

watch the tall graceful figure walking slowly towards the bridge. Presently he turned into the road and the high hawthorn hedge hid her from his sight.

What a droll girl she was! And what could her solitary meditations be about?

III.

THE drawing-room was lit by the glow of a bright fire, and the last glimmer of the autumn twilight. Far away on the horizon there were still a few streaks of pale gold, bordered by fiery red; hitherward, the sky was rapidly darkening.

Miss Richardson entered the room. She took up the album of photographs, opened it at a place which her fingers seemed to know by instinct. There was a portrait on each page; she removed the one on the right, and put another in its place.

It was the portrait of a tall man, with somewhat soft features so far as they could be seen, for the face was almost covered with bushy whiskers, beard and moustache; and he was dressed in a uniform. The portrait on the left was that of a pale-faced young fellow with only the shadow of hair on his upper lip. The large horseshoe pin in his breast, and the white hat crossed by a riding whip, at once suggested a 'horsey' man. The face of the portrait which Miss Richardson had just inserted indicated some suffering and a general gravity of character.

She left the album open on the little table, which she placed near the head of the couch. Next she lit the gas, took her work-basket, and resumed the knitting of a stocking which had been begun in the morning. She had no taste for fancy work: she liked to be doing something useful, and she was now knitting a pair of thick warm socks to be presented to the Doctor on the anniversary of his birthday, which was drawing near.

Dr. Humphreys got home earlier than usual this evening.

'All alone, Madge,' he said, entering the room, 'and those busy fingers as busy as ever. What is this you are at now?—Socks, and for a man. Who is the lucky fellow?'

'You must not ask just now.'

'I think I can guess.'

'You would deprive me of the pleasure of giving my friend a surprise if you did.'

'Let me whisper—Aylmer?'

And his ruddy face was bent close to hers as he laughingly made this guess.

'Oh, no, you are quite wrong.'

'Well, I won't try again. I am tired, and as it is still half an hour from dinner-time, I'll employ it wisely in taking a rest.'

He went to the couch intending to lie down, but saw the open album and he paused, his eyes fixed on the portrait of the young man with the horseshoe pin. The cheery expression faded from his face, and he sat down, murmuring sorrowfully:

'Five years!'

He rested his elbows on the table and his brow on his clasped hands. Madge's needles moved rapidly, but she did not look up. Presently he said:

'You might play something, Madge.'

She stuck her needle into the sock, rolled up her wool, put away the work-basket and went to the piano. She began her favourite air, 'Hame, hame, hame'—but she had only played a few bars when he stopped her.

'Not that, Madge, not that—something merry, something to make one's feet move, and one's heart light.'

She immediately began the blithesome old English air of 'Now, lasses and lads, take leave of your dads, and away to the maypole hie.' But the merry tune had no better effect upon him than the sad one, for in a few minutes he interrupted her again.

'There is a new photograph here. Whose is it?—Why, surely, it can't be Jack!'

She came to his side.

'Yes, that is Jack, only he has allowed the hair to grow all over his face.'

'But they can't have made him an officer already—I see, he must have got on to the medical staff. Well done, Jack!'

The Doctor rose, and agitatedly walked to the window, looked out on the darkness, and returned to the album.

'He must have sent that to his mother, and the poor old wife takes this way of showing it to me—as if there were any reason to suppose I would not be glad to see it! I wonder if he has written to her?'

He walked up and down, his plump hands clasped at his back, his head bowed.

Madge was relieved of one difficulty—that of explaining how the portrait came there. The other difficulty—how to answer the question had Jack written—she avoided.

'Are you sorry he went away?' she said, softly.

'No, Madge, no—if I may judge from that photograph, the banishment has done him good, although it has caused us much more pain than I care to think about.'

'Suppose he were to come in just now?—what would you say?'

The Doctor halted and lifted up his head: there was a sad firmness in his expression, although his lip trembled.

'I would say to him, Have you kept your promise this time, Jack? Have you lived an honourable life—have you worked?'

'And if he answered Yes—would you believe him?'

The Doctor took off his glasses, wiped them, and when he had replaced them, looked again at the new photograph.

'I don't know,' he said, slowly and as if speaking to himself; 'he deceived me so often, that I came at last to doubt everything he told me. He never knew how hard it was for me to endure that feeling—he never knew how long I endured his extravagances before I allowed it to take possession of me.'

She was silent; he resumed his march up and down the room, with head bowed.

'I never told you how it was he had to go away,' the Doctor went on, and his husky voice showed that he was deeply agitated. 'Whilst he was a student he spent more of his time at horse races than at his studies. Again and again I had to pay debts for him amounting to sums which I could ill afford, and each time he pledged his word that he would never bet again. He passed his examination fairly well, as I was astonished to learn ——'

'But he was very clever,' she said, quickly.

'I suppose he must have been, or he would never have lived as he did and contrived to pass. I agreed that he should act as my assistant, and implored him to remember the responsibilities he was entering upon, and to shun horse-races and betting as he would shun the devil. . . . He was not a bad lad at bottom, and there were tears in his eyes as he promised to obey me to the letter.'

The Doctor paused, wiped his glasses carefully, and proceeded in a tone that became gradually firm and even stern, whilst she listened calmly, her eyes never moving from his face.

'Things went on well enough for about a year, and on several occasions the lad's knowledge astonished and delighted me. We had a difficult case of a poor woman in the village: she required constant attention, and I trusted Jack to see her whenever I might be absent. One day I had to go to Chelmsford, not expecting to be many hours away, but I gave him special instructions about this case. An urgent message came from her husband begging that the doctor would come at once. Jack sent some medicine back with the answer that he had to catch a train, but that his father

would call as soon as he returned. It was late at night before I reached home; Jack had not been seen all day. I went to the poor woman. She died that night.'

The Doctor wiped his glasses more vigorously than ever.

'But might she have recovered if—if ——'

'If she had been attended to at once? I do not know. At any rate the scandal went abroad that she had died in consequence of the doctor's neglect. The scandal became louder when it was known that the train Jack had been so anxious to catch was to take him to London so that he might start early next morning for the Derby.'

Her eyes drooped for the first time, and she whispered to herself, 'Oh, Jack!'

'He came back two days after with a shamed face and repentant enough, for he had lost a large sum of money. He had received what they call the "straight tip" from Sir Montague Lewis's trainer, and he had been secretly betting heavily on the event. His anxiety to learn the result overcame all prudence, all sense of duty, and all remembrance of his promise to me. The disgrace was too much for me, and it was impossible for him to remain here after such conduct. No one would trust him—even I could not. I was angry, perhaps too angry. I paid his debts, gave him fifty pounds, and told him to go, and I desired him neither to see me nor write to me until he had atoned for the past by working his way to some position of trust and respectability in his profession or anything else. He was sullen, as I thought then, and made no answer. He did not even say he was sorry for the disgrace he had brought upon me. Now, I think his silence was owing to remorse; he felt that there was no excuse for his conduct, and he did not attempt to make one. He went away without speaking, without coming to say good-bye, although I waited for him here—God knows with what an aching heart. Then, when I knew that he had gone, without giving me one sign of regret or repentance, I felt angry—indignant. I heard that he had enlisted under an assumed name, and that was all for five years. . . . Poor lad, poor lad, he was not bad at the bottom.'

He went to the window and now looked out upon utter darkness.

She drew a long breath; there was sadness but no tears in her gentle eyes. She looked down at the photographs, and did not speak. Glancing at him, without raising her head, she could make out that the old man's broad shoulders were moving strangely.

By-and-by he turned towards her again. His face was not so ruddy as usual, neither was his voice so firm.

'Do you know, Madge,' he said, with an attempt to smile so pitiful that it made her breath come quick—'Do you know, I sometimes think that we are often harshest to those whom we love most.'

'Perhaps it is because we expect so much more from them than from others.'

'Maybe,' he answered weariedly. Then he gave himself a shake, like a Newfoundland dog who has just stepped out of the water, and he spoke in something like his ordinary tone. 'We won't talk any more about this; you understand it all now, and talking about it only puts me out. In future let us be silent on this subject. Close the book.'

She did so, and his face seemed to brighten as if the unhappy thoughts were shut out with the photographs.

'I wonder if dinner is ready—I'm hungry.'

IV.

John Aylmer was bold in his advances—in fun; but he was shy to a degree when in earnest. The considerations of his position which had controlled him at first had imper-

ceptibly disappeared, and all his future hopes seemed to circle round the sun-hope of winning Madge. But for the life of him he could not tell her his real feelings. That graceful calmness, that sweet smile which seemed always to welcome him, and seemed always friendly, still seemed to keep him at a long distance from her,

Once he had solemnly taken her hand in his, and, holding it up as if he were disposed to kiss it, he said,

'What a pretty little hand you have got.'

'Yes, sixes fit me easily.'

She always brought him back to the earth with some common-place like that, just when he thought courage and opportunity to speak had been granted to him.

Some outlet for his feelings was necessary; so, as he tramped along the by-paths of the roads, crushing out the pleasant odour of the autumn leaves at every step; he was constantly writing imaginary letters to her.

'May I tell you, Madge (that is the name by which I always think of you—may I use it?); may I tell you, Madge, how you have taken possession of me—heart and soul? May I tell you how amidst all our chaffing I am painfully in earnest? I love you. It is wrong. I have duties to perform; I am poor, and cannot offer you a home at once. It is wrong to ask you to wait, but, oh Madge, my darling!——

'Well, I don't want to go into rhapsodies—if I can help it; but the thought of your hand resting in mine makes me feel as strong as a giant—aye, two giants—and ready to meet any mortal difficulty that might turn up. The thought of losing you, of you going away to somebody else, makes me feel as weak and hopeless as that poor old man in the lower village who is in the last stage of typhoid fever. And——'

But he didn't like that professional simile, and on consideration he began another letter as he tramped onward through the green fields and up to the farm where he had to see a patient.

Dr. Humphreys saw quite well what was going on in the mind of his young colleague. He was sorry to see him take the affair so much to heart, as was apparent to friendly eyes, in spite of his show of mirth. Mrs. Humphreys was nervous and did not like the affair. Then the doctor laughed and said:

'Why, wifie, we married on nothing a year, and it didn't turn out such a miserable business after all.'

Then Mrs. Humphreys looked straight in the eyes of a human being, for once in a way, and smiling, rested her frail faded little hand in his large palm.

'Very well, we'll leave them to settle it between themselves,' said the Doctor, cheerily.

At the foot of the garden there was a substantially built summer-house, in which one was secure against rain, and a large willow which shadowed the entrance afforded considerable protection against wind. The interior was large enough to hold ten or a dozen people, and besides the usual seats at the sides, there was a little table and a wirework rocking-chair. Here, in his few hours of leisure, the Doctor was fond of sitting in the chair, rocking himself slowly, while he read the 'Lancet,' or some new medical work. He used to say that he was as quiet here as if he had 'a lodge in some vast wilderness,' for which he had often pretended to sigh.

Madge, too had discovered that when the sun was shining, the hut was a very pleasant place indeed, in which either to work or to read, even in autumn. She had a fancy for being alone at times, and she found that here she was rarely disturbed. She was not afraid of cold, but she had the practical turn of mind which induced her to take plenty of warm wraps with her when she went out to the hut on these cold days.

There John Aylmer found her at noon on the day after her conversation with the Doctor. The sky was aglow with heat, and misty exhalations were slowly rising from the earth. The trees were beginning to look bare, and brown was the predominant colour of the foliage around; but the bower was covered with ivy, and it presented to the eye a fresh green, sparkling in the sunlight.

She was imitating the Doctor as far as rocking herself to and fro in the wirework chair might be considered an imitation; but the book she had taken out to read lay on her lap unheeded. Dreaming, dreaming, and she saw nothing of the fading leaves and the brilliant colours they displayed all around her, glancing and flashing with strange beauty as the rays of the sun fell upon them.

For a moment she did not see Aylmer as he stood in the doorway.

'May I come in?' he said, laughing at her abstraction.

She started and hastily snatched up her book as if she meant to pretend that she had been reading, but she met his merry eyes, and she laughed with him.

'Certainly, come in, Mr. Aylmer. I was away sweeping cobwebs off the moon—sun, I ought to say, perhaps, at this time of day.'

'Day dreams, and what sort of dreams were they and what about?'

'Very pleasant, and about—nothing.'

'Do you often dream about nothing?'

'Very often,' she answered, with that quiet smile which made her appear to Aylmer angelic, and yet kept him so far away from her.

'I dream, too, but then it is always about something.'

He was still standing in the doorway, and half unconsciously he caught one of the willow branches and broke it off.

'That must be a great satisfaction.'

'What?'

'To dream about something. My dreams are all chaos.'

He glanced at her wistfully and seated himself on the form nearest to the chair, twirling the willow branch between his fingers.

'I have had such a strange dream lately,' he said, nervously; 'it was just like a story—only it did not finish before I wakened. Shall I tell you?'

'If you please.'

He bent towards her and timidly placed his hand upon hers—the one she was resting on the arm of the chair.

She did not withdraw the hand, and he was pleased.

'Well, once upon a time——'

'A very original beginning!' she exclaimed, laughing, and under pretence of clapping her hands withdrawing the one he held.

'But you know a story is no good unless it begins according to the regulations of style and form.'

'Well?'

'Well, once upon a time there was a poor young man. But he was an ambitious young man and he wanted to make his way in the world. He was always repeating to himself the axiom—"What man has done, man may do," and he wanted to do a great deal. He had a mother who had helped him forward by much self-sacrifice, and he wanted to repay her. So he resolved that he would never, never marry under any temptation. But it came to pass that he saw a beautiful princess, and his heart went away from him, and he was no longer master of himself.'

He paused: there was a quiet earnestness in his voice and manner, which became more and more intense as he proceeded.

She rocked herself gently in the chair, a smiling expression as of wonder and amusement on her face, her eyes looking straight into his.

'Well, when he saw the princess?'

'Ah, then he did not know what to do. He reasoned with himself;

he told himself again and again that it was madness to imagine that the beautiful princess would ever cast a look of favonr upon him ; he recalled the serious duties he had to perform, the debt he owed to his mother, and he sternly resolved to escape from this folly. But whenever he saw the lady, reason forsook him, and his love made him blind to all consequences. Was it not a mad love ?'

'Decidedly : why did not his friends send him to an asylum ?'

'He was very cunning—or thought he was, and his friends did not know of his madness. But he did think of putting himself into an asylum or of running away on board a man-of-war just to escape her fascination—fascination which altered the whole course of his life.'

'Was she so very terrible ?'

Madge felt her heart beating quick, for she began to understand, although she pretended still to believe that he was only telling a story.

'She was very terrible to him, because of his fear that he could never win her. Night and day her eyes—strange, quiet, tender eyes—her face, her form haunted him. He was often near her always yearning to tell her how he loved her—and yet he dare not.'

Madge gradually ceased rocking the chair, and her smile was slowly giving place to a look of anxiety. She would have been glad to escape if she could have done so without causing him pain.

He suddenly altered his tone from that of earnestness to one of heroic burlesque. But she saw quite clearly that the burlesque was only a very transparent mask.

'One day he found her alone—as it might be here, in this arbour. She was very kind and gracious—just like you—and he could restrain himself no longer. He felt that he must speak or go raving mad. So, he dropped down on his knees just like this—very ridiculous, isn't it ?—and he cried, "MADGE, I LOVE YOU."'

She would have sprung back from him, but he had clasped her round the waist and held her in such a passionate grasp that she could not move.

'Mr. Aylmer !' she gasped in a degree of terror for which the circumstances did not seem to account.

He released her instantly, and rose, at the same time picking up the willow branch which had fallen on the floor.

She, too, rose, but quietly, although there was a wild startled look in her eyes.

'I beg your pardon, he said huskily, and somewhat incoherently. 'I did not know—I thought—or rather, I hoped—but that's no matter now. I beg your pardon.'

She was trembling as if with sudden cold ; her book had dropped upon the floor. He stooped, and placed it on the table. She seemed to be suffering pain as great as that of Aylmer.

'Forgive *me*,' she said in a low voice, her hands resting, or rather clutching the back of the chair, her eyelids with their long dark lashes screening her eyes.

'Forgive you !' he said sadly : 'I cannot forgive you for being beautiful; cannot forgive you for being the woman who would have made my life complete and happy. There is no forgiveness needed for that. By-and-by I shall think of you as a sweet vision which inspired me with new strength and new courage to dare the worst that I might encounter in the world. Just now !—Oh, Madge, let me tell you what you have been and are to me.'

'No, no !' she cried, excitedly; 'do not speak any more, do not tell me any more. Forgive me, forgive me if I have done anything to mislead you—I am married and my husband lives.'

The ghastly whiteness of his face showed that the pulsation of his heart had stopped for an instant at that confession which killed all hope. He dropped the willow branch on the floor ; he bowed in silence, and walked hurriedly away.

V.

Married! . . . He did not care to inquire to whom? or when or where? The one fact was enough for him; and a kind of superstitious horror seized him at the idea that he had fallen headlong in love with the wife of another man! But how was he to know?

He did not blame her. No doubt she had good reasons for concealing her position; and looking back on all her conduct towards him, he at once acquitted her of anything like coquetry. She had never led him on; she had never played any of those tricks which in mere fun women are apt to play in order to enjoy the triumph over the man they have attracted. On the contrary, she had been always severely practical; and he was able to see now the many kindly ways in which she had endeavoured to warn him off.

And he had thought it was just her way, and that when she knew how much he loved her, she would pity him, and, by-and-by, come to love him in return. How he had dreamed about that—how he had hoped!

And now!—

Miss Richardson did not appear at dinner, the excuse being a severe attack of cold and headache.

There was silence at the meal, except when the Doctor, in the course of carving, told one of his old jokes, which he enjoyed more thoroughly than anybody and always laughed as heartily as if he had never heard it before.

Mrs. Humphreys left the table as soon as possible in order to see what she could do for Miss Richardson. The Doctor was eating apple and cheese at the time. Aylmer was cracking a walnut with singular deliberation. In the midst of the operation he suddenly spoke.

'I am going to give you a surprise, Doctor.'

'Don't spoil my digestion, whatever you do,' was the laughing exclamation.

'I hope not. You know that I have always been anxious to see a bit of the world before I settle down to steady practice.'

'Of course, of course—we all have that notion at your age.'

'Well, I have an offer from the P. and O. Company, and I leave here to-morrow.'

The Doctor did look as if this news would interfere with his digestion.

'To-morrow! nonsense: you can't.'

'I must!'

The Doctor peeled his second apple in silence. Then: 'I don't understand this sudden move. Been quarrelling with Madge—eh?

'Oh no! I shall never quarrel with her.'

His unusually grave face and manner puzzled the kindly Doctor.

'It's lucky we are not busy just now, or this would have put me about.'

'I would not have gone so suddenly if you had been busy. But I want to spend a few days with my mother, and I lose the appointment if I don't start in a fortnight.'

'At any rate, you'll stay to drink my health to-morrow night at dinner, and you can take the late train up. Come, now, there's a good fellow,' he added, seeing Aylmer hesitate, 'Don't deny me that favour.'

'I cannot, when you ask me that way.'

'That's right. We'll square accounts in the morning; dinner shall be early, so that we can have as long an evening as possible, and I'll ask Brown to take a turn for me if I happen to be wanted. But is there nothing about Madge in this?'

Again hesitation, and then reluctantly:—'Yes.'

'I thought so; but I see you don't care to explain, and I won't press you, although I suppose the whole thing is, that she has refused you.'

Aylmer nodded.

'I am sorry, for she will make a

capital wife to somebody, and I wish you had got her.'

Aylmer said nothing; he had a secret to keep; but he wondered in a dreamy way what the Doctor would say when he, too, learned that Madge was married. He packed his portmanteau that night, and before breakfast on the following morning he had ordered a trap to be at the door in time to enable him to catch the 9 p.m. train for London.

The party in honour of the Doctor's birthday was to consist simply of the family. Madge was late; Mrs. Humphreys was very nervous. The drawing-room was cold, and the Doctor proposed that they should at once go into the dining-room, where there was a blazing fire. There were only four of the party, but after being a few minutes in the room, the Doctor observed that the table had been laid for five.

'Why, who is our guest?' he said. 'I thought there was to be nobody here but ourselves?'

Mrs. Humphreys fidgeted, looked confused, and was relieved by the opening of the door, and the entrance of Madge, accompanied by the fine-looking fellow the Doctor had seen in the photograph album.

'It's Jack—my son!'

And the old man took him in his arms, with a low muttered—'Thank God!'

'A birthday present,' said Madge, quietly, 'and we ask your forgiveness.'

'For what?'

'For disobeying you and pleasing ourselves,' said Jack calmly; 'she is my wife.'

The Doctor was staggered at this revelation. Aylmer stood by quite calm, but rather pale. Presently the Doctor said, with an emotional gulp:—'God bless you both!—I am glad you have come back, lad.'

Then they sat down to dinner, and the story of Jack's career was told, and the details repeated often. He had not gone away as a soldier, but as one of the medical staff appointed to attend the army in Abyssinia; he had earned distinction in the campaign, and he had won the right to come back, having fulfilled his father's angry demand that he should do something to prove himself capable of work. But before going he had induced Madge to become his wife. They both asked forgiveness, and it was given.

Jack was the hero of the evening; Alymer was very silent, although he tried to appear cheerful. When he spoke, however, they all noticed a curious hesitation in his speech, as if he were trying to keep down something that was rising in his throat. He gave Jack a hearty grasp of the hand, which meant plainly, 'You are a lucky fellow.' He seldom looked at Madge, and when he did speak to her it was with an effort to appear cheerful which was painfully evident to those who understood the position of the two.

The Doctor was happy beyond measure, and his wife was proportionately happy. The reconciliation was complete, and she felt that now her home would be glad indeed.

After dinner, Madge was asked to sing, and she chose the old song, 'Hame, hame, hame;' but there was a lightness in the touch, as if the final couplet was uppermost in her thoughts.

'Yet the sun through the mirk, seems to promise to me,
I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.'

And when the last lingering notes of the pathetic but now pleasant air were hushed, Alymer hastily said 'Good-bye' to all. He took her hand very gently in both his own, and there was a fervent 'God bless you' in his eyes, although he could not speak. In her expression there were respect, regret, and gratitude.

They all stood at the window to watch him as he mounted the gig: he waved his hand, and said again faintly, 'Good-bye.'

As he was driven to the station he

realised the meaning of what he had called Madge's conundrum :—

'There are so many things which we fancy ought to come that do not: and so, we go on in periods of unfinished chords.'

TRAITS AND PORTRAITS OF IRISH BEGGARS.

BY LOUISA MURRAY, STAMFORD, ONT.

IN the early ages of Christianity and till long after the days when St. Francis embraced Poverty as his beloved bride, beggary was far from being looked upon as the disgraceful mode of life it is now considered. The parable of Dives and Lazarus was understood in the most literal sense, and the representatives of Lazarus profited accordingly. It was only natural that when alms-giving was held to be the greatest of virtues and the surest passport into Paradise, the sins and shortcomings of those who gave opportunity for its exercise should be complacently regarded. In the sixteenth century, in the Netherlands, the revolted nobles did not disdain to assume the title of *Les Gueux*, and to carry the beggar's wooden dish as their badge. It is a popular tradition in Scotland that James V., called the King of the Commons, and said to be the author of the ballads of 'The Jolly Beggar' and the 'Gaberlunzie Man,' used to wander among the common people in search of adventures, disguised as a beggar. Similar traditions are to be found in every land. Old ballads tell us that lords and ladies of high degree have concealed themselves beneath the mendicant's tattered garb, and mystical legends teach that those who have charitably entertained beggars have sometimes found them transformed into celestial visitants. The legend of the mysterious beggar, with whom St. Martin divided his cloak, the ballad of 'The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green and his Pretty Daughter Bessie,' the story of that barefooted beggar maid 'more beautiful than day,' whom King Cophetua made his queen, and Tennyson has placed among the immortals of poetry, are well-known examples. Nor is the craft destitute of classical associations. There is the story of Belisarius begging an obolus, and Augustus Cæsar's strange custom of sitting one day in every year at his palace gate in the dress of a mendicant to receive alms from the passers by. Above all, has it not been suggested that Homer was a beggar?

Even in practical and matter-of-fact England, long after the Catholic faith had ceased to be the dominant form of worship there, and the example of the Brethren who wore the cord of St. Francis ceased to give an odour of sanctity to mendicancy, a prestige of mingled piety and romance still lingered round the poor pensioners of charity and commoners of air in the eyes of fanciful and unconventional natures. 'There was a Yorick once,' says Charles Lamb, 'whom it would not have shamed to sit down at the Beggars' Feast, and to have thrown in his benediction, aye, and his mite, too, for a companionable symbol.' What

reader does not know that delightful essay, 'A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars?' Yet who could write about beggars without quoting some of its exquisite bits of humour? 'In tale or history,' says Lamb, 'your beggar is ever your just antipode to your king. . . Rags, which are the reproach of comparative poverty, are the beggar's robes and insignia of his profession, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning. He is the only man who is not obliged to study appearances.'

