Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☑ Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☑ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- ☐ Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough/ Transparence
- ☐ Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☑ Continuous pagination/ Pagination continue
- ☐ Includes index(es)/ Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/ Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- ☐ Title page of issue/ Page de titre de la livraison
- ☐ Caption of issue/ Titre de départ de la livraison
- ☐ Masthead/ Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

☐ Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/ Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
							✓				

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. I.] MARCH, 1872. [No. 3.

IMMIGRATION.

BY THOMAS WHITE, JR.

THAT the union of the Provinces of British America has conferred substantial benefit upon them no one now ventures to deny. It has infused a national spirit among the people; it has increased the sense of national responsibility; it has enlarged the field of enterprize and energy; it has brought home to Canadians the conviction that they have in this Dominion the nucleus of a great nation; and it has directed the popular mind to questions of social and material development with an earnestness that gives high promise for the future. For years before the union the people of Canada had been engaged in constitutional discussions, important in themselves, but utterly opposed to anything like a due attention to subjects of material progress. First, after the old union, was the question of responsible government, the principles of which had to be fought out against those who regarded them as inconsistent with the Colonial condition or with Imperial connection. Then came the agitation for the abolition of the Seignorial Tenure—relic of the old feudal times—which pressed so heavily upon the energies of the people of Lower Canada, as to make progress or improvement impossible; and that for the Secularization of the Clergy Reserves, in which the battle of religious liberty and equality was fought and won. These removed, came the constitutional agitation for an adjustment of the representation which went on with increasing violence until it had brought the Parliamentary system of the country to a dead-lock, and forced its settlement by the very necessities of the Government. The coalition of 1864 gave to Canada its first substantial political rest since the union of 1841; and the three years between the formation of the coalition and the passage of the Act of Union, prepared the public for the important work which was to follow. Since that time scarcely five years have passed away, and already the most marked pro-

gress has been achieved. The great North-West Territory, with its magnificent stretches of prairie land, and British Columbia, with its varied resources of mineral and agricultural wealth, have been incorporated with the Dominion. The Intercolonial Railway, connecting Halifax with the Western Provinces, will be completed within two years at the furthest, and the Government stands pledged to the construction of the Pacific Railway within the next ten years. In every Province of the Dominion the utmost activity in matters of public improvement prevails; new railways extending into remote settlements, and into districts which cannot yet be dignified by that name, have been projected or are being built; while the Government is credited with the most liberal intentions in the matter of canal and river improvements.

With so much activity in every department of business and of public enterprise, and with immense districts awaiting the advent of the hardy settler, it is not surprising that the subject of immigration occupies to-day the foremost rank in the popular estimate of the necessities of the future, and that schemes for the promotion of immigration fill the columns of our daily press. The rapid development of the United States is due chiefly to their successful efforts in the encouragement of immigration; and so universally is this fact recognized that statists have reduced almost to a mathematical problem the value of each immigrant who settles in the country. One of the New York Emigration Commissioners, whose conclusions have been generally accepted as just, has estimated that, without immigration, the population of the neighbouring republic to-day would be under ten millions, while in fact it reaches nearly thirty-nine millions. The same authority estimates that the cash capital in possession of immigrants, on their arrival in the United States, averages a hundred dollars per head; and he assumes that the economic value of each immigrant is $1,125, making, at the present rates of immigration, an addition to the wealth of the country equal to at least a million dollars a day. In Canada, unfortunately, this great interest has in the past been too much neglected. At occasional intervals, beginning with the immigration under the auspices of Peter Robertson, in 1830, there have been efforts to direct the stream of immigration to these colonies, but no continuous or sustained effort has ever been made. As a consequence, Canada, as a field for immigration, has been but little known in Great Britain, and still less known on the continent of Europe; and we have seen during the past twenty years emigrants by the thousand settling in the neighbouring republic, many of them actually passing through Canadian territory on their way there, most of whom would have infinitely preferred remaining among people with whom, both politically and socially, they have greater sympathy.

An examination of the emigration returns of the United Kingdom affords some curious illustrations of the course of emigration. In the report of the Imperial Emigration Commissioners for 1870, the volume of emigration for each year from 1815 is given, distinguishing those who emigrated to Canada, the United States, the Australian Colonies and New Zealand, and all other places. From 1815 down to 1840, the emigration to the North American Colonies was greater than to all other countries combined, and some eighty-two thousand more than to the United States. Indeed, down to 1847, the year of the great Irish emigration, when the terrible ship fever added its terrors to the other miseries of the unfortunate fugitives from a cruel starvation, the relative numbers who had emigrated to Canada and the United States were nearly equal, being 746,163 to the former, and 780,048 to the latter. From that time, however, the most marked change commenced, and from 1847 to 1870 inclusive the numbers were 645,608 to Canada, and 3,692,624 to the United States.

During the last period the Australian Colonies became large competitors for the emigration from the United Kingdom. The first emigration to Australia was in 1825, and in 1870 the aggregate number who had left Great Britain for those Colonies was 988,423, of whom 764,081 have emigrated since 1847. to that of the three great fields for emigration, during the last twenty-five years, British America has, in the aggregate, absorbed the smallest number. And if the numbers of those set down as having emigrated to British America, who simply took the Canadian route to reach the Western States, be taken into account, the difference will show us in a still more unfavourable light. These figures are important, because they indicate how much has been lost to Canada by the neglect of this important interest in the past, and how much may be gained by a vigorous policy in relation to it in the future. We propose to point out briefly some of the conditions of success in such a policy.

The chief reservoir from which emigrants may be drawn to Canada, and the place therefore where the most active exertions should be put forth in the interest of immigration, is the United Kingdom. The supply of emigrants to be found there is literally inexhaustible. During the last ten years the number who have left for new fields of enterprize, was 1,571,729. But the increase of population during the same period was 2,525,637, so that, even making all allowance for the increased demand for labour in the Mother Country, the supply of the emigrating class is essentially greater than it was at the commencement of the decade. The number of emigrants from both England and Scotland has shown a decided increase during late years, the number who emigrated from England in 1870 having been greater than during any previous year on record, as much as fifteen per cent. greater than the emigration of 1854, which up to 1870 had headed the list. The number of emigrants from Scotland, too, exhibits a marked increase, while that from Ireland does not differ essentially from the preceding few years. The increase in England is due to several causes, chief among which was, probably, the active exertions of charitable associations in London. These, organized in the first instance with a view of sending out the very poor who had come upon the parish for relief, finally adopted the more sensible method of making a careful selection of such persons as were likely to succeed in the Dominion, as at once more just to the emigrant and to this country. The "Black Friday" of May, 1866, and the crisis which followed, may be regarded as the commencement and the stimulant of this movement for assisted emigration. The leading society is that known as the British and Colonial Fund, which is presided over by the Lord Mayor and holds its meetings at the Mansion House. This society since its foundation has expended upwards of £40,000 sterling, and has assisted more than fifteen thousand emigrants to reach Canada. Associations of workingmen in different parts of the kingdom, known as emigration clubs, of which the Rev. Styleman Herring, incumbent of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell, was the chief promoter, assisted large numbers to emigrate. The East London Family Emigration Society, of which the Hon. Mrs. Hobart, the Marchioness of Ripon, and other benevolent ladies were the chief promoters, and to which they have devoted untiring effort, has also sent to Canada over two thousand emigrants. This movement, however, from which so much advantage has accrued in the past, cannot be counted upon to any considerable extent in the future. It was the outgrowth of a temporary depression in trade in the great metropolis, and of the policy of the Government in discharging the dockyard hands at Woolwich and Portsmouth; and the revival of trade, and the failure of the emigrants in almost every case to repay the money advanced to them, as they pledged themselves to do,

have checked the liberality which characterized the earlier contributions to this emigration fund.

While in many respects this decrease of zeal on the part of the British public in the matter of assisted emigration is ground for regret; that regret must be considerably mitigated by the fact that the tendency of the movement was to give false notions in this country of emigration and the conditions necessary to its successful promotion. How to bridge the Atlantic, so that the mechanic or agricultural labourer might be transplanted from the comparative poverty of the old world to the comparative competency of the new, was the problem which engaged the largest share of attention among those who discussed the question in Canada. It did not seem to occur to them that that was a question which large numbers of people were solving for themselves, and solving in a manner in the highest degree advantageous to our neighbours in the United States. The largest number of assisted passengers who left England in any one year, including the beneficiaries of all the societies, was under ten thousand. That was in the year 1870; and yet that year, the number who settled in Canada reached about twenty-five thousand, leaving fifteen thousand who paid their own passages, solving for themselves the important question of transit. In that same year, 105,293 English, 22,935 Scotch and 74,283 Irish emigrants sailed from ports in the United Kingdom, in all 202,511, the overwhelming number of whom paid their own passages, or were assisted by their own friends to pay their passages to America, Australia and other places. The assistance rendered by friends of the emigrants to enable them to leave home was very large, and deserves to be taken into account in discussing this feature of the emigration movement. In 1870, the sum sent home by previous emigrants amounted to £727,408 sterling from North America, and £12,804 sterling from Australia and New Zealand. Of the amount sent from North America, no less than £332,638 sterling, according to the Imperial Emigration Commissioner's report, was in the shape of prepaid passages to Liverpool, Glasgow and Londonderry. The Commissioners from their experience assume that the remittances were made chiefly by the Irish people in America to their friends in the United Kingdom, and they point out that the amount sent in the form of prepaid passages alone was nearly sufficient, taking the passage money at five guineas per statute adult, to pay the cost of passages of the entire Irish emigration of the year. A portion of the remittances, it is pointed out, would be applied to the purchase of outfit and other necessaries of the journey, "but making all reasonable deductions on this account, a large sum must remain over for the benefit of those who remain in the Mother Country." The Commissioners, on this subject, make this somewhat startling statement:—"Imperfect as our returns are, they show that in twenty-three years, from 1848 to 1870 inclusive, there has been sent home from North America, through banks and commercial houses, upwards of £16,334,000 sterling." This large contribution to the assistance of emigrants has been chiefly from the Irish people in America. It is a striking testimony to their warm-hearted generosity, to the strong social ties which, in spite of distance and change of circumstances, binds them to their friends at home, to the enormous benefits which emigration has conferred upon them, and to the advantages which they have conferred upon the country of their adoption.

The question then of emigration, the question which should challenge the attention of the Dominion and Provincial Departments charged with the promotion of it, may safely be resolved into these two propositions, how best to induce the emigrating classes of the old world to make Canada their home, and how best to make Canada a home worthy of

their acceptance. We have as the conditions of the first proposition the United Kingdom and many parts of the Continent of Europe teeming with an ever increasing surplus of population, who, in spite of the fluctuations of trade, have at all times, and under all circumstances, a hard battle to fight with the world for bare subsistence. We have an annual emigration from those countries of between three and four hundred thousand people,—an emigration entirely apart from any question of state aid or of organized benevolent assistance, the result either of individual savings on the part of the emigrants themselves or of aid from pioneer members of the household who have gone out in advance to pave the way for the family emigration. The overwhelming number of these emigrants seek the United States as their future home, simply because they have heard much of their greatness, of the freedom of their institutions, of their wonderful development, and of the success of those who have already settled in them. They have not heard of Canada, or if they have heard of it, it has been through the prejudiced reports of persons interested in belittling it, who have described it as a northern country with interminable snows in winter and scorching heat in the two or three months of summer. It has been described as a colony of England, without self-government, the mere dependent of the Empire, from which all its laws were drawn. The first great duty, therefore, in the promotion of a successful emigration policy, must be a thorough and complete system for the distribution of information concerning the country. Fairly stated, the claims of Canada, especially upon the emigrant from the United Kingdom, would leave him nothing to envy in the settler in the neighbouring republic. We have institutions as free, self-government as perfect, as the people of the United States. In no country in the world are the principles of popular government and executive responsibility more fully established than in this Dominion. From the management of the affairs of the school section, through those of the township and county municipalities, to the Provincial Legislatures, and then to the Dominion Parliament, the principle of direct popular control is not simply recognized as a theory, but enjoyed as a great practical fact. The progress of the country during the last twenty years in material wealth and in the great public improvements which are the outward and visible signs of that wealth, has been relatively as great as that of any country in the world. The population of the Dominion has nearly doubled in those twenty years, the aggregate trade has increased about five-fold, the telegraphs which flash their lightning intelligence from one end of the Dominion to the other, and between every city and town and village, and the railways which are permeating every district, are the product of those twenty years. We have the most magnificent system of inland navigation to be found on the face of the globe. We have an educational system which is undenominational without being Godless, and which protects the conscientious scruples of every man in the community. We have the most perfect religious equality, the voluntary principle vindicating its own entire sufficiency for the religious instruction of the masses, and its results testifying to the religious character of the Canadian people. Our towns and cities are prosperous, and new centres of trade and industry are dotting the face of the country. Manufactures are flourishing, giving the diversity of employment which is essential to individual and national prosperity. Improved systems of agriculture are enriching our farmers, and are making the land of the country as productive as that of the most favoured parts of the Continent of America. New districts are being opened up for settlement in all the Provinces, and railway communication is being pressed towards them, so that the farmer emigrant can make his choice from the richly-wooded land of old

Canada and the maritime Provinces, or from the vast prairies of Manitoba and the North-west.

To afford to the emigrant the fullest information as to those advantages which Canada presents to him should be the first duty of the Government in any well considered policy for the promotion of emigration. There are two ways in which this information may be presented: first, by printed matrer in the form of pamphlets and handbooks, and secondly, by means of lectures in the leading centres from which emigrants may be drawn. The action of the Ontario Government in causing to be prepared a pamphlet for distribution in Great Britain has already borne important fruit, the only drawback being that they were not sent in sufficient numbers. The different shipping agents of the United Kingdom are always willing to lend their aid in the distribution of such matter, and they should be kept well supplied with it. Promoting emigration is their business, and they are only too glad to be furnished with the means of exciting an interest in the subject in the districts from which they draw their customers. Of these agents, one firm, the Messrs. Allan, have nearly six hundred in the United Kingdom alone. Some of these—indeed it may with truth be said a very large proportion of them—are friendly to this Dominion, and ready to exert themselves earnestly in favour of promoting emigration to it, from considerations of national sympathy. To such a *quasi* official recognition might with propriety be given, which, by increasing public confidence in them, would promote their interest and increase their ability to encourage emigration. In such an arrangement the question of remuneration is one which cannot be ignored. Canada has suffered much from what is known as the percentage system, that is the payment by the companies to these passenger brokers of a percentage on the tickets they sell. As passages are secured in Britain for the extreme Western States, the railway and steamship companies co-operating for this purpose, it becomes manifestly the interest of the passenger broker to send the emigrant to the greatest distance, the amount of his percentage being regulated by the sum paid for the ticket. This self-interest is often stronger than any considerations of national sympathy, and many an emigrant is sent to the State of Kansas or Minnesota or Montana, who would have been as easily persuaded to go to Canada but for the fact that the agent received a larger sum for sending him the longer distance. It is hopeless to expect either the steamship or railway companies to forego this system; but the evil may be counteracted by the Canadian Government compensating the agents, whom they may specially select, for the loss in the matter of percentages which will accrue to them by passengers taking tickets to Quebec or some point in Canada instead of to the Western States. A bonus, which would represent the average difference in the percentage upon each ticket sold, would neutralize the temptations of the present system, and would convert these agents into active workers for emigration to the Dominion.