'He that is down need fear no fall,'

sang John Bunyan, who, it has been surmised, may have had gipsy blood in his veins; and Charles Lamb, though never suspected of any hereditary vagrant taint, dilates in his whimsical and inimitable manner on the freedom from all the cares and responsibilities of respectable people enjoyed by him who takes his stand on the lowest rung of the social ladder, or rather on no rung at all, but on the bare ground. 'The ups and downs of the world concern not him; the price of stock or land affects him not; no man goes to law with him; he is not expected to become bail or surety for any one; no man troubles him with questioning his religion or politics; he is the only free man in the universe. . . There is a dignity springing from the very depth of his desolation, as to be naked is so much nearer to being a man than to go in livery.' And in that vein of playful mockery, which in Lamb so often reminds us of Cervantes, he declares, 'If I were not the independent gentleman I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captive, or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the true greatness and delicacy of my mind, to be a beggar!'

Scotland tolerated beggars much longer than England. Burns, with all his pride and independence, often in his poems and letters adverts to the possibility of his being reduced to beggary in his old age, and seems to think such a fate had its compensations. In his dedication to Gavin Hamilton, he says :—

'And when I downa yoke a naig,
The Lord be thankit I can beg.'

Again, in his 'Epistle to Davie,' he stoically contemplates beggary as the last resource for himself and his brother poet, and contrasting the hardships of such a life with what he chooses to consider its advantages—the free enjoyment of nature, the absence of worldly care, and the certainty that—

'Nae farther we can fa',"

makes them turn the scale in its favour. No doubt a certainty that precluded any farther struggle with fortune would have a grim attraction for Burns, harrassed as he continually was with the dread of social defeat and downfall. 'The Jolly Beggars' is his only attempt at dramatic representation, and in it he depicts the vagrant crew whom he had often seen at Poosie Nansie's, in the midst of their reckless revels, with a vigour and vividness which have made some critics consider it the most perfect of all his poems. Walter Scott, who, like Burns, had sympathy with every phase of human nature, looked with no unkindly eye on the 'auld gaberlunzie man,' who was in bondage to no master, and took his alms as a loan which God Himself had undertaken to repay with interest. The genial portrait of Edie Ochiltree sufficiently shows this.

In Goldsmith's exquisite picture of the village preacher, his kindness to the well-remembered beggar and to all the vagrant train, is given a conspicuous place. But Goldsmith was an Irishman, and had some vagrant propensities and experiences of his own, and perhaps it was only as a

concession to the prejudices of the English public, for whom he wrote, that he made his model pastor chide the wanderings with which it is to be feared he sympathised in his heart.

Ireland, almost to the middle of this nineteenth century, was, in truth, a land of beggars. Half the population, at least, were, more or less, mendicants. When the old potatoes had given out, and the new ones had not come in, many of the peasant holders of small lots of land habitually shut up their cabins, and, with their wives and children, turned out to beg for 'a bit and a sup and a night's lodging' from those who were somewhat better off. These poor travellers, as they were called, were regarded with peculiar sympathy, and when the new crop of potatoes was fit to dig they went back to their homes, having lost neither their own respect nor that of their neighbours by their temporary lapse into beggary. Where it was religiously believed that the privations of poverty in this world render lighter the penitential fires of Purgatory in the next, and that the luxuries of wealth, on the contrary, require a prolonged period of expiation, which copious charities are supposed to abridge, alms were asked for without hesitation, and given with cheerful alacrity. 'Poor travellers' made but a small part of the great body of mendicants which overspread the land. It was composed chiefly of the large host of professional beggars, brought up to the trade from infancy, and the crowds of amateurs who, from old age, idleness or infirmity, were constantly swelling its ranks. This great fraternity of unprofitable parasites included every age, from the old crone of 'ninety odd' years to the babe just born, and every degree of rags and wretchedness from those who kept up some remains of decency in their apparel to 'Paddy the Patch' or 'Moll Tatters,' whose garments were little more than bundles of rags fastened with wooden skewers and tied together with ropes of straw; from the rosy, healthy 'slip' of a girl or boy to the old man or woman on crutches, dragging palsied limbs painfully along. In the towns, beggars were always to be seen crowding about public offices, hotels, shops and churches, craving charity from all who passed in or out; and when, as often happened, they became particularly noisy and troublesome, some servants or officials of the place, round which they were congregated, would rush out and, with many threats and great brandishing of cudgels, drive them away—to return again when peace and quietness seemed restored. They followed well-dressed strangers through the streets with impassioned prayers for sixpence, or a penny, or even a ha-penny, to buy milk for a starving babe, or a drop of whiskey to keep the life in some poor fellow down with the fever. Always quick-witted, they varied their begging tactics according to the appearance and manner of those they addressed, trying, when pathos failed to hit on some chord of humour in the victim they had chosen which might open his purse, and mingling tragedy and comedy together in a way that was at once pathetic and grotesque, till the bewildered stranger was driven into throwing a handful of coins among them, and in the scramble and free fight which ensued making his escape into the first place of refuge that presented itself.

Irish beggars, however, were seldom guilty of open robbery or any form of violence. As a rule, they practised the 'theological virtues' of charity, faith, piety and patience; the 'moral virtues' of justice, truth, temperance and prudence were unknown to them. Their vices were born of want, ignorance and idleness; lying and petty pilfering were their greatest offences. Lazy, ragged, filthy, story-telling they undoubtedly were, but decidedly religious in their own way, and with little but what they considered venial sins to trouble their careless consciences.

In the country the beggars always had their old time-honoured patrons, besides being sure of a meal of potatoes and buttermilk at any farm-house or cabin. They hung about wayside inns and public houses all the year round, and in summer gathered at the places visited by tourists and picnic parties, hovering at a respectful distance till luncheon was over, when, if no money was to be had, they would at least get the remnants of the feast. In those days a land-owner who shut his gates against the beggars was looked upon by the common people as worse than a Jew, a Turk, or an infidel. No one, indeed, except some recent English settler, or some travelled Irishman who had learned English ways, ever attempted to outrage public opinion so daringly. And such a churl, whatever his rank and position might be, was always declared to be *no gentleman*, the worst thing an Irish peasant could say of any one who, in his opinion, ought to have deserved the name. 'Sure there must be a dirty drop in his blood, wherever it came from, and them that looked into his pedigree would find it.'

That part of Ireland of which I now write is famous for the beauty of its lakes and glens. It is not very many miles from Dublin, and since the evil days of 'ninety-eight' its people have been noted for their peaceful and industrious character. The large landowners generally lived on their estates most of the year, but it was not then the fashion for employers to provide their workmen with model cottages, and the labourers usually inhabited miserable hovels, as much out of sight as it was possible for the gentry to keep them. The villages were supposed to be much superior to those seen elsewhere in Ireland. There was a straggling street putting itself forward openly, '*en evidence*,' as it were, containing the dwellings of half a dozen tradesmen and mechanics, a couple of pretty shops, and the inevitable public house, all with slated roofs, white-washed walls, and doors and windows in tolerable repair. This was all that met the eye of the traveller on the public road, but hiding behind in dark nooks, and clustering in stony hollows were groups of wretched mud cabins, roofed with thatch, grown rotten from age and covered with moss and house-leek, walls black and grimy with age and dirt, doors kept in their places by ropes, windows stuffed with rags, and foul-smelling 'kitchen-middens' piled up at every threshold. Here the great bulk of the labouring population, living with their wives and children on tenpence a day, had their abodes, in close proximity to beggars, thieves, poachers, and other lawless inhabitants. It ought to be said that in the country the chapel (all Catholic churches were chapels then) was usually built in some lonely and often wild spot midway between two or three villages. Bare and shabby little buildings they were, without spire or belfry, or anything to mark their sacred character except the plain stone cross above the door. No bell was allowed to ring

'—— the glad summons to the house of God,'

but no such summons was needed. On Sundays and holidays the chapels were always crowded to overflowing, and those who could not find entrance thronged the chapel-yards, kneeling bare-headed among the graves, telling their beads aloud, beating their breasts in penitential contrition, sighing, groaning, even weeping (the men as well as the women), with true Celtic effusion.

Not the least devout of these worshippers were the beggars, and far from being despised or avoided, they were always treated with the utmost kindness and consideration. Wholly supported by private charity, they were the licensed pensioners of the rich, the welcome visitors of the poor. A share of the homely fare on which the farmers and cabin-keepers lived was always at their service, with a seat by the fire in cold weather, and,

if they required it, a lodging for the night. At the kitchen doors of the middle-class gentry they received broken victuals, a few handfuls of meal, or a penny or two to buy snuff and tobacco. The rich landowners and great people of the district distributed meal, potatoes and skim milk once or twice a week to all applicants, and two or three families of the old stock gave alms on a munificent scale, which could hardly have been surpassed in mediæval times.

One house, above all others, was famous for the number of beggars fed daily at its door. It was rather a grand mansion, built in the style of an Italian villa, with pillared porticos and terraces with stone balustrades and stone steps leading down to a garden laid out in formal *parterres*. Behind this modern building was part of a much older one, surrounded by a walled court-yard, in which some pious ancestor, in days gone by, had built covered stone seats for the special purpose of giving rest and shelter to wandering mendicants. Here, every day after the servants' dinner at noon, a plentiful meal was given to all who came for it, and, though sometimes there were almost as many applicants as could get into the yard, not one was ever sent away hungry. In that motley crowd every age and every degree of rags and wretchedness might be seen. Young women with infants in their arms and older children clinging to their skirts, palsied old crones with shaking heads and tottering limbs, old men bent nearly double and supported on crutches, young men with bandaged hand or foot as a reason or an excuse for idleness and beggary. The daughters of the house superintended and assisted the servants in distributing the food, especially the youngest, a fair, fragile creature, with pale, gentle face, as sweet as it was pure, who might well have sat for the portrait of Tennyson's

> 'Sweet pale Margaret,
> Rare pale Margaret.'

Her name, however, was not Margaret, but the sweetest of all names, Mary. By degrees the duty of attending to the beggars' wants was wholly given up to her, and she might daily be seen, winter or summer, sunshine or rain, moving among the crowd of ragged and dirty mendicants, like a ministering angel, taking anxious care that none were overlooked or forgotten, herself carrying dainty morsels to the sick and aged, and feeding the little children with her own fair hands.

This saint-like girl died in the bloom of her youth and delicate beauty, and her funeral was long remembered and talked about in the country. Every poor creature whom she had fed and clothed, and their name was legion, was permitted to follow her to the grave, and many were allowed to see her as she lay in her little white bed, wreathed with pure lilies and spotless white roses, looking even more angelic in death than she had looked in life. Her coffin, covered with a white velvet pall, was carried to the family vault in a lonely old burial-ground at the foot of the mountains, by genuine mourners, not hired ones. No carriages or vehicles of any kind were allowed to break the solemn silence of the long procession on foot which followed the coffin. It was a soft serene November day, with gleams of light breaking through a rainy sky, and the slow, solemn tolling of the death-bell came heavily through the still, damp air, and mingled with the sound of the swollen and turbid mountain river. As the coffin was borne into the graveyard, the rain, which had been threatening to fall all day, came down in a sudden shower. At the same moment the sun broke out, lighting up mountain and glen, resting on the mourners, the coffin, and the open grave, and shining through the falling rain like the glories of heaven brightening the sorrows of earth, while the least superstitious remembered the old world traditional belief, 'Happy is the dead that the rain rains on!'

Every poor woman, including the beggars, was given a white linen hood and handkerchief, and a black cloth cloak; every man a coat and hat, and a linen scarf and hat-band. An unlimited supply of provisions was provided for the guests of every degree. A plentiful repast was served out to the beggars in the courtyard; the tenants and work-people were liberally entertained in the servants' hall; in the reception rooms the most expensive delicacies were laid out for the gentry. Thus it may be said that in the barbarous fashion of the time the whole community feasted over her grave.

Soon after her death, her only brother was killed by a fall from his horse, the poor father and mother, already half broken-hearted by the loss of their sweet saint Mary, never recovered from the shock, and the old place became the property of the sole survivor of the family, a daughter, no longer young. With a weakness not uncommon in lonely and tender-hearted women to whom in youth, love and marriage have never been more than romantic abstractions, she accepted the addresses of a suitor much younger than herself who had been educated in England and had imbibed English ideas and habits. Under his rule old ways were altered, and old customs done away with. The beggars were no longer allowed to enter the courtyard, and the few to whom a weekly pittance was doled out declared they had first to undergo a course of cross-questioning from the new master just as if they had been on their oath before a judge and jury. 'Tell me where you live, my good woman,' he said to old Peggy the Trip, who had come to beg for some money to buy tea for her sick daughter, but who not having any daughter, sick or well, would certainly have spent any money she got on tobacco and whisky. 'Tell me where you live and I'll visit your daughter some time to-day, and see myself what food and medicine she requires.' 'Is it visit her your honour is saying?' cried Peggy. 'Does your honour think a poor crature like me has a house for the quality to be visiting? Troth it is in the bottom of a ditch, or under the warm side of the hedge the likes of us has to make their beds; it's under a shelter of two or three sticks and a wisp of straw my poor calleen is lying this minute.' Then in a muttered aside to a grinning compatriot, 'Visit me, alanna! Faix and he may do that when he can find me. Did Miss Mary, God rest her soul, ever ask me where I lived, and say she was coming to visit me? Not she, indeed, visiting and spying was not her way; she was far above any such meanness. Sure to see such a negur (niggard) reigning in the poor ould master's place is enough to make that blessed saint turn in her grave?'

Another house well known to all the vagrant train was a much smaller and less imposing dwelling, but one that had an old-world charm and a wealth of quiet homely beauty which I have never seen equalled. It was a curiously crooked, straggling, uneven, old building, half hidden among sheltering evergreens, blossoming shrubs, and bright groups of flowers, with all sorts of old fashioned doors and windows peeping out at odd corners from screens of monthly roses, jessamines and passion-flowers, and with all its heterogeneous parts so blended and harmonised by the gentle touches of time as to form an absolutely perfect picture in its way. Its orchards and gardens, in which vegetables, fruits, and flowers, all grew together, had those mingled charms of use and beauty, of orderly culture and graceful wildness, never seen except in 'old and antique' gardens where the labours of man are not obtrusively prominent, but mingling with the luxuriant verdure and bloom which many summer-suns have developed and unfolded seem part of the spontaneous life of nature. Even the boundaries of these gardens seemed naturally or-

dered and assigned: in one place an old red brick wall held together by the fruit trees which clung to it; in another a gnarled and twisted hawthorn hedge; then a high bank or terrace on which old ivy-covered trees grew, hanging their thick branches over the deep ditch below; finally a crystal streamlet running over its pebbly bed. Within these limits were great beds of vegetables and flower-borders filled with all sorts of old-fashioned flowers. There grew magnificent magnum bonum plums, jargonelle pears, black heart and white heart cherries, apples bearing a hundred dear old names now never heard; even peaches and nectarines ripened on the old brick wall. There strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and currants, grew in profuse abundance, and fine old filberts dipped their laden branches into the brook. There was choice of walks, on turf soft as velvet, under the shade of leafy boughs, or on shining sea-sand full in the open sunlight; with rustic seats and bowers in every nook and corner. There were tall rose-trees, red and white, huge clusters of lovely white lilies and great lavender bushes spicily scenting the air. There were rows of straw bee-hives whence stores of rich honey emerged every autumn, and in the long summer days it was pleasant to lie on the warm grass lulled to repose by the ceaseless hum of the bees, as they hurried in and out of the hives, industriously improving the shining hours which the lazy loiterer on the grass was heedlessly wasting. Near the bee-hives stood an ancient grey stone dial which had once displayed on its front a figure of Time with his customary emblems, but Time's own handiwork had long ago broken and destroyed his sculptured image. It was still possible, however to make out the motto round the dial's face, 'Redeme ye Time;' a lesson, as far at least as worldly affairs were concerned, but little heeded under the gentler indulgent *régime* of that happy place where no one ever seemed in a hurry, and every one appeared to have plenty of time to spare.

In an angle of this picturesque old house was a patch of green sward on which one of the doors of the big kitchen opened, to which a well-worn path, branching off from the road to the farm-yard, led, sheltered by the farm-yard wall, over which a maze of Travellers' Joy clambered; it was a warm spot even in winter. In the centre was an old budlea tree in which, when its golden balls were in their glory, the bees buzzed all day long. Beneath this old tree was a circular wooden bench, the undisputed possession of the beggars, and there were few hours of the day in which some of the fraternity were not to be found seated there. Two or three favoured ones always came at the early dinner hour, and received a plentiful supply of fragments from the table; all others were given a measure of meal, a piece of griddle bread, or some remnant of cold meat. The master of the house, a kindly, genial, easy-tempered old man, often passed by the beggars' bench on his way to the farm-yard, and always stopped to say a few words to those whom he considered his poor pensioners. To the children of the house it was an intense delight to steal to the kitchen door and look out at the changing and motley group under the old budlea; still greater to hold grandpapa's hand and listen to his chat with the beggars; and to be allowed to distribute the pennies for snuff and tobacco, which the old gentleman slily slipped out of his pocket and put into their hands, would have been the greatest of all, if it had not been sometimes dashed.

Generally these Irish beggars were merry enough, and without anything frightful in their appearance, but there were some exceptions which could not fail to make a painful impression on a child's mind. Among these was a paralytic old woman whom her son, a strapping young fellow of twenty, carried about on his back wrapped up in

a blanket. Lazy Lanty, as he was called, used to prop up his mother against a warm corner of the wall, and then stretching himself lounge over the bench, and sit down to have a gossip with whoever was there till a comfortable meal was given to the old woman with something to spare which she always managed to stow away in the wallet tied round her waist, mumbling as she did so, "It's for Lanty's supper, poor boy ; it's for Lanty's supper." Then Lanty would take up his burden again, and stand quietly for a few minutes, whilst his mother raised her withered, shaking hands, and in a hoarse, quavering, inarticulate voice, which terrified the children as if her words had been curses instead of blessings, prayed for a blessing on the house and its inmates "to the farthest seed, breed, and generation."

Another great trouble to the children was Crazy Biddy who carried her twin children of a year old on her back as Lanty carried his mother. Poor Biddy had gone mad from grief and shame when the father of her children went off to America, refusing to acknowledge her as his wife as he had sworn to do. She was a very young creature, and though the beauty she had once possessed in a remarkable degree was darkened and distorted by her frequent fits of frenzy, its traces were still there, and there was an inexpressible pathos in the hopeless anguish of her eyes. Sometimes on a cold winter's night one of the servants would rush into the parlour, crying out that Crazy Biddy was sitting on the bench outside, raving and screeching like mad, and knocking her babies heads together as if they had been wooden balls. Then the kind old master would hasten out, and the children trembling in the parlour would hear her frantic cries through the open door. "Her babies ! God forbid ! What had a poor girl without a ring on her finger to do with babies ? They were fairy changelings, devil's brats, and not hers. They kept her awake at night crying and wailing, and gave her bad dreams ; but she'd knock their brains out that very minute, and see if that wouldn't quiet them." But the master with his gentle voice and soothing words would calm her frenzy by degrees, her ravings would cease, and for that time the fit would be over. Then he would take her into the kitchen, make the servants give some warm new milk to the crying babies, and some bread and hot tea to the shivering mother, and when all were well fed and warmed, and the twins had fallen fast asleep, send them to the barn to lie snug and warm among the bundles of straw till daylight ; then, before any one else about the place was up, poor Biddy would take up her babies, and be off on the tramp again. The good old master always declared that though, in her wild fits, Biddy made a pretence of thumping and beating her babes, she would not for the whole world have hurt a hair of their heads, and I have no doubt he was perfectly right. Scarcely any depths of misery or degradation can destroy the mother's instinct in an Irishwoman's heart.

The children's greatest *bête noire*, however, was Paddy the Patch—not called so in the sense of fool, as Shakspeare and his contemporaries applied the word, but because his garments were composed of patches of every sort of stuff, and every shade of colour. He was a large, bony old man with a shambling walk, a hideous red face, and a perfectly bald head. He always had a wisp of straw protruding through the top of his crownless, brimless, hat; his feet were bare, and straw ropes were twisted round his ankles ; he carried a heavy cudgel as a crutch, and mumbled and muttered to himself as he shuffled along. The poor old man was imbecile and quite harmless, but the children fled from him as if he had been a veritable ogre.

Some of the beggars were regular itinerants, and only visited their patrons two or three times a year. One

of these, known as Billy the Weaver, was a great favourite with the children, chiefly on account of a magical stick which he carried. The head of this stick was carved into a grotesque likeness of the human face, and when Billy applied his mouth to its protruding lips he brought forth a succession of comical notes which perfectly enchanted the little folk. He went a regular round once or twice a year, and when he came to the hospitable house I have been describing, he was received almost as an old friend, was given a good dinner in the kitchen and a present of sixpence or a shilling when he was going away. He was a tall, erect, handsome old man with finely formed aquiline features, a patriarchal white beard, an eye as keen as a hawk's, and a kindly smile always playing round his mouth. He never asked alms, and was never seen in rags, his wallet divided into many compartments, which he carried with an air of dignity, being the only sign of his profession visible.

Another well-known wanderer was Barney Branigan, a little withered old man, with a small puckered-up comical face, who was famous for his ballads and stories. He too was privileged to enter the kitchen, and the children were allowed to go and listen to his favourite ballad of 'Kilruddery Hunt,' which commemorated a wonderful fox-hunt, long celebrated in the district. I give the first verse as a specimen :—

> 'In seventeen hundred and fifty and four,
> The sixth of November I think 'twas no more,
> About five in the morning by most of the clocks,
> We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox.'

Afterwards some kind patron made Barney a present of bagpipes, which he could play very well, and he gave up the *rôle* of mendicant and assumed that of humble bard or minstrel.

A wanderer of a very different species from merry little Barney Branigan was mad Molly Turpin, a poor woman whose husband had been shot at his own door in sight of his young wife, by the soldiers in the terrible year of '98. Maddened with grief and horror, poor Molly had snatched a bayonet from one of the soldiers and wounded him fatally. She was taken to jail, but being found hopelessly insane, though perfectly quiet and harmless, she was released after a term of imprisonment. She had relations who would have supported her, if she would have stayed with them, but she was possessed with an irresistible spirit of restlessness which drove her continually from place to place. When hunger compelled her to seek for food, she entered the first cabin or farm-house she came to, and sitting silently down waited till something to eat was given her. Then she eat ravenously and, when her hunger was satisfied, she got up and went away. She would never take food to carry away, and never accepted money. Clothing, if good and clean, she took willingly, but rejected anything ragged or dirty ; and she was always decently clad and scrupulously clean and neat. She never spoke except to answer a question, and always, if possible, limited her answers to monosyllables. She never slept in a house, sheltering herself at night under hay-ricks or straw-stacks in fine weather, and in winter in some old ruin or deserted lime-kiln. She was quite an old woman then, but she had a tall, commanding figure, and an erect and stately bearing, and her dignified carriage and awful face of tragic gloom exactly answered to my childish conception of Lady Macbeth.

The last of my well-remembered beggars was Ally Buy, or Yellow Ally, so called from the colour of her skin, which was really not unlike the hue of a dusky orange. She was said to be upwards of seventy, but was hardy and active, and did not look more than half that age. She came from a part of Ireland where many traces of Spanish blood are to be found in the forms and faces of the people, and in her youth Ally must certainly have looked not unlike a handsome Spanish donna. Even in old age her black eyes were singularly bright and piercing, her fea-

tures of a fine and delicate type, her teeth perfect, her hair black as jet, and so thick and long that when she took out the 'skewers' with which she fastened it up, it fell down almost to the ground in heavy silken masses. Ally, however was not a beggar pure and simple. She sold Wicklow pebbles, which in those days it was the fashion for Irish ladies to wear set in Irish gold. These pebbles were washed up by the tide and were only to be found on the shores of the beautiful Wicklow Bay. Early in fine summer mornings she might be seen coming back from her pebble-hunting expeditions along the shores, her long black locks loosened by the wind and streaming from under the red handerchief she wore on her head, her scanty grey cloak and green petticoat, old and patched but never ragged, fluttering in the breeze. There were other pebble-hunters besides Ally, but no one was ever able to be on the shore before her, and no one was so successful in finding the pebbles that were most prized. Yet she often had to experience the truth of the proverbs, 'There is many a slip between cup and lip,' and 'All is not gold that glitters.' Not seldom when her fingers had almost grasped a pebble, looking exquisitely bright and beautiful under the wash of the tide, a wave would suddenly interpose and bear the coveted treasure out to sea again, or bury it in the shifting sands. At other times—when she had discovered, as she thought, a perfect gem lying wet and glistening on the sands, over which the little wavelets left by the receding tide rippled gently—it would turn out that when it was taken away from the glamour of its surrounding it was only a dull commonplace stone, its beauty and brightness all vanishing as it dried in her hand. Indeed, all the pebbles, when taken from their surroundings of glittering sand and shimmering water, seemed to suffer an earth-change much for the worse, and never again displayed the brilliant hues with which they had gleamed beneath the crystal wave. This vanished sea-splendour Ally attempted to revive by rubbing them with some mixture of oil and sweet herbs compounded by herself, and many an hour she spent seated under a clump of magnificent ash trees which grew by the roadside just in front of a certain inn somewhat widely known in its day, anointing and polishing her pebbles, and arranging them for sale in an old willow-patterned saucer, which she covered with a greasy rag. This old inn from time immemorial had been a favourite honeymoon resort for Dublin brides and bridegrooms. It was surrounded by woodland glades and green lanes to stroll in; it had a charming old garden, and a river running under the garden wall, where skiffs were moored, in which, on moonlit nights, boating excursions might be made. Situated in the midst of scenery of great natural beauty, old ruins full of historic and legendary interest, and mountains, lakes, and glens, famous in story and song, the Bridge Inn was constantly visited by tourists in search of the picturesque, poets and artists seeking for inspiration, and other genuine or assumed lovers of nature. It could boast of having entertained, besides all the rank and fashion of Dublin, many celebrities small and great—Daniel O'Connell and Sir Robert Peel, Lady Morgan and Archbishop Whately, Tom Moore and Edward Lytton Bulwer, and even, once upon a time, Sir Walter Scott. It need scarcely be said that such a place attracted all the beggars within reach, and there was always a group collected around the old ash trees. At one time, indeed, the whimsical benevolence of a gentleman, who for several successive years spent a few weeks there every summer, drew extraordinary crowds of mendicants to the place. Every Monday morning, precisely at eight o'clock, he gave sevenpence to every beggar, including the smallest child, who was in waiting under the old ash

trees. Exactly as the eight-day clock in the hall of the inn struck the appointed hour, Mr. W., a portly, jolly-looking old gentleman, not unlike Mr. Pickwick, leaning on a gold-headed cane and carrying a canvas bag filled with pence, came out through the hall door, crossed the road, and, walking round the circle of assembled beggars, sometimes numbering more than a hundred, gave seven pennies to each, and then, in the midst of an almost deafening chorus of prayers and blessings, walked calmly back and re-entered the inn.

Of course old Ally was one of the recipients of Mr. W.'s bounty. The inn was always her best market, and she frequently found liberal customers among its guests. She has been known to sell all the contents of her saucer to the occupants of a carriage while the horses were being changed, and the highest price she ever obtained for a pebble was given her by a celebrated writer on political economy, after he had spent a quarter of an hour lecturing the beggars sitting under the trees on the sin and shame of idleness and beggary. I don't think she had ever kissed the blarney-stone, but she could coax and wheedle and flatter to any extent, and she magnified the beauty and worth of her wares with true Irish fluency and exaggeration; but she was never noisy or troublesome, and no provocation could make her uncivil. Brides and bridegrooms were her chief victims. She would waylay them coming back from a quiet walk, and hold out her saucer of pebbles with an air of mingled mystery and importance. 'Good evening, my lord; good evening, my lady—may the good God in heaven bless your lovely face! Sure, you've heard tell of the pebbles that's found on the sea shore here, and no where else in the wide world; in course you have, and here's some of the beautifulest ones that ever lay under the waves; many's the drowning I get going after them in the swish swash of the tide. Look at these two darlings, my lady; they're just as even matches as your own two beautiful eyes. Look at the little bits of moss growing under the clear crystal, and isn't one stone the very pattern of the other. Them's mocos'—(mochas)—'rale mocos, the best I ever had—I found the two of them lying side by side this morning. I did, indeed, as sure as I'm a living sinner; and your ladyship's pretty blue eyes is the first ever looked at them, except my own old ones. Now, your honour, wouldn't they make an elegant pair of bracelets set in Irish gold for her ladyship's lovely white arms? Is it the price you're asking? Sure I got half a crown apiece last week for a pair that wasn't fit to hold a candle to these from a gentleman that was buying them for a young lady he was going to be married to. Will I take three shillings apiece? Indeed will I, and thank you, too. A beautiful pair of stones they are; as long as I've been pebble-gathering, I never saw their fellows. God send her ladyship health and long life to wear them, and your honour the same to see her do it. Now, my lord and my lady, just look at the rest of my little collection. Sure, a glance from her ladyship's bright eyes will give me luck with them. See here now—this is a cat's eye; they do say there's great vartue in a cat's eye. That's a a wine-stone, your honour; the very colour of red wine. This is a cinnamon-stone; a brown cinnamon. Here's a red cunalian'—(carnelian),—'and here's a white one, and here's a green jasper. This is a maggot'—(agate)—'a striped and banded maggot. Is it where did I learn the names? Sure it was a young gentleman from Trinity College, that was staying down here for the sake of his health, that learned me. He was very knowledgeable about all kinds of stones, and a power of pleasure he took in my pebbles, and a nice young man he was, and a born gentleman. That one your honour's looking at is a blood-stone, look at the

red veins running through the green. I sold the very ditto of that to the great Dan O'Connell to make a seal ring. Oh! many a great man and grand lady has bought my pebbles; even the Lord-Lieutenant himself, when he stopped here on his way to Lord Wicklow's place. It was a blood-stone he bought, too, and sure if your honour likes to take that one I'll let you have it at your own price.'

Poor old Ally; a humbug, no doubt, and with little regard for truth, but not without her good points; always cheerful, patient and hopeful, always kind and helpful to the poor, among whom she lived and whose burdens she faithfully shared. She would walk miles to beg 'a drawing of tea' and 'a drop of whiskey' for a sick neighbour, or 'a bit of white bread and a sup of new milk' for a motherless baby, and she would give her last penny to any poor creature who wanted it worse than she did herself. Peace to thy shade, old Ally, and the shades of thy vagabond compeers, tragic and comic; forever in my memory blended inextricably with scenes of romantic beauty, with kind, loving friends, and the happy days of childhood.

BY MY FIRESIDE.

BY FRANCES J. MOORE, LONDON.

AS I sit alone by my fireside—
  Sad thoughts come home to me;
Thoughts of those I have known and loved—
  The loved I cannot see.
I still am here, but they are gone—
  As the fairest flowers will go—
The flowers we tend with loving hands
  And watch them bud and blow.
    Ah, loved and lost! at eventide,
    I think of you all—by my fireside.

Then, as the embers flicker and fade,
  And anon the bright flames start—
It seems as if they've a story to tell,
  The story that lies in my heart.
Time heals our griefs, for God is good,
  But the memories linger yet,
And though fresh joys may come to us,
  Our hearts cannot forget.
    Ah, loved and lost! at eventide,
    I think of you all—by my fireside.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XII.

IN an interval of no more than three weeks, what events may not present themselves? what changes may not take place? Behold Amelius, on the first drizzling day of November, established in respectable lodgings, at a moderate weekly rent. He stands before his small fireside, and warms his back with an Englishman's severe sense of enjoyment. The cheap looking-glass on the mantelpiece reflects the head and shoulders of a new Amelius. His habits are changed; his social position is in course of development. Already, he is a strict economist. Before long, he expects to become a married man.

It is good to be economical; it is (perhaps) better still to be the accepted husband of a handsome young woman. But, for all that, a man in a state of moral improvement, with prospects which his less-favoured fellow-creatures may reasonably envy, is still a man subject to the mischievous mercy of circumstances, and capable of feeling it keenly. The face of the new Amelius wore an expression of anxiety, and, more remarkable yet, the temper of the new Amelius was out of order.

For the first time in his life, he found himself considering trivial questions of sixpences, and small favours of discount for cash payments —an irritating state of things in itself. There were more serious anxieties, however, to trouble him than these. He had no reason to complain of the beloved object herself. Not twelve honrs since, he had said to Regina (with a voice that faltered, and a heart that beat wildly), 'Are you fond enough of me to let me marry you?' And she had answered placidly (with a heart that would have satisfied the most exacting stethoscope in the medical profession), 'Yes, if you like.' There was a moment of rapture, when she submitted for the first time to be kissed, and when she consented (on being gently reminded that it was expected of her) to return the kiss—once, and no more. But there was also an attendant train of serious considerations, which followed on the heels of Amelius when the kissing was over, and when he had said Good-bye for the day.

He had two women for enemies, both resolutely against him in the matter of his marriage.

Regina's correspondent and bosom-friend, Cecilia, who had begun by disliking him (without knowing why), persisted in maintaining her unfavourable opinion of the new friend of the Farnabys. She was a young married woman; and she had an influence over Regina which promised, when the fit opportunity came, to make itself felt. The second, and by far the more powerful hostile influence, was the influence of Mrs. Farnaby. Nothing could exceed the half-sisterly, half-motherly, good-will with which she received Amelius on those rare occasions when they happened to meet, unembarrassed by the presence of a third person in the room. Without actually reverting to what had passed between them during their memorable interview, Mrs. Farnaby asked questions, plainly showing that the forlorn

hope which she associated with Amelius was a hope still firmly rooted in her mind. 'Have you been much about London lately?' 'Have you met with any girls who have taken your fancy?' 'Are you getting tired of staying in the same place, and are you going to travel soon?' Inquiries such as these she was, sooner or later, sure to make when they were alone. But, if Regina happened to enter the room, or if Amelius contrived to find his way to her in some other part of the house, Mrs. Farnaby deliberately shortened the interview and silenced the lovers—still as resolute as ever to keep Amelius exposed to the adventurous freedom of a bachelor's life. For the last week, his only opportunities of speaking to Regina had been obtained for him secretly by the well-rewarded devotion of her maid. And he had now the prospect before him of asking Mr. Farnaby for the hand of his adopted daughter, with the certainty of the influence of two women being used against him—even if he succeeded in obtaining a favourable reception for his proposal from the master of the house.

Under such circumstances as these —alone, on a rainy November day, in a lodging on the dreary eastward side of Tottenham-court-road—even Amelius bore the aspect of a melancholy man. He was angry with his cigar because it refused to light freely. He was angry with the poor deaf servant-of-all-work, who entered the room, after one thumping knock at the door, and made, in muffled tones, the barbarous announcement, 'Here's somebody a wantin' to see yer.'

'Who the devil is Somebody?' Amelius shouted.

'Somebody is a citizen of the United States,' answered Rufus, quietly entering the room. 'And he's sorry to find Claude A. Goldenheart's temperature at biling-point already.'

He had not altered in the slightest degree, since he had left the steamship at Queenston. Irish hospitality had not fattened him; the change from sea to land had not suggested to him the slightest alteration in his dress. He still wore the huge felt hat in which he had first presented himself to notice on the deck of the vessel. The maid-of-all-work raised her eyes to the face of the long, lean stranger, overshadowed by the broad-brimmed hat, in reverent amazement. 'My love to you, miss,' said Rufus, with his customary grave cordiality. '*I'll* shut the door.' Having dismissed the maid with that gentle hint, he shook hands heartily with Amelius. 'Well, I call this a juicy morning,' he said, just as if they had met at the cabin breakfast-table as usual.

For the moment at least, Amelius brightened at the sight of his fellow-traveller. 'I am really glad to see you,' he said. 'It's lonely in these new quarters, before one gets used to them.'

Rufus relieved himself of his hat and greatcoat, and silently looked about the room. 'I'm big in the bones,' he remarked, surveying the rickety lodging-house furniture with some suspicion; 'and I'm a trifle heavier than I look. I sha'n't break one of these chairs if I sit down on it, shall I?' Passing round the table (littered with books and letters) in search of the nearest chair, he accidentally brushed against a sheet of paper with writing on it. 'Memorandum of friends in London, to be informed of my change of address,' he read; looking at the paper as he picked it up, with the friendly feeling that characterised him. 'You have made pretty good use of your time, my son, since I took my leave of you in Queenston harbour. I call this a reasonable long list of acquaintances made by a young stranger in London.'

'I met with an old friend of my family, at the hotel,' Amelius explained. 'He was a great loss to my poor father, when he got an appointment in India; and, now he has returned, he has been equally kind to

me. I am indebted to his introduction for most of the names on that list.'

'Yes?' said Rufus, in the interrogative tone of a man who was waiting to hear more. 'I'm listening, though I may not look like it. Git along.'

Amelius looked at his visitor, wondering in what precise direction he was to 'git along.'

'I'm no friend to partial information,' Rufus proceeded; 'I like to round it off complete, as it were, in my own mind. There are names on this list that you haven't accounted for yet. Who provided you, sir, with the balance of your new friends?'

Amelius answered, not very willingly, 'I met them at Mr. Farnaby's house.'

Rufus looked up from the list with the air of a man surprised by disagreeable information and unwilling to receive it too readily. 'How?' he exclaimed, using the old English equivalent (often heard in America) for the modern 'What?'

'I met them at Mr. Farnaby's,' Amelius repeated.

'Did you happen to receive a letter of my writing, dated Dublin?' Rufus asked.

'Yes.'

'Do you set any particular value on my advice?'

'Certainly!'

'And you cultivate social relations with Farnaby and family, notwithstanding?'

'I have motives for being friendly with them, which—which I haven't had time to explain to you yet.'

Rufus stretched out his long legs on the floor, and fixed his shrewd grave eyes steadily on Amelius.

'My friend,' he said quietly, 'in respect of personal appearance and pleasing elasticity of spirits, I find you altered for the worse—I do. It may be Liver or it may be Love. I reckon, now I think of it, you're too young yet for Liver. It's the brown Miss—that's what 'tis. I hate that girl, sir, by instinct.'

'A nice way of talking of a young lady you never saw!' Amelius broke out.

Rufus smiled grimly. 'Go ahead!' he said. 'If you can, get vent in quarrelling with me—go ahead, my son.'

He looked round the room again, with his hands in his pockets, whistling. Descending to the table in due course of time, his quick eye detected a photograph placed on the open writing-desk which Amelius had been using earlier in the day. Before it was possible to stop him, the photograph was in his hand. 'I believe I've got her likeness,' he announced. 'I do assure you I take pleasure in making her acquaintance in this sort of way. Well, now, I declare she's a columnar creature! Yes, sir; I do justice to your native product—your fine fleshy beef-fed English girl. But I tell you this: after a child or two, that sort runs to fat, and you find you have married more of her than you bargained for. To what lengths may you have proceeded, Amelius, with this splendid and spanking person?'

Amelius was just on the verge of taking offence. 'Speak of her respectfully,' he said, 'if you expect me to answer you.'

Rufus stared in astonishment. 'I'm paying her all manner of compliments,' he protested, 'and you're not satisfied yet. My friend, I still find something about you, on this occasion, which reminds me of meat cut against the grain. You're almost nasty—you are! The air of London, I reckon, isn't at all the thing for you. Well, it don't matter to me; I like you. Afloat or ashore I like you. Do you want to know what I should do, in your place, if I found myself steering too nigh to the brown Miss? I should—well, to put it in one word, I should scatter. Where's the harm, I'll ask you, if you try another girl or two, before you make your mind up? I shall be proud to introduce you to our slim and snaky sort at Coolspring. Yes. I mean

what I say; and I'll go back with you across the Pond.' Referring in this disrespectful manner to the Atlantic Ocean, Rufus offered his hand in token of unalterable devotion and good-will.

Who could resist such a man as this? Amelius (always in extremes) wrung his hand, with an impetuous sense of shame. 'I've been sulky,' he said, 'I've been rude, I ought to be ashamed of myself—and I am. There's only one excuse for me, Rufus. I love her with all my heart and soul; and I'm engaged to be married to her. And yet, if you understand my way of putting it, I'm—in short, I'm in a mess.'

With this characteristic preface, he described his position as exactly as he could; having due regard to the necessary reserve on the subject of Mrs. Farnaby. Rufus listened, with the closest attention, from beginning to end; making no attempt to disguise the unfavourable impression which the announcement of the marriage-engagement had made on him. When he spoke next, instead of looking at Amelius as usual, he held his head down, and looked gloomily at his boots.

'Well,' he said, 'you've gone ahead this time, and that's a fact. She didn't raise any difficulties that a man could ride off on—did she?'

'She was all that was sweet and kind!' Amelius answered, with enthusiasm.

'She was all that was sweet and kind,' Rufus absently repeated, still intent on the solid spectacle of his own boots. 'And how about uncle Farnaby? Perhaps he's sweet and kind likewise, or perhaps he cuts up rough? Possible—is it not, sir?'

'I don't know; I haven't spoken to him yet.'

Rufus suddenly looked up. A faint gleam of hope irradiated his long lank face. 'Mercy be praised! there's a last chance for you,' he remarked. 'Uncle Farnaby may say No.'

'It doesn't matter what he says,' Amelius rejoined. 'She's old enough to choose for herself; he can't stop the marriage.'

Rufus lifted one wiry yellow forefinger, in a state of perpendicular protest. 'He cannot stop the marriage,' the sagacious New Englander admitted. 'But he can stop the money, my son. Find out how you stand with him before another day is over your head.'

'I can't go to him this evening,' said Amelius; 'he dines out.'

'Where is he now?'

'At his place of business.'

'Fix him at his place of business. Right away!' cried Rufus, springing with sudden energy to his feet.

'I don't think he would like it,' Amelius objected. 'He's not a very pleasant fellow, anywhere; but he's particularly disagreeable at his place of business.'

Rufus walked to the window, and looked out. The objections to Mr. Farnaby appeared to fail, so far, in interesting him.

'To put it plainly,' Amelius went on, 'there's something about him that I can't endure. And—though he's very civil to me, in his way—I don't think he has ever got over the discovery that I am a Christian Socialist.'

Rufus abruptly turned round from the window, and became attentive again. 'So you told him that—did you?' he said.

'Of course!' Amelius rejoined sharply. 'Do you suppose I am ashamed of the principles in which I have been brought up?'

'You don't care, I reckon, if all the world knows your principles,' persisted Rufus, deliberately leading him on.

'Care?' Amelius reiterated. 'I only wish I had all the world to listen to me. They should hear of my principles, with no bated breath, I promise you!'

There was a pause. Rufus turned back again to the window. 'When Farnaby's at home, where does he

live?' he asked suddenly—still keeping his face towards the street.

Amelius mentioned the address. 'You don't mean that you are going to call there?' he inquired, with some anxiety.

'Well, I reckoned I might catch him before dinner-time. You seem to be sort of feared to speak to him yourself. I'm your friend, Amelius —and I'll speak for you.'

The bare idea of the interview struck Amelius with terror. 'No, no!' he said. 'I'm much obliged to you, Rufus. But, in a matter of this sort, I shouldn't like to transfer the responsibility to my friend. I'll speak to Mr. Farnaby in a day or two.'

Rufus was evidently not satisfied with this. 'I do suppose, now,' he suggested, 'you're not the only man moving in this metropolis who fancies Miss Regina. Query, my son: if you put off Farnaby much longer—' He paused and looked at Amelius. 'Ah,' he said, 'I reckon I needn't enlarge further; there *is* another man. Well, it's the same in my country; I don't know what he does, with You: he always turns up, with Us, just at the time when you least want to see him.'

There *was* another man—an older and a richer man than Amelius; equally assiduous in his attentions to the aunt and to the niece; submissively polite to his favoured young rival. He was the sort of person, in age and in temperament, who would be perfectly capable of advancing his own interests, by means of the hostile influence of Mrs. Farnaby. Who could say what the result might be if, by some unlucky accident, he made the attempt before Amelius had secured for himself the support of the master of the house? In his present condition of nervous irritability, he was ready to believe in any coincidence of the disastrous sort. The wealthy rival was a man of business, a near city neighbour of Mr. Farnaby. They might be together at that moment; and Regina's fidelity to her lover might be put to a harder test than she was prepared to endure. Amelius remembered the gentle conciliatory smile (too gentle by half) with which his placid mistress had received his first kisses—and, without stopping to weigh conclusions, snatched up his hat. 'Wait here for me, Rufus, like a good fellow. I'm off to the stationer's shop.' With those parting words, he hurried out of the room.

Left by himself, Rufus began to rummage the pockets of his frockcoat —a long, loose, and dingy garment which had become friendly and comfortable to him by dint of ancient use. Producing a handful of correspondence, he selected the largest envelope of all; shook out on the table several smaller letters enclosed; picked one out of the number; and read the concluding paragraph only, with the closest attention.

'I enclose letters of introduction to the secretaries of literary institutions in London, and in some of the principal cities of England. If you feel disposed to lecture yourself, or if you can persuade friends and citizens known to you to do so, I believe it may be in your power to advance in this way the interests of our Bureau. Please take notice that the more advanced institutions, which are ready to countenance and welcome free thought in religion, politics, and morals, are marked on the envelopes with a cross in red ink. The envelopes without a mark are addressed to platforms, on which the customary British prejudices remain rampant, and in which the charge for places reaches a higher figure than can be as yet obtained in the sanctuaries of free thought.'

Rufus laid down the letter, and, choosing one among the envelopes marked in red ink, looked at the introduction enclosed. 'If the right sort of invitation reached Amelius from this institution,' he thought, 'the boy would lecture on Christian

Socialism with all his heart and soul. I wonder what the brown Miss and her uncle would say to that?'

He smiled to himself, and put the letter back in the envelope, and considered the subject for a while. Below the odd rough surface, he was a man in ten thousand; no more single-hearted and more affectionate creature ever breathed the breath of life. He had not been understood in his own little circle; there had been a want of sympathy with him, and even a want of knowledge of him, at home. Amelius, popular with everybody, had touched the great heart of this man. He perceived the peril that lay hidden under the strange and lonely position of his fellow-voyager—so innocent in the ways of the world, so young and so easily impressed. His fondness for Amelius, it is hardly too much to say, was the fondness of a father for a son. With a sigh, he shook his head, and gathered up his letters, and put them back in his pockets. 'No, not yet,' he decided. 'The poor boy really loves her; and the girl *may* be good enough to make the happiness of his life.' He got up and walked about the room. Suddenly he stopped, struck by a new idea. 'Why shouldn't I judge for myself?' he thought. 'I've got the address—I reckon I'll look in on them, in a friendly way.'

He sat down at the desk and wrote a line, in the event of Amelius being the first to return to the lodgings: 'Dear Boy,—I don't find her photograph tells me quite so much as I want to know. I have a mind to see the living original. Being your friend, you know, it's only civil to pay my respects to the family. Expect my unbiassed opinion when I come back. Yours, RUFUS.'

Having enclosed and addressed these lines, he took up his greatcoat—and checked himself in the act of putting it on. The brown Miss was a British Miss. A strange New Englander had better be careful of his personal appearance, before he ventured into her presence. Urged by this cautious motive, he approached the looking-glass, and surveyed himself critically.

'I doubt I might be the better,' it occurred to him, 'if I brushed my hair, and smelt a little of perfume. Yes. I'll make a toilet. Where's the boy's bedroom, I wonder?'

He observed a second door in the sitting-room, and opened it at hazard. Fortune had befriended him, so far: he found himself in his young friend's bedchamber.

The toilet-table of Amelius, simple as it was, had its mysteries for Rufus. He was at a loss among the perfumes. They were all contained in a modest little dressing case, without labels of any sort to describe the contents of the pots and bottles. He examined them one after another, and stopped at some recently invented French shaving-cream. 'It smells lovely,' he said, assuming it to be some rare pomatum. 'Just what I want, it seems, for my head.' He rubbed the shaving-cream into his bristly iron-gray hair, until his arms ached. When he had next sprinkled his handkerchief and himself profusely, first with rose-water and then (to make quite sure) with eau-de-cologne used as a climax, he felt that he was in a position to appeal agreeably to the senses of the softer sex. In five minutes more he was on his way to Mr. Farnaby's private residence.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE rain that had begun with the morning still poured on steadily in the afternoon. After one look out of the window, Regina decided on passing the rest of the day luxuriously, in the company of a novel, by her own fireside. With her feet on the fender, and her head on the soft cushion of her favourite easy chair, she opened the book. Having read the first chapter and part of the second, she was just lazily turning over the leaves, in

search of a love-scene—when her languid interest in the novel was suddenly diverted to an incident in real life. The sitting-room door was gently opened, and her maid appeared in a state of modest confusion.

'If you please, miss, here's a strange gentleman who comes from Mr. Goldenheart; he wishes particularly to say ——'

She paused and looked behind her. A faint and curious smell of mingled soap and scent entered the room, followed closely by a tall, calm, shabbily-dressed man, who laid a wiry yellow hand on the maid's shoulder, and stopped her effectually before she could say a word more.

'Don't you think of troubling yourself to get through with it, my dear; I'm here, and I'll finish for you.' Addressing the maid in these encouraging terms, the stranger advanced to Regina, and actually attempted to shake hands with her! Regina rose —and looked at him. It was a look that ought to have daunted the boldest man living: it produced no sort of effect on *this* man. He still held out his hand; his lean face broadened with a pleasant smile. 'My name is Rufus Dingwell,' he said. 'I come from Coolspring, Mass.; and Amelius is my introduction to yourself and family.' Regina silently acknowledged this information by a frigid bow, and addressed herself to the maid, waiting at the door—'Don't leave the room, Phœbe.' Rufus, inwardly wondering what Phœbe was wanted for, proceeded to express the cordial sentiments proper to the occasion. 'I have heard about you, miss; and I take pleasure in making your acquaintance.' The unwritten laws of politeness obliged Regina to say something. 'I have not heard Mr. Goldenheart mention your name,' she remarked. 'Are you an old friend of his?' Rufus explained with genial alacrity. 'We crossed the pond together, miss. I like the boy; he's bright and spry; he refreshes me —he does. We go ahead with most things in my country; and friendship's one of them. How *do* you find yourself? Won't you shake hands?' He took her hand, without waiting to be repelled this time, and shook it with the heartiest good-will. Regina shuddered faintly: she summoned assistance in case of further familiarity. 'Phœbe, tell my aunt.'