It may fairly be doubted whether the system of Provincial pamphlets or Provincial lecturers are the best methods of imparting information. A pamphlet on Canada itself, embracing all the Provinces, setting forth in a clear and concise style the advantages of each of them, with plain directions to the emigrant, would do more to promote emigration, and would keep the Dominion as a whole, with its varied resources and the special conditions of each of its Provinces, more directly before the public. And as with pamphlets, so with lectures. The Dominion and not the Provinces should appoint the agents on the other side of the water, and these should be charged with the duty of dealing fairly by all the Provinces. We have not yet attained that position as a whole, in the eyes of the world, which would

justify us in presenting ourselves as separate and—as it would be almost inevitable—antagonistic parts. But if local jealousies made it difficult to adopt this united plan of action in the campaign to be carried on among the emigrating classes, there should at least be a handbook of Canada, published by the Dominion, which would give full and complete information upon every point of interest to intending settlers. Such a handbook should be in addition to the ordinary pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, should be much fuller in its information, should be illustrated, not by the rough woodcuts which disfigure some of the pamphlets already issued, but by really well executed wood engravings, and should be sold at a low price at all the book stalls and railway stations of the kingdom. The comparatively new and unsettled State of Montana has shown its appreciation of this description of information. Its authorities have caused to be printed a handbook of the State, on beautifully tinted paper, in quarto form, with photographic illustrations, and neatly bound, and have presented copies to most of the passenger brokers in the United Kingdom, to be kept exposed in their offices. Who shall say how many persons who never heard of Montana until they entered the passenger broker's office to enquire about emigration to America, have been induced to make that distant State their destination by the interest which a glance at this book has excited?

The countries from which emigrants are to be drawn being thus supplied with active agencies and with abundance of information, the next important work is thorough organization in the Dominion for the reception and placing of the emigrants on their arrival. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of this feature of a complete immigration policy, and unfortunately it is almost impossible to over-state the neglect of it which has characterized the Department of Immigration in this country in the past. The value of first impressions has passed into a proverb, but with no people are first impressions more influential than with the average emigrant on his arrival in a new country. At the very best his case is one which should excite the largest sympathy. Anyone who has stood upon the Victoria docks at London, or on the quay at Liverpool or any of the other great shipping ports, and witnessed the embarkation of a party of emigrants, will recognize how true this is. The painful leave-taking with friends, prolonged until the last moment; the earnest "God bless you," which forces its way out with an almost intensity of agony; the steady gaze upon the receding shore until the last faint outline of land passes from view, and HOME, with its memories and associations, has sunk into the unfathomable deep; then the ten days or a fortnight of the discomforts of the ocean voyage; and then the landing on a strange land, with nothing but strange faces to look upon; surely that is a condition to excite a spirit of kindness and sympathy. It is a first consideration to make this first landing as pleasant as possible, and to send the emigrant to his destination in the interior with the consciousness that he has cast his lot among friends. The accommodation at Point Levi in the past has been a disgrace to Canada, a practical advertisement to the world that emigrants are unwelcome visitors here. A change there has already been made so far as buildings are concerned, but the great receiving depot requires still further reform. It should be modelled on the plan of Castle Garden at New York, which, with some defects which have brought discredit upon it and which are at this moment engaging the attention of the American commissioners, has done its work, on the whole, well. Point Levi, furnished with ample buildings and with a complete and efficient staff of officers, should be made the great distributing point for the emigration to the western portions of the Dominion, as Halifax should be for the maritime Provinces, and Hamilton for that por-

tion of the emigration to Canada which comes by New York and enters the Dominion by the Suspension Bridge. Convenient emigration depots, after the model of that recently built at Toronto, should be established at St. John, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, London, Fort William and Fort Garry. In connexion with these, a regular system of labour registration should be adopted. And here comes in appropriately the work of the Provincial Governments. To organize a system of labour registration, and to provide for the conveyance of emigrants to those districts where employment awaits them, are duties which, efficiently performed, will tax all the energies of the Immigration Departments of the Provinces. Thus apportioned, there need be no conflict in the concurrent jurisdiction which the British American Act bestows upon the Governments of Canada and of the different Provinces, in the matter of emigration. And the duties of each faithfully performed, there need be no fear of the success of this country in attracting, or its ability to absorb, a very large portion of the emigration which annually leaves the shores of the old world.

There are some considerations in relation to the necessity for immediate employment for emigrants on their arrival and how it may be provided; to the special advantages which Canada offers to the emigrant over other fields which are presented for his acceptance; and to the necessity for a national spirit in Canada, a spirit of confidence in the future of the country on the part of its own people, as a condition precedent of success in any policy for the encouragement of emigration, to which reference may be made in a future article.

AT THE CHAUDIÈRE FALLS.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

"DEMON of turbulence! spirit of strife!
Thou art my servant, thou, scorner of life;
Let me lay hold on thee—I am a man,
Wrestler with elements, first in the plan."

"Talk not of Man to me, waif on the stream!
As a loud thunder-shock shatters a dream,
Such would thy puny life instantly be,
Wert thou to wrestle, proud creature, with me.

"Lead forth your armies, your brave men of earth,
Despot or craven but wakens my mirth;
Hurl down your legions with falchion and spear—
Host upon host—what a rabble were here!

"Assail me with cannon, charge horsemen and foot;
Mark how I'd trample them! see, they are mute!
Down they go, sword and spear, coward and brave;
Grapple me, bind me well, make me your slave.

"Bind me with shackles, encompass me round;
Is it with ropes of sand giants are bound?
Boaster! I spit on thee, scorn at thy ban;
See how I spurn thee, magnificent man."

"Demon of turbulence, chained and yet free,
Science has conquered in wrestling with thee;
Reason's supreme, still we tremble and cower,
Wishing we had but a tithe of thy power.—

"Power of spirit, of body, of soul,
Strength to resist with such god-like control;
Power to grapple with error, and raise
E'en from despair a loud pæan of praise."

OTTAWA.

DINAH BLAKE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

CHAPTER I.

NORA BLAKE.

A BLEAK scene on the western coast of Ireland, a wintry sunset gleaming on the leaden-coloured waves of the broad Atlantic or touching with pale golden light the savage cliffs against which it foamed and dashed with ceaseless fury—a straggling town skirting the head of a small bay or cove, that rushed in from the ocean between two rocky headlands jutting far into the surging waters. Beyond, about two miles distant, a wooded eminence, crowned by a grey stone dwelling of imposing appearance, while inland, skirting the horizon, appeared a range of lofty mountains pointing their rugged peaks heavenward in gloomy grandeur. The scene in fine weather, especially in summer, was not wanting in picturesque beauty, but now late in the gloomy month of November it presented an aspect of bleak desolation. The short twilight had deepened into night, when rattling through the principal street of the town, the mail-coach from Galway drew up before the door of its only hotel, and the tired passengers, gladly alighting, entered the well-lighted dining-room of the Carraghmore Arms, there to partake of the inviting fare provided for them. But one among them, a young person closely veiled, to the surprise of the officious waiter, declined following her fellow travellers into the inn, observing in a low agitated voice that she was going to remain in Carraghmore,

Then requesting that her luggage might be kept till sent for, she turned quickly away from the prying eyes of the by-standers and was soon lost to view in the darkness of the night.

"I wondher who she is!" observed the waiter thoughtfully. "The voice didn't seem sthrange, but she kept that brown veil so tight over her face there was no seeing it at all."

"Look at her luggage, Tim! you'll find the name on that," shrewdly observed an ostler, as he busied himself removing the jaded horses from the coach, the bespattered condition of which showed the muddy state of the roads.

"Bedad, you're right! You're a 'cute chap, Ned. Here it is shure enough!" and raising a shabby-looking portmanteau, he inspected the name inscribed on a card in a plain school girl hand—Nora Blake.

"Begorra! it's Nora Blake, come back from Dublin. I wondher how ould Dinah will recave her daughther! If what they say of her is thrue, it's her face she ought never to show in these parts again!"

"An' shure she didn't show it," observed Ned, archly. "Didn't she muffle it up in the veil so that no glimpse of it could be seen? But you're too hard on her, Tim. Shure she's not the first poor girl them wild chaps of officers led asthray. Poor Nora Blake! She was such a purty girl whin she left this to go to the dhress-makin' business in Dublin!"

"She had always too much concate in herself, and that's what her pride brought her to in the end," was Tim's ill-natured observation as he shouldered the portmanteau left in his care, and re-entered the inn while the kind-hearted ostler led his horses round to the stable, pitying all the time purty Nora Blake, "who had been led asthray—the crathur."

In the meantime the subject of this colloquy was making her way as quickly as the gloom of night would permit through a straggling street which, branching off from the principal thoroughfare of the town, led along the shore of the little bay on which it was situated. Emerging from this, where the houses ended, she entered a by-road leading in the direction of the cliffs. The way now became rugged and rather steep, and Nora Blake was obliged to proceed slowly. She had been travelling several hours, and the fatigue of the journey in her present delicate state of health was too much for her strength, enfeebled as she was by recent mental suffering. Seating herself on a rock by the way side she rested for some minutes, and now a tide of bitter memories rushing in upon her mind, she bowed her face upon her hands, groaning in the extremity of her despair and anguish. The sight of her native town brought vividly before her the days of innocence and happiness she had spent there before her journey to Dublin. She was now returning to her childhood's home a fallen and despised woman, That last year if it only could be recalled! she would not now be a thing for scorn to point its finger at! But she would not have long to suffer; she knew that, and it comforted her, this thought of death, although she was very young, not yet nineteen. If she only might die now without meeting her widowed mother! "How can I meet her stern eye? How tell the story of my shame?" were the words wailed forth on the night air and heard by no human ear in the dreary solitude around. The wild dash of the waves came up from the shore below as if in angry answer to the piteous wail. A sudden thought, a wild temptation flashing through the excited brain, and Nora Blake rushed like a frantic creature towards the tall cliffs beetling on the Atlantic. One leap from their dizzy height, one plunge into the pitiless ocean, and she would be buried with her sorrow beneath the cold waves. But quick as a ray of light through the distracted mind flashed one powerful fear, not of death, not of that fearful leap, but of the dread hereafter. Could she stand

at God's tribunal to meet a suicide's doom. Suddenly, as if struck down by a heavy blow she sank on her knees and raised to the dark heaven above her wild imploring gaze. No words of supplication passed the rigid lips, but the kneeling posture, the upraised eye, were mute appeals for mercy—appeals not made in vain, for soon to the penitent, despairing soul came whisperings of hope—hope not of earth. For her, the betrayed and fallen, there could be never more the sunlight of joy; still on her darkened horizon dimly there rose the star of heavenly hope illuming the night of despair. She rose up strengthened to endure the world's scorn, even her mother's bitter reproaches, still harder to bear—all as the punishment due to her sinful dereliction from the path of virtue.

CHAPTER II.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

SLOWLY Nora Blake walked on, stumbling over the rocky way until she came in sight of the humble home to which she was returning. Before venturing to enter she stole to the window and looked in, anxious to assure herself that her mother was alone. She did not wish any one to witness the first painful interview. The room was small but looked comfortable, although the furniture was of the humblest description. A turf fire burned cheerfully on the hearth adding its ruddy brightness to the dim light of a tallow candle placed on the small table at which Dinah Blake was seated drinking her tea—a luxury which from long habit had become indispensable to her comfort. In her younger days she had lived as housemaid with a gentleman's family residing at Barrington Height, the handsome mansion already mentioned not far from Carraghmore, and had in that way acquired habits and ideas above the humble life of the Irish peasant to which class her family belonged. Dinah Blake was no ordinary woman: tall and masculine in form: she had few of the weaknesses of her sex; she was intensely revengeful in her nature; with a stern expression of face that showed a cold, unbending character. Her daughter shivered as she looked upon that stony countenance. What sympathy had she to expect from such a woman? Cold, nay harsh, her mother's demeanour had always been to her. All the love her nature seemed capable of feeling had been lavished on an unworthy son now absent with his regiment in India. Had she done wisely in seeking that mother's home in the hour of dreaded suffering now close at hand? For a moment Nora thought of retracing her steps to Carraghmore and thence back to Galway, anything rather than meet that stern mother's eye. But she was unequal to such exertion. To return to Carraghmore was to expose herself to certain death on the roadside. This thought nerved her to brave the dreaded meeting. Approaching the door she knocked with a trembling hand.

"Come in! where's the use of knocking when the door is not locked?" was heard in the gruff tones of Dinah Blake. "Blessed Virgin! who is this?" she added, starting to her feet with a sudden cry as her daughter, trembling with agitation, staggered into the room. One glance at the pallid, altered face, and then her arms were stretched out, not to clasp the unhappy girl in a motherly embrace, but as if to ward off the misery and disgrace she felt were coming upon her.

"So you're come back, and what I've been fearing has come at last! How dare you darken my door again?" she exclaimed with wild excitement, her eyes flashing fiery indignation at the wretched girl who knelt cowering at her feet.

This reception did not surprise Nora, but its violence overwhelmed her. She could not utter a word, and what had she to say in self-defence? She could only implore her mother's pity with the mute eloquence of her beseeching eyes; but that mother's heart

was turned to stone at the confirmation of her worst fears. Reports unfavourable to Nora's character had been whispered through Carraghmore. The tongue of scandal had been busy with the girl's name, but still the mother hoped against hope. The thought of disgrace being connected with her child was so intensely bitter, she crushed the very idea as it crept towards her. In Ireland even in the humblest walks of life the loss of reputation is considered the greatest evil that can befall any woman. "Any misfortune but that!" Dinah would exclaim as she put the thought from her, but now the dreaded evil stared her in the face. The disgrace had come to her very door. It lay at her very hearthstone.

"Why did you come here? why did you not bury yourself where I'd never see you?" she asked in a voice choked with passion, spurning the form that crouched at her feet moaning in such hopeless sorrow.

"Mother, forgive me! I wont trouble you long; I came home to die," she wailed forth.

"I cannot forgive you!" said the frantic woman. "May my curse and the curse of heaven—"

A wild cry interrupted the imprecation.

"Not your curse! oh mother, spare me that," shrieked Nora as she sank prone upon the floor in a convulsion of grief and horror.

"It is not you, but *him* who brought you to this. May the curse of Heaven rest upon him and his!" prayed the wretched mother, her face ghastly with passion, her eyes glittering with hate; and now overcome with the violence of her frenzied feelings she sank into a chair seeking to relieve her choking emotion by groans of such bitter anguish as thrilled her daughter's heart. For a time there was silence in the humble dwelling broken only by the groans of Dinah as she sat rocking herself to and fro—her large bony hands covering her convulsed face. Suddenly she asked abruptly:

"What is the villain's name?"