Rufus added a message on his own account. 'And say this, my dear. I sincerely desire to make the acquaintance of Miss Regina's aunt, and of any other members of the family circle.'

Phœbe left the room, smiling. Such an amusing visitor as this was a rare person in Mr. Farnaby's house. Rufus looked after her, with unconcealed approval. The maid appeared to be more to his taste than the mistress. 'Well, that's a pretty creature, I do declare,' he said to Regina. 'Reminds me of our American girls—slim in the waist, and carries her head nicely. How old may she be, now?'

Regina expressed her opinion of this familiar question by pointing, with silent dignity, to a chair.

'Thank you, miss; not that one,' said Rufus. 'You see I'm long in the legs, and if I once got down as low as that, I reckon I should have to restore the balance by putting my feet up on the grate. And that's not manners in Great Britain—and quite right too.'

He picked out the highest chair he could find, and admired the workmanship as he drew it up to the fireplace. 'Most sumptuous and elegant,' he said. 'The style of the Re*nay*sance, as they call it.' Regina observed with dismay that he had not got his hat in his hand like other visitors. He had left it no doubt in the hall; he looked as if he had dropped in to spend the day, and stay to dinner.

'Well, miss, I've seen your photograph,' he resumed; 'and I don't much approve of it, now I see You. My sentiments are not altogether favourable to that art. I delivered a lecture on photographic portraiture at Coolspring; and I described it briefly as

justice without mercy. The audience took the idea; they larfed, they did. Larfin' reminds me of Amelius. Do you object to his being a Christian Socialist, miss?'

The young lady's look, when she answered the question, was not lost on Rufus. He registered it, mentally, in case of need. 'Amelius will soon get over all that nonsense,' she said, 'when he has been a little longer in London.'

'Possible,' Rufus admitted. 'The boy is fond of you. Yes! he loves you. I have noticed him, and I can certify to that. I may also remark that he wants a deal of love in return. No doubt, miss, you have observed that circumstance yourself?'

Regina resented this last inquiry as an outrage on propriety. 'What next will he say?' she thought to herself. 'I must put this presuming man in his proper place.' She darted another annihilating look at him, as she spoke in her turn. 'May I ask, Mr. —Mr.?'

'Dingwell,' said Rufus, prompting her.

'May I ask, Mr. Dingwell, if you have favoured me by calling here at the request of Mr. Goldenheart?'

Genial and simple-minded as he was, eagerly as he desired to appreciate at her full value the young lady who was one day to be the wife of Amelius, Rufus felt the tone in which those words were spoken. It was not easy to stimulate his modest sense of what was fairly due to him into asserting itself; but the cold distrust, the deliberate distance of Regina's manner, exhausted the long-suffering indulgence of this singularly patient man. 'The Lord, in his mercy, preserve Amelius from marrying You,' he thought, as he rose from his chair, and advanced with a certain simple dignity to take leave of her.

'It did not occur to me, miss, to pay my respects to you, till Amelius and I had parted company,' he said. 'Please to excuse me. I should have been welcome, in my country, with no better introduction than being (as I may say) his friend and well-wisher. If I have made a mistake ——'

He stopped. Regina had suddenly changed colour. Instead of looking at him, she was looking over his shoulder, apparently at something behind him. He turned to see what it was. A lady, short and stout, with strange wild sorrowful eyes, had noiselessly entered the room while he was speaking: she was waiting, as it seemed, until he had finished what he had to say. When they confronted each other, she moved to meet him, with a firm heavy step, and with her hand held out in token of welcome.

'You may feel equally sure, sir, of a friendly reception here,' she said in her steady self-possessed way. 'I am this young lady's aunt; and I am glad to see the friend of Amelius in my house.' Before Rufus could answer, she turned to Regina. 'I waited,' she went on, 'to give you an opportunity of explaining yourself to this gentleman. I am afraid he has mistaken your coldness of manner for intentional rudeness.'

The colour rushed back into Regina's face—she vibrated for a moment between anger and tears. But the better nature in her broke its way through the constitutional shyness and restraint which habitually kept it down. 'I meant no harm, sir,' she said, raising her large beautiful eyes submissively to Rufus; 'I am not used to receiving strangers. And you did ask me some very strange questions!' she added, with a sudden burst of self-assertion. 'Strangers are not in the habit of saying such things in England.' She looked at Mrs. Farnaby, listening with impenetrable composure, and stopped in confusion. Her aunt would not scruple to speak to the stranger about Amelius in her presence—there was no knowing what she might not have to endure. She turned again to Rufus. 'Excuse me,' she said, 'if I leave you with my aunt—I have an engagement.' With that

trivial apology, she made her escape from the room.

'She has no engagement,' Mrs. Farnaby briefly remarked as the door closed. 'Sit down, sir.'

For once, even Rufus was not at his ease. 'I can hit it off, ma'am, with most people,' he said. 'I wonder what I've done to offend your niece?'

'My niece (with many good qualities) is a narrow-minded young woman,' Mrs. Farnaby explained. 'You are not like the men she is accustomed to see. She doesn't understand you—you are not a commonplace gentleman. For instance,' Mrs. Farnaby continued, with the matter-of-fact gravity of a woman innately inaccessible to a sense of humour, 'you have got something strange on your hair. It seems to be melting, and it smells like soap. No: it's no use taking out your handkerchief—your handkerchief won't mop it up. I'll get a towel.' She opened an inner door, which disclosed a little passage, and a bath-room beyond it. 'I'm the strongest person in the house,' she resumed, returning with a towel in her hand, as gravely as ever. 'Sit still, and don't make apologies. If any of us can rub you dry, I'm the woman.' She set to work with the towel, as if she had been Rufus's mother, making him presentable in the days of his boyhood. Giddy under the violence of the rubbing; staggered by the contrast between the cold reception accorded to him by the niece, and the more than friendly welcome offered by the aunt, Rufus submitted to circumstances in docile and silent bewilderment. 'There; you'll do till you get home—nobody can laugh at you now,' Mrs. Farnaby, announced. 'You're an absent-minded man, I suppose? You wanted to wash your head, and you forgot the warm water and the towel. Was that how it happened, sir!'

'I thank you with all my heart, ma'am—I took it for pomatum,' Rufus answered. 'Would you object to shaking hands again? This hearty welcome of yours reminds me, I do assure you, of home. Since I left New England' I've never met with the like of you. I do suppose now it was my hair that set Miss Regina's back up? I'm not quite easy in my mind, ma'am, about your niece. I'm sort of feared of what she may say of me to Amelius—I meant no harm, Lord knows.'

The secret of Mrs. Farnaby's extraordinary alacrity in the use of the towel began slowly to show itself now. The tone of her American guest had already become the friendly and familiar tone which it had been her object to establish. With a little management, he might be made an invaluable ally in the great work of hindering the marriage of Amelius.

'You are very fond of your young friend?' she began quietly.

'That is so, ma'am.'

'And he has told you that he has taken a liking to my niece?'

'And shown me her likeness,' Rufus added.

'And shown you her likeness. And you thought you would come here, and see for yourself what sort of girl she was?'

'Naturally,' Rufus admitted.

Mrs. Farnaby revealed, without further hesitation, the object that she had in view. 'Amelius is little more than a lad still,' she said. 'He has got all his life before him. It would be a sad thing, if he married a girl who didn't make him happy.' She turned in her chair, and pointed to the door by which Regina had left them. 'Between ourselves,' she resumed, dropping her voice to a whisper, 'do you believe my niece will make him happy?'

Rufus hesitated.

'I'm above family prejudices,' Mrs. Farnaby proceeded. 'You needn't be afraid of offending me. Speak out.'

Rufus would have spoken out to any other woman in the universe. *This* woman had preserved him from ridicule—*this* woman had rubbed his head dry. He prevaricated.

'I don't suppose I understand the ladies in this country,' he said.

But Mrs. Farnaby was not to be trifled with. 'If Amelius was your son, and if he asked you to consent to his marriage with my niece,' she rejoined, 'would you say Yes?'

This was too much for Rufus. 'Not if he went down on both his knees to ask me,' he answered.

Mrs Farnaby was satisfied at last, and owned it without reserve. 'My own opinion,' she said, 'exactly expressed! Don't be surprised! Didn't I tell you I had no family prejudices? Do you know if he has spoken to my husband, yet?'

Rufus looked at his watch. 'I reckon he's just about done it by this time.'

Mrs. Farnaby paused, and reflected for a moment. She had already attempted to prejudice her husband against Amelius, and had received an answer which Mr. Farnaby considered to be final. 'Mr. Goldenheart honours us if he seeks our alliance; he is the representative of an old English family.' Under these circumstances, it was quite possible that the proposals of Amelius had been accepted. Mrs. Farnaby was not the less determined that the marriage should never take place, and not the less eager to secure the assistance of her new ally. 'When will Amelius tell you about it?' she asked.

'When I go back to his lodgings, ma'am.'

'Go back at once—and bear this in mind as you go. If you can find out any likely way of parting these two young people (in their own best interests), depend on one thing—if I can help you, I will. I'm as fond of Amelius as you are. Ask him if I haven't done my best to keep him away from my niece. Ask him if I haven't expressed my opinion, that she's not the right wife for him. Come and see me again as soon as you like. I'm fond of Americans. Good-morning.'

Rufns attempted to express his sense of gratitude in his own briefly eloquent way. He was not allowed a hearing. With one and the same action, Mrs. Farnaby patted him on the shoulder, and pushed him out of the room.

'If that woman was an American citizen,' Rufus reflected, on his way through the streets, 'she'd be the first female President of the United States!' His admiration of Mrs. Farnaby's energy and resolution, expressed in these strong terms, acknowledged but one limit. Highly as he approved of her, there was nevertheless an unfathomable something in the woman's eyes that disturbed and daunted him.

CHAPTER XIV.

RUFUS found his friend at the lodgings, prostrate on the sofa, smoking furiously. Before a word had passed between them, it was plain to the New Englander that something had gone wrong.

'Well,' he asked; 'and what does Farnaby say?'

'Damn Farnaby!'

Rufus was secretly conscious of an immense sense of relief. 'I call that a stiff way of putting it,' he quietly remarked; 'but the meaning's clear. Farnaby has said No.'

Amelius jumped off the sofa and planted himself defiantly on the hearth-rug.

'You're wrong for once,' he said, with a bitter laugh. 'The exasperating part of it is that Farnaby has said neither Yes or No. The oily-whiskered brute—you haven't seen him yet, have you?—began by saying Yes. "A man like me, the heir of a fine old English family, honoured him by making proposals; he could wish no more brilliant prospects for his dear adopted child. She would fill the high position that was offered to her and fill it worthily." That was the fawning way in which he talked to me at first! He squeezed my hand in his horrid cold slimy paw till, I give you my word of honour, I felt as if I was going to be sick. Wait a little; you haven't heard the

worst of it yet. He soon altered his tone—it began with his asking me if I had "considered the question of settlements." I didn't know what he meant. He had to put it in plain English; he wanted to hear what my property was. "O, that's soon settled," I said. "I've got five hundred a year; and Regina is welcome to every farthing of it.' He fell back in his chair as if I had shot him; he turned—it was worse than pale, he positively turned green. At first he wouldn't believe me; he declared I must be joking. I set him right about that immediately. His next change was a change to impudence, purse-proud impudence. "Have you not observed, sir, in what style Regina is accustomed to live in my house? Five hundred a year? Good heavens! With strict economy, five hundred a year might pay her milliner's bill and the keep of her horse and carriage. Who is to pay for everything else—the establishment, the dinner-parties and balls, the tour abroad, the children, the nurses, the doctor? I tell you this, Mr. Goldenheart. I'm willing to make a sacrifice to you, as a born gentleman, which I would certainly not consent to in the case of any self-made man. Enlarge your income, sir, to no more than four times five hundred pounds; and I guarantee a yearly allowance to Regina of half as much again, besides the fortune which she will inherit at my death. That will make your income three thousand a year to start with. I know something of domestic expenses; and I tell you positively, you can't do it on a farthing less." That was his language, Rufus. The insolence of his tone I can't attempt to describe. If I hadn't thought of Regina, I should have behaved in a manner unworthy of a Christian—I believe I should have taken my walking-cane and given him a sound thrashing.'

Rufus neither expressed surprise nor offered advice. He was lost in meditation on the wealth of Mr. Farnaby. 'A stationer's business seems to eventuate in a lively profit in this country,' he said.

'A stationer's business?' Amelius repeated disdainfully. 'Farnaby has half a dozen irons in the fire besides that. He's got a newspaper, and a patent medicine, and a new bank, and I don't know what else. One of his own friends said to me, "Nobody knows whether Farnaby is rich or poor; he is going to do one of two things—he is going to die worth millions, or to die bankrupt." O, if I can only live to see the day when Socialism will put that sort of man in his right place!'

'Try a republic, on our model, first,' said Rufus. 'When Farnaby talks of the style his young woman is accustomed to live in, what does he mean?'

'He means,' Amelius answered smartly, 'a carriage to drive out in, champagne on the table, and a footman to answer the door.'

'Farnaby's ideas, sir, have crossed the water and landed in New York,' Rufus remarked. 'Well, and what did you say to him, on your side?'

'I gave it to him, I can tell you! "That's all ostentation," I said. "Why can't Regina and I begin life modestly? What do we want with a carriage to drive out in, and champagne on the table, and a footman to answer the door? We want to love each other and be happy. There are thousands of as good gentlemen as I am in England with wives and families, who would ask for nothing better than an income of five hundred a year. The fact is, Mr. Farnaby, you're positively saturated with the love of money. Get your New Testament and read what Christ says of rich people." What do you think he did, when I put it in that unanswerable way? He held up his hand, and looked horrified. "I can't allow profanity in my office," says he. "I have my New Testament read to me in church, sir, every Sunday." That's the sort of Christian, Rufus, who is the average product of modern times! He was as obstinate as a mule; he wouldn't give way a

single inch. His adopted daughter, he said, was accustomed to live in a certain style. In that same style she should live when she was married, so long as he had a voice in the matter. Of course, if she chose to set his wishes and feelings at defiance, in return for all that he had done for her, she was old enough to take her own way. In that case, he would tell me as plainly as he meant to tell her, that she must not look to a single farthing of his money to help her, and not expect to find her name down in his will. He felt the honour of a family alliance with me as sincerely as ever. But he must abide by the conditions that he had stated. On those terms, he would be proud to give me the hand of Regina at the altar, and proud to feel that he had done his duty by his adopted child. I let him go on till he had run himself out—and then I asked quietly, if he could tell me the way to increase my income to two thousand a year. How do you think he answered me?'

'Perhaps he offered to utilise your capital in his business,' Rufus guessed.

'Not he? He considered business quite beneath me; my duty to myself, as a gentleman, was to adopt a profession. On reflection, it turned out that there was but one likely profession to try, in my case—the Law. I might be called to the Bar, and (with luck) I might get remunerative work to do, in eight or ten years' time. That, I declare to you, was the prospect he set before me, if I chose to take his advice. I asked if he was joking. Certainly not! I was only one-and-twenty years old (he reminded me); I had plenty of time to spare—I should still marry young if I married at thirty. I took up my hat, and gave him a bit of my mind at parting. "If you really mean anything," I said, "you mean that Regina is to pine and fade and be a middle-aged woman, and that I am to resist the temptations that beset a young man in London, and lead the life of a monk for the next ten years—and all for what? For a carriage to ride out in, champagne on the table, and a footman to answer the door! Keep your money, Mr. Farnaby; Regina and I will do without it." What are you laughing at? I don't think you could have put it more strongly yourself.'

Rufus suddenly recovered his gravity. 'I tell you this, Amelius,' he replied; 'you afford (as we say in my country) meaty fruit for reflection—you do.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'Well, I reckon you remember when we were aboard the boat. You gave us a narrative of what happened in that Community of yours, which I can truly char*ac*terise as a combination of native eloquence and chastening good sense. I put the question to myself, sir, what has become of that well-informed and discreet young Christian, now he has changed the sphere to England and mixed with the Farnabys? It's not to be denied that I see him before me in the flesh when I look across the table here; but it's equally true that I miss him altogether in the spirit.'

Amelius sat down again on the sofa. 'In plain words,' he said, 'you think I have behaved like a fool in this matter?'

Rufus crossed his long legs, and nodded his head in silent approval. Instead of taking offence, Amelius considered a little.

'It didn't strike me before,' he said. 'But, now you mention it, I can understand that I appear to be a simple sort of fellow in what is called society here; and the reason, I suspect, is that it's not the society in which I have been accustomed to mix. The Farnabys are new to me, Rufus. When it comes to a question of my life at Tadmor, of what I saw and learnt and felt in the Community—then, I can think and speak like a reasonable being, because I am thinking and speaking of what I know

thoroughly well. Hang it, make some allowance for the difference of circumstances! Besides, I'm in love, and that alters a man—and, I have heard some people say, not always for the better. Anyhow, I've done it with Farnaby, and it can't be undone. There will be no peace for me now, till I have spoken to Regina. I have read the note you left for me. Did you see her, when you called at the house?'

The quiet tone in which the question was put surprised Rufus. He had fully expected, after Regina's reception of him, to be called to account for the liberty that he had taken. Amelius was too completely absorbed by his present anxieties to consider trivial questions of etiquette. Hearing that Rufus had seen Regina, he never even asked for his friend's opinion of her. His mind was full of the obstacles that might be interposed to his seeing her again.

'Farnaby is sure, after what has passed between us, to keep her out of my way if he can,' Amelius said. 'And Mrs. Farnaby, to my certain knowledge, will help him. They don't suspect *you*. Couldn't you call again—you're old enough to be her father—and make some excuse to take her out with you for a walk?'

The answer of Rufus to this was Roman in its brevity. He pointed to the window, and said, 'Look at the rain.'

'Then I must try her maid once more,' said Amelius resignedly. He took his hat and umbrella. 'Don't leave me, old fellow,' he resumed as he opened the door. 'This is the turning-point of my life. I sadly want a friend.'

'Do you think she will marry you against the will of her uncle and aunt?' Rufus asked.

'I'm certain of it,' Amelius answered. With that he left the room.

Rufus looked after him sadly. Sympathy and sorrow were expressed in every line of his rugged face. 'My poor boy! how will he bear it, if she says No? What will become of him, if she says Yes?' He rubbed his hand irritably across his forehead, like a man whose own thoughts were repellent to him. In a moment more, he plunged into his pockets, and drew out again the letters introducing him to the secretaries of public institutions. 'If there's salvation for Amelius,' he said, 'I reckon I shall find it here.'

(*To be continued.*)

JULY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE summer harvest day begun
  With cloudless dawn and flaming sun;
Ripe grain the sickle flashes through;
The sweep of scythes in morning dew;
The nooning underneath the trees
Made cool by sea or mountain breeze;
The thunder shower, the clearing sky,
And sunset splendour of July.

THE SO-CALLED SHAKSPEARIAN MYTH.

BY F. R., BARRIE.

IT is surprising how little wit and less knowledge is required, as the stock-in-trade of a writer on the Shakspearian Mythology! To resolve WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE into an actor and nothing but an actor, an occasional writer of doggrel verses and nothing but doggrel verses, a jolly boon companion of limited wit, and more than questionable morality, would be regarded by most men as an arduous task. To take all the rich product of imagination, fancy, judgment and dramatic insight which has ever gone by the name of Shakspeare's plays, and to endow Sir Francis Bacon, or some unknown gentlemen of his time with their authorship, appears also no light undertaking. And yet Mr. Appleton Morgan, in the June number of *Appleton's Journal*, accomplishes the first achievement entirely to his own satisfaction, and, apparently, only refrains from the other through a superabundant modesty. Let us see what is the method he employs, and what are the arguments with which he would fain have us convinced.

Certainly the method is a simple one, and can be easily imitated by any person who wishes to get rid of the obtrusive personality of any other of the world's great poets. Probably, to our too-sensitive age and to etherial minds such as Mr. Appleton Morgan's, the physical existence of the poet is a blemish on his poetry. The idea of the creator of a Hamlet eating his dinner or buying a house, or a quarter of malt, is too disgustingly material to be endured with patience. Away with such nauseous embodiments from our sight! If we cannot hope to prove that the poems or plays wrote themselves, in mercy's name, let us assure ourselves that we don't know who *did* write them; let us attribute our Iliad and our Othello to companies of anonymous minstrels and gentlemen; let us at all hazards sublime away the hand of flesh which has been reputed to have traced these glowing words, and gift our devotion, our gratitude, and our love, on a wreath of rose-coloured mist which may (or may not) be supposed to envelope Bacon or Raleigh!

If we set this end before us, we shall find Mr. Appleton Morgan's plan the best, nay, the only one open to us. We shall take a sheet of paper and draw a line down the middle. On the one side of this imaginary line we shall copy down from all the Shakspearian collections that suit our purpose, such facts as relate to Shakspeare's private life, his slight education, his deer-stealing expedition, his holding horses at the theatre door, his playing minor parts on the stage, his comfortable burgess-like retirement in after life, and all the little scraps of doggrel that wooden-headed compilers have gathered together and attributed to him. This array of fact and fiction we shall label with a flourish of trumpets, the *Real* Shakspeare. Lest it be thought I am exaggerating, I will quote the last words of Mr. Morgan's paper, when he sums up his conclusion that the ideal Shakspeare is a mere creation of the stage: 'Let us not rob the stage of its own creations; and whatever he was—poet or actor—philosopher or country gentleman—*that*—out of *a vagabond, a nobody, a nothing at all*—the stage created William Shakspeare!' an inelegant and badly constructed sentence, it is true, but one

which tells too clearly what the whole paper has been labouring to prove, that, in Mr. Morgan's eyes, the living Shakspeare was a 'nobody,' who could not have written the plays that have gone by his name except by a miracle.

But, I hear some reader exclaim, what does Mr. Appleton Morgan do with the other half of his sheet of paper? Are there no facts to go down on the *per contra* side, no flattering allusions to Shakspeare's fame by his contemporaries, no references to his inner and his higher life, no traces of friendship and acquaintanceship with the great? How does Mr. Appleton Morgan get over these?

I am much afraid, good reader, you will never make a promising myth hunter. The born sleuth-hound, nosing a mystery where none exists, will follow his own red-herring track, though it were a month old, and though the real game had crossed the path a few yards before his nose. Mr. Appleton Morgan is not easily 'thrown out' into the right line, and he manages this, partly by ignoring facts, and partly by quibbling away those which he does not think fit to ignore. Let us come down to examples.

Ben Jonson wrote ten lines as a dedication to the first folio edition of Shakspeare's works (1623) referring to a portrait of the author. They are too well known to need quotation, but I may remind my readers that they refer to Shakspeare as the writer of the book, which they inferentially extol by saying that could the author's wit have been expressed in the engraving, it would have surpassed

'All that was ever done in brasse.'

The testimony afforded by these lines is sufficiently wiped out, according to Mr. Appleton Morgan, by a comic description of the engraving, which is certainly somewhat wooden in its lack of expression and texture. Unfortunately, however, for the myth, this wretched Ben Jonson was not satisfied with writing these abominably mistaken verses. He actually wrote a longer poem on the occasion of Shakspeare's death, containing no less than eighty verses. The whole of it bears upon the point at issue. Mr. A. Morgan ingenuously quotes three lines and a half of it, and those by no means the most destructive of his theory. Let us see what this poem does tell us about Shakspeare. In the first place it is addressed 'to the memory of my beloved master William Shakspeare *and what he hath left us.*' It tells us that, in the opinion of Jonson (no mean judge), Shakspeare's writings cannot be praised too much. It calls him soul of the age! a hyperbole, if addressed to an actor, but no hyperbole addressed as it was to an immortal author. It proceeds to show how needless it were to bid Chaucer, Spenser, or Beaumont crowd their bones together to make room for his monument, for none is needed, Shakspeare lives 'while we have wits to read' his book. In short it dares compare him with 'thund'ring Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles,' or any 'that insolent Greece or haughty Rome sent forth.' 'He was not of an age, but for all time.' After paying a tribute to the share both of nature and of art in his poetry, it dubs him 'Sweet Swan of Avon,' 'Star of poets,' and refers to his

'* * * flights upon the Bank of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James.'

Jonson was one of Shakspeare's most intimate companions. No one contradicted the assertions he made in this poem, and we must, therefore, presume that it fairly embodied the opinion of his age. How does Mr. A. Morgan get rid of this testimony? He quotes Brougham, and the remark is worthy of that great would-be critic's superficial style of thought, 'oh, these fellows always hang together; or its just possible Jonson may have been deceived with the rest.'