"Major Barrington," was the low response.

"Blessed Father! if it isn't the same man who lately come into the estate of Barrington Height! He is married, too. Himself and his wife are living there now. Did you know this, girl?"

"No," faltered Nora. "I did not know where he was. I only knew he was married. When I found that out I left him, for I knew he could not marry me then as he promised."

"How long since?"

"More than five months."

"And it is since that he come in for the fortune. The devil takes care of his own, sure enough; but may it never do him good, may he die poor and with as sore a heart as he has left me this blessed night, I pray God! And I'll be revinged on him yet," Dinah continued with fierce vehemence. "Aye, revinged, I swear it by this blessed cross," and she pressed the sacred symbol to her lips white and quivering with passion. "Get up and go to your bed," she added more calmly after a short pause, a command which Nora gladly obeyed, thankful for permission to remain. Then seeing her mother preparing to go out she falteringly asked if she was going for a doctor.

"Yes," was the curt answer.

"And if you would ask Father Conlan to call afore morning. He'll be wanted, too, for I feel I'm near death and I would not like to go without getting the rites of the church and making my confession."

"Oh, it's time enough to see about that. You're not so near death as you think," said Dinah coldly.

"But I know I am at death's door," persisted Nora sadly, "and sure it's not sorry I am. What have I to live for now?" There was touching sorrow in the trembling voice, but in the mother's heart no answering chord of sympathy.

"You never said a thruer word in your life," was her heartless observation as she left the cottage and strode hastily down the rocky path leading to Carraghmore.

In less than an hour she returned accompanied by a physician. Dr. Holmes was the oldest practitioner in Carraghmore—a skilful, benevolent man. He had known Nora from a child, and he was much shocked at being called to attend her on the present melancholy occasion. He had daughters of his own, and it grieved his kind heart to see the wreck sinful passion had made in that once beautiful and innocent girl. "Why is there no law to punish the seducer?" he exclaimed indignantly as he saw the tear-dimmed eye sink beneath his gaze and the deep flush of shame crimson the wan face.

About midnight the Angels of Life and Death met beneath that humble roof on the wild sea-coast near Carraghmore. Nora suffered much and, as the first faint wail of her new-born child thrilled her heart, she felt that life was ebbing fast. Her trembling feet were touching the cold waters of the dark river.

"Let me see the babe before I die," she murmured with a beseeching look at her mother who stood near cold and rigid as ever.

"It's proud ye ought to be of it, to be sure," she remarked with cutting irony.

"Let the mother see the child," broke in Dr. Holmes sternly.

Dinah reluctantly obeyed.

It was a pretty child but bore no resemblance to Nora. In its tiny features her eye detected a likeness to its father. She clung to it as if she could not bear the separation death would soon make. "Oh that I could take you with me away from the world which will scorn you for your wretched mother's sin! Oh mother, will you be kind to it when I am gone?" and the dying eyes turned imploringly to Dinah Blake who stood by apparently unmoved while the kind-hearted doctor's eyes were filled with tears.

"It will be cared for. Let that satisfy you. I don't promise to love it, though," she replied coldly.

"And will you forgive me, mother dear? Oh do not let me go away without your pardon."

There was no answer to this piteous supplication, yet there was a convulsive quivering about Dinah's stern mouth and a gleam of anguish in her grey eye.

"Pity and forgive her if your heart is not made of stone," said Dr. Holmes with subdued vehemence.

"I can't do it, doctor," she said hoarsely, "it's no use telling a lie. I can't forgive the disgrace she has brought to my door."

"Don't you see she is dying?" he pleaded.

"I know it well enough, and I thank God for it," she answered doggedly. "The grave is the best place for her. Do you think she could hould up her head afther this, and where's the use of a girl living with such a foul blot upon her name?"

There was a silence of some minutes round that bed of death broken only by the laboured breathing of the dying girl. She was passing quickly through the dark river. Its icy waters soon relaxed her loving clasp of her infant. The eyes that had been fixed with such piteous appeal on the stony countenance of her mother were now raised heavenward, and the white lips moved in earnest prayer. Then there was a painful gasp, a convulsion of the pallid face and Nora Blake was gone where the pity or scorn of the world could reach her never more.

"She is dead! may her Father in Heaven show her more mercy than her earthly parent," said Dr. Holmes solemnly covering the face of the dead.

"Amen!" responded Dinah Blake in a choked voice. Then, giving way to the convulsion of agony that shook her strong frame, she sank on her knees beside the bed, groaning in bitter anguish. Dr. Holmes now prepared to return to Carraghmore. "Take care of poor Nora's child and don't let it perish from neglect," was his parting observation as he left the cottage. The words were unheeded by the agonized woman kneeling beside her dead. No word of

prayer for the departed soul passed her rigid lips, but a vow of vengeance was recorded—vengeance against the rich Major Barrington who, by false promises, had betrayed the simple-minded girl now lying there lifeless before her.

CHAPTER III.

DINAH BLAKE'S VISIT TO BARRINGTON HOUSE.

NEAR Dinah Blake's cottage, bordering on the same tall cliffs which sheltered it from the wild gusts of the Atlantic, were the picturesque ruins of the Friary of St. Bride, the grass-grown nave and aisles of which served as a cemetery for the people of Carraghmore. In a remote corner of these sacred precincts the coffin containing the remains of Nora Blake was deposited the afternoon of the day following her death. There was no wake, no gathering of the neighbours to sympathize with the bereaved mother. The circumstances attending the poor girl's death forbade this. Dinah Blake shrank from commiseration, and coldly received the words of condolence offered by the few friends who came to attend the funeral. Hers was a grief no sympathy could reach; henceforth the disgrace that had come to her door would separate her from her kind. She must leave Carraghmore. She could no longer live among those mothers whose daughters had not fallen.

As the hollow sound of the earth rattling upon the coffin smote the ear of the few standing around the grave of Nora Blake a joyful peal from the Church tower of Carraghmore rung out merrily on the cold November air.

"It's in honour of the young one born to-day at Barrington Height," remarked one of the bystanders. "Major Barrington had a daughter born to him to-day."

Dinah Blake started, and there was a strange gleam in her eye as she glanced towards Barrington Height, whose grey walls and numerous windows glistened in the pale yellow light which the wintry sunset flashed on them from the leaden sky. "A daughter born to him to-day!" she repeated as she walked thoughtfully home after the funeral. What a contrast between the birth of the two children—one the cause of rejoicing, the other of sorrow and shame. Slowly, with her head bent down, the hood of her blue cloak drawn over it, so as to hide her face, Dinah Blake trod the rocky pathway leading homeward from the Friary of St. Bride, her mind filled with a strange project, which the news she had just heard suggested—very impracticable it seemed, yet she determined to try and carry it out. Again she looked towards Barrington Height and pictured to herself the happy mistress surrounded by all the comforts wealth can give—the happy mother of her first-born child. Then that other youthful mother's miserable face came vividly before her, and groans of agony, mingled with imprecations, were poured forth on the wintry air. Some hours later she sat alone in her desolate hearth, meditating on the best method of carrying out the project that filled her thoughts. Near her, on a settle, lay Nora's infant sleeping quietly, all unconscious of the misery her birth caused that grey-haired woman, whose eye from time to time wandered towards it with aversion. "If it is to be done, it must be to-night!" she muttered. "I run no small risk, but who cares! and, if I can manage it, won't it be the fine revenge on *him*." There was fierce hate in her tones, as she uttered the last words, while her eye gleamed with exultation.

The wail of the infant now called its grandmother's attention towards it. She took it in her arms, but without a soothing word or caress, and prepared to give it some food, first pouring into it one drop from a small vial. "That will stop your squalling for a time," she said, as she fed the babe, looking at it all the while as if she could choke it in

her strong aversion. The drop of laudanum soon had the desired effect of plunging the baby into deep sleep. Dinah then hastily prepared to go out, carefully pouring ashes on the turf fire to keep it smouldering till her return. She enveloped her tall figure in her cloak, then wrapping an old shawl about her grand-child, she took it in her arms and left the cottage. Instead of taking the road leading to Carraghmore she struck into a by-path branching from it in the direction of Barrington Height. The night was dark and stormy; frequent gusts swept up from the ocean; and the howling of the wind mingling with the angry dash of the waves might seem to a fanciful imagination like a wild requiem for the soul of the youthful dead laid to rest that day in the ancient Friary of St. Bride. But Nora's mother was not imaginative, yet the thought of her dead daughter lying in her dishonoured grave did come forcibly to her mind as she passed the Ruins, inciting her to carry out the revenge she meditated. Half an hour's rapid walking brought her to the foot of Barrington Height. Ascending the private way leading to the servants' entrance, Dinah Blake soon reached the house. Having lived many years there during the life of the late proprietor—a distant relative of Major Barrington—she knew every entrance, and was familiar with its various rooms and passages. On one side of the kitchen was a door opening into a hall leading to the servants' apartments and communicating with the rest of the house by a back stairs. This door Dinah knew was unlocked or left open till a certain hour of the night. It was by this entrance she hoped to gain secret admittance to the mansion; for such was the intention with which she left her home that stormy night. Previously, however, she approached the kitchen and, opening the door, walked boldly in with the Irish salutation of "God save all here!" As the domestics had been changed when Major Barrington came into possession, Dinah was not afraid of being recognized.

"God save you, kindly, honest woman. Draw near and take an air of the fire this cowld night," was responded civilly by the eldest of two women servants, who were the only occupants of the comfortable kitchen, looking so cheerfully in the ruddy light from the piece of bogwood burning with the turf fire on the ample hearth. Dinah, still keeping the hood of her cloak drawn over her head so as to shade the face and carefully concealing the sleeping infant, approached the fire and warmed herself gladly—for the sharp wintry wind had chilled her through.

"The misthress and the child is doing well, I hope," she said, with assumed interest, as she passed one foot and then the other through the bright blaze.

"It's a merry ringing of bells there was at Carraghmore to-day."

"Faix, then, there won't be a merry ringing to-morrow," sadly remarked the woman she addressed, "for the misthress was taken bad three hours ago, and she's not expected to live. The house is topsy turvy with the throuble. It come so suddent, and the masther is disthracted entirely!"

What a wicked joy thrilled the heart of Nora's mother at this unexpected news! Were her prayers for vengeance so soon to be answered?

A hurried ringing of the dining-room bell was now heard, startling the servants by its violence.

"Och, its the masther! I wondher what's wanted now! Run, Susy, and see where that idle footman is. Dhrinking with the butler in some corner, I'll be bound! and more shame for them both, and death in the house!"

"Dinah Blake now silently withdrew, thinking that the present state of confusion in the mansion was favourable to the carrying out of her intention. A few minutes afterwards she had entered the hall already mentioned, and was ascending stealthily the back stairs. Traversing the silent, dimly

lighted gallery above, she reached the nursery, the door of which stood ajar. Cautiously she peered in and saw to her great joy that there was no one in the room. By the light of a shaded lamp she perceived the infant daughter of Mrs. Barrington sleeping calmly in its cot all alone. In a moment she was at its side, hastily removing the rich clothes the little heiress wore, and dressing her own grand-child in them, having, before entering the house, stripped off its own plain clothing. The daring act was quickly done. Nora's child was deposited in the luxurious little cot while its late occupant was wrapped up, undressed in the old shawl. Just at this moment footsteps were heard approaching, and Dinah Blake unable to make her escape, hastily concealed herself in a small closet, the door of which stood invitingly open. She had scarcely done so when a door at one end of the room quickly opened, and a respectable looking woman—whom Dinah knew was the nurse—entered hurriedly.

"Letty, bring the baby quick! The mistress has asked for it. Where is the girl gone?" she added in tones of vexation on perceiving no one in the apartment. Then approaching the cot she looked earnestly at its sleeping occupant. Dinah's pulse leaped: the fear that the nurse had detected the change of children made even her stout heart throb. But the next exclamation of the woman re-assured her.

"How she sleeps! Can Letty have given her anything to keep her quiet, when she was so fretful this evening?"

"Bring the baby at once, nurse! the misthress is going fast!" said Letty; at this moment hurriedly making her appearance.

"And where were you? Why couldn't you stop and watch the child while I was away?" asked the nurse, angrily.

"And shure I had to go and get my cup of tay. People can't starve, even if the misthress is dying," was Letty's indignant response.

Both women now hastened from the nursery, leaving the door open which communicated with the apartments of Mrs. Barrington. Through that open door Dinah Blake witnessed a scene she did not easily forget. Supported in the arms of her husband was seen the dying mistress of Barrington Height. A mourning group stood around, among whom Dinah recognized Dr. Holmes, his countenance expressive of the sympathy he felt with the woe his skill was ineffectual to avert. With what feelings of enmity did Dinah Blake gaze on the handsome face of Nora's betrayer. Her eyes glowed with hate, and if a look could annihilate him, Barrington Height would have lost its present master.

When the nurse approached the bed with the sleeping infant, Mrs. Barrington's dying eyes turned on it a look of unspeakable love, but although the white lips moved, no sound issued from them. She was too weak to hold the baby in her arms, but her husband, taking it tenderly from the nurse, held it towards her for a last kiss. What an exultant feeling of revenge thrilled Dinah Blake as she saw Nora's child in its father's arms and knew that henceforth it would be the cherished heiress of Barrington Height. She was glad Mrs. Barrington was dying. She felt no ill will towards the lady, and she did not wish to impose on her, as her own, another woman's child. It was not strange that the exchange of children passed unnoticed, for both were like their father, and resembled each other in a striking manner. Dinah Blake remained some minutes gazing on this death-bed scene, then noiselessly withdrew from the nursery, and hurried from the house unnoticed. The next day she left Carraghmore.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FOUNDLING.

A NARROW, foreign-looking street in the picturesque town of Galway, Ireland; a room in a gloomy old house plainly but comfortably furnished, lit up only by the cheerful blaze of a bright coal fire, for the moreen drapery of the window was drawn carefully to exclude the November wind, shutting out also the wintry twilight fast fading into night. In the ruddy glare the two occupants of the room may be seen—one, a lady about thirty in delicate health, her pale face wearing a sad expression; the other, a boy of ten who is kneeling by the hearth rug endeavouring to read by the flickering light of the fire. Mother and son they were not, although a resemblance might be traced between the two faces both handsome and pleasant to look at. Some years before Mrs. Dormer had been the belle of a gay circle in a provincial town, the reputed heiress of a wealthy uncle, and —it might be for that reason—the cynosure of many eyes. The admirer who pleased her girlish fancy best was a handsome clerk in her uncle's mercantile house, and the result of this attachment was an elopement; this independent step being taken with the hope that, once married, the merchant's forgiveness would be obtained—his consent to the marriage having been withheld. A very short time after this hasty union the newly-married pair were roused from their dream of happiness by the sudden death of Mrs. Dormer's uncle, caused by his own hand in consequence of the total ruin of his affairs. This was a severe blow to Mr. Dormer, and his disappointment at not receiving the expected fortune with his wife soon cooled the ardour of his affection for her; for he was a selfish man incapable of feeling any deep attachment. His limited income—he was now clerk in a Government office—was barely sufficient for the support of himself and his delicately nurtured wife. The first few years of their married life was a painful time for both; then their circumstances were improved by the arrival of Mrs. Dormer's orphan nephew from India, consigned to her care by his father before his death. This boy was left with a handsome independence, and the money the Dormers received for his support enabled them to live more comfortably. They had no family of their own. One child had been recently born, but had lived only two weeks. It was this recent bereavement which gave that melancholy expression to Mrs. Dormer's sweet face as she sat there dreamily watching the brilliant jets of gas now and then thrown out from the burning coal. Hers was not a happy life from various reasons; and the birth of this child had been one bright gleam in her clouded horizon—darkened almost as soon as it dawned.