Fellows, forsooth! Is even a Brougham, let alone a Mr. Appleton Morgan,

to be allowed to treat the tribute of a 'rare Ben Jonson' to a SHAKSPEARE in the same spirit as an old Bailey lawyer would the testimony of one gaol-bird swearing through an *alibi* for another? Even Mr. Morgan's not over-squeamish stomach prefers the other alternative, but the quibbling spirit of the pettifogger clings to him and he adds, 'and these poets *do not swear* to their verses.' In future, no doubt, poets will be more careful. It is a great pity that the hint did not come before. Shelley's Adonais, and Milton's Lycidas would have been much improved, *crede* Mr. Appleton Morgan, by the introduction of the verbose phraseology of the chancery practitioner,—his "as I am informed and believe," "to the best of my knowledge," and the jurat at the end of all by way of peroration! Faugh! the bare idea sickens one, and nothing but a draught of nectar can take the taste from off offended lips.

Mr. Appleton Morgan gives, in a note, a passage of Grant-White's containing quotations from Spenser, Meres, and Digges, all alluding to Shakspeare as an author, in terms of high eulogy, and in the case of Meres distinctly speaking of him as the author of the plays. This is really the first piece of straightforward behaviour on his part that I have met in his paper. The manner in which he attempts to meet it is not very creditable to him. It amounts to this. History has, most culpably, omitted to preserve (on affidavit of course, nothing less would have availed) the statement of the messenger or printer's devil who took the "copy" of the plays to the publishers. That is the missing link. Never mind how many hundreds of men *thought* Shakspeare wrote them, no matter how many of his contemporaries *said* that he wrote them, disregard the fact that no one contradicted this, and no one else claimed to have been their author—in the absence of an intelligent witness (always on oath) who saw Shakspeare write them and took them to the press, we can believe nothing at all about their origin. This is a pretty conclusion to come to and possibly accounts for much of Mr. A. Morgan's wilful shutting of his eyes to contemporary evidence. For besides the writers mentioned in the footnote already referred to, Aubrey refers to his wit, Drummond (who knew them both) contrasted him favourably with Ben Jonson, and that pestilent fellow, Jonson himself, has left it on record in another place that "he loved the man and honoured his memory *on this side idolatry* as much as any." Nor are these all. William Basse, in his short elegy, makes use of the figure about Spenser, Chaucer and Beaumont, making room for Shakspeare which, as we have already seen, Ben Jonson afterwards turned to account in his elegy, by declaring such a proceeding quite unnecessary. Hugh Holland's sonnet is addressed to 'the famous scenic poet'—calls him 'the poet first, then poets' king,' and prophesies that though his life is expired, the life of his lines 'shall never out.' Digges' verses, on the publication of the first folio, are pregnant and instinct with the belief that the book was Shakspeare's own. Shakspeare, he says, will never really die until some "new strain" outdoes his Romeo and Juliet or the quarrel scene in Julius Cæsar. That new strain has never yet been heard, but we have some amongst us who would fain have us believe that Shakspeare never "really" lived. Yet once again, Chettle, in his 'Kinde Hart's Dreame' (1592) commends Shakspeare's "facetious grace in writing, that approves his art," and acknowledges that "divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing." These men of quality who knew and loved him were, of course, all mistaken.

Mr. Appleton Morgan, who has, naturally, infinitely better materials for arriving at a just conclusion, has convicted this 'upright' man of swallowing all this praise, and presumably some substantial pudding to boot, while well knowing that all his part

in the plays was possibly the characters or some of the speeches of Nym, Bardolph, and the Porter in Macbeth.

This brings us to consider a grave charge against Mr. Appleton Morgan. His paper teems with expressions such as Shakspeare's 'vagrom youth,' 'the drunken grave of the Stratford pretender,' 'the scissorer of other men's brains,' and, as we have already seen, 'the vagabond, nobody, nothing-at-all.'

How does Mr. Morgan reconcile this with the 'vagabond's' intimacy with the great and good of the Court of Elizabeth? He reconciles these facts by ignoring them. Still, I, for one, will believe Chettle's and Ben Jonson's testimony in spite of Mr. Morgan's contemptuous silence, the more especially as I find the 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece,' both preceded by dedications to the Earl of Southampton, signed by Shakspeare and containing clear evidence of love and respect on both sides, not to be in any way confounded with the stereotyped phrases of a later day when patrons paid for so much meaningless compliment by the epithet. Mr. Morgan is therefore in this dilemma. Either the 'scissorer of other men's brains' had such a hold over his unknown author, the possible—probable—Bacon—Raleigh—dramatist, that he could at pleasure get such poems as these or the sonnets from him, besides the plays—or else the absurd farrago of scraps (such as Shakspeare's epitaph), which Mr. Morgan would fain see published as the 'Complete Works of W. Shakspeare,' must be enlarged by these noble poems. I will not now expatiate on the difficulties he will land himself in if he claims that one hand wrote the plays and another hand the poems, but will leave him to chose his horn and perch on it

'With what appetite he may.

One point more I will touch upon: and that is the argument derived from Shakspeare's ignorance, or rather supposed ignorance. 'Granted his poetical genius,' says Mr. Morgan, and 'where did he get the classical, philosophical, chemical, historical information, &c., —the facts that crowd his pages?' Mr. Morgan's difficulty is self-imposed.

To prove Shakspeare was not a genius he postulates that he was an ignoramus, and conducts his syllogism to a triumphant close. Has he never heard of the vast impetus to learning that had just struck England as with a wave? Has he never read any of our great descriptions of the awakening effect of the Renaissance on men's minds? Does he think that girls and ladies could saturate their minds with Greek and Roman literature, that translations of classical masterpieces could pour from the presses of Holland and England, of Italy and France, and yet that a poet, living among the most educated and enterprising courtiers of the civilised world could have escaped the contagion?

Is he unaware of the mass of knowledge as to history and philosophy that had been made public in the one department of the drama before Shakspeare so much as touched a pen? Has he never read a single sermon of our English divines, of Latimer or Lever, or reading them has he failed to notice the wealth of thought and illustration that is conveyed, and the intelligence which such oratory presupposes the audience to possess? Has he never been told that Shakspeare had a copy of 'Montaigne' in his library, or does he flatter himself that, because no other books bearing his sign manual have been preserved to us, no others existed on his shelves? If he is aware of these facts, how dare he stigmatise Shakspeare as ignorant; if he has been unaware of them until now, how had he the presumption to attempt such a subject?

Luckily, his endeavours are about as successful as his deserts, and before he seeks again to demonstrate Shakspeare's ignorance he had better walk round the base of the great Pyramid and thence look down upon its summit.

SOME NEWFANGLE NOTIONS.

BY A WOMAN OF NEWFANGLE.

YOU ask me, my dears, to give you my opinion of your aunts and some other women—very few, not one in fifty, that is one comfort—agitating for the right, as they call it, of voting for members, and of sitting as members themselves, of the township council. I think I am competent to give an opinion. I was little more than seventeen when I first came to Newfangle, which was then an unbroken, uninhabited wilderness. It is now one of the finest townships in the Province, supporting in great comfort and plenty—luxuries not wanting—a population of more than two thousand souls. The whole process of the transformation has passed under my own eye. I am now seventy-seven. I know how it has been done, and by whom it has been done. I know, therefore, in what consists the right to any part or voice in its government.

These ladies are so solemnly serious, and seem so honestly sincere, they are so earnest, in what they say—it is very hard to understand it, but so it is—that one would not wish to throw ridicule on them, if it could be helped. But it is certainly extremely difficult to listen with gravity to some things that they say. I can hardly keep my countenance when they get up on the table in the town hall and harangue the people. They expatiate pathetically on the shocking wrongs that have been inflicted by man upon woman. It is always 'man' and 'woman' with them. They give us an imaginative history of our sad sufferings since the creation, only that I notice they never go quite so far back as Eve and the apple.

They tell us that woman was first a 'slave,' then a 'toy or an idol,' and lastly—so late indeed as 1863—could 'be taken to market and sold by a "brutal husband," like a sheep or a cow.' I see a parcel of meek men standing around with their lips popping open in stupid wonder to find themselves lords of the creation, when they had no more idea of it than of being lords spiritual or temporal. I notice that some of them begin to plume themselves, hold themselves very erect, and throw their chests open. But I see, too, and it makes me creep, an expression breaking out on the face of some 'brutal husband,' when the selling in the market is spoken of, which shows that he is saying to himself 'By George, what a chance lost! Bless my milky stars, if I had but known it in time!'

Whose slave, I wonder, was the Queen of Sheba? Whose Boadicea? Can it be that Elizabeth was ever any body's toy, or Anne anybody's idol? Catherine, one of the examples of great women brought forward by these ladies (there is no accounting for choice), was, to be sure, the toy of a good many, and rather a dangerous one too, I should imagine. And I do not know where you would find idols much more cruel and bloodthirsty than Mary and, I fear we must add, Isabella of Castile, gorging themselves with sacrifices of flames and blood. Did it ever enter into the head of George IV., we may wonder, to put a halter round his wife's neck (she was a sad thorn in his side) and lead her to Smithfield and sell her for a shilling—that, I believe, was the ruling figure—to some drover?

He could have done it, you see. 'The law allows it and the court awards it,' at least it did, as late as 1863, so these Portias tell us.

The names of these Queens are brought forward to show that women are capable of ruling men. Shall we alter the phrase, and say that men are capable of being ruled by them? But, my dears, could the bitterest opponents of these ladies desire anything better? The very fact that men have made queens of women—and of even such women as most of them were—to be ruled by them and have their royal heels placed upon their necks—the royal axe at times and the royal faggot—disposes at once of all such inventions as slaves, toys—not idols, perhaps, as we have seen—and cows and sheep. You cannot eat your apple and have it. Will you keep your slaves or your queens? Which?

The same fatal exposure awaits the production of the names of other great women to show how great women can be. The fact that there have been great women, and that they have shown themselves to be great, proves positively that the opportunity to become great was not denied them. We shall be told, no doubt, that they became great in spite of their trammels and chains. To be sure. That is how genius forces its way, whether in men or women. Let us mention one or two of each at random. Faraday and Charlotte Brontë and Dickens the blacking-boy. Beat those instances if you can. Or George Stephenson, or Madame Albani, one of our own Canadian girls. Oh, sad, sad! Downtrodden, enslaved woman! Your wings cruelly clipped; access to your kind denied you, a fair field for your genius closed with iron doors against you! The passionate Charlotte chained to a rock on a bleak Yorkshire moor! Shocking! And done, too, of set purpose and with malice aforethought by the men of Yorkshire! And 'Jane Eyre' lost to the world! For how long may we look for its like from any Girton College in Christendom? 'George Eliot,' with whose name the world would have rung, robbed of her five thousand pounds for her second novel! The countless gains of Madame Patti is no more than what might have been! And then, oh, thou tyrant man, what dost thou not thyself lose by all this! What unheard of fatuity!

This, my dears, is the sort of thing which is offered to your young intelligence from the platforms of Newfangle. This is by way of improvement in the education of women. But this is not all. One of these ladies once told the men to their faces, with some other compliments of the same kind, that they were the 'lower and coarser half of humanity.' At least, it was said in some way or other interrogatively, I believe, but it comes to the same thing. It is affirmed, they were told, that men are less 'pure and noble in their moral instincts,' whatever that may mean, than women. But, my dears, I would contrast those speeches with the purity and nobility of the men, who, under such gross provocation as that, refrained from any rude or indecent retort. Perhaps you might hear them muttering, 'Come, that is *rather* strong,' or 'coarse yourself, what do you call that for coarse?' or 'how will you set about to prove that, my lady, it is not quite so clear as that two and two make four; you may *say* that nine is a greater number than ten, if you like, but that will not make it so.' Such things as these, but nothing in the way of retaliation.

We have taken a long flight out into the great world and we shall have to do so again, no doubt, in our examination of this subject in all its bearings, but, for the present, let us come back to Newfangle. I think you can all understand this simple principle—that the ownership, and the right and capacity to the management, of anything belongs to him who has made it, so long as he does not put it out of his own possession. Upon this simple principle hangs the whole question of

the right and the capacity to govern Newfangle. Who has made Newfangle? Men or women? When I first set eyes on this township, it was an untouched mass of huge trees, which must be destroyed off the face of the earth before men and women could live on it. The amount of herculean labour which you saw staring you in the face was absolutely appalling. There were no houses, no fields, no fences, no barns, no roads, no bridges, no stock, no implements, no household goods, no schools, no churches, no mills, no money; in short, there was no anything but the ground and the trees which grew on it. The estate was there indeed, but it was most heavily, one might almost have said most hopelessly, encumbered. Look around you to-day. What do you see? Every thing that man or woman could reasonably desire. Comfort, wealth, luxury, refinement, books and pictures, fine clothes, fine houses, fine stores, fine carriages, orchards, gardens, fruit. You see it all. It is plain enough to be seen. You see men, women and children enjoying it in common. More than two thousand of them, where perhaps a score of wretched savages picked up a half-starved existence. How has this wonderful transformation been brought about? Whose brains have thought it, whose hands have done it? Whose money has paid for it? Who have wrought the monstrous labour, enough, we would really think, to have daunted any but heroes? Who have been the choppers, the clearers, the labourers, the mechanics, the masons, the bricklayers, the carpenters, the painters, the tinsmiths, the founders? Who have made the implements, who have built the waggons, and the carriages, and the sleighs, who have shod the horses and cast the stoves? Who have dug the canals, built the railways, the steamboats, the wharves, the lighthouses? Whose heads and whose hands have done all these mighty things? Men's or women's?

My dears, you look astonished, as if you were told for the first time, and I dare say you are, facts so plain and evident that those who run may read. Well then, tell me, if men have done all this, who but men can have either the capacity or the right to keep all these things going safely and surely? Who can govern Newfangle?—but the men. Who have made Newfangle?—but the men. Set women to navigate a steamboat, to work a railway. What happens? A blow-up, a wreck, a smash. Set women to govern Newfangle. What happens? A blow-up, a wreck, a smash.

'Ah, grandmamma,' you say 'you need not tell us all that. We have never heard it put so plainly before, but the youngest of us can see at once that it is all true. But then women, do you not think, have done their full share. They have done all the household work.'

I expected that, my dears, I am ready for you there. The question is, what is the value of household work, and what does it produce? Could it ever have produced the township of Newfangle? Over what household work produces let women hold absolute sway. Over what men's work produces let men hold absolute sway. Women cook the meals, but men provide them. Women keep the houses clean, neat, and tidy, but men build them. Women live in and enjoy the township of Newfangle, but men have created it. Without men there would be no meals, no houses, no Newfangle. No, no, my dears, I know as much about household work as any woman breathing; I should think I ought to. I know all about it; where it begins and ends; and what it accomplishes. I should be the last to undervalue it. It has all its own value in its own place and degree. But I have also seen and known what men's work accomplishes, and what is the enormous disproportion between its results and the results of women's work. It seems to me scarcely gener-

-ous or grateful in us women not to acknowledge the immense benefits that we derive from men's work, and I cannot, for my own part, imagine a more delicious feeling than the ample acknowledgment of benefits received, let them come whence they may. It is next to being able to repay them. *That* we can never do, but let us do what we can. I am simply amazed when I hear these women talk as they do. I wonder where all we women of Newfangle would have been now, if it had rested with women to have built up Newfangle, if the men and women had changed works. No, there is no wonder or doubt about it, I can tell you. In the township of Nowhere. Women might as well have attempted to bring down the sun to boil their kettles, or to build the railway with knitting needles as to have made Newfangle. There would have been no townships, no husbands, no children, 'no nothing.' Take away, to-morrow, the work of men, and Newfangle relapses into the barbarism from which men brought it out. No, no, my dear girls, and thrice no, never let me hear one of you say a word about the rights of women in Newfangle. Deserve all you can, show what capacity you may, but, till you have brought yourselves up even with men, demand nothing. Have too much spirit to do it.

One word more. You will tell me that men could not have done what they have done without the help of women, so that it comes to the same thing. My dears, that is as great a fallacy as all the rest of it. Men can do without women under conditions which make it necessary or desirable. Without men women perish. Remarkable proofs of both were afforded by our township. A lot of foolish young women, who thought nature a very poor contrivance, and they could amend it, attempted a settlement by themselves, into which no tyrant man should ever enter, and where they would make their own institutions and laws and obey no others. 'New Virginia' it was to have been. What could come of it? They were found, by mere accident, perishing, by inches, by starvation from cold and hunger, one of their number already dead and lying unburied. Some of our men, on a distant hunting expedition, came upon them, huddled together in a wretched hovel, squalid, unclean, half-clothed, starving, shivering, and shuddering. The men had enough to do to supply their wants as well as their own and it was not without difficulty or danger that they were brought into our settlement. Never, my dears, can I forget the appearance of that mournful procession, as it filed slowly in among us, the men walking in front and carrying the frozen corpse, on a sort of litter, for Christian burial, and some of them, cold as it was, stripped of their coats to cover the poor creature's nakedness; the crestfallen women tottering behind, ashamed to be seen. Righteously ashamed of having ever applied the word tyrant to such men as had rescued them, with every kindness, consideration, and delicacy—they said so often enough while their hearts were full; righteously ashamed of ever having thought that the sex to which those men belonged was less pure or noble than their own. And now came the turn of their own sex, of the women of the settlement. They received the poor outcasts with a holy charity. They tended them, fed them, clothed them, nor slackened until the blood was once more seen in their cheeks.

> 'When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!'

We will omit the preceding lines, my dears, for this once at least.

On the other hand, there is the village of Manly. Some men who first settled thereabouts and gave it the name, as foolish as the New Virginia women, only not so helpless, chose, like Colonel Talbot, whom you have all heard of, not to allow a woman within their doors. They got on, to

all appearance, just as well as Colonel Talbot did. But, if you want that proved among a hundred instances, take a man of war. There are some five hundred souls on board, but no woman. I have read minute descriptions of them. They are the very perfection of method, order, cleanliness; not an inch of the decks but you might eat off; not a bit of metal but you might do your hair by. Captain's table first-rate; wardroom table little inferior; men's table all that they require. The men are very handy with the needle.

Well, my dears, if all this that I have been telling you is true of Newfangle, a little out of the way bit of the world, it is a great deal more true —if there are any degrees in truth— in the great world beyond. If it would have been impossible for women to have built up such a community as ours, it would have been much more impossible—if there are any degrees in impossibility—for them to have built up such communities as exist out in the great world. *A fortiori*—I have heard men say that, and I know what it means—*a fortiori*, women have less right to interfere in the public affairs of the great world than here in Newfangle. Just as the work of men there is greater and grander, by so much greater is the disproportion between their work, and its results, and that of women. My dears, I beseech you, let us hear no more of 'rights;' as much indulgence as men choose, but no rights, unless the dictionary is to be turned topsy-turvy.

I have sometimes heard these ladies declaim very bitterly against certain phrases in the marriage ceremony. They cannot abide the idea of being 'given away,' nor of having to promise to 'obey.' It is to be sure, my dears, generally their own father who does it; still, it is a great indignity to be given away even by him out of his own protection and support into the protection and support of another man. It is extraordinary how little objection women generally make to the change. As for the obeying, as only those who choose to do so perform their vow, we need not much complain, perhaps, but the indignity is the same, for all that. There is, however, something much worse than either of these affronts, and I marvel that these women should not notice it. I mean 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow.' I greatly marvel that they do not see the degradation of that. Endowed indeed! Not a bit of it! Dollar for dollar on both sides, and no more about it. Why, my dears, do you not see what an enormous disproportion is inflicted upon us poor women here? Take, this township of Newfangle. It contains about 40,000 acres, worth at, say, forty dollars an acre, $1,600,000. Add personal property, say $400,000, together $2,000,000. The interest of this at 6 per cent. is $120,000. I am bad at reckoning, like most women, but I believe that is right. See, then, my dears, what dreadful tales figures tell, and these figures are moderate, within the mark. Now this is Newfangle, and Newfangle, as I have already shown you, belongs to the men who have made it, so that we poor insulted wives of Newfangle are endowed to the tune of $120,000 a year. Unbearable! strike it out! Let us bring our own $2,000,000 and make it even, or, if we cannot do that, let us give up all the fine things we enjoy, and go back to log-shanties, blue flannel dresses, of our own spinning and dyeing, and ox-sleds for carriages—*I* know all about that—and be under no such degrading obligation. Come, that would be something *like* a cry! Something *like* equal rights! Bella, my love, Jack will be here, this evening. Tell him there are insuperable objections to him. He has a fine farm, a fine house handsomely furnished, a fine carriage, I do not know what all. Why, he must be worth altogether some $8,000 or $9,000, at least, not a cent less. It is out of the question. You can never consent to

be endowed with all that. You must say to him,

'I am so sorry, Jack, but I have only my clothes and five hundred dollars that papa means to give me—you know he is not well off, and there are five of us girls, which will run into money. And look at you! Rich and making no end—so people say. You must go away. I can *not*, you see. It is asking too much of me. Don't cry, Jack, oh, pray don't cr-cry! and ki-kiss me once more, just once, for the last time, my poor J-Jack! Oh-o-ho!' Something of that sort, my love, just to ease him down gently, because it is no fault of his, you know; he cannot help it, But we *must* hold out, or else these men will be saying next, 'who taketh' or 'who buyeth this woman.' Think of *that*.

And would that I could end here. The presumption of these men knows no bounds. They actually assume to take us under their protection—to allow us I do not know what of indulgences, privileges, and immunities. I could not begin to enumerate them for very shame. From a seat in a street car to the saving of life itself, we women must have the preference. Let us fling off this thraldom. Let us do whatever men do, and breast the world along with them, shoulder to shoulder. Let us put on a leather apron and take a horse's foot in our laps and nail on his shoe. Let us drive cabs. We use cabs, and horses must be shod to draw them. Let us navigate ships. They bring us tea and sugar—what do they not bring us? Let us build railroads and cathedrals. Let us carry cables across the Atlantic. Let us be butchers and bakers and candlestick makers. How—I must do men that justice—how can we pretend to an equality with them so long as we are indebted to them for all these things? Let us dive for pearls and dig for diamonds, as well as wear them; get our ostrich feathers ourselves, and humming-birds for our hats; let us earn the money to pay for all these things. How can we pretend to independence or equality unless we do? These men have the impudence to save our lives before their own. Let us put on the fireman's helmet and save men first. Let us man—I beg your pardon—let us woman the life-boat, and rescue men first from the hungry waves. Let us stand on the deck of a sinking ship which we command, with no idea but to go down with her, take a pistol from our pocket and threaten to shoot the first woman who dares to stir while one man remains on board; fold our husband in our arms for the last time and force him away. My dears, this would only be doing exactly what men do to us. Let us see how they would like these indignities—this denial of equal rights. Now, now is the time! Up and be doing! We have borne all this too long! Let us fling the flag of Woman's Rights to the breeze, and swear never to fold it round the staff till men have admitted us to an equality in all those things!

My dears, you look curiously at me. You hardly know what to make of it. Little wonder! Go, repeat all this to these Newfangle women, and see what they will say to it. Ask them how it comes about, if they have been starved, as they say, in their education, that they can write and speak so extraordinarily well as they do on this subject. If they have derived all their great cleverness and information from school-teaching, it is clear they have had it. If they have not derived these high qualities from that source, it is equally clear that it is from something within themselves, and not from school-teaching, that all this is obtained. That, my dears, is what we call a dilemma. We have already gone into this. School-teaching, with cramming 'at that,' will make a school-teacher of perhaps one in a hundred, will enable average boys and girls to go through all the ordinary business of life. A college or university course will produce a higher

class—will give a certain stamp in the few cases in which it is taken full advantage of. It will never make clever or distinguished men or women. That comes from elsewhere. Woful disappointment awaits those who expect more than this from what is called the 'higher education' of women. In all that these Newfangle women say there is too much promise, too much expectation, too much future tense. A little past would be better, a little pointing to performance. It would be wiser to wait for that. This agitation has been on foot, with a lively gait, for at least fifty years in the United States. Is there any appreciable result? Have women there taken a higher tone; have they distinguished themselves more than formerly? If they have, it is certainly hidden from the outside world. Have they raised themselves in the estimation of men? It may be a small sign, but it is significant—a straw will show which way the stream flows—you can hardly take up an American paper without coming upon some paragraph which either speaks slightingly of women, or exhibits an antagonism between men and women, more particularly between husbands and wives. I continually see such paragraphs—vulgar if you will, but there they are. Whence comes the spirit which inspires them? To whom are they addressed? To the readers of newspapers, who are the million. I read in a late American paper that 'the Massachusetts House, on the same day, rejected *without a count* a bill granting women the right to vote and be voted for on municipal affairs.' And this, after fifty years, in the very head-quarters of this agitation! And we are asked to believe that it is making assured and rapid progress! The 'on the same day' refers to a privilege which *was* granted to women, namely that of taking part in *school* committees, which is making exactly the very distinction of which I have just been speaking. School teaching and school learning and the capacity to do the work of the world are two totally different things. I say, therefore, my dears, that we must not build too much on the promises made here on these Newfangle platforms.