"You will spoil your sight trying to read by that uncertain light, Max," she said, addressing her nephew.

"Not a bit of it, aunt. It is bright enough for me. You know I must study hard for the examination and Christmas will soon be here.

At this moment the street door bell rang and a strange voice was heard in the hall below. Max stopped studying to listen. Soon steps were heard ascending the stairs, the door of the sitting room was thrown open, and Winny, their maid-of-all-work, made her appearance.

"Och, misthress dear, here's the purtiest little craythur left at Mrs. Murphy's door. She's the washerwoman living in the next sthreet, ma'am."

"Is it a little puppy you have got, Winny?" asked the boy eagerly. "May I keep it, Aunt Amy? I do so wish to have a dog."

"Shure it's not a dog at all, but a babby as purty as a doll. Look at her, ma'am," and she held the foundling towards Mrs. Dormer who took it tenderly in her arms and pityingly regarded its tiny face.

"Stir up the fire to give us more light, Masther Max; but stay, I'll light the lamp meself. Mrs. Murphy brought it round to

the house at onct, bekase she said the misthress might take to it kindly having lost her own. Besides the poor woman has more nor she can do for her six children, and her husband worse than dead to her on account of the dhrink."

"It's a real beauty," exclaimed Max kissing the rosy mouth. "Look, Aunt, it opens its eyes and they look like violets peeping from under the white lids.

"This is no base-born child," said Mrs. Dormer, "although the clothes are plain enough. Here is a singular mark behind one ear."

"Arrah, what kind of a mark, ma'am? Shure it might be the manes of finding out her people some day!"

"It looks like a little heart," said Max after a grave examination, "don't you think so, Aunt?"

"It is a strawberry, not a heart, dear. I should like to keep this child," Mrs. Dormer continued, "for its own sake as well as mine."

"To be shure you would, ma'am. Its just the thing to divart your mind."

"And what name shall we call it, aunt?" asked Max, delighted at the thought of keeping the baby. "Shall it be Mabel, or Ethel or Violet?"

"Och, what quare names, Masther Max! Wouldn't it be betther to call it after some saint, ma'am?"

"Maybe it's Bridget you would wish to call it?" said the boy laughing.

"Faix, then, you might give it a worse name."

"Oh, bother, Winny, we wont call it Bridget for all the holy Biddys in the world. We might as well call it Winny after you."

"What if you did, then! wasn't there a saint of my name?" she retorted indignantly.

"I never heard of a saint Winny," Max said with a provoking grin.

"Maybe you heard of Saint Winifred, then. That's the rale name, not Winny at all."

"What horrid names the saints had! We will not call baby after any of them, shall we, Aunty?"

"I shall call her Josephine after my lost darling," said Mrs. Dormer, quietly putting an end to the altercation. The clock now struck five. "Mr. Dormer will be home immediately, Winny, and you know he does not like to wait for dinner."

"Thrue for you, ma'am. Bedad I was forgetting it, and the fish boiling on the fire," and Winny made a rush to the kitchen.

The baby now became fretful but Mrs. Dormer lulled it to sleep. She then passed into an adjoining room saying she would put the foundling in baby's cot and show it to Mr. Dormer after dinner. When she returned to the sitting room she found Max had wheeled his uncle's arm chair to the fire and placed his slippers before it.

"You are very careful of your uncle's comfort to-night, Max," she said with a faint smile.

"Yes, I want to put him in good humour," and his bright eyes gleamed archly in answer to her meaning smile. "I hope Winny has got something good for dinner, something that he likes, so that he wont be cross."

"Max!" said Mrs. Dormer reprovingly, and the boy was silenced, but he knew his opinion of his uncle's character was correct, and that good fare sweetened his usual moroseness, brightening for a time the gloom that generally hung over the little household.

A ring at the door now announced the master's arrival and Max flew down stairs for he always stormed if kept a minute waiting.

"Dinner not on the table yet," was his fretful remark on entering the room. No fond kiss given to the delicate wife so lately bereaved, no kind inquiry after her health.

"Shure the dinner is ready and a good one it is, masther," said Winny now entering and placing the dishes on the table. "This is the finest turbot the Claddagh boys caught this year and a rale bargain, sir."

There was a gleam of satisfaction in the cold blue eye and the shadow of a smile

round the mouth as the master placed himself at the table.

Dinner was over and he was enjoying a cigar when a wail from the next room made him ask eagerly what noise that was which sounded like a baby's cry.

"And so it is, another baby which Aunt Amy got," broke in Max impetuously.

"What does the boy mean?" and Mr. Dormer turned to his wife in surprise.

In a few words she explained what had occurred.

"And you wish to keep this foundling?" he said coldly.

"Yes, I should like it very much if you have no objection," was the submissive reply.

"Look, uncle! what a little beauty it is," said Max who had brought the infant from the cot and held it to be admired by Mr. Dormer.

"All babies look alike," he said curtly. "I really cannot see why you should wish to trouble yourself with this child, Amy. A man would never think of hampering himself with such a burden."

"It would be a great comfort to me," pleaded Mrs. Dormer. "You will let me adopt it; you can't refuse."

"Well, if you are so very anxious you may do so, but keep it out of my way, don't let its squalling annoy me;" and Mr. Dormer resumed his cigar, while his wife—a glad smile brightening her face—retired into the next room with her young charge—Max following to express his congratulations.

CHAPTER V.

A DEATH BED SCENE.

TEN years elapsed before Dinah Blake again visited her native place. She returned to consummate the revenge she had vowed, kneeling by the death-bed of poor Nora. It was a sultry evening in July, beneath the glowing sunset-sky the waves of the broad Atlantic lay calm as a placid lake, gleaming with rainbow tints and reflecting the tall cliffs lining the wild coast. Along the rugged by-way leading from Carraghmore towards the Friary of St. Bride, a tall pedestrian toiled wearily. She was wrapped, notwithstanding the summer heat, in the blue cloak worn by the peasant women in the west of Ireland. The ten years that have passed over Dinah Blake's head, have graven her brow with many furrows, and dimmed the lustre of her flashing eye. As she neared the ruins her step was slower and her head bowed down by the crushing weight of bitter memories. She soon reached the secluded corner where her young daughter slumbers in her early grave. A wooden cross marked the spot, placed there by some friendly hand. For many minutes Dinah knelt by that humble grave, her head bent and her hands clasped convulsively and raised with wild appeal to Heaven. Time had softened the bitterness of her feelings towards the dead, and earnest were the prayers that now ascended for the repose of her soul. At length she rose from her kneeling posture, and turned her steps towards Barrington Height. The shades of night were gathering around the mansion; but a deeper gloom, even the shadow of death, had again settled within its walls. Major Barrington was dying, suddenly stricken down in the midst of health and enjoyment by one of those fatal fevers which often sweep away many of the Irish peasantry. The household was broken up; the servants, with one exception, fled the fever-stricken house. The young heiress of Barrington Height had been sent with her governess and attendants to Ennis, where a sister of Mrs. Barrington's lived.

A nurse from Carraghmore had been hired to attend the Major. This woman was an old friend of Dinah's, and she now went ostensibly with the kind intention of offering to relieve her, for some hours, of her duties as nurse, in order that she might take some rest and sleep; but Dinah's real motive was to gain admittance to the sick man's

room. She feared not to breathe its tainted atmosphere. She cared not for the risk she incurred; she thought only of completing her revenge.

The nurse thankfully accepted Dinah's offer.

"Shure it's mighty kind of you intirely, and it's worn out I am without sleep, night afther night, for nearly two weeks," she said gratefully, as she led Dinah into the Major's room.

"Sit down in that aisy chair near the bed," she whispered, fearful of awakening the patient, "and make yourself comfortable. You won't have much throuble, for he sleeps nearly all the time; only watch him, and when he wakes up give him a spoonful of this bottle on the little table beside you; and now I'm off to my bed; and it's a good sleep I'll be able to take, thanks to you, Dinah jewel!"

Hour after hour Dinah Blake watched beside the dying man, grim and silent as death itself, gloating over the wreck disease had made in that handsome countenance. Utterly helpless, he, the fascinating man of the world, lay there, beneath the feet of the Pale Horse and his Rider. He was going fast; and there was no heavenly light, no star of hope to brighten the way through the Dark Valley.

"He'll never deludher any more poor girls to their ruin," said Dinah, mentally. "It's many a mother's curse he's bearing with him to the judgment."

Suddenly Major Barrington awoke, and Dinah knew by the awful change in his face that the end was near; and now was the time to impart the news she had come that night to communicate. The Major, too, seemed conscious of his approaching end, and his eyes turned with piteous appeal to his nurse, as if she could help him in this mortal struggle. But a face stony as marble met that look unmoved.

"Is it pity you're wanting?" she hissed through her closed teeth, her eyes glowing with hate. "What pity did you show Nora Blake and others like her in the time of their sore disthress and shame. Yes, it's going fast you are, and the devil will soon get his own. It's well you sarved him in this world!" and Dinah's fiendish laugh broke painfully the stillness of the death chamber. The dying man gazed in horror and amazement at his strange nurse. He was too weak to speak; he could only look his astonishment as his ear drank in the startling revelation she went on to make.

"You remember Nora Blake, the purty young girl you promised to marry, although another misfortunate woman owned you at the same time. Lying rascal that you are!" and Dinah's eyes glared on the wretched man.

"Well," she resumed, "Nora's mother vowed to be revenged, and she kept her word. The child owned as the heiress of Barrington Height is not the one left by your wife, as you and the world thinks. It's Nora's own child. A gleam of rage shot from the Major's eyes, and the startling intelligence, so unexpected, gave him a momentary strength.

"Where is the other child?" he gasped faintly.

"Oh she's with them that wont bring her up as dainty as if she was the heiress of Barrington Height," replied Dinah with a mocking smile.

Major Barrington groaned and looked around for some familiar face, some one to aid him in this sore perplexity. If Dr. Holmes would come to receive this hateful woman's confession, the lost daughter of his wife might still be restored to her rightful inheritance. But no friend was near, no face but that fiendish woman's gloating over his misery. This was the hour of Dinah's triumph; thus was the betrayed Nora avenged. The shock he had received hastened his death. His tormentor seeing that he had not many minutes to live hastily summoned the nurse. She did not now fear the pres-

ence of a third person. The Major was too weak to reveal what he had heard.

"I'm afeard he's dying," Dinah observed with assumed concern. "He slept quiet till a short time since. I didn't think death was so near."

"Och, Dr. Holmes said he might go any minute, when he was here this evening. He said he didn't expect to see him alive in the morning."

The familiar tones of the nurse's voice seemed to recall the fleeting senses of the dying man. He looked piteously at her and tried to speak, but nature was too much exhausted, the death rattle was the only sound heard.

"He seems to have something on his mind," remarked the nurse eagerly. "I'll give him a dhrop of this cordial and maybe he'll be able to tell."

The observation startled Dinah. "It's no use thrying to keep him alive," she urged. "That stuff would choke him at onct; he's too far gone now; there, it's all over," she added, and a gleam of satisfaction shot from her gray eye when she perceived the gasping breath cease and the light of life die out of the ghastly face. "He's gone to his account and Nora's wrongs is avenged," was Dinah Blake's mental observation as she passed exultant from the death chamber of Major Barrington.

To be continued.

MY ROSE.

BY MISS M. B. SMITH.

I SAID "My Love is a Rose,
A Rose with never a thorn;
A royal flower is the rose,
And royally shall it be worn."
So I set her on high, my Rose,
All out in the world's sunshine,
For I said to my heart, "Each breeze that blows
Shall gladden her heart like wine,
And fill my cup till it overflows,
For this flower is mine—*is mine.*"

For her shall the dew-drops shed
Their tribute of love by night;
For her shall the stars o'erhead
Shine out with a holier light.
And ever, among the sweet,
Sweetest my Rose shall be,
And ever and ever where bright ones meet,
Purest and brightest she;
And winds shall echo and waves repeat,
The fame of her name to me.

Did I know the sun was hot,
And the wind's rude breath was strong?
Oh, must there be ever a "crook i' the lot,"
And ever a break in the song?
Was it fate? Was it chance? Who knows?
The cheek is as purely bright,
And the red on the lip no fading shows;
But the heart is touched with blight,
She is lost to me, and I weep for my Rose:
I weep for her day and night.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

OUR COMMERCIAL RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES.

BY J. McL.

AT the recent meeting of the National Board of Trade of the United States held at St. Louis, the question of "freedom of Trade with the Dominion of Canada" was prominent among the subjects for discussion, and a delegation from the Dominion Board of Trade was invited to a conference. The treatment of the subject was reported in the St. Louis newspapers, and received some currency in the leading Canadian journals, and the resolution of the National Board "to memorialize Congress to provide by law for the appointment of a commission to meet commissioners from the Dominion of Canada (should the Dominion Government appoint a like commission) to negotiate a basis of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States for commercial relations with the Dominion of Canada" must be to parties on both sides so far satisfactory. The invitation extended to the National Board to meet the Dominion Board of Tarde at Ottawa in January, led to some further popular discussion, and as the matter has been already more than once the subject of diplomatic negotiation, and is confessed on all hands to be of great importance to the well-being and the well-doing of the parties concerned, the present may be assumed a proper time to consider it in any and every light that may help to reach a solution. The framers of the Treaty of Washington have lately set a good example of conceding much to the preservation of national amity, a principle that we shall find to be here of paramount force; let us consider the question as it affects the welfare and the harmony of the two nations, and rise, if possible, above the local and temporary interests that have so often, as we believe, given tone to its popular discussions.

The National Board of Trade added to its resolution a series of four propositions as the basis of a treaty; let us consider for a moment how these appear from our side, before laying them aside to look at the gravity of the general question; the propositions are:—

1st. The introduction of all manufactures and products of the United States into the Dominion of Canada free of import duty, and the like concession by the United States to the manufactures and products of the Dominion." This proposition seemed startling to some of our Canadian delegates who held that the "infant" manufactures of

the Dominion required the nursing of such incidental protection as our moderate revenue tariff affords. We believe it is a fact that on recent negotiations for the renewal of the late Reciprocity Treaty, the propriety of adding certain manufactures to the free list was discussed and admitted; it is the principle of free trade as far as now commonly adopted by Great Britain and her colonies, and it is highly probable that the majority of our manufacturers would hail in the proposed change that extension of markets and customers the present want of which is their greatest want, and it is certain that in this number would be found those conducting the best established and most successful manufactures, thus giving the best proof of being congenial to the soil.

2nd. "Uniform laws to be passed by both countries for the imposition of duties on imports, and for internal taxation; the sums collected from these sources to be placed in a common treasury, and to be divided between the two Governments by a *per capita* or some other equally fair ratio." This is a comprehensive proposal, and in the present great disparity between the Canadian tariff and that of the United States seems rather like going backwards, and it seems (if entertained) likely to conflict with our relations to Great Britain. These difficulties should not, however, put the proposition out of court if there be any good in its train, or if it be firmly held on the other side. The Americans state in its favour that they propose to reduce their tariff, as their debt is being reduced; on our side we are unfortunately in the reverse of their situation in the matter of debt—and possibly this may be the readiest solution of the question how we are to pay our debt, or the interest now yearly increasing in alarming proportions. In the manner of collecting a great economy would be effected; and the removal of custom houses from all the long border would remove a cause of daily annoyance and infinite ill-feeling. In the matter of division our Government would doubtless be a gainer, inasmuch as, notwithstanding their higher tariff, the people of the United States are *per capita* greater importers of British and other foreign goods than are the people of Canada. This system would have the advantage to us of enlarging our field as carriers. The proposition as it might affect our relation with the Empire would, of course, require and receive the cousideration of the Imperial Government, and we shall presently refer to the course that Government has of late years persistently indicated for our adoption, and in that light think the difficulty would not be found insuperable.

3rd. "The admission of Dominion built ships and vessels to American registry, enrolment and license, and to all the privileges of the coasting and foreign trade." This change has been long desired by every vessel-owner in Canada, and would be an unmixed advantage to this important branch of industry and enterprise.

4th. "The Dominion to enlarge its canals and improve the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and to aid in the building of any great lines of international railroad, and to place the citizens of the United States in the same position as to the use of such works as enjoyed by the citizens of the Dominion; the United States and the several States giving the citizens of the Dominion the same rights and privileges over works of the same character in the United States." These works would simply be all in our own interest—the first to enable us to derive the fullest benefit from our great water-way; the second, to aid in the fullest development of our vocation as carriers between the over-peopled Eastern world and the vast fields of the West, now being so rapidly occupied and made productive. The chain of lake and river navigation united and made one by our system of canals is only to be equalled in completeness and efficiency by a railway system extending in a direct line through the central fields of the Dominion

to Sault Ste. Marie and there connecting with the route of the Northern Pacific Railway, now in course of construction, and forming the shortest and most favourably situated with reference to climatic influence and the productive character of the country traversed, of any that has yet been projected; forming the shortest and most practical route to our new fields of Manitoba and the Saskatchewan Valley, and possessing all these advantages for the two nations. This proposition reminds us how often it has been proposed from the Canadian side to offer the enlargement of the canals as an equivalent for reciprocal free trade in natural productions; such enlargement would no doubt be of further advantage, as their use in their present condition is a great advantage to the citizens of the United States, but the work is not a fair counter in negotiation, for it is a necessity for ourselves and for our own use, and since the last agitation of the question in Parliament it is admitted by every man in Canada that not a day should be lost in going on with the improvement.

Having referred briefly to the propositions of the National Board of Trade, which may be assumed to be the views of a body well advanced in commercial questions, and being satisfied that they are at least not out of the question, let us look at the matter as one of material equivalents, as it has been treated, and so far defeated, by the Governments of the two countries—and we may remark it has been treated in rather a huckstering spirit, as a question whether certain commodities growing on the one side—beeves and barley for instance, were more necessary to the party of the other side than Yankee notions and agricultural implements to the party of the hither side—a form in which the controversy might be prolonged indefinitely. It has been said on our side that we have found many new ways of trade since the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty, and have so indemnified ourselves for the loss of the American market; any one who has lived in Canada since before 1854 can tell what a great impetus forward was given to its trade and productiveness during the existence of the treaty, and it is fair to say that impulse has not yet been all lost; indeed a glance at the present state of the country with its increase of manufactures and its wealth of banking capital and bank deposits will shew that the progress has been continuous; but, along with some that are permanent, we are happy to say, there are temporary causes (that ought to be made permanent) patent on the surface to account for much of this continued prosperity during the last half-dozen years; chief of these is the state of depletion in labour and in every product of labour, and in domestic animals (of which we have been large exporters) in which the United States were left at the close of the civil war, and to these is to be added our very large exportation of lumber, for the accomplishment of which it is loudly complained by parties most intimately acquainted with the matter, that we have been adopting the process of killing the goose that hatched the golden eggs. Again, progress in negotiation has been retarded by a class of economists on our side, as there are many in the United States, who maintain that the cure for any and every ill that falls upon the economic body is to get well behind a Chinese wall, and the cry breaks upon us, made more shrill by a ring of thoughtless applause, from the wheat and barley fields of Ontario and Quebec, "Canada for the Canadians" as does from the iron and coal fields of Pennsylvania and Ohio "America for the Americans;" but we maintain that we have outgrown these bonds, and can no more go back than we can re-form ourselves into deer-skin moccasins and homespun, and wooden ploughs and log-huts—we are upon another march of improvement, and we think the road is firm and broad enough to carry us forwards. Leaving, then, behind

these mere counters of exchange, let us rise to the higher level of the question as one involving not merely the material prosperity but the good neighbourship of two nations whose concerns and interests lie alongside of and interlace each other from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Pacific Ocean; and let us remember that the future of the Dominion even more than that of the United States is dependent upon a fair adjustment, because it is the weaker body of the two, and any disturbing element more nearly touches its heart. This question of commercial relations is vital to the equanimity of the two nations because every man along the long line who is concerned with trade or industry (and that is in these countries nearly everybody) is touched by it. Its settlement upon a fair and permanent basis would of course make easier the much needed establishment upon a permanent basis of our own system of government, for, with perfect freedom of trade, the people on either side could afford to look complacently and with interest upon the efforts and progress of their neighbours in the direction of self-government, and hope may be entertained of new progress in this so difficult science, where so much remains to be perfected, and in which the example and experience of England and of the United States, confessedly imperfect in their attainments, shew us something to be avoided as well as much to be imitated.

The kindly suggestions that have occasionally been made to us of late years by British statesmen, pointing to the entire control of our own affairs, have, we think, foreshadowed the necessity of home treatment of our relations with our nearest neighbours, and have been intended to prove the readiness of the Imperial Government to assist us to get on our legs, and to conduct the negotiation for ourselves, and, in short, to lift us from the pupilage of colonists to the ambition of patriots, to a national life every throb of whose pulse we shall feel, and feel to be our own—whose life flows with us and within us.

It is for the men of Ontario, who read and reflect, to take the lead in this development of national life, and to prove in response to the suggestions of British statesmen, and in assertion of their own manhood and worth, that they possess capacities for self-government and social improvement. The annual meeting of the Dominion Board of Trade took place at Ottawa, as intimated above Very little, however, occurred at the meeting to affect the situation or to change our view of it. The course of debate on the question of conference with the National Board of Trade with a view to further consideration of, and forwarding, the object proposed by that Board—"freedom of trade with the Dominion"—has not proved our commercial men to be in the more forward condition to be expected of pupils of the British school of trade. The apparent approval of the meeting of such sentiments as that "it was the determination of Canada to live separate and work out its own destiny" was hardly redeemed by the added qualification "living on friendly terms with the United States," when the subject directly in question was simply that of commercial relations; and the statement of another speaker that the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty had been of great advantage "to the Canadians, because it had made them rely on themselves to open up roads to the seaports in the east, and push on to the west through what would be the finest part of Canada," seems, if true, in fact as to such development, which we think is open to question, much like affirming the advantage of losing an eye or an ear in order to stimulate the cultivation of the remaining organs. The several quotations of astounding figures, results of experience of individuals or as a collective quantity to the nation shew how such statements may mislead if adopted as proof of the separate growth of our trade, when they actually result in great measure

from the trade drawn from the grain fields of the Western States in spite of separation in a measure, and go to prove only the superiority of our great water-way as the highway of the continent. The "Zollverein" appeared to be a *bête noire*, deeply charged, as many thought, with a venom of disloyalty, and chiefly dangerous as pointing to "annexation." We continue to think, on the other hand, that allaying this spirit of trade would rid us of the chief disturbing element; and in this age when reason is claiming and establishing, as a necessity of truth and progress, the right to discuss every form and shade of opinion in the wide fields of religion and philosophy, we maintain that our national virtue is in no danger from the free discussion of so simple a subject. Notwithstanding, however, the ban upon "Zollverein" it is satisfactory to notice that the Board decided to go on with the conference.

To conclude: It is evident that we are but in the infancy of progress in the way indicated by the general name of "freedom of trade," opening as it does to our future a community of interest and feeling wide as the world. It is the leading step, as the intercourse of trade is always foremost, in drawing men and nations together, to stimulate enquiry, to elicit what is good, and reject what is defective, in every department of knowledge. Now that the subject is opened, there cannot long remain a doubt of the advantages to accrue from the widest opening of the highway between ourselves and our neighbour who possesses a language, laws, religion and habits as well as industrial pursuits similar to our own.

CANADA'S EMBLEM.

BY W. BIRCH CANAVAN.

LET older nations proudly praise the emblems of their fame,
That sounding down thro' ages long have won immortal name;
Let Britain, greatest of them all, loud praise her glorious three,
That like her sons are joined as one in Canada the Free.

Old Erin's Shamrock, England's Rose, and Scotia's Thistle green,
Awake the love of Britain's sons in many a far off scene;
And nowhere in the wide world o'er, those glorious symbols three,
Are truly honour'd more than here in Canada the Free.

But there's another Emblem yet, dearer to us than all,
That tells of happy hearts and homes and Freedom's joyous call;
A magic light—a beacon bright—to myriads o'er the sea,
Our Emblem chief, the Maple Leaf, of Canada the Free.

It breathes no tale of ancient feuds, betrays no barren soil,
But welcomes to our grand old woods the sons of honest toil;
Gives equal rights and equal laws to all whoe'er they be,
Our Emblem chief, the Maple Leaf, of Canada the Free.

Then while we prize, with children's love, the Shamrock and the Rose,
The Thistle and the Fleur de Lys, forget not that there grows,
Upon our broad and fertile soil, a noble forest tree,
With graceful leaf, the Emblem chief, of Canada the Free.

TORONTO.

THE POETRY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BY WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR, B.A.

MR. Arnold is more widely known, and probably attracts more interest, as a critic than as a poet; and yet, I confess, for my own part, to feeling more indebted to him for his poetry than his criticism. In the former, I cannot help thinking, he is more original than in the latter. As a critic he continually reminds us of Ste. Beuve, to whose school he may not unfairly be said to belong. As a poet he does not very distinctly remind us of any one, with the exception of the ancient Greek poets, whom it is no diminishing of any one's originality to imitate. It says something for the strength and independence of Mr. Arnold's poetic genius that he should have escaped, as completely as he has done, the influence—so irresistible to many contemporary writers—of Tennyson. Mr. Arnold's first publication in verse appeared, if I mistake not, in 1849, the year which gave "In Memoriam" to the world. Tennyson at that time was the rising star in the world of poetry, to whom nearly all younger writers were paying the homage of more or less conscious imitation. The only models, however, which Mr. Arnold appears to have set before him were, as I have already hinted, those to whom the world has been doing reverence for two thousand years, and whose immortal productions no lapse of time can rob of their charm.

The "New Poems" published by Mr. Arnold some five or six years ago have taken an altogether higher rank in general estimation than his earlier productions. The latter indeed have for some years past been but little seen or heard of; the "New Poems," on the contrary, have been received with a degree of favour which almost amounts to "popularity." Popular, in a wide sense of the word, Mr. Arnold never can be, at least, as a poet. His thoughts are too remote from those of every-day life, and of the average of readers, to excite a wide enthusiasm, or even to be very generally intelligible. Moreover, the form in which he has chosen to cast a considerable portion of his poetry repels those readers—and they are many—who resent the employment by a writer of any garb they do not recognize at once as modern, national and familiar. A writer with whom they cannot at once feel perfectly at home they turn from with an angry impatience. He may give them vigorous thoughts and beautiful images, but all is of no avail to win their favour if his accent is either archaic or foreign. People of this kind Mr. Arnold is sure to offend. His admirers will be, on the one hand, those who find the forms he has chosen appropriate and pleasing; and, on the other, those whose intellectual sympathy with him is so strong that the presence of certain elements they do not quite understand is no bar to their enjoyment of the substance of what he has written.

In thinking of Mr. Arnold I have often been reminded of a well-known passage in Horace's Art of Poetry :—

> "Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
> Quaesitum est: ego nec studium sine divite vena,
> Nec rude quid possit video ingenium; alterius sic
> Altera possit opem res et conjurat amice." (408–11.).

The careful elaboration which has been bestowed upon his poems is evident at a glance; but not less evident to the careful and appreciative reader are the signs of delicate poetic sensibility, liveliness of fancy and warmth of moral emotion; and here we have the substantial basis of Mr. Arnold's poetical talent, the *dives vena*, without which

the *studium* would have been of little avail. Whatever may be said of the defects of English University training, its stimulating effect upon the mind can scarcely be denied. There is not very much of what is called "useful knowledge" in Homer, nor much exact science in Plato; but the man who has familiarized himself with these authors so as not only to understand their language but to think their thoughts and see the world as they saw it two or three thousand years ago, will, at least, have a mind prepared to grapple with most intellectual problems and, better still, open to the light from whatever quarter it may come. We see in Mr. Arnold a true son of Oxford; he reminds us of that venerable seat of learning both in what he is and in what he is not. But then not only were the genial and refining influences of Oxford thrown around his youth, but he was educated under the eye of one of the most sagacious and best furnished minds of England, that is to say his own father's, a man who, as an educator, won a reputation which has almost lessened by comparison his fame as a scholar, historian and divine. To have had for father such a man as Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby, was indeed an inestimable advantage; we naturally look for traces of the father's influence and perpetuation of his qualities in the son, nor do we, in my opinion, look in vain. The sterling honesty, openness of heart and amiability of temper, as well as the firmness and sagacity of judgment which characterized the Head Master of Rugby and Professor of Modern History at Oxford, are honourably conspicuous in the poet and critic of to-day. To these are added a delicacy of taste peculiarly his own, together with a certain intellectual alertness, a faculty for seizing upon the best points of view, which, serviceable as it is to him in every way, is, in relation to criticism especially, a point of the very highest importance.

It is time, however, that I should illustrate these remarks by examples; and, in order to exhibit first what may be regarded as an average poem of our author's, I will give the one entitled, "Lines Written in Kensington Gardens," published in the volume of "New Poems" before referred to:—

"In this lone open glade I lie,
Screened by deep boughs on either hand,
And, at its head, to stay the eye,
Those dark-crowned, red-boled pine-trees stand.