By-the-by, speaking of life-boats, I remember one of those ladies bringing forward Grace Darling as superior to an 'effeminate exquisite,' but forgetting that here effeminate was used in a disparaging sense, whereas, according to this Newfangle theory, the nearer men rise to the effeminate standard the better, as they are now the 'lower and coarser half of humanity.' But, more than that, Grace Darling was celebrated because she was not *like* but *unlike* a woman. She might, with a very good show of reason, have demanded her right to take her place in a life-boat. But it would be far to seek to woman our life-boats, all round the coast, with Grace Darlings. Surely all such arguments as this founded on the famous Grace, are transparently shallow. A cause that is driven to them is half lost already. The question is of the sexes and the difference between them at large, not of one solitary woman.

I come, now, my dears, to the consideration of a part of the subject which I very much wish it were possible to avoid, and I shall not dwell on it further than necessity compels me—the comparative intellectual strength of the sexes. My work is partly done for me. One of these ladies has said that 'it is not by any means sought to deny or underrate the mental difference.' Very well, then there is a mental difference. So that, if women were given a half-share in the direction of public affairs, the sum of mental strength brought to bear upon them would be diminished by that difference, be it less or more. And to that extent it would act disastrously on the general welfare. I shall endeavour to show you presently how great that extent would be. Another says, 'no matter to the point I now make, whe-

ther she have all these' (intellectual) 'powers and capacities in equal degree with man or not. It suffices that she has them.' Here again is a virtual admission of an inferiority of intellectual powers and capacities. So far from being 'no matter,' it is the *whole* matter. If a party of passengers are about to start on a difficult and dangerous journey, by a stage-coach, the comparative skill of the proposed drivers is everything.

My dears, we women of Newfangle fall into a great error. We compare our capacity with that of men within that narrow sphere only in which we have entered into any competition with them. This consists of literature (mainly light literature) and art. No more. We forget that there is a vast expanse beyond, in which man stands alone, or next to alone. I need merely mention agriculture, handicraft, trade, commerce, navigation, locomotion, architecture, mechanism, the amassing of wealth, science, learning, enterprise, invention, discovery, and so on. All, in short, which forms the real work of the township, and without which it would not stand still but relapse into barbarism. I cannot be expected to speak of the world of women generally; I must leave it to others to determine what difference, if any, there may be between them and the women of Newfangle. I can see no reason whatever why, within the limited range which I have indicated just now, women should not equal men. I can see reasons why they might be expected to excel them. But how stands the fact? We have had Newfangle women who, as writers (of novels I speak chiefly), have approached very near to men, and have deservedly highly distinguished themselves. But, even in this one department, they cannot be said to have equalled men. In all others there is no comparison. A rare exception here and there, if there be one, makes no rule. We have a few good female painters, but they are very few, and, upon this point, any comparison between them and our male artists would be out of the question, even in those departments of art most fitted to women. We have admirable executive musicians among our women, but not a single composer. Capital actresses, but no dramatist. These last facts are not a little curious. In sculpture there are sufficient reasons why our women could hardly be expected to do anything great. To have done what they have is greatly to their credit. It is another very remarkable fact that, among our women here, the faculty of invention or discovery—and what does our township not owe to it—seems to have no existence whatever. Many of our men have earned for themselves a world-wide celebrity in this way, but our women have done absolutely nothing. I speak of Newfangle where I am at home. Whether this be the case in the outside world I cannot tell you. *Here*, you see, the amount of mental power and activity of our women is immensely exceeded by that of our men. And our public affairs, if entrusted to the management of women, would suffer in proportion. In all practical experience too, the disproportion is quite as great. May such a misfortune be far away from our township, say I!

And what then?

If we may presume to judge of the intentions of the Creator by any human test—for that is all we have by which to judge of anything—they must have been that men should do the work of the world, *because they have done it.* Why should women repine that He has given men a superior bodily and mental capacity wherewithal to do it? It seems to me that men might as well repine because they have not been made so beautiful as women, or so big as the elephant, or so strong as the horse, or because there is scarcely a single faculty that they possess in which they are not inferior to some one or other of the poor brute

beasts as we call them. A Higher Power has ordered it all, and it is our place to play our several parts without murmuring. How much more beautiful has one woman been made than another! How does one poor fellow go grovelling in the dust through life, while he sees his brother expanding his wings in higher regions, simply because he has been gifted with genius denied to himself! To the plain woman, to the common man, nature may appear, as it did to the women of New Virginia, a very poor contrivance, but it was not in them, nor is it in us, to change it, and it never will be. Inequality of every possible kind prevails universally throughout all nature. It is a Standing Law.

My dears, as I go on talking to you, recollections of certain things that I have heard these Newfangle ladies say, from time to time, come into my mind. I remember one of them saying 'it may well be doubted whether we should ever have had the steam engine or the electric telegraph, Hamlet, or Paradise Lost, if woman's care had not watched over the helpless childhood of the infant geniuses.' Surely it may be doubted, and full surely also it may be doubted, if their fathers had not provided them with bread and butter and a bit of meat to build up their bodies sound, and sound minds with them. I am very sure, my dears, that we women of Newfangle have never been wanting in every motherly love and devotion to our children. There you see the bright and shining side of our lives. What is all else compared with it? But we have certainly never succeeded in moulding a Shakespeare, or a Milton, a Watt, or a Wheatley. And it is much to be lamented, if the women of the outer world possess the secret, that they have been so exceedingly sparing in their efforts. But my dears, I am afraid it is hardly good policy to set up any such claim, because, if we are to be credited with the wise, I cannot very well see why, by a parity of reasoning, the boobies too should not be placed to our account. The balance would be against us. Besides, why not *all* the sons of the same woman Miltons or Shakespeares? No, my dears, beautiful, almost holy, as is the sight of a baby sleeping in a mother's lap or on her bosom, sanctified as is her love for it, exquisite as is the infant-tie which binds father and mother together, the making of genius is not for them. It is one of the wonders of Creation.

Again, there is a saying, more pertinent perhaps than choice, about 'letting the cat out of the bag.' Through all the utterances of these ladies there runs a predominating grievance—that the education and the opportunities of learning of women are dwarfed. I am afraid, I might say, purposely dwarfed. It is not, perhaps, broadly stated that this has been the doing of men, with any unworthy objects, or for any unworthy purposes, of their own, still there is, through it all, a vague and intangible charge that it is so. Now, it seems to me, I must say, that one of these ladies once let the cat out of the bag, as they say, and allowed her to escape so completely that there is no hope of getting her back again. I will give you the precise words as nearly as I can, of this Newfangle lady, though possibly I may emphasize one or two of them, where she may not have done so. 'But the daughter's studies, after her short school life is over, are usually,' she said, 'at the mercy of the most trifling hindrances. If nothing else intervenes, the mother likes to see her daughter "amusing herself." She is impatient of anything like (her daughter) "shutting herself up"—neglecting "society" for study. It is *natural* for every mother to wish and expect to see her daughter "well married"—equally *natural* for her to take slight account of a different contingency—and so if the daughter misses what has been *set before her as the end of her being*, she is but ill fitted to find other interests to replace it.' Oh, my

dears, my dears, what a fatal mistake was here! If this lady had desired to undo every word she was at such infinite pains to say, she could not have done it to more fatal purpose. So, you see, the influences which dwarf the education and opportunities of daughters, are the *nature* of every mother, not of the father—few fathers but know only too well how impossible it is for them to stem the tide of this evil—but of the mother. The daughters, and their daughters, and their daughters, becoming mothers, in course of time, from generation to generation, have the same nature, and so it has gone on, and will go on, in a never ending series, from great grandmother Eve to Susan Smith of Newfangle and her female posterity to the end of time. Well, my dears, I suppose it is our nature. Your mother, Bella, does not discourage Jack. I have sometimes heard women say 'we are what God has made us.' No doubt about it, my dears. And I, for one, humbly bless him for His work. When I look at you, my girls, and at the mothers who bore you—when I think of the great talent displayed by these lady writers and speakers—and it is very great, if they would only, for their own sakes, chop away at a little bit of logic now and then by way of mental exercise, like dumb bells for the arms and chest—I think we have stood this long process of deterioration wonderfully well.

Even as I speak to you, I hear more of the doings of these indefatigable ladies. Here is one who now tells us that the chivalry of men towards women is a fiction, that it may pick up scissors or hand to a carriage ('especially if there be a footman in attendance,' which points the sarcasm, I suppose,) but that it will bear no 'tougher strain.' Well, my dears, I have already pretty well disposed of that. The pistol is historical; a man was shot. It would be easy to multiply such facts; they are legion: But you remember the story and the pictures in the *Illustrated News*, not long ago, of the wreck, on a rocky desert island, far down in the southern ocean, where the women were saved, succoured, and favoured in every possible way (while two men, as I remember, died from the hardships to which they were exposed) and were ultimately all rescued by men. Now not one of those men would ever waste a second thought on it; it was all matter of course; but it ill becomes us women, I think, to be so forgetful. There was rather a tougher strain there than the scissors and the carriage. Then we are told that men make a 'certain show of deference' in conversation, 'to be too often exchanged for a very different tone in the freedom of the smoking room.' I do not know what it is that these ladies miss in the conversation in which that deference is observed, nor do I know what is the talk in smoking rooms, as I do not frequent them, nor do any other women that I know of. But I should have thought *any* deference towards women would have its degree of merit.

Again, we are told, till we are sick of hearing it, that women are paid less than men for the same work. This too has been pretty well disposed of. A thing will fetch what it is worth. That is an admitted maxim of commerce. There is nothing more sensitive than capital. It will invariably find its level. Whatever will produce most will be paid most. When men are paid more than women it is because they do more work or do it better. A master in our schools can command $400, while we can get a female teacher of the same class for $275. Why do we hire the master? Is it for the pleasure of making him a present of $125? Do we tax ourselves for his benefit? Is there not many a male singer or actor paid less than a female on the same stage? Why? Because the lady is the better performer. No doubt there are isolated cases of hardship, possibly more with women than with men, but we cannot deal with exceptions.

Then again, I find it not a little amusing that, with these ladies, every thing that tells in their favour is so much gospel, and their case is 'packed' with a most creditable ingenuity and perseverance—let us give them all the credit for that which they so well deserve—there is any amount of 'the glory of *ideal* womanhood—*real* were better; while all that tells against them is 'scoffing, vulgar, and flippant.' I am quite prepared to find myself called a vulgar, flippant scoffer, but women do not much mind what women say. Why, even such men as Milton and Luther, when they do not happen to suit exactly, are pooh-poohed. We have them both.

And now I am ashamed of what I have to repeat, but it must be done. One of these ladies has lately said that 'the moment that the principle of self-interest comes into play, the average man is more ready to grind down, to over-reach, to underpay, to cheat outright a woman than a man, just because he thinks he can do it with more impunity.' As this is a curiosity in its way, my dears, let us dissect it somewhat minutely. In the first place, the principle of self-interest is a pretty generally prevailing one; these ladies themselves are not bad examples of it. Then, men, who are *more* ready to cheat at one time than another, must be supposed to be ready to cheat at all times, more or less. And these average men are more ready—there are about ninety-nine average men in every hundred—to *cheat outright*, to *under-pay*, to *over-reach*, to *grind down a helpless woman* because they can do it *with impunity.* Then observe how these odious misdoings are piled up in an ever-increasing agony of indignation. Well, my dears, what do you think now of these average men of Newfangle, of these men, out of whom are made your fathers, your brothers, your husbands, your sons? As you have not yet got husbands and sons, perhaps you are not quite so well able to judge of them as those who have. For that you must wait awhile. But if you are to give birth to such average men as these, I think you had better not try the experiment at all—and I less wonder now that, for the most part, these ladies have not—but let the human race come to a stand-still, and the sooner the better, and then we shall have no women nor any woman's rights to quarrel about.

And let me ask you, do you think that this sort of thing is safe or wise, is it good policy? With what sort of audacity are challenges like these thrown down? Are not we women ourselves vulnerable at fifty points? It is trusting a great deal to the forbearance and generosity of men. What good end is this rating of one sex by the other expected to answer?

For you, Bella, my love, I am particularly sorry. Your case gets worse and worse. There is no hope left for you and Jack now. When he comes, stammering and blushing like a school girl—I wish they blushed a little more—to ask for your hand in exchange for his own, you must say to him: 'What means this presumption, sir; do you suppose that I can take for a husband—for better or for worse, when it would be all worse—a creature who is inferior in the scale of humanity to myself, who is less pure and noble, lower and coarser? Take your dismissal, sir, once for all.' Set this example to all your young lady friends. Preach to them this doctrine. Converts will flock in. You will become the priestess of a new religion, the first abbess of Newfangle. Or, if you prefer it, which I think not unlikely, marry Jack. Then, when you have lived long years together, when you have seen children and grandchildren grown up around you, when he has been faithful and true to you, when he has been addicted to no vices, when he has toiled from morning to night, from year's end to year's end, that you may all rise in the world together, when he has done his duty public and private, when he has visited the widow and the fatherless, and fed

the poor—and all this, I think, may be safely predicted of Jack, as he promises to follow in his forefather's steps—then say to him, 'We must part Jack, we cannot go down to the grave together, you are less pure and noble than I, lower and coarser.' Go, say it to the doctor, who eases your pain, or takes off a crushed limb that life may be saved. Go, say it to the humble, pious minister who comforts you in your affliction, and says to you, 'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; Blessed be the name of the Lord.' Go say it of her husband or of her father to the exalted lady who now graces Canada by her presence. Go, say it of the 'good' prince, whom the widowed queen has mourned as rarely woman mourned before.

Ah, my dear children, away with all such mischievous comparisons! Men and women are good or bad to most of us as we find them. We must have our individual feelings. But the world is wider. Comparative virtues and vices can never be proved. It can never come to more than an idle wrangle. As for woman's position in the world, the higher they rise the better for man. The more they add to the world's stores the better for man. The more they share his work the better for man. The more they relieve him of his responsibilities the better for him.

My own opinion is, however, that women will find their greatest obstacle in women, here, in Newfangle, and elsewhere. I know the women of Newfangle well. Who better? I know that their natural instinct is to call upon men to help them in their trouble, of whatever kind, and not women. We have turned out some female medical students, but there is not one practising female doctor in the township. This is a poor account to give after twenty-five years. Women, at least our women here, are not disposed to place confidence in women; and it would appear to be the same elsewhere. The female medical student agitation must have been going on in the States for at least twenty-five years. There is in New York an admirable Women's Hospital. It is managed by women, by some of the principal ladies of the city. There is not belonging to it one single female surgeon, one single female student, nor is there any idea entertained of either. In short, *comparatively*, it has come to nothing. So I think, myself, it will be found in other professions and employments where women will have the choice between women and men. It has already been proved in a great many instances.

There are no better women in the world, I firmly believe, my dears, than our women here in Newfangle. They are good daughters, good sisters, good wives, good mothers, good housekeepers, good friends, good neighbours. That is enough for me and for them. That is enough for most people. But they have their peculiar feminine failings, as every human being, be it man or woman, has failings, not to call them by a harsher name, and it is exactly those feminine failings which will prove the greatest obstacle in this Woman Question, as it is called, should it ever come to a real trial. There are, to be sure, a few women in Newfangle who are not wives or mothers. They desire, these ladies tell us, to make their way in the world—to achieve an independence for themselves. There is no royal road. Men find none—women will find none. It is sheer hard work that does it. Even genius has been defined (improperly) as no more than a capacity for work, though it is in great part true. When women have genius, their path is smoothed for them, as it is for men of genius; there are very few indeed of either sex. For all the rest sheer hard work is the lot, the condition of success. We are told by these very ladies that there are many, a great many, employments in which women now succeed. A vast many more are

open to them, if they can show that they can do as well in them as men can; the more the better for them and for men too. But it seems they want to be professional women—that is doctors, lawyers, ministers of the Gospel, statesmen. Here we are met by one of those contradictions which puzzle us in the speeches and writings of these ladies. They tell us that 'with women professional efforts must always be reckoned secondary to their peculiar duties as women, from which even professional women cannot claim immunity;' and yet with their next breath they would have us believe that they are just as capable of all or any professional duty as men are. Of course the first is true, and may indeed almost be said to be fatally true. Observe that no exceptions are made. By all means, as a matter of grace, throw open all professional careers to women; mix up men and women, married and unmarried, in an heterogeneous confusion; let it not be said that it is denied to them, but *mark my words*, my dears, the 'feminine writer in the *Contemporary Review*' was *right*. The consequences could not, by possibility, be anything but mischievous and disastrous. 'The whole existing scheme of human affairs would be thrown into confusion,' but the frenzy would work itself off, and all would come right again in the end; the human nature which has asserted itself for more thousands of years than we know anything about would assert itself again. From the very earliest times of which there exists any record, the differences between man's nature and woman's nature stand out in high relief. It is neither more nor less to-day. Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, one and the same, from the beginning to the end.

Good night, my dears; and do you kiss me again, Bella, my love. Cheer up. Take Jack as you find him. Do not call him less pure or less noble than yourself, low or coarse; do not tell him that he is a cheat, that he grinds down, that he over-reaches, that he underpays, and that in the worst possible form. Take him as you find him, and hope that he may do the same by you, and rely on the word of your old grandmother, who knows a thing or two, that you will be no loser by the bargain. What! Tears! Ah, my dear child, may you never shed more unhappy ones!

WHY?

WHY does the bud that is near to its breaking
  Wake sweeter smiles than the fully-blown rose?
Why does the dream on the verge of awaking
  Stir deeper truths than a deeper repose?

Why does the love that is broken with parting
  Lift itself higher by the fulness of pain?
Why is the incomplete rapture of starting
  Close on completion we never attain?

Why? for a boundless, unsatisfied longing
  Lies deepest down in a warm human heart;
Ever with this are the sympathies thronging,
  Ever by this do the heaven-flowers start.

Grow with our spring—we can follow you wholly
  Only as far as its instincts are sent;
Summer's a fact that is hidden and holy,
  We have not seen it—We are not content.

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXII.

A COURT-MARTIAL STORY.

IT was not without some anxiety—such as unhappily, even the innocent often experience in this world—that Frederic Mayne sat down to the morning meal after that misadventure in the arbour; he knew that, though Ferdinand Walcot could wear a mask to conceal his feelings, Sir Robert was incapable of such deception, and his courteous and hospitable greeting at once informed him that no 'leprous distilment' of prejudice or scandal had, for the present, at least, been dropped into his ear.

Knowing, however, or fancying that he knew, the nature of the man with whom he had to deal, he was by no means set at ease, and, like any other threatened man, felt much in need of 'counsel's opinion.' For Gresham's advice he was debarred from applying, because of the secret he had discovered concerning him, and his knowledge of which a feeling of delicacy (not unmingled with resentment) prevented him from revealing; a natural shrinking from making unpleasantness in the house prevented him from making a clean breast of it to his host; and in this perplexity he resolved to confide in a third, and comparatively disinterested party.

From the first, Mayne had greatly taken to the Rev. John Dyneley; there was a frankness about him that appealed strongly to his own open nature, and a modesty in regard to self-assertion which he admired none the less that he was conscious that he did not share the possession of that virtue. His opinion of Dyneley, had he been asked to express it, would have been 'a right good fellow, and, though a parson, with no nonsense about him.'

Moreover, confidential relations had been already established between them on a certain matter soon to be made public, so that he felt less of embarrassment than he would otherwise have done in consulting him on a subject so delicate as his adventure of the morning; lastly, although Dyneley had been becomingly reticent as to the members of the Halcombe family, Mr. Mayne had a suspicion that he entertained no very high opinion of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot.

Mr. Raynes and his wife—from whose house Frank had been returning home when he encountered that incredible giant—were coming to spend the day at the Hall, and little preparations were going on in consequence which afforded Mayne an opportunity of slipping unobserved away from the house, and paying a visit to the Manor Farm. He found the Curate with his foot in the stirrup, on the point of setting out for Archester on his grey mare—the only luxury which he allowed himself.

'I was just off,' he said, 'on my expedition of discovery; for to-day is the day to tell our tale—if, unlike the Needy Knifegrinder, we have one to tell.'

'Quite right; I had forgotten for the moment because of an occurrence

which has just happened that concerns myself more nearly. That is only human nature.'

'It is very human,' answered the Curate, smiling, 'which you must allow rather corroborates my theory.'

These two had had some friendly arguments, not, indeed, of the high philosophic kind, 'of Fate, Freewill, Foreknowledge absolute,' but of a quasi-theological sort, in which they had very wisely agreed to differ.

'I will acknowledge an error in logic, Mr. Dyneley, if you on your part will give me your advice upon a matter, in which I have committed no error, but the consequences of which may be serious to me. In the first place, however, I must ask to believe that, if I am not so orthodox as could be wished, I am incapable of what is unbecoming a gentleman.'

'I do not claim to be a great judge of character,' answered the Curate, but 'you may certainly take that much for granted.'

'Thank you, Dyneley. Then this is my story,' and thereupon he told him, without any reference to Gresham, how he had been led by a sneeze to enter the arbour, and had been found there, under ridiculous, but somewhat embarrassing, circumstances, by Mr. Ferdinand Walcot.

'That the man means to do me a mischief,' he concluded, 'if the opportunity should occur, I feel certain, though for the present he keeps his mouth shut.'

'I cannot conceive,' observed the Curate, thoughtfully, 'how this young woman—her name is Annabel Spence—came to be in the arbour at all, and especially at such an hour in the morning. You have no theory, I suppose, to account for her presence there?'

Mr. Mayne had a theory to account for it, as we know, but he did not feel justified in saying anything that might implicate Gresham, so he shook his head.

'I have never seen the girl but once,' continued the Curate, 'but I have learnt from the young ladies that she is very peculiar; she does not mix with her fellow-servants, and is very reticent about herself.'

'Is she educated above her class, do you know?' inquired Mayne.

'Yes, I believe so.'

'I thought that from her manner,' replied Mayne, carelessly; he did not dare ask, what he most wanted to know, whether she could speak German.

'You ask me for advice in this matter, Mr. Mayne,' said the Curate, 'and I need not say my best services are at your disposal; but upon my word I have no action to propose. To take the initiative is dangerous, in such a case; you know the proverb, "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse;*" and since you are not only innocent of offence, but there is no accusation to the contrary, I should recommend—'

'A masterly inaction,' put in Mayne, laughing. 'Very good. I feel, however, that I have done right in consulting you, so that in case any imputation—"frivolous and vexatious," as the court-martials call it—is made against me at any time, perhaps, in my absence, you will be in possession of the actual circumstances. In my opinion, Mr. Ferdinand Walcot is capable of anything.

'Because he shut the garden door in your face?' said the Curate smiling.

'On no; though, mind you, that was not a pleasant trait in him. He would not have dared to do it but that he felt I could not make a row about it. Gresham knows him down to his boots, and calls him all sorts of names; well-deserved ones, I have no doubt. To my eyes, in his influence over Sir Robert, and in his general goings on in the family, he resembles Tartuffe.'

'You think him a hypocrite, then?'

'Certainly; that to begin with. It is what his hypocrisy conceals, however, that one most objects to, of course.'

'And what is that?'

'Heartlessness, nay worse, cruelty, malevolence, greed—but I fear I am shocking you.'

'It is certainly painful to me,' said the Curate slowly, 'to learn that you have so bad an opinion of the man whom Sir Robert—whom we all love and respect—delights to honour. I will confess to you at once that Mr. Walcot is not a personal favourite of mine; but such imputations—'

'My dear Mr. Dyneley, I impute nothing,' put in the other, laughing; 'I only give you my own opinion of the gentleman; he may be the kindest and most disinterested creature upon earth—only if he is, I'll eat him. I am detaining you, however, from your errand.'

'Not at all. I am glad to have seen you,' said the Curate, though his tones were far from glad. He seemed almost unable to rouse himself from some unpleasant reflections. 'I shall be back by luncheon time,' he added, as he mounted his horse, 'and I hope with some good news. Good morning.'

And the two young men shook hands with much cordiality.

In less than an hour after they had parted, Mr. Ferdinand Walcot was in possession of the fact of their interview which seemed to have some significance for him, to judge by the manner in which he received it from the lips of Gilbert Holm.

'He comes to the Curate, does he, instead of his friend Gresham, to repose this confidence?' was the muttered reflection. 'Now, why is that, I wonder?' He paced for some minutes the little garden before the farmhouse ere he thought this out, and even then his furrowed brow, in place of becoming clearer, grew dark as night. 'So, so, he loves her, this salt-water fool, and believes Gresham his rival; that has sundered friendship. So much the better; when the fagot is unbound, the sticks are snapped the easier.'

As a matter of fact, however, Walcot saw some cause for disquiet in the fact of this intimacy between Frederick Mayne and the Curate, both of whom as he well knew, were hostile to him; but like other men of strong will and self-dependent habits, he never admitted, even to himself, that matters were going against him.