"Birds here make song; each bird has his
Across the girdling city's hum;
How green under the boughs it is!
How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come!

"Sometimes a child will cross the glade
To take his nurse his broken toy;
Sometimes a thrush flit overhead,
Deep in her unknown day's employ.

"Here at my feet what wonders pass
What endless, active life is here!
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass!
An air-stirred forest fresh and clear.

"Scarce fresher is the mountain sod
Where the tired angler lies, stretched out,
And, eased of basket and of rod,
Counts his day's spoil, his spotted trout.

"In the huge world which roars hard by
Be others happy, if they can!
But, in my helpless cradle, I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.

"I on men's impious uproar hurled
Think often, as I hear them rave
That peace has left the upper world
And now keeps only in the grave.

"Yet here is peace forever new!
When I, who watch them, am away,
Still all things in this glade go through
The changes of their quiet day.

"Then to their happy rest they pass
The flowers close, the birds are fed,
The night comes down upon the grass,
The child sleeps warmly in his bed.

"Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make and cannot mar!

" The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live."

There are two or three things to be remarked about this poem. It affords evidence of a genuine love of nature on the part of the writer, a true delight in its beauty, its music and all its enlarging and tranquillizing influences: but it does not suggest that acute sensibility to the forms and harmonies of outward things which we discern in those great authors with whom nature is not a study only but a passion. The description is well and adequately rendered, but there are none of those exquisite touches which Wordsworth for example would almost certainly have thrown into a similar piece. Mr. Arnold makes no pretension to be a Wordsworth; his muse is thoroughly honest, and never affects what it does not feel, nor aims at what it cannot accomplish. It is not given to every man to penetrate the deepest secrets of nature, to seize her happiest combinations, to transfuse into words all the glory of her most golden moments; but still the great Mother never fails to reward sincere love and sympathy in whatever degree; and he who opens heart and eyes to take in what he can of her charm, carries away with him some token or other of his acceptance. He receives a message, a dispensation, and becomes, in his own measure, an interpreter of nature to others. And so it is in the present case; the impression we derive, through Mr. Arnold's verse, of the sylvan scene in which it was composed, is clear and vivid; we feel the freshness of the breeze, we hear the rustling of the leaves overhead; we see the waving of the grass. When we read the line—

"Deep in her unknown day's employ—"

we find ourselves wondering, as in the woods we often have wondered, what the busy bird is doing in all her ceaseless flittings to and fro. It is further to be remarked that Mr. Arnold's verse produces its effect, which, to say the least, is a pleasing and satisfying one, by means of the most natural and every-day language. We encounter in his poems no laboriously formed compound epithets and none of that word-daubing by which some writers seek to make sound do the work of sense. He appears to have acted consciously or unconsciously, on the principle laid down by Ste. Beuve in writing to the young poet Baudelaire: " Ne craignez pas d'être trop commun; vous aurez toujours assez de votre finesse d'expression de quoi vous distinguer." *Finesse d'expression* is not only a mark of originality but may be said to be its measure; for before a man can express anything he must have been *im*pressed by something, and his impressions will be true, vivid, clear, original just in proportion as his mind has preserved its originality, or, in other words, has cultivated the art of coming into direct contact with things, and seeing them as they are.

The peaceful beauty of his leafy recess leads the poet to think by contrast of the " impious uproar " of that " huge world " from which he has escaped so short a distance. This new train of thought, coming across the tranquil current of his former meditations, for the moment disquiets and troubles him. For a moment only, for the reflection almost immediately occurs that, as, in the very heart of the city, there is a spot in which calm and quiet perpetually reign, so should there be in the heart of every man an inward peace which the turmoil of active life should be powerless to destroy. The idea is not a new one by any means; it was very familiar to the ancient Greek and Roman philosophers and poets, and has been very beautifully expressed by more than one of them. Nowhere, however, has it been embodied in more striking or beautiful language than in a passage in the " Thoughts of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius." It is quite worth our while to read and ponder what the im-

perial sage ("purest of men," Mr. Arnold has elsewhere called him) has said upon this subject:—

"Men seek retreats for themselves, houses in the country, sea-shore, and mountains; and thou too (addressing himself) art wont to desire such things very much. But this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of men, for it is in thy power, whenever thou shalt choose, to retire into thyself. For nowhere, either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble, does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquillity; and I affirm that tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind. Constantly then give to thyself this retreat, and renew thyself; and let thy principles be brief and fundamental, which, as soon as thou shalt recur to them, will be sufficient to cleanse the soul completely, and to send thee back free from all discontent with the things to which thou returnest."*

If we compare the last two verses of Mr. Arnold's poem with the passage just quoted we may take in at a glance the difference between the highest moral sentiment of the second and that of the nineteenth century of our era. The creed of Marcus Aurelius was Stoicism, tinged with a little more emotion than the Stoics usually allowed. It was a creed of self-repression, calling upon a man to fortify himself against the world by bringing his own nature into subjection. The moralist of to-day finds a support for his good resolutions in the very constitution of the universe. With the poet Tennyson he finds a "glory in the sum of things," which is at war with anything like settled gloom or despair. Or with Mr. Arnold he exclaims:—

"Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make and cannot mar."

The Stoic cultivated justice, but he did it in a spirit of pride and exclusiveness as something required by the dignity of his own nature; the world had to make a long stride in advance before the power of sympathy, the power of feeling not merely *for* others but *with* them, could become a distinct object of desire with even the best of men. This is what the poet asks for in the last verse:—

"The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give!
Calm, calm me more, nor let me die
Before I have begun to live."

These are lines which many a vext and restless soul will love to repeat; there is a music in them which soothes the heart, and an earnestness of aspiration which seems to give strength to the will.

In very many places throughout his works do we find the poet giving expression to a longing for calm and quiet,—the calm and quiet not so much of outward circumstances as of the heart. He seems to find the chief source of this supreme blessing in the contemplation of nature; and his most earnest wish for his death-bed is that, instead of being pestered with doctors and priests, he may be allowed to gaze upon the serene face of that—

"Which never was the friend of *one*,
Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun
And lived itself and made us live."

I cannot do better, however, than quote the whole poem in which this verse occurs, as it is decidedly one of the best Mr. Arnold ever wrote: at once chaste and vigorous in expression and full of that noble faith which looks upon the universe as a divine work, and the destinies of man in the future as wholly beyond the power of any human agencies or artifices to control.

A WISH.

I ask not that my bed of death
From hands of greedy heirs be free:
For these assail the latest breath
Of fortune's favoured sons, not me.

* IV. 3: Long's translation, 2nd Ed., page 93.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless when of my death he hears;
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind,
Then, then, at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come and gape and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom,
All that makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see one cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch to take the accustomed toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath—

The future and its viewless things,
That undiscovered mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings
Must needs read clearer sure than he!

Bring none of these! but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more before my dying eyes

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide aerial landscape spread,
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead.

Which never was the friend of *one*
Nor promised love it could not give
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul with what I gaze on wed!
To feel the universe my home;
To have before my eyes—instead

Of the sick room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

There is room for an interesting *rapprochement* between this poem and the concluding sentence of a book which Mr. Arnold confesses to have been a great favourite with himself—Obermann; and as Obermann is a book not very frequently met with in these days, some of my readers may thank me for reproducing the passage:—"Si j'arrive à la vieillesse, si un jour, plein de pensées encore, mais renonçant à parler aux hommes, j'ai auprès de moi un ami pour recevoir mes adieux à la terre, qu'on place ma chaise sur l'herbe courte et que de tranquilles marguerites soient là devant moi, sous le soleil, sous le ciel immense, afin qu'en laissant la vie qui passe, je retrouve quelque chose de l'illusion infinie."*

There is one little poem of our author's which I can never read without pain; there are two in fact: "Growing Old" and "Youth's Agitations." We should not, I know, construe all that a poet says *au pied de la lettre*, but I challenge any one to read the poems I have mentioned and not fall under the impression that the poet has there placed on record his own strong, instinctive shrinking from the thought of old age. One cannot therefore help asking whether a philosophy that raises a man above the fear of death, but fills him with gloomy apprehensions and nervous shrinkings at the thought of life's decline, is anything to boast of after all. Fear is bondage, no matter what its object may be; and to escape one bondage only to run into another and less rational one is certainly no great gain. And

* The following version though somewhat free represents perhaps with sufficient faithfulness the general sense of this beautiful passage:—"If I should arrive at old age with faculties still unimpaired, and, though living apart from men, should have one friend by my side to receive my farewells to the world, let my chair be placed out upon the turf, where my eyes may rest upon the quiet daisies; and there, under the light of the sun, under the boundless vault of heaven, let my soul be filled, as it quits this transitory life, with an overflowing sense of the infinite and eternal.

yet "Growing Old" with all its morbid feeling is a poem of great beauty and force, and I feel that I must quote it, both on that account and also as showing into what very low spirits Mr. Arnold's generally cheerful muse sometimes falls.

"What is it to grow old?
Is it to lose the glory of the form,
The lustre of the eye?
Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?
Yes: but not this alone.

"Is it to feel our strength,
Not our bloom only but our strength decay?
Is it to feel each limb
Grow stiffer, every function less exact,
Each nerve more weakly strung?

"Yes, this and more! but not,
Ah, 'tis not what in youth we dreamed 'twould be!
'Tis not to have our life
Mellowed and softened as with sunset glow
A golden day's decline!

"'Tis not to see the world
As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes,
And heart profoundly stirred;
And weep and feel the fulness of the past,
The years that are no more!

"It is to spend long days
And not once feel that we were ever young;
It is to add, immured
In the hot prison of the present, month
To month with weary pain.

"It is to suffer this,
And feel but half, and feebly, what we feel.
Deep in our hidden heart
Festers the dull remembrance of a change,
But no emotion—none.

"It is—last stage of all—
When we are frozen up within and quite
The phantom of ourselves,
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man.

How different from these "muliebria lamenta" is Robert Browning's noble poem "Rabbi Ben Ezra!" What manly courage, what rational faith breathes in its opening lines!

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hand
Who saith: "*A whole I planned*
Youth shows but half: trust God nor be afraid."

No doubt there is truth in Mr. Arnold's presentation of the subject as well as in Mr. Browning's; but the difference is here: Mr. Arnold's truth is truth to fact (*i.e.*, old age is actually in many cases such as he describes it, a cheerless, joyless, comfortless thing, a period in which the restlessness of youth and the eager action of manhood are succeeded, not by rest and peace, but by a dull torpidity); Mr. Browning's truth is truth to the higher tendencies and capabilities of human nature: man has a capacity for faith, for disinterestedness and for sympathy, and in these lie the sources of a tranquil joy that triumphs over all changes of time and circumstance. Need we ask which of these two kinds of truth more worthily employs the poet's pen? I should like to bring home one objection to Mr. Arnold against this use of his muse, drawn from his own writings. In his essay on Joubert, he quotes with approval a sentence from that writer, in which condemnation is passed upon all works which compel the soul to cry out "You hurt me." The sentence in question, Mr. Arnold says, is worthy of Goethe, and well adapted "to clear the air at one's entrance into literature." Well then, let me tell him this poem of his —"Growing Old" causes the soul to cry out in no unreal anguish, "You hurt me!" To borrow an expression from one of Mr. Arnold's own poems it "saddens the soul with its chill," giving as it does a picture of unredeemed misery and weakness, and that not by way of warning, or for any moral purpose, but in a spirit of sheer rebellion and despair.

Unfortunately the spirit which these lines display mars, not unfrequently, the pleasure we derive from Mr. Arnold's poetry. Doubtless there is evil and enough and to spare in

the world, and men in general are far enough removed from the heroic type; but it may well be questioned whether the levelling of bitter accusations against the mass of one's fellow creatures tends either to the removal of evils or the exaltation of human nature. Do not lines like the following contain a real libel upon the world as it is?—

"*Even in a palace life may be lived well,*
So spake the imperial sage, purest of men,
Marcus Aurelius. But the stifling den
Of common life where, crowded up pell-mell,

"Our freedom for a little bread we sell,
And drudge beneath some foolish master's ken,
Who rates us if we peer outside our pen,
Matched with a palace, is not this a hell?"

To be sure the sonnet winds up with the noble sentiment that

"The aids to noble life are all within—"

and its moral, therefore, is that we should triumph over circumstances, and not let them triumph over us; but is there not, I ask, an altogether inexcusable bitterness in the above description of "common life?" The very fact that men can set before themselves a high ideal, in comparison with which the acts and tempers of every-day life seem mean or trivial, is a conclusive and most encouraging sign of the progress of the race; and Mr. Arnold, in his happier moments, could not fail to regard it in that light. If any man belongs essentially to the present age—an age, let its maligners say what they will, of light, of liberty, of free enquiry and of ever-widening sympathies—it is Mr. Arnold; and yet, at times, he seems to talk the language of one lamenting a lost age and a lost faith. One or two pieces that he has written might almost take their place beside Dr. Newman's beautiful but most unjust lines beginning—

"Now is the autumn of the Tree of Life."

Dr. Newman's impatience with his generation is the impatience of an over-sensitive spiritual nature; Mr. Arnold's impatience is intellectual, or mainly so; but the two express themselves with a wonderful similarity of accent. Dr. Newman did not catch his tone from Mr. Arnold—that is certain; did Mr. Arnold catch his from Dr. Newman? The enquiry might be an interesting one, but we cannot enter upon it here; it may suffice at present to remark, that the refinement of thought and phrase which we are so often called upon to admire in Mr. Arnold, is a very distinguishing characteristic of the earlier writer.

To some persons it may seem that the qualities in which Mr. Arnold excels are matters, chiefly, of style; but, as the French most truly say, the style is the man; and when the style reaches a certain point of excellence, there is always something expressed which is well worth our attention. Doubtless there are qualities, and important ones, in which Mr. Arnold is deficient; but in connection with that refinement of thought and phrase, of which I spoke a moment ago, we recognize in him quick poetic sensibilities, and a fancy lively, delicate and pure. Breadth of imagination he has not; he sees life under but few aspects, and the thoughts which it suggests to him present consequently but little variety. Here is a poem which displays all his characteristic excellences in a remarkable degree:—

"DOVER BEACH.

"The sea is calm to-night,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the Straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand
Glimmering and vast out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the windows, sweet is the night air!
Only from the long line of spray,
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanched sand,
Listen!—you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin and cease and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

"Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant, northern sea/
The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

"Ah, love, let us be true
To one another!—for the world which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And here we are as on a darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

There are lines in this poem of extreme beauty, and the effect of the whole is, in the truest sense of the word, poetical. We may protest again against the estimate of the world as a place which

"Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain,"

but the melancholy and the pathos here are genuine, and have a subduing effect upon the mind of the reader. It may be remarked in this place, that there are lines in Mr. Arnold which once heard can scarcely be forgotten, so singularly does their very sound carry the sense they express into the mind. Who that has ever listened to the moan of the sea "retreating," as the poet says, "to the breath of the night wind," can fail to feel the wonderful expressiveness, through their sound alone, of the words,—

"Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar"—?

I have said that Mr. Arnold is not so close a student or so passionate a lover of nature as some of our great poets have been; but that he has a very quick and true eye for general effects, every page of his writing indicates. With a few touches, delicate but firm, he will sketch a landscape or a scene, and make it at once visible to every imagination. The opening of the above poem, I think, illustrates this; but the longer poem, entitled "A Southern Night," which he has devoted to the memory of a younger brother, who died at Gibraltar on his way home from India, illustrates it still better. All the descriptive touches there, are broad and general but they are effective; they give a distinct impression of "a southern night"—moonlight on the Mediterranean. This poem, however, is, in other respects, well worth our dwelling upon a few moments. It exhibits, I think, a deeper tenderness of feeling than anything else Mr. Arnold has written; and the whole flow of the verse is surpassingly musical and expressive. To pluck out a few verses by way of illustration is to risk doing them and the whole poem an injustice, but I cannot forbear quoting the following:—

"The murmur of this Midland deep
Is heard to-night around thy grave,
There where Gibraltar's cannoned steep
O'erfrowns the wave.

"For there with bodily anguish keen,
With Indian heats at last fordone,
With public toil and private teen,
Thou sank'st, alone.

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

"A boat is lowered from her side;
Ah gently place him on the beach!
That spirit—if all have not yet died—
A breath might quench.

"Is this the eye, the footstep fast,
The mien of youth we used to see,
Poor, gallant boy?—for such thou wast,
Still art to me.

"The limbs their wonted tasks refuse,
The eyes are glazed, thou can'st not speak
And whiter than thy white bournous,
That wasted cheek!

"Enough! The boat with quiet shock,
Unto its haven coming nigh,
Touches, and on Gibraltar's rock
Lands thee to die."

I do not know whether others will rate these verses as highly as I do, but it seems to me that in delicacy and felicity of phrase, in melody of versification and in their suffused pathos they reach a very high standard indeed of excellence.

Like a true Greek, as he is, Mr. Arnold is a great lover of distinct outlines and of that, without which distinct outlines are impossible—light. Form with him is of the very first importance, and it is the form of his verse which produces the strongest, as it certainly produces the first, effect on the mind of the reader. In speaking here of form, I am not thinking of any imitation by the poet of antique models; that, strictly speaking, is a matter of garb, rather than of form. By the latter term I here understand the idea which scientific men have in view when they speak of type. Every poem at the moment of its conception in the poet's mind must assume some form; and the poet is sometimes more distinctly conscious of the form than of the content, while sometimes the reverse is the case. Mr. Arnold, I should say, realises the form first and works out his thoughts afterwards; and his readers, in like manner, in their interpretation and enjoyment of his work, take in a general impression first, derived mainly from its form, and then proceed to note the material or tissue of the composition. The best of his poems take shape before the mind with not less clearness than the hills of Hellas against their background of blue sky; indeed, in the character of their outline and all their general features, they remind us strongly of descriptions we have read of Grecian landscapes.

"The scenery around Athens," says Hermann Hettner in his interesting book entitled Athens and the Peloponnese, "presents a harmonious *ensemble* of the most distinct forms; it must necessarily have produced in the Athenians a clear and precise mode of thinking, and a keen sense for the well-defined and complete. Even to the most sceptical mind, it must become evident at last in what an intimate relation the Greek temple, Roman architecture and the grandfulness of the forms of the Italian painters stand to the broad and calm forms of the Greek and Italian mountain; and how, on the other hand, the Gothic dome, and the whimsical, obstinate, faithfulness to nature in the works of the old German masters, descending almost to portrait, corresponds in a similar manner to the capricious zig-zag so frequently characterizing German mountain scenery. The heights which enclose the valley of Athens are not so near as to embarrass the eye of the spectator, nor are they so distant as to melt into indistinctness."

In this passage lie nearly all the elements for a criticism of Mr. Arnold. Not quite all, however; for let an author imbibe as deeply as he may of the spirit of a past time, he cannot escape wholly from his age: its impress is on him, and he must bring it somewhere to the light. If Mr. Arnold were wholly Greek, of what interest would he be to us? He could be but the echo of that original inspiration the direct products of which are yet in our hands. But if, with that breadth and calmness of manner which distinguished the great minds of Greek antiquity, he can present to us the living ideas and issues of to-day, then indeed is there food for the mind, as well as for the æsthetic sense, in his writings. In his prose works, as is well known, he has dealt with some of the most vital questions of the present time; but in his poetry, too, though he does not and cannot discuss such questions formally, he never quite loses

sight of them. They are there to give weight and concentration to his thought, when they do not directly guide its utterance.

The two best poems probably in Mr. Arnold's volume are "Rugby Chapel" and "Heine's Grave." The former is a noble and feeling tribute to the memory of his father and contains many passages which stamp themselves very powerfully—I was going to say indelibly—on the memory. It is impossible to point, in either poem, to a single superfluous line or phrase; and yet this rigid economy of language does not interfere in the least with the free flow of the verse or the fervid expression of feeling. After describing his father as one of those whose mission it is, while pursuing arduous careers of their own, to lend a helping hand to all in need of assistance, and to fight with zeal and courage the general battles of humanity, he adds in a strain of real emotion:—

"And through thee, I believe
In the noble and great who are gone;
Pure souls honoured and blest
By former ages, who else—
Such, so soulless, so poor,
Is the race of men whom I see—
Seemed but a dream of the heart,
Seemed but a cry of desire.
Yes! I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
Not like the men of the crowd
Who all round me to-day
Bluster or cringe, and make life
Hideous, and arid, and vile;
But souls tempered with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind."

Then, comparing humanity to a host toiling painfully through the wilderness towards a land of promise and of rest, he thus concludes:

"Then in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels appear,
Radiant with ardour divine.
Beacons of hope ye appear!
Langour is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van; at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave,
Order, courage return.
Eyes rekindling, and prayers
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
'Stablish, continue our march,
On to the bound of the waste,
On to the City of God."

These are noble accents. We have here neither intellectual subtlety, nor wealth of metaphor, but we have, I make bold to say, the poetry of moral emotion, clothed in a form which could not have been better chosen.

"Heine's Grave" contains more variety than "Rugby Chapel," and is altogether a richer poem. There is room, of course, from the nature of the subject, for a wider sweep of fancy than the pensive meditations connected with Rugby Chapel were adapted to call into play. The poet is struck in the first place by the contrast between the brightness and peace of the spot (the cemetery of Montmartre) where Heine had at length found rest, and the gloom and pain which had shrouded his latter years:—

"Half blind, palsied, in pain,
Hither to come, from the streets'
Uproar, surely not loth
Wast thou, Heine!—to lie
Quiet! to ask for closed
Shutters and darkened room,
And cool drinks, and an eased
Posture, and opium, no more!
Hither to come and to sleep
Under the wings of Renown."

Then, one by one, the contradictions and contrasts of Heine's character and career are brought to the poet's mind, and are all in turn admirably treated. I shall quote but

one passage,—the very striking lines in which the poet touches upon Heine's well-known aversion to England:—

"I chide thee not, that thy sharp
Upbraidings often assailed
England, my country; for we,
Fearful and sad, for her sons,
Long since deep in our hearts,
Echo the blame of her foes.
We too sigh that she flags;
We too say that she now,
Scarce comprehending the voice
Of her greatest golden-mouthed sons
Of a former age any more,
Stupidly travels the round
Of mechanic business, and lets
Slow die out of her life—
Glory, and genius, and joy!
So thou arraign'st her, her foe,
So we arraign her, her sons.

"Yes, we arraign her! but she,
The weary Titan! with deaf
Ears, and labour-dimmed eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal;
Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlantean the load,
Well nigh not to be borne,
Of the too-vast orb of her fate."

Of "Empedocles or Etna," a poem in its way, of very great merit and interest, I have no space left to speak. From one point of view, it may almost be regarded as a poetical rendering of the Positive Philosophy: there are verses in it which breathe the Positivist spirit in its purest and most essential form.

"There is in that man," says the French historian De Tocqueville of Plato, "a continual aspiration towards spiritual and lofty "things which stirs and elevates me. And "that, I am inclined upon the whole to think, "is the secret of the glorious progress "he has had through the centuries. For "after all, and in every age, men like to be "talked to about their souls even though, "for their own part, they may take little "thought except for their bodies." It is only doing Mr. Arnold justice to say that he also merits this praise. Whatever faults or deficiencies we may discover in him it is beyond dispute that his influence as a writer, whether in prose or verse, tends constantly to the refining of our taste, and the ennobling of our moral sense. This alone constitutes him one of the best teachers of our age, and an honour to the English nation.

LOVE-THOUGHTS BY LAMPLIGHT.

By Martin J. Griffin.

IN the sculptor's brain as he works alone,
Or stands aweary, aloof, and looks
With full-souled eyes at the fashioned stone
That men will wonder about in books.

Be sure there's always a dream of Greek—
Nothing but Greek achievement, pure
And proud, on which the ages break
In vain; Art holds while the heavens endure.

And the painter holds to his heart of hearts
A dream of Heaven and Raffael,
As he rests, when the lingering light departs,
From the toil that artists love so well.

And heart, my own, there's a face that fills
The void wherever my tired eyes turn,
And your mouth makes secret sound that thrills
The night betimes when the dull lamps burn.

What grave Greek soul through the stone that beams,
What smiles from the warm Italian eyes,
Could melt me waking, and move in dreams,
Like thy wifely face in our colder skies?

Come here from the rugged river that runs—
Blessed to run—past my true love's feet,
Come bring me golden light for the suns,
And meadow blooms for the dusty street!

Come here for a light and a wonder, come
For a royal woman, a saint, a seer;
An angel breathing in human home,
With only the angels for a peer;

And the cold, dark winter days will draw
A colour and brightness from the South,
And the flowers will bloom by a secret law,
Of the warmth and sweetness of your mouth,

And the cruel terrors of circumstance
Will bend to the kindness of your eyes,
And the heavily burthened hours will dance
To your mirth, and hush to your sighs.

Will you hearken, love? Will you bear with me
As I sit and dream here of you alone,
Like a painter wrapped in an ecstasy,
Like a sculptor over the breathing stone?

For I sit here now in the light that sheds
A glory on volumes of saint and sage,
And your bright face flits to my side, and weds
A sweeter light to the lamp-lit page;

And all the fame that the slow years bring,
And all the honours that men love best,
And all the songs that the lips may sing,
Till years and hands and lips have rest.

What moves them? years and hands and lips,
But the love in a dear girl's tender eyes,
And the thought of a yielding form that slips
Into clasping hands, and sinks and sighs.

HALIFAX, N. S.

A VISIT TO GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

BY LT.-COL. GEO. T. DENISON, JR.

IN March, 1870, being in Richmond, Virginia, and having in my pocket a letter of introduction to General Lee, I decided to take the opportunity of seeing the great soldier who, during four years of unexampled difficulties and hardships, upheld the fortunes of his country against overwhelming odds.

I had watched his campaigns with the closest care; had sympathized with his cause from the beginning; had rejoiced at his victories; and had deeply regretted the sad termination of his military career at the surrender of Appomattox: and I, therefore, naturally had a strong desire to see and converse with him.

Finding that one could go either by rail or by canal packet-boat as far as Lynchburg, I chose the latter means of transport, as it was a method of travelling I had heard of but had never experienced. The canal follows the valley of the James River, and the scenery between Richmond and Lynchburg, although not wild, is nevertheless picturesque and varied. From time to time we passed what had been fine plantations, but there seemed a general air of ruin and desolation along the whole route. Every few miles we saw the ruins of mills that had been burnt during the war—their broken walls and chimnies, blackened and crumbling, giving a melancholy aspect to the scene.

The packet-boat arrived at Lynchburg about six a. m., and as it did not leave there until seven in the evening, I determined to walk on to Lexington, which is about forty-six miles further up in the valley of Virginia. I followed the tow-path of the canal as it skirted the river, along which the scenery is wild and romantic, and much more interesting than by the travelled road. Along the whole route there was not one tavern or place of public entertainment, and I was obliged to get my meals at farm-houses on the way. I was most hospitably treated and was not allowed to pay for the accommodation. After walking some twenty-five miles from Lynchburg, I came to the Blue Ridge Mountains, through which the James River forces its way through a deep gorge. For some miles further, before reaching Balcony Falls, the scenery is most striking. The mountains tower up on each side, while the river, narrowed in its channel, rushes onwards, broken in o foam by the rocks over which it passes.

After leaving Balcony Falls the canal follows the valley of the North River, a broad fertile tract of comparatively level land. The farms here seem in better condition than nearer Richmond. Shortly after getting into the valley of the North River, finding night coming on, and being still some twelve or fourteen miles from Lexington, I explained my position to a gentleman who was standing by the river side watching his two little children fishing, and asked him the nearest hotel or tavern. He said there was none nearer than Lexington, and invited me to stay with him over night. I cheerfully assented, and was most hospitably and kindly entertained by my host and his amiable lady. After breakfast next morning, I went on my way, my host sending with me his servant on horseback, and also providing me with a mount in order to put me across the Buffalo Creek ford some four miles from his house. We rode to the ford, crossed it, the water being almost up to the

saddles, and after landing me safely on the far side my guide took leave of me, and I tramped on again, arriving in Lexington about mid-day.

Lexington is a lively little town of some 4,000 or 5,000 inhabitants, is prettily situated and possesses some fine buildings and private residences. Here are established two public schools or colleges—one the Lexington Military Institute, being the Military Institute of the State of Virginia; the other, Washington College, immortalized by its connection with Robert E. Lee, and by being the scene of his last labours and death.

The President's house, in which the general lived, is a plain square brick house, with a verandah on three sides, the hall in the middle with rooms on each side of it. A small picket-fence separates the lawn from the square or green upon which the buildings front. To the north of the general's house are the residences of other professors, then the college itself and beyond it again the Military Institute. This latter was burned during the war by the Northern troops under General Hunter but has been rebuilt since, and has a large attendance of students, who, in their handsome grey military uniforms, are to be seen strolling about the town.

Shortly after arriving I delivered my letter of introduction. The general, who had received a letter from his nephew General Fitzhugh Lee informing him of my intended visit, was expecting me, and received me with great kindness. He asked me, no boat or stage having arrived at that time, how I came, and seemed surprised when he heard I had walked from Lynchburg, saying "it was characteristic of the English," mentioning that about a month before he had been visited by two young Englishmen, who had walked from Staunton to Lexington, and from there on to the Natural Bridge.

After discussing various topics the conversation turned upon the war, and although General Lee was usually reticent on the subject, he was kind enough to converse freely with me in reference to the seven days' battles before Richmond, and the march of Stonewall Jackson from the Valley to his aid at Gaines' Mill. I had published a military work in which I referred to these operations, following the published histories, and had fallen into an error common to them all. I had sent the general a copy of the book, and he noticing the error, with great courtesy took the trouble of explaining the operation to me. As it differs somewhat from the received accounts, particularly with reference to the object of the Battle of Mechanicsville, I shall give a short *resumé* of a campaign without doubt one of the most brilliant operations in the history of war.

In the spring of 1862 the Federals had made preparations on an extensive scale for a combined advance of several armies on Richmond. McClellan had arranged a plan of campaign upon what the Northern press called the "anaconda" principle, by which the Southern armies were to be crushed out of existence by the tightening of the coils he was winding around them. McClellan himself with the main army, with his base at Fortress Monroe and afterwards at White House, was besieging Richmond from the east—his lines advanced to within sight of its spires and capitol. General McDowell was in command of a large army round Fredericksburg and was advancing from the north, purposing to unite his left wing with McClellan's right; while Banks was moving up the Shenandoah Valley to unite with Fremont who was coming from the north-west: combined, they were to march on Richmond from that direction.

Stonewall Jackson, by a series of the most brilliant operations, defeated Milroy and afterwards Banks and drove the latter and his army in utter confusion and rout across the Potomac into Maryland. Hearing that

a great portion of McDowell's army under Shields was marching from the east against his line of communications, while Fremont was also threatening them from the west, he made a series of forced marches and threw himself between them at Port Republic on the Shenandoah river. There, making a skilful use of the bridge across the river, he first defeated Fremont on the west, then rapidly marching his army across the bridge, routed Shields on the east and drove them both by divergent roads in a northerly direction.

By these operations the armies of Banks and Fremont, as well as a portion of McDowell's, were defeated and for the time paralyzed, and McClellan alone remained with a powerful army threatening Richmond.

McClellan's army was so large that General Lee could not hope to defeat it unless reinforced by Jackson, and at the same time it was clear that if the Federal Government discovered that Jackson was withdrawn from the valley, not only would they at once be delivered from all fear for their own capital which would enable them safely to throw McDowell's army into the scale, but Banks and Fremont would have had the valley open to them with all its stores, its roads, and its important strategical advantages, and would have been in a position to cut off the communications of Richmond with the west. The importance of absolute secrecy in this withdrawal of Jackson's army is manifest, as well as the necessity of deceiving the enemy into the belief that the contrary course had been determined upon.

The means employed by Generals Lee and Jackson to mask their designs are well worth repeating. Lynchburg is about 100 miles west of Richmond on the James river, and there are two lines of railway by which troops can be moved from one place to the other —one on the south side of the James river by the Danville road to its junction with the South Side Railroad and then by the latter line to Lynchburg; the other starting due north from Richmond to Hanover Junction, thence by the Virginia Central through Gordonsville to Charlottesville, and thence by the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to Lynchburg. It will be seen that a train might leave Richmond by the southern road, run to Lynchburg, and thence proceed by the northern road through Gordonsville and Hanover Junction and come down upon Richmond from the north. This peculiarity was turned to the fullest advantage by Gen. Lee in masking his designs from the Federals.

Three brigades under Whiting, Hood, and Lawton were unostentatiously detailed for duty in the valley, and despatched by the South Side road to Lynchburg. Their stores and baggage were all ordered to be sent to the valley, and it quietly leaked out that a large army under Jackson was about to invade Maryland and attack Washington. Officers from Maryland made applications to be attached to this force in order that they might have an opportunity of seeing their friends in the campaign which was expected to come off in their native State. General Lee, on being applied to, transferred a number of Marylanders to this force in order that they might have this opportunity of seeing their relatives. While he by this means deceived his own army and his own officers as to his designs, the movement of all these troops to Lynchburg served another most important end. General Jackson had taken a number of prisoners in the battles around Port Republic, and they were sent by rail from Lynchburg to Richmond at the same time as the 7,000 men under Whiting, Hood and Lawton were going in the opposite direction; so of course the road seemed blocked with troops moving to the valley. These prisoners on reaching Richmond immediately made application for exchange or for permission to return on parole. A number of the officers were allowed to go, and they, as might naturally be expected, carried the news to Washington of what they

had seen. The Confederate soldiers they had passed on the railway after arriving at Lynchburg were sent on, the first portion marching to Staunton to join Jackson, while the remainder were at once pushed on by the northern road through Gordonsville and back to Ashlands station by the very line by which Jackson's army was moving on to unite with Lee.

Arrangements were made with great care in the valley to deceive Fremont and cause him to fear an attack rather than the withdrawal of the troops opposed to him. All transit up and down was effectually checked by the cavalry outposts, who pressed the Federals so closely as to lead them to believe that they were well supported. Jackson also ordered that, as much as possible, all communication between the cavalry in the advance and infantry supporting should be restricted in order that no rumours could be spread.

Colonel Munford, who commanded the cavalry, was ordered to take every step to foster the belief that the army was about to resume the offensive. Professor Dabney, in his "Life of Stonewall Jackson," gives one amusing instance of Col. Munford's measures to deceive the enemy:—

"As the advance of the Confederates pressed towards Fremont they met, twelve miles north of Harrisonburg, a Federal flag of truce in the hands of a major followed by a long train of surgeons and ambulances bringing a demand for the release of their wounded men. Colonel Munford had required the train to pause at his outposts, and had brought the major with one surgeon to his quarters at Harrisonburg where he entertained them with military courtesy until their request was answered by the commanding general. He found them full of boasts and arrogance; they said that the answer to their flag was exceedingly unimportant, because Fremont and Shields were about to effect a junction, when they would recover by force all they had lost and teach Jackson a lesson which would cure his audacity When Colonel Munford received the instructions we have mentioned, he called for Mr. William Gilmer, of Albemarle, a gentleman of infinite spirit and humour, who was serving with his young kinsman as an amateur trooper, and gave him his cue. He silently left the village, but presently returned in very different fashion as an orderly with despatches from General Jackson and from Staunton. With an ostentatious clanking of spurs and sabre he ascended to Colonel Munford's quarters and knocked in a hurried manner. 'Come in,' said the gallant colonel, 'and what answer do you bring, orderly, from General Jackson?' At this word the Yankee officers in the adjoining chamber were heard steathily approaching the partition for the purpose of eavesdropping, 'Why,' said Gilmer, 'the general laughed at the demand for the surrender of the wounded prisoners. He had no notion of it.' 'Do you bring any good news?' asked the colonel. 'Glorious news!' he answered, 'the road from Staunton this way is chock full of soldiers, cannon and waggons come to reinforce Jackson in the march down the valley. There is General Whiting, General Hood, General Lawton and General I-don't-know-who. I never saw so many soldiers and cannon together in my life. People say there are thirty thousand of them.' After a few such questions and answers, framed for the edification of the the eavesdroppers, Colonel Munford dismissed him and he descended to fill the hotel and the town with his glorious news. The whole place was speedily in a blaze of joy and excitement. Citizens came to offer supplies for the approaching hosts, and bullocks, flour and bacon were about to be collected for them in delighted haste. After leaving his guests to digest their contraband news for several hours Colonel Munford at length sent for them and told them that he had a reply from his general respectfully declining to accede to their request; so that nothing now remained but to send them

back to their friends in the same honour and safety in which they had come. They departed much humbler and, as they imagined, much wiser men. He pushed his advance soon after them to Newmarket and, upon their arrival at the quarters of General Fremont near Mount Jackson, the Federal army precipitately broke up its camp and retreated to Strasburg where they began busily to fortify themselves. The Confederate cavalry then drew a cordon of pickets across the country just above them so strict that the befooled enemy never learned General Jackson's whole army was not on his front until he discovered it by the disasters of McClellan."

In consequence of these measures the Northern Government were completely deceived, and instead of expecting Jackson at Richmond and preparing to meet him there, they, on the contrary, looked for him to advance down the valley, and so uneasy were they that they absolutely refused to accede to McClellan's request that McDowell's army should advance to his aid, but drew it back nearer to Washington. In reply to McClellan's urgent appeals for reinforcements they informed him that he would not require them, as General Lee's ranks had been depleted to the extent of 15,000 men who had been sent to unite with Jackson in the valley, while the danger of Washington had been proportionately increased.

While all this was going on Jackson with his army was on the full march for Ashlands Station, about 12 miles north of Richmond. His march was conducted with the greatest skill and secrecy. No straggling was permitted, and at all halts sentries were thrown out in front and rear, as well as upon all the lateral roads, to prevent any communication between the army and the surrounding country. No one was allowed to pass the army and proceed before it towards Richmond. No man in the whole army knew where it was going. General Ewell, who was second in command, had orders simply to march to Charlottesville; the remainder received instructions to follow him.

While Jackson was moving down General Lee sent him a despatch asking him to arrange a time and place where they could meet to make their final arrangements. Receiving this letter when he had arrived to within some fifty miles of Richmond General Jackson, starting about 1 a.m. with a single courier, rode express to Richmond to answer it in person. His departure from his army was kept a strict secret known only to one or two staff officers. He succeeded in getting quietly into General Lee's tent near Richmond without being recognized, and his presence was carefully concealed from the troops in that neighbourhood. General Lee told me that they then finally arranged their plan of action together, which was to the following effect:—

General Stuart, on the 12th June, had made his celebrated raid or *reconnaissance* around McClellan's army, and had discovered that it was not fortified in the rear. General Jackson was therefore ordered to march from Ashlands on the 25th of June and encamp for the night west of the Central Railroad, so as to start at 3 a. m. on the morning of the 26th and turn the enemy's works at Mechanicsville and Beaver Dam Creek. A large portion of Lee's army was, during the night of the 25th, to be moved down to the extreme left of the Confederate lines near Mechanicsville and there massed in front of the right flank of the Federals. Jackson's attack on the flank and rear of the Federals would, of course, at once oblige them to withdraw and show front in that direction; at this juncture Lee's army was to press down upon them, and, uniting with Jackson's right, they would be in a position to roll up McClellan's line from right to left, cutting him from his communications with White House, and throwing it defeated upon the White Oak Swamp.

Having arranged between them this plan General Jackson left with the same secrecy and rejoined his troops. On the morning of

the 26th after daylight General Lee's army was massed on his extreme left near Mechanicsville. Huger and Magruder were ordered to hold their positions south of the Chickahominy in the lines before Richmond. General Lee told me that he waited in that position all the earlier part of the day expecting that General Jackson would every moment open upon the enemy in their rear. As the hours passed on he became anxious, particularly as the position and numbers of his troops could be seen by the Federals from their lines. He said his great fear was that McClellan seeing the mass of his (Lee's) troops on the extreme left, and that comparatively few men were between him and Richmond, might take the initiative and by a vigorous attack probably break through the thinly manned lines of Huger and Magruder who were guarding the direct road to the Confederate capital.

General Lee therefore decided that it was absolutely necessary to commence an attack on McClellan's right at Mechanicsville in order to occupy his attention and make him uneasy as to his communications so as to prevent him taking the initiative. "I did not think it safe to wait another night," said the General, "and" (raising his left hand open and moving it forward) "I knew by pressing vigorously on his right it would keep him occupied and prevent him making an attack on my own right where I was but ill prepared to meet it. I, therefore, ordered the attack and kept it up till nightfall, driving the Federals back from Mechanicsville to Beaver Dam. The next morning I had to renew the attack for the same reasons that induced me to begin it the day before and, as soon as Jackson's troops came up in the rear, it relieved the pressure upon my men and that afternoon we won the battle of Gaines' Mill." I asked him how it was that General Jackson did not arrive in time. He replied that it was through no fault of his, and spoke in the highest terms of him. He said that Jackson thought that other men could press on and annihilate time and space as he could himself, which was more than could be expected. Trains getting off the track and difficulties caused by the roads had also delayed him, as well as time lost while he was coming to Richmond and returning.

I shall never forget the grand old soldier explaining his position and his views about this matter, gesticulating quietly with his right hand and his left while illustrating the movements of the two wings of his army. Nothing else could have made me conceive how thoroughly he was master of the position, calculating everything, divining almost by inspiration the thoughts of his opponents, and taking his measures confidently to meet any possible hostile movement. It is not generally known why Mechanicsville was fought, and Professor Dabney, in his *Life of Jackson*, refers to the fact that General Jackson's advance would have turned the Federal position and have given to A. P. and D. H. Hill an easy victory, and he attributes it to the fact of the presence of General Lee and President Davis on the field, and to their urgency that an attack was made and "a bloody and useless struggle" carried on till 9 p. m. General Lee's explanation is not only a complete justification but a further proof that he was what military writers of future generations will certainly rank him—one of the greatest generals of this or of any other age.

The next day, Sunday, the general took me with him to the morning service. The church stands on the opposite side of the green, about 150 or 200 yards from the President's house. There were historic names in that little church. Besides the great hero himself, in the next pew sat his eldest son, General Custis Lee, a gallant soldier and a true gentleman; while a near pew belonged to the celebrated Commodore Maury, the author. I was also much struck with the appearance of the clergyman, a fine, manly

looking, old gentleman; with grey hair and beard, about 55 or 60 years of age, Having returned to the house after service, I was walking across the hall where General Lee and the minister happened to be standing talking together. As I was passing, the general said: "Allow me, colonel, to introduce you to our minister, General Pendleton." I shook hands with him, and then knew for the first time, that the clergyman who had officiated in the pulpit, was the celebrated general who had been chief of artillery to Lee during a great portion of the war, and whose name so often appeared in the reports at the time.

On the same afternoon, after a quiet family dinner, I bade adieu to the General, to Mrs. Lee and their two daughters, and left by the evening packet-boat for Lynchburg. General Custis Lee walked with me as far as the first lock and saw me on board, and I returned to Richmond, and thence back to Canada, bearing with me reminiscences of a visit that I shall always contemplate with sincere pleasure.

General Lee impressed one exceedingly. I have seen some men whom the world esteems great men, but I have no hesitation in saying that no man ever impressed me as did General Robert E. Lee. In stature he was about five feet ten inches but, from his splendid figure and magnificent carriage as well as from the massive appearance of his head, he seemed much taller. He looked the very personification of high and pure intelligence. No one could fail to be at once impressed, nay awed, by the calm majesty of his intellect: while there was an almost childlike simplicity and kindness of manner that irresistibly won upon you at once. He was one of those men that made the ancients believe in demi-gods. His defeat served but to add to his greatness; for nothing could shake his equanimity. In all his reverses not a complaint escaped him, not a murmur did he utter, although he must have felt keenly the wrongs and sufferings of those for whom he had fought so well.

I shall conclude by quoting a few sentences from a speech made by General Gordon at the Lee Memorial meeting in Richmond, on the 3rd November, 1870:—

"Of no man whom it has ever been my fortune to meet can it be so truthfully said as of Lee, that, grand as might be your conception of the man before, he arose in incomparable majesty on more familiar acquaintance. This can be affirmed of few men who have ever lived or died, and of no other man whom it has been my fortune to approach. Like Niagara, the more you gazed the more its grandeur grew upon you, the more its majesty expanded and filled your spirit with a full satisfaction, that left a perfect delight without the slightest feeling of oppression. Grandly majestic and dignified