In the country, persons of both sexes are often fond of their own free will to drive ten miles and back to a dinner party; the motive (for the attractions of the banquet can never account for it) is gregariousness. Their own company and that of their family has become intolerable, and they put themselves to this enormous inconvenience, as Sir John Plumpudding did, who hung himself one morning 'for a change.' At the same time they are not unaware of the discomforts they thus incur; the little outbreaks of temper on the road out, from hunger or other causes, the exhaustion on their return journey, and the snatch of sleep rudely broken by the jolt at their own hall steps. Therefore, neighbourly folks in the country often ask their friends to spend what (with some secret doubt, perhaps, of having much means of amusement at command) they call a 'long day' with them. Mr. and Mrs. Raynes had received an invitation of this kind from Lady Arden. Perhaps it had not been given altogether with the philanthropic motives I have hinted at. The fact is her ladyship was very particular as to the social proprieties, and the guests in question were not quite in a position to be asked to meet the county families at dinner. Nobody knew where Mr. and Mrs. Raynes had sprung from: they had taken the only gentleman's residence there was upon Mirton Moor, about ten years ago, which in the eyes of county society is but the life span of a mushroom; and though they had wonderfully adapted themselves, as it were, to the soil—Mr. Raynes was, on the one hand, very popular as an employer of labour, and on the other, was the Rector's churchwarden at Mirton—still there was

something about them that the drawing-room folks of these parts described as 'peculiar.' The gentleman quoted Shakespeare, but was quite ignorant of the usual topics of general conversation, to which he listened with a good-natured face, that was occasionally convulsed by the most comic of grins. The boys and girls were enchanted with this peculiarity, but their elders disapproved of it, and one of them had even contemptuously nicknamed him the Cheshire cat.

His lady spoke still more seldom, but she had a beaming face which gave every one who talked to her the impression that she was entranced by their conversation, unless they happened to cross-examine her about it, when to their chagrin they found she had not understood one word of it. Of her genuine kindness of heart, however, there was no doubt, and the manner in which, though forty-seven and fat, she tripped in the children's dance always given at 'The Lilacs' at Christmas would alone have guaranteed it. 'Hung upon wires,' was, indeed, an observation that had been applied to her mode of progression at all times, which, in connection with Mr. R's contortions of countenance, had caused this honest pair to be known among their intimates as 'the Marionettes.'

They were, nevertheless, of the most genuine flesh and blood, and were warmly appreciated by those who had any sense of proportion, and could forget eccentricities of conduct and appearance in the presence of real worth—among whom I need not say was Sir Robert Arden.

His greeting to them on the present occasion was only less warm than that of Frank who had been always welcome to 'The Lilacs,' and whose greatest 'chum' was their son and heir, Master Richard Raynes, at present at a boarding-school at Cheltenham. It was to that school that his own hopes had turned, as an escape from the vengeance of John Groad and Son, before they were nipped in the bud by Mr. Ferdinand Walcot's veto.

The luncheon party was a large one, the great Baba, having, at Mrs. Rayne's request, who doted on babies, honoured it by his august presence, and the Curate being also among the invited, though he did not join the company till they had sat down. At first the conversation, led, of course, by his Serene Diminutiveness, to whom every one listened as to a pocket oracle, turned upon the approaching Fifth of November, on which certain fireworks were to be displayed, and was, therefore, of an historical character.

The great Baba would have it that Guy Fawkes (as to whom he felt he would be indebted for the entertainment in question) was by no means censurable, a position from which the whole strength of the company failed to dislodge him. Even when convinced of the heinousness of his attempt to blow up his Sovereign with gunpowder, he hazarded the idea, 'but perhaps he was a nasty King,'—which was incontrovertible.

At the moment of his triumph the Curate entered.

'This is unlike you, Dyneley,' remonstrated Sir Robert, with his usual stickling for punctuality.

'And unlike the Church,' added Gresham; 'his reverence did not know there were oyster patties.'

'I have been over to Archester,' said the Curate simply; 'and as it has turned out, on a very pleasant errand.'

'I did not know she lived at Archester,' observed George with an involuntary glance at Elise.

But the Curate took no notice of this ribald behaviour.

'I am glad that you are all together,' he said gravely; 'and especially that Mr. and Mrs. Raynes are with you, because it is my pleasant duty to clear the character of a certain young gentleman—dear to all of us, and especially to you, Lady Arden—which has suffered under an unjust suspicion.'

Here Lady Arden's eyes began to glisten and her face to glow with pleasure; for she (and one other present) alone knew what was coming.

'You remember, Sir Robert, that a certain tale of Master Frank's about his having met a giant with six legs, on his return home from "The Lilacs" one evening, a year or so ago, was much discredited. Now I am in a position to prove that he was really favoured with that spectacle.'

Mr. Walcot looked at his brother-in-law and smiled an incredulous smile.

'My dear Dyneley,' said Sir Robert reprovingly, 'is it not better to let bygones be bygones, than to attempt to reconcile impossibilities with truth?'

'I did see that giant,' said Frank vehemently; 'and he had six legs, just as I told you all.'

'It is quite true,' continued the Curate; 'although it would probably never have been found out but for Mr. Mayne here.'

Every one turned to the person thus indicated. It surprised them that the key to this household problem should be discovered by a comparative stranger.

'Nay, no praise is due to me,' said Mayne; 'only when I was told of Master Frank's strange experience, I thought it worth while to inquire if a giant—whether with six legs or ten—had been in these parts at all, at the time in question. From an investigation in the old files of the county newspaper in your library, Sir Robert, I found that this was the case. A caravan, with a giant in it, was located at Mirton at the date of this alleged occurrence. He was, no doubt the monster that Frank saw.'

'I don't quite see the *sequitur*,' observed Mr. Walcot, drily.

'I shall, however, have the pleasure of showing it to you,' replied the Curate, with some curtness. 'Armed with the information obtained from Mr. Mayne, I rode over to Mirton this morning, and made enquiries respecting this giant's habits. It was his custom it seems—in order doubtless that he should not be seen for nothing—to take his exercise after dark; and being, like most caravan giants, very weak in the legs, two men accompanied him, to serve as supports, when necessary, on either side of him. It was thus no doubt that Frank fell in with him; and in the twilight, it was natural enough that the four legs of his companions should have seemed to the boy to belong to this Goliath as well as his own two; while his head so far over-topped the others (which, indeed, were mere props under his arms) that they escaped observation altogether.'

'I like that 'tory,' exclaimed the great Baba, drumming on the table with his silver fork and spoon with great enthusiasm; 'now tell Baba another about another giant, Dyney.'

But, for once in his life, an observation of the little household god passed unheeded. Everybody was crying out, 'Good boy, Franky,' and expressing their pleasure that his innocence of the imputed falsehood had been thus established.

'I told you the other day, my lad,' said Mayne,

> "That ever the right comes uppermost,
> And ever is justice done."

And here you see an example of it.'

Frank said 'thank you,' gratefully, and as soon as he could escape from the embraces of his family took Mr. Mayne's outstretched hand; but still he looked far otherwise than one who is enjoying a moral triumph. That notion of justice being always done to people chilled his blood. Moreover, he felt that Mr. Walcot's eye was piercing him like a bradawl.

Even when his stepfather beckoned to him and gave him a kind caress, his pale thin face wore as much pain as pleasure.

'I am afraid you have not quite forgiven us all,' said Sir Robert, 'for having done you wrong so long, Frankie.'

'Yes, yes, papa, I have,' said he, 'but I am so very——' here he was going to say 'miserable,' and the next moment would have made a clean breast of all his woes, but a glance full of warning from 'Uncle' Ferdinand stopped him short; the unfinished sentence was kindly concluded for him by that gentleman himself.

'The poor boy means he is quite upset with everybody's kindness, Arden.'

'Good lad, good lad,' said Sir Robert, and he stroked his stepson's head with tender approval.

Curiously enough, not only he, but Lady Arden herself, was persuaded that Mr. Walcot's explanation of Frankie's tears was correct; the scene had been certainly enough to upset the nerves of any sensitive boy.

But Mr. Walcot's glance of warning had been caught by another beside him to whom it was addressed.

'The boy is afraid of him,' mused Mr. Mayne to himself. 'He has got the whip-hand of the poor child in some way, as he thinks he has of me. I'll take the whip out of your hand,' he muttered, his lips pale with passion, 'and then if I don't lay it about your own shoulders, Ferdinand Walcot, call me a land-lubber.'

It is a mistake made by many persons of too masterful a disposition to only consider the wrong they do in relation to those they wrong. There are natures capable of being roused to very active antagonism by tyrannies committed against others, and with which they have no sort of business.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SOME INDOOR GAMES.

THE afternoon was wet, so that the party at Halcombe were thrown upon its internal resources for amusement. In ordinary cases of the kind the males would have repaired to the billiard-room, and, perhaps, even enlisted a fair recruit or two; but on the present occasion it was felt that 'Fifie' (as the girls called Frank, when in especial favour or in trouble) was deserving of especial honour; and it was decided with the consent of the good-natured visitors that he should choose his own game, and be the Lord of Misrule until dinner-time.

For myself I love children, but I hate their games; my knees are too stiff to take a share in their athletics; I can't rise from the ground when at full-length 'without touching anything,' even to oblige a lady of the most fairy-like description; as to that 'Here we go round, round, round,' the very remembrance of the exercise as practised by others gives me the vertigo; while the notion of 'weighing sacks' is to a person of my build both dangerous and preposterous. Bad as these things are, the 'sitting down' games of children are infinitely worse; they require a readiness of mind which has long deserted me, and an indifference to public criticism which I have not yet acquired. The propositions of the little Misses, however, are on the whole much more alarming, because more subtle and exacting, than those of their playmates of the other sex, and the party at Halcombe Hall might well congratulate itself that it had placed itself so unreservedly at least in the hands of a male.

Frank decided on 'Robber King' as the amusement for the afternoon, a choice which might, perhaps, have been appealed against by the young ladies as being somewhat of a hoydenish—not to say rompish—nature, had not the Great Baba at once expressed his approval of the idea, which was necessarily final.

'I ike wobber kings,' he shouted, 'and murders and ghostisses—tum along.'

Sir Robert, though he too liked 'playing at ghostisses' as we have reason to know, was excused on the score of indisposition; 'Uncle Ferdinand,' we may be certain, did not re-

ceive an invitation; and Lady Arden, protesting it was 'one of her bad days,' retired to the drawing-room sofa and the last novel of fashionable life. But the rest, even including the Curate—who was impressed (not willingly) by Mayne on the ground that it was his duty to convert the Robber King—were all included in the proscription. This game consists in all but one person going to hide, and remaining *perdu* till discovered by the King, who carries them off to durance, where they remain till rescued by some member of the party who has not been discovered, and who steals out of his hiding-place with the noble intention of releasing the captives.

The prison was a painted oriel in the great hall which threw 'warm gules' and other mellowed hues upon its tenants, who were immured behind a curtain of tapestry.

This mediæval retreat was found, singularly enough, to be generally inhabited by but one pair of victims at a time; and that pair were for the most part Mr. and Mrs. Raynes (who remained in captivity for such long intervals, that they were dubbed Baron and Baroness Trenck), and George Gresham and the German Governess.

'It is a most extraordinary thing,' observed Mayne to the Curate, who found themselves for once thus incarcerated together, 'that I have relieved Gresham and Miss Hurt from this blessed dungeon about half a dozen times.'

'So have I,' replied the other gravely.

'Then it is my opinion they get caught on purpose. Perhaps he wishes to improve himself in the German tongue.'

'Perhaps,' said the Curate; 'I always find them talking together.'

'I suppose it's quite understood that he and Miss Nicoll are engaged to be married,' observed the other.

'It is understood so,' returned Dyneley, upon whom a crimson light had suddenly descended, though he was under a blue pane; 'but the engagement has never been publicly acknowledged.'

'It seems very odd, don't it.'

'Oh, I don't know,' said the Curate dryly. 'The mere fact of being found in an oriel window—or an arbour—alone with a young lady, proves nothing.'

Mr. Mayne laughed disconcertedly.

'Well, it seems to me that there's another game beside "Robber King" being played in this house, called "Cross Purposes" —— Hush! here's Baron Trenck; for this relief, small thanks.'

'Who would have thought of seeing you two? I always find Mr. Gresham and Miss Hurt here.' And Mr. Raynes grinned a grin so significant, and at the same time so exquisitely comical, that the other two burst out laughing.

'Dear me,' cried Mrs. Raynes, suddenly appearing at the curtain (she was the most active of the band save the King himself, and the most devoted to the cause of the captives), 'only think of finding you three here; and what a noise you make! I generally release but two, and find them sitting as quiet as mice. Lor, Milly, how you frightened me! I thought it was the Robber King.'

'Nay,' said Milly, breathlessly, her bright face aglow with exercise, and her hair streaming behind her like a comet. 'You frightened *me;* I am not accustomed to come upon such batches of prisoners: it's like "La Force" in the French Revolution. I generally find only George and Miss Hurt, who —here is another Deliverer!'

There was indeed one and a half, for it was Evelyn with the Baba on her shoulder, whom she carried perched there with the same ease and grace with which Moorish, and other pictorial maidens, bear their pitchers to the well. This little pitcher had not only ears, but a very active tongue, and (since silence was an imperative necessity of the game) it took all Evelyn's

authority to keep him still, as she flitted from room to room. She never ran, but glided, and was always stately even at topmost speed. Mayne noticed that she had none of the high spirits of her younger sister, though there was so slight a difference in years between them. Like one who takes a hand at whist to oblige others, she did not seem to enjoy the game, though she played it very much better than the volunteers in question. Ere she could speak to the rest, the dreaded form of the Robber King withdrew the curtain, and, in a voice that was meant for one of 'Murder,' cried 'all caught.'

'Nay, sir, you are wrong,' said Evelyn. 'There are two more yet to find—Miss Hurt and George.'

'They count as one, for I always catch 'em together,' replied Frankie, and off he flashed to complete his victory.

At this speech, so corroborative of what all had been saying, or thinking, every one instantly glanced at Evy, except Mr. Dyneley, who wheeled round and stared at the painted window, as though he would have stared through it. This delicacy of conduct (as is often the case) cost the Curate dear, for if he had witnessed, like the rest, the calmness and unconcern with which Evelyn received this compromising intelligence, he would have been well assured that George Gresham, at least, was not a rival to be feared.

After this it was agreed by tacit consent that Robber King had been played out, and the more so since the Great Baba was clamorous for 'Ghostisses,' in which the game had been to his mind hitherto shamefully deficient.

So in the deepening dusk they all repaired to the library and told terrible tales from which the Baba, in Evy's arms, snatched a fearful joy.

For my part, I dote on Ghosts, but the common sense and practical sagacity of the world have become so great that I dare not repeat these stories. One of them, however, is worth recording, first because it took the unusual course of demonstrating that inanimate as well as animate objects are subject to supernatural influences, and secondly, because it was told by the very last person in that part of the country who would have been suspected of telling stories, namely, Mr. Raynes. Moreover it had the very rarest and most valuable attribute that a ghost story can have, it was the record of a personal experience of the narrator,

'It was in the afternoon of this very month some ten years ago,' began Mr. Raynes, 'that I entered the Great Western express at Minden to go down to Exeter. I was late, and hurried at the station, and in my confusion left behind me on a bench on the platform a little black bag full of papers of great importance. I had just retired from my profession——'

'What's dat?' inquired the Great Baba, who wished to have every particular explained to him at all times, but especially regarding so important a subject as Ghostisses.

A great many people besides this intelligent infant would also have been glad to learn what Mr. Raynes' calling had been previously to his undertaking the *rôle* of a country gentleman, so that the question was as full of interest as of pertinence.

'When people are wise, Baba,' observed Mr. Raynes, 'and have made a little money to live upon, they proceed to enjoy themselves for the rest of their lives without working one bit more, and that is called retiring from their profession.'

This explanation, accompanied as it was by one of the most tremendous grins of which the human muscles are capable, was apparently found satisfactory by his interlocutor. So Mr. Raynes continued as follows: 'In that bag, I say, I had the title-deeds of The Lilacs, of which I had become possessed that very day; and, being in very good spirits, I was not at all in a humour to be frightened by ghosts, or anything else, until I found myself alone in the railway carriage without

the bag. The instant I had taken my seat, and the train began to move, I knew that I had left it behind me, and the sense of loss was most acute and depressing. I did not reflect at the time (being quite unused to business matters) that no one could easily make use of the deeds but myself, but really felt as if I had become suddenly beggared. The change from gaiety of heart to despondency was overwhelming. Had there been any communication between guard and passenger at that epoch, which there was not, I think I should have stopped that down express for the purpose of informing its custodian that I had left a black bag at Minden station, and would be obliged to him to reverse the engine and fetch it.

'A prey to these anxious thoughts, I happened suddenly to look up, and there, in the opposite corner of the carriage, stood the very bag, before me, with a copy of the *Evening Standard* half thrust into its mouth, as I well remember to have left it. The carriage was a first-class one, and tolerably well lighted, so that there could be no mistake about it, although five minutes before I could have taken my Bible oath that no bag was there. I verily trembled with agitation, and I must needs confess with something like superstitious fear, so confident was I both that there it was and there it had not been. I had not a doubt that it was my bag and no other, and yet it was some seconds before I could compose my mind, and assure myself how it had got there; namely, that I had flung it there myself as I hurriedly entered, but that in the gloom of the carriage, as compared with the light from which I had come, it had escaped my observation. My mind gradually calmed down from excitement to content and gratitude, and presently I got up, walked to where the bag lay in its corner, and was about to take the newspaper out to read, when that journal was suddenly drawn down into the bag as though by some hidden hand within it, and its half-open mouth was closed in my very face with a sharp snap.

'Anything more surprising it has never been my lot to experience, and very few things more alarming; if it had been a black dog instead of a black bag that had thus snapped at me I should not have been half so disconcerted. I suddenly felt cowed and uncanny, as though in an unseen presence that had some connection with the bag, and as different from the proud possessor of that desirable estate, The Lilacs, as he had been half an hour ago as it is possible to conceive. It was my own bag, to all appearance, and yet it had never snapped its faithful lips at me before, or shown any external symptoms of vitality. I am ashamed to say that I left the thing where it was untouched, and without making any further attempt to establish its identity, till the train stopped at Swindon, when I stepped out with great alacrity —almost into the arms of the guard. "What is it sir?" inquired he, as I stared back into the carriage.

'"Well, there's a bag," said I, not liking to say "*My* bag,' which, as it turned out, was lucky.

'"Ah, yes; I was coming for that," said he. "There's a sad story about that bag, or at least its owner. He had put it in this carriage, with his newspaper in it, but delayed to get in himself till after the bell rang. The train started at the same moment, and he was caught between the wheels and the platform and killed on the spot. Leastways, so the telegram says. So, if one may say so, the bag belongs to a *Dead Man*."'

When the audience had recovered from the shock of this recital, and were asking, according to custom, what became of Mr. Raynes' own black bag (as if *that* were the object of interest), Mr. Frederick Mayne was trying to remember under what circumstances he had heard this story before. That he *had* heard it he felt certain, and also that he had not read it. Some one

had told it to him, and, what was very singular, was that after that narration some one had grinned at him, just as Mr. Raynes had done at the assembled company when he came to his conclusion. It was impossible that Mr. Raynes himself, whom he had never seen until that afternoon, could have been the previous narrator; and yet the whole thing, including the grin, seemed not so much to have been presented to his eyes as reproduced. Was it possible that in a previous state of existence the Cheshire Cat and he had met and told ghost stories to one another, and that this was one of them?

(To be continued.)

THE GATES OF LIFE.

BY ST. QUENTIN.

HE ever loves that knoweth
  The heart that love enshrines;
He ever knows that loveth,
  For love with that entwines.
Wisdom is but in loving,
  And love is to be wise;
For each doth give to other
  That without which each dies.

He only lives who giveth
  To love its fullest due;
He only loves who liveth
  With wisest end in view.
This still is all the story:
  'To love and know are one;'
And living wins its glory,
  When loving is its sun.

Thus in the olden legends,
  When time and the world were new,
The Gods, the ever wise ones,
  Were ever lovers too.
By loving strove to wisdom;
  Through wisdom strove to love;
Through both to Life,—thus only,
  These being the gates thereof.

TORONTO.

ROUND THE TABLE.

Copyright, and American Magazine Literature.

It is interesting, yet rather sad, to notice how the evil effects of an iniquitous copyright system are re-acting upon our neighbours in the States. One by one their magazines are ceasing to afford a field for native talent, and are becoming mere reproductions of essays and articles from the English periodicals. Take for example the June number of *Appleton's Journal.* It contains a critical paper on the 'Shakspearian Myth' and a short tale, both by American authors. All the other articles are foreign. Justin McCarthy's new history is laid under contribution. Senor Castelar is honoured by a translation, and Froude by the excerption of a chapter from his life of Cæsar. The periodical novel is by Besant and Rice (who, by the way, are now imitating Wilkie Collins' style in telling their tale by means of 'The Deserted Wife's Narrative,' and the 'Injured Sister's Story'), and the remaining papers are taken impartially from *Fraser* and *Blackwood.* I do not deny that the magazine is a very readable one, but if all the American periodicals are to become eclectic selections for which nothing is paid, it is a bad outlook for American authors. Depending as the *Journal* does on extraneous aid, no wonder that its home-made departments show a terrible falling off in ability. One in particular, styled 'Imitation in Art,' is a delightful specimen of outspoken ignorance as to what is meant by the canon that art is not imitation. Apparently the writer's standard is *what will pay?* for he mentions that such and such a painting is the only one that can be engraved *with profit!* It is rather pitiable to see such trash find refuge in the only remaining national corner of the magazine.

Barrie.

Titles in Canada.

I wish some competent authority would inform us what good purpose is supposed to be served by the creation in Canada of titles borrowed from the feudal institutions of England. We have now a new batch of Knights and Ladies. What does it all signify? Sir Samuel Leonard, Sir Richard John, Sir Charles, Sir Alexander—— are we to understand that Her Majesty, recognising the pre-eminent merits and public services of these gentlemen, has singled them out for this mark of her favour? Or are they the mere nominees of their respective parties for the purpose in question? If so, how often will a batch of new names be sent home? Has the thing any natural limits of its own that are not likely to be passed? Is Knighthood the highest honour to which a Colonist can aspire? If titles serve any good purpose, why not raise Sir John A. Macdonald to the peerage, and let Canadian society have whatever benefit may come of being able to boast a live lord of home growth? It is quite possible there are some serious arguments in favour of the creation of a titled aristocracy in Canada ; but I confess myself wholly ignorant as to what they are. Is it supposed that Canadian loyalty will be stimulated by the bestowal of such distinctions on our leading men, and on some who are not

leading men at all? It is possible that the recipients of titles might feel themselves bound more closely to the fountain of honour, and that their gratitude might take the shape of a lively expectation of further favours to come; but how about their relations and duties to the country here that has made them what they are? Is it safe or proper that our politicians should always be on the side of the Court? What is wanted in a public man is, that he should have a lively sense of what is due to his own constituents—using that word in its widest signification—not that he should be captivated by honours conferred by a power across the sea. We want men who can gaze upon honours *irretortis oculis*, and who do not require titles to give them a due sense of their own dignity. As to stimulating the loyalty of the Canadian people at large by this decoration of their public men, the idea is most chimerical. I am mistaken if four Canadians out of five do not see more to laugh at than anything else in the whole business. What has So and-So ever done, they will say, that forthwith I must 'Sir' him and 'Lady' his wife? The answer to such a question might not be easy to give.

I would, therefore, object to these titles as tending to divide the allegiance of our public men, and make them hover, as it were, between their simple duty as Canadians and the temptation to flatter Imperial ideas! There is, however, another consideration which seems to me even more important, and that is, that all imitation, in a new country, of the forms of an old aristocracy is socially corrupting. The root idea of aristocracy is privilege founded on might, or at least upon *fait accompli*, not right, and wherever aristocracy is imitated there will be a similar development of the idea of privilege. 'Society,' in the narrow sense, will set up its interest against those of society in the wide sense, and we shall have a language and sentiments which, to any one brought up in liberal traditions, are offensive and nauseating in the highest degree. We shall have a wretched little class, thinking that all the world exists simply to furnish it with its luxuries, its leisure, its vicious idleness, its inane enjoyments. The whole spirit of the age is opposed to such a development of class feeling, and tends more and more to stamp all superiority in wealth, education, or talents, with the serious legend, 'Responsibility.' If we in Canada wish to march in the front of civilisation we should put away from us all devices that tend to cultivate individual egotism, to stimulate social rivalries, and to obscure the truth, that only as a man places his superior gifts in all simplicity at the service of his fellowmen—is he really entitled to honour? Titles, as tending to increase all the illusions of personal vanity, and to corrupt society by the institution of false ideals and a false worship, should be repudiated by an intelligent and self-respecting people.

VOX CLAMANTIS.

THE MORAL NATURE AND INTELLECTUAL POWER.

I have been very much struck by the following remarks in Dr. R. M. Bucke's recent work on "Man's Moral Nature:" "The activity and efficiency of the intellectual nature is largely dependent upon the degree of development of the moral nature, which last is undoubtedly the driving-power of our mental mechanism, as the great sympathetic is the driving-power of our bodily organization. What I mean is, and I think everyone will agree with me here, that, with the same intellectual power, the outcome of that power will be vastly greater with a high moral nature behind it than it will be with a low moral nature behind it. In other

words, that, with a given brain, a man who has strong and high desires will arrive at more and truer results of reflection than if, with the same brain, his desires are comparatively mean and low."

I think that a very little reflection on our common daily experience will suffice to convince all of us that Dr. Bucke is right. He has indeed only thrown into a more developed form the well-known sentiment of Pascal that great thoughts come from the heart; but it is well that the idea should be developed, for we are thus enabled to judge more adequately of its scope and value. We see now why it is that some men whose heads are mines of facts, and who have, in their own way, a great thirst for knowledge, produce so little impression on their fellows, and count for so little in the world. Having no distinct moral aims, or never rising above conventional conceptions of morality, they do not aspire to moral influence, they are not impelled to any enterprises of moral conquest, they do not appeal to the emotional side of any one's nature; and consequently, though we know them as industrious, well-informed men, we take nothing from them in the shape of moral direction or impulse. We know other men not so studious, not such absorbers of book-knowledge, not such insatiable collectors of facts, yet whose intercourse is to us a source of the highest profit. They awaken thoughts in us which men of the other class have no power to stir. They give us a deeper insight into ourselves and into the world. They enrich and invigorate our minds by the broad disinterestedness of their views. The men of facts may sometimes be surprised at the influence exerted by comparatively unlearned men, or by men who perhaps only get credit for a little "culture;" but it is not easy to see how they are going to help it. The truth is that the men of culture and of broad humanity see what the others do not see, and, have a learning which the others can never grasp. *They see into themselves*, and, seeing into themselves, they see into others. They are at home, so to speak, in the region of the soul. Minds of the other order, being habitually occupied with external objects, may be said to be always abroad. You can only catch them in the field, or on the highway, or in the market place, and then your talk must be of outward things. The chief source, I am inclined to believe, of the power exerted by modern men of science is that the leaders amongst them are men of strong emotional nature, men who are alive to all the poetry of the universe, and who are thus enabled to speak to the hearts as well as to the heads of men. Such a man is Tyndall; such a man, in spite of a little harshness of manner, is Huxley; such a man was the late lamented Clifford; such a man was Sir John Herschell. Dr. Bucke's book shows in a very striking manner how natural is the connection between "sweetness" and "light;" and it ought to make certain hard calculators and reasoners consider whether the very keenness and hardness of their intellect does not imply, on one side, a serious limitation of power, and furnish an explanation of their comparative lack of influence in the world.

W. D. LeS.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Ruskin on Painting. Appleton's Handy Volume Series ; New York, 1879 : Toronto : Hart & Rawlinson.

This is perhaps the most valuable number yet issued of this pleasant little series. It consists of a selection of extracts from the great work on 'Modern Painters,' with which Ruskin took the artistic and critical world by storm. All the faults of a collection of excerpts it naturally possesses; we would rather have seen half, or a third, of the original work printed verbatim, than have to endure this jotting from one fine passage to another. The publishers, however, aim to please the general, and not the critical, public, and they deserve our thanks for what they have done in this direction. Ruskin's works are almost a sealed book to many, on account of the English editions, originally high-priced, being, in some cases, out of print. All proposals for cheap authorized editions have been steadily declined by him, on the avowed ground that he does not wish that his works should be obtainable without an effort of sacrifice that will make their value afterwards appreciated the more. While acknowledging the ground-work of sound sense in this view—for who can deny that the men who wrought hard and lived scantily, to scrape together the means to buy a copy of Tyndale's or Coverdale's Bible, loved and prized it with a more ardent feeling than we experience now-a-days for our Bible-Society's editions, sold under cost price for eightpence ?- we think that it is well for the many to read Ruskin in a cheap form, such as this, in order to acquire the taste that may lead them to wish to have all his works on their shelves, in the shape of editions which have been prepared and published (for he is his own publisher) under his own eye.

That such a desire will spring up, there is no doubt. For Ruskin is the most captivating of modern writers. We may be told a dozen times over that he is partial, but when we recur to his pages he takes us along with him, not after a struggle, but by a species of winning clarity of thought, that makes us surrender our volition to his guidance. We may be convinced that he is wrong. Garbett, in his delightful 'Rudimentary Treatise on the Principles of Design in Architecture,' does so convince us in one instance. We rise from his pages convinced that Ruskin was in error in attributing the value of ornaments in architecture to the amount of manual labour expended on them. We see that the true test is the quantity of mental labour embodied, and that it is essential that this shall not be exceeded by the manual labour bestowed, or the latter will appear to be thrown away. Yet all the same we feel an inward misgiving, lest the next time we come across the heresy in Ruskin's pages, the spell of that mighty enchanter enchain our senses and lest our mental powers fall into a slavish obedience to his behests. Luckily enough, these behests are always purely and honestly intended, and are almost always artistically correct.

Ruskin wrote well on pictures, because he had learnt to look at Nature with his own eyes. Not all the world bowing down before Poussin's landscapes could hinder him from seeing and proclaiming aloud, that these so-called tree-trunks were, in fact, carrots and parsnips. He appreciated Turner, because Turner also had drawn his inspiration direct from the sky-depths and the sea-distances. How fine is his explanation of the reason, a reason perhaps which Turner would have found it difficult to put in words, of the peculiar position, some twenty or thirty yards from the shore, which was chosen as Turner's standpoint in his great sea-pieces. Looking from the beach out to sea, he well observes that each succeeding wave appears a new entity and the curl of the breakers somewhat monotonous. Seen from behind we recognise the fact that each new wave is 'the same water constantly rising, and crashing, and recoiling and rolling in again in new forms and with fresh

fury, we perceive the perturbed spirit, and feel the intensity of its unwearied rage.'

This little book is full of such lessons as this. The description of the sea in Turner's 'Slave Ship,' upon which Ruskin would have preferred to rest the painter's claim to immortality, if driven to select one single work, is as masterly a piece of word painting as its subject is, or alas, was, of oil painting. We must leave the book here. But at the close we may refer with some amusement to the absurd remarks of the *Literary World*, a Boston critical paper of some reputation, which in reviewing this same passage discloses its utter ignorance of the fact that Ruskin took the last words of his description 'incarnadines the multitudinous seas' from a celebrated passage in Macbeth !

Tabor Melodies, by ROBERT EVANS, Hamilton. Toronto : Samuel Rose, 1878.

This little book contains some two hundred and fifty sonnets, chiefly on religious subjects, written with very considerable care and showing occasional tokens of a real poetic spirit. As a rule, religious poetry does not rank high in the scale. Correctness of feeling and orthodoxy of thought usually predominate in it over the more etherial and essential elements of poetry. The result is that while each sect and school of thought has its peculiarly favoured book of religious verses, there is seldom, if ever, apparent in such works the glow of genius that would make the whole world, regardless of theological differences, resort to them for pleasure and instruction. It is not so with all religious prose works. The Pilgrim's Progress, for instance, does not and never will depend for readers upon the peculiar sect to which its author belonged. Something of the genius of Bunyan must be acquired before the numerous writers of sacred poetry can aspire to be known beyond the pale of their own churches.

Mr. Evans does not escape from the force of this rule. Too many of his sonnets are merely the records of an ordinary, some of a very commonplace, religious experience, couched to a considerable extent in the usual technical language of English Protestantism. Such expressions as 'mediator,' 'type of Christ,' 'Sabbatic year,' &c., which we find used in this book, are very proper phrases for sermons or theological works, but are not and never can be fit material to build into the delicate structure of a sonnet. Nor are these the only blots in the pages before us. The line

'Tis nature's spirit *photographed* in art,'

betrays the fact that Mr. Evans is not an artist, or even a connoisseur in art. He would not otherwise have used an expression the reverse of eulogistic when the context shows he intended it as the highest praise. The ideas conjured up by the word 'photograph' moreover, are too raw and modern, and withal too 'base and mechanical' to be fitted for use in poetry.

We should also advise Mr. Evans to change the title of a rather pretty sonnet on p. 13. The idea is a fine one, namely the ample space and absence of crowding on the upper rounds of the golden ladder reaching between heaven and earth. It is a truth that holds good of all the many golden ladders raised before us into the lofty domains of virtue, of art, of science, of religion. But to call this sonnet 'There's Room On Top,' is to desecrate the subject by calling up ludicrous recollections of omnibus conductors hailing a fare on a wet day.

We do not propose to pursue the thankless task of fault-finding any further. It is with much more pleasure that we turn to those passages which we can indicate with praise. This is a fine line,

'As the loud thunder *tramps adown the night*,'

and in the sonnet entitled 'the Meteor,' we find much beauty, marred however by the absurd conceit of calling the falling star

'A *Shadrack* flashing out, then hid from view.'

This is a very typical sacred poet's fault. There is no object to be attained in calling the star a Shadrack, beyond giving the sonnet a quasi-Biblical flavour, and no reason that we can see why Shadrack, rather than Meschach or Abed-nego should have been singled out for this dubious honour. But for this blot we should the more admire the poet's aspiration after the meteor's transient brightness and his desire to emulate it in some 'one grand act—'

'E'en though I knew when its quick gleam was gone
That high in heaven the stars would still shine on.'

Such occasional passages as these, or again a happy expression such as

'Truth in the bold minority of one,'

induce us to encourage Mr. Evans to continue his pleasing labours. As it stands, his book deserves a welcome from the many families whose reading-leisure is to a considerable extent confined to Sundays. But if, as we should hope, he aspires to a wider audience, he must be proportionately more severe upon himself. His choice of the sonnet proves him to be somewhat ambitious, and is favourable inasmuch as it will permit him to remove whatever sonnets are condemnable as mediocre without injuring the rest. Let him in future be careful to select for publication only such poems as embody a novel thought, or an important truth clothed in a new and happy form, and we can almost promise him that recognition which he must not expect although to his present two hundred and fifty sonnets he had added twice two hundred and fifty more.

Hours with Men and Books, by WILLIAM MATHEWS. LL. D. Toronto, Rose-Belford Publishing Co. 1878.

Those who love a chatty book, full of interesting and quaint facts, couched in an easy style and that lead to no unpleasant agitation of mind or unwonted exercise of brain, will admire this work of Mr. Mathews. We may not feel inclined to turn to his pages for a deep criticism on even the style, to say nothing of the matter, of DeQuincy's writings,—but any one who relishes a pleasant farrago of anecdote, quotation, and biography will enjoy a dip into his opening paper on that great essayist. Certainly, no lover of De Quincey will find cause to complain that a grudging meed of praise has been there dealt out. He may, probably however, remark that there is little in the writer's observations beyond the feeling of an ordinary fairly appreciative reader, put into rather better shape than such a reader formulates his thoughts in.

This lack of insight and originality is, in fact, Mr. Mathews' besetting sin. No doubt it is hard for an essayist of this stamp to be original. He wants to show his reading, and forthwith lugs in quotations from every side, more or less appropriate, and more or less humorous. This leads to a jerky style, inverted commas rule the roast, and you never know, when commencing a sentence, whether the sting in its tail is going to be the author's own, or someone else's. But worse consequences flow from it than this. To quote may be thought an easy task, but your real quotation is not a bird to be caught with salt. The most refined taste is required for the highest class of quotations; a taste that selects its material from the treasuries of a well-stored memory. Such delicacy, however, cannot be expected in essays or papers of a fugitive nature, often consisting of a string of foreign passages slightly connected together. The temptation in these cases to refer to other men's collections on the same subject is almost irresistible.

In the days when classical quotations were in vogue Montaigne's 'Essays' and Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' were the stock books of reference. This pillaging is often done very innocently. The essayist looks out for one to start himself with, and, while copying it down, another on the opposite page catches his eye and really *is* so appropriate that our author can't help appropriating it. The salve he applies to his conscience is this, that after all it really is a true quotation and he has only saved himself the trouble of a hunt through the original book, just as a reference to a directory aids us in the search for a house in some street we are not acquainted with.

Now, with all respect to the essayist, his salve only serves to hide his fault, and his illustration is a vicious one. His true position is more akin to that of the man, who, knowing that there is a good directory of such and such a town, issues a pirated edition with some arbitrary alteration in the arrangement and some trifling additions of his own. We must accuse Mr. Mathews of this conduct. The greater part of the paper in this volume on 'Literary Triflers' has been transferred neck and crop from the elder Disraeli's 'Curiosities of Literature,' without one word of acknowledgment. This is not fair. Those who do not happen to know the previous work will naturally credit Mr. Mathews with a labour and a research which are in no sense his own. This is not the only instance in

which Disraeli suffers. We venture to say that every illustration, on p. 60 of the paper on Robert South, was taken from the same scource as the bulk of that on Literary Triflers.

That this method of working would lead to a careless style of argument might be expected. Among the graver errors we would point out one at the commencement of the paper on 'The Morality of Good Living.' According to our author 'the theory of Hippocrates that the mental differences in men are owing to the different kinds of food they consume, has been very plausibly illustrated by the late Mr. Buckle.' A more misleading sentence has seldom been penned. We do not mind confessing that we have no more acquaintance at first hand with Hippocrates than Mr. Mathews has, but we do know that the foolish old fancies to which he refers, such as the eating of hare's flesh having a direct and immediate effect on a man's mind and rendering him timid and prone to sudden, panicky terrors, are nothing akin to any theory which Mr. Buckle ever illustrated. He would have laughed to scorn the notion that he ever credited such old wives' tales. All *he* said was that the available quantity, the price and the quality of a national food affected the question of population, which, in turn, acted upon the accumulation and distribution of wealth, and might therefore be said to form a remote and primary element in the building up of a national character. Not less extraordinary is the statement, on p. 176, that 'Sallust says that a periwinkle led to the capture of Gibraltar.' It is some time since we read our Sallust, but it strikes us forcibly that he must have been somewhat of a prophet to have accounted so neatly for the success of an attack on a place which did not exist in his time. But what are we to say of the man who is so densely obtuse as to think that because he demonstrates the extreme difficulty which Archimedes would have experienced and the very long lever he would have required to move the world, even if he *had* the desired fulcrum, therefore he has exposed the philosopher's saying as a 'colossal absurdity'! The absurdity remains with the man who is unable to perceive that Archimedes was merely enunciating a principle, and who imagines that by translating that principle into a concrete form he has successfully refuted it.

Under One Roof. By JAMES PAYN. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co., 1879.

There seems to be but one opinion in English literary circles as to the success of Mr. Payn's latest story. The *Academy* praises it both for its story and the manner in which that story is told. The *Times* speaks in laudatory accents of the 'indefinable freshness' which exists in all Mr. Payn's works, and which 'no fertility of production seems to stale.' We can unfeignedly give in our adhesion to these opinions, as far as concerns Mr. Payn's framework of plot, which seems to us to be carefully constructed. As the *Academy* points out, he is one of the first in the field in taking advantage of Spiritualistic belief as a potent motive power for his machinery. Since he exposes the worldly and deceiving conduct of the chief Spiritualist, and shows up the complete state of blindness into which the other believer falls; it would, perhaps, be amusing if we could get hold of some of the reviews of his book which will probably appear in those nondescript newspapers which affect to espouse the Spiritualistic faith. Such notices will, in all likelihood, fall foul of his novel altogether, and in particularly point out some blemishes in the elaboration of the plot. Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, known to the readers of the tale as a finished hypocrite of the most consummate depth of design, certainly commits some slips in his villainy which appear inexcusable from a detective's point of view, inasmuch as they tend to make one consider him in the light of an overrated villain and one who has some considerable share of the bungler (as well as the burglar) in his composition. It would not do for us to expose these slips in detail, as it would require an explanation of the *dénouement* which would be manifestly unfair to those readers who are now following the book through our pages. We will leave it, therefore, to their discernment to discover these blots in due course for themselves.

Geier Wally, a Tale of the Tyrol, by WILHELMINE VON HILLERN. Appleton's Handy Volume Series, 1879. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

This is a pleasant little tale, with a decidedly fresh flavour of its own about it. Wally, nicknamed the Vulture, is

the only child of one Stromminger, a rich peasant of the Tyrol, feared by all who knew him for his fierce courage and overbearing arrogance of behaviour, and cringed to by them as well for the sake of his wealth. The conflict between his hard nature, and the equally strong obstinacy of his daughter, is very powerfully related. While loving her heroine, the author has never in the slightest infringed on the probabilities of the case, or toned down the fierce outbreaks of stubborn passion which proclaim that the young vulture, Wally, is the true child of old Stromminger. After these bursts of passion are over, when better influences return, her spasms of fitful heart-rending repentance are as typical of her nature as are her daring deeds of violence when constraint is sought to be put upon her. Perhaps the most truthful portion of the tale is that in which Wally, become by her father's death the mistress of his large farm and the inheritor of his position and wealth, falls unconsciously into his overbearing ways, acts tyrannically, and disturbs even the house of God by obtruding her pride and jealousy upon the notice of her neighbours. Through all this, however, we never cease to love Wally, to make excuses for her, and to dwell on the better points of her character. The little tale ends happily, and too abruptly to place the author in any awkward predicament as to the behaviour of Wally under altered and happier circumstances.

Are Legislatures Parliaments? A Study and Review. By FENNINGS TAYLOR, Deputy Clerk and Clerk Assistant of the Senate of Canada; Montreal: John Lovell; Toronto: G. M. Adam, and Willing and Williamson, 1879.

It is gratifying to note that Mr. Fennings Taylor has not yet abandoned the literary field in which he has already approved himself a valuable labourer. The Civil Service of Canada is sensibly dignified by the work achieved by so many of its members outside the circle of ordinary routine. The public servants of the Dominion have shown that in more departments of authorship than one they can emulate with success the thoughtful energy and industry of the Mills, Lambs, Gregs, Trollopes, and Mays of England. The little work before us is rightly described as a "study," since it unfolds *in petto* the whole scheme of responsible or representative government as it obtains in these British North American Colonies of Great Britain. It is also "a review," since in seeking a solution for the crucial question submitted in the title-head, much of the political history of the country is surveyed with accuracy, and in an impartial spirit. At first sight, the inquiry may seem to be a mere logomachy. Everyone is supposed to know that a legislature is a law-making institution, and that a parliament is a talking or deliberative one. Yet, as Mr. Taylor points out, there is a technical distinction, from a constitutional point of view, of superior importance. If our Provincial Legislatures are not Parliaments, the practical results are of no little moment. The "privileges, immunities, and powers" of the Imperial House of Commons do not attach to them, and however closely they may imitate the forms and assert the prestige of Parliament, they want the essence of its authority and power. Early during the course of Ontario's first legislature, the question was raised by Mr. Blake, who contended that the use of Her Majesty's name in the enacting clause of Statutes was, constitutionally speaking, an error. The Ontario Legislature was not, in any sense, the hon. gentleman contended, a Parliament, and had no proper, and could lay no legitimate claim to its dignity. At the time, the objection raised was regarded as captious, if not factious, on Mr. Blake's part; but as our author shows, the question raised cannot be resolved into a mere quibble about words; it affected a matter of substantial moment in Colonial self-government.

It would be impossible, in the brief space allotted to this notice, to attempt a sketch of the historical precedents Mr. Fennings Taylor lays before us. Our only purpose must be the modest one of referring the reader to the work itself for the reasons, which seem to be irrefragable, in favour of a decidedly negative answer to the question set out on the title-page. Apart altogether from the actual facts, there is much *à priori* cause for taking the same view. It must not be forgotten by those who compare our free colonial system with the plan of government settled in the United States' Constitution, that the divergence between them is not a mere matter of form, as between monarchy and a re-

public; it is one of substance. The federal authority, Executive and Congressional, at Washington, is a delegated authority, conceded by sovereign States; nor has the civil war altered their relations materially. In Canada, the source of authority is the Crown, and powers are delegated by it to the Dominion Parliament in the first place, and subordinately to the Local Legislatures. By the Crown, of course, we mean Her Majesty acting by and with the advice of the two Houses of the Imperial Parliament—that is by Statute.

In our constitutional charters, as they may be called, of 1791 and 1840, there is no mention of a Colonial Parliament; and although we are inclined to think that Mr. Taylor has laid too little stress upon the tacit understanding between Governors and Legislatures, it is impossible to doubt that he is substantially right. Strange as it may appear, the British North America Act of 1867—which so far as most people know, merely united the Provinces by a tie which secured perfect freedom of self-government to each of them—actually gave this portion of the British Empire a Parliament for the first time. Then, and then alone, in the constitutional history of Canada, were 'all powers, authorities and functions,' as well as all 'privileges, immunities, and powers,' of the Commons House of Parliament in England conferred upon a legislative body in Canada. The Local Legislatures remain, like the old *quasi* Parliaments, with limited dignity and narrow jurisdiction.

It seems desirable now, in conclusion, to refer briefly to two aspects of the subject which may indicate, rather than fully develop, the value of Mr. Fennings Taylor's work. The first is—and it is missing in most of our professed historians—the insight it affords with regard to the struggle for 'responsible government.' Of all the men who fought the battle in the days of Lord Metcalfe, none were more strenuous in their assertion of the Parliamentary character and dignity of the Provincial Legislature than the Hon. Robert Baldwin and Mr. James Small, and yet the fathers of both these gentlemen—Dr. W. W. Baldwin and Mr. John Small—denied *in toto* that Assemblies were Parliaments. It was their misfortune that it was to their interest to take up the ground they did—for they were both civil servants, nevertheless, they were right on higher grounds. The other feature of the work is the exceedingly dispassionate view of the struggle for 'responsible government' given in chap. vi. especially. One can see in Mr. Taylor's clear, and strictly honest review, what most of us have hardly been clear upon—the *locus standi* of Lord Metcalfe and his champions. No one can read this calm 'study and review' of a by-gone struggle, deep and deadly for the time, without admiring the skill of a writer who has survived the passions of the past generation without losing aught of the intellectual vigour and well-balanced judgment which must always have been his at command.

The Ontario Legal Directory; a Complete Law List for the Province of Ontario. Compiled by W. E. HODGINS, M.A. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison. 1879.

The Canadian Conveyancer and Handbook of Legal Forms, Comprising a Selection of Conveyancing Precedents, with an Introductory Treatise on the Law of Real Property in Ontario. By J. RORDANS. 3rd Edition. Revised. Toronto: J. Rordans & Co.

The literature of the professions has in Canada found more scope, and consequent encouragement, than that issued in the interest of the general reader. The range of native legal literature is an especially wide one, and does credit to the activities and importance of the profession. Mr. Hodgins' Legal Directory, though a mere compilation, is yet a worthy specimen, in its sphere, of the honest, laborious work now and again turned out by the legal fraternity. It may not rank very high as a piece of literary work, and it has no pretensions to originality; nevertheless, it has its manifest uses, and possesses a value all its own. Besides the roll of Provincial Barristers and Attorneys, the Agency Register, list of County and Judicial Officers, Division Court Clerks, &c., the present editor has appended a list of foreign correspondents and legal agencies, which must have been compiled at great outlay of time and trouble. Prefixed to the work are to be found the Rules of the Law Society, the Acts relating to the profession, and other matters of interest to the student and the practitioner.

Mr. Rordan's Manual of Conveyancing Precedents is so well and favorably known that it is unnecessary to do more than announce the appearance of a new and revised edition of the work. The compiler in preparing a third edition has adapted it to the present state of Canadian practice, based upon the recent statutes and decisions upon the subject. In addition to what the author, from his long experience, has been enabled to put into the book, for the service of the conveyancer and legal practitioner, some original matter on the laws relating to Real Property, which has had the advantage of revision by a Toronto barrister, has been incorporated into the manual—a feature which further commends the book to those who have occasion to make use of it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Rose-Belford Publishing Co. :—Mrs. Brassey's 'Voyage in the Sunbeam,' cheaper edition, 510 pp., 12 mo., cloth; 'Our Religion as it Was and as it Is,' by Rev. R. J. Laidlaw, 12mo., cloth; 'Science and Theology,' a Series of Papers, by James A. Froude and other writers, collected into one 12mo. volume, cloth; 'The Rose Library,' Nos. 1, 2 and 3, embracing 'Tom Sawyer,' by Mark Twain; 'Under One Roof,' by James Payn; and 'Children of Nature,' by the Earl of Desart, 4to., paper.

From Belfords, Clarke & Co., Toronto and Chicago :—'Nemesis of Faith,' by Jas. Anthony Froude; 'Sketches by Mark Twain;' 'Bismarck in the Franco-German War,' from the German of M. Busch.

From the Toronto News Co. :—'Physiological Therapeutics: A New Theory,' by T. W. Poole, M.D., M.C.P.S., Ont.

From Harper Bros., New York :—'Spenser,' by Dean Church; 'Robert Burns,' by Principal Shairp,—two new volumes of Mr. Morley's series of 'English Men of Letters.'

From Macmillan & Co., London & New York :—Skeat's 'Etymological Dictionary,' part 1, A. to D., 4to., paper.

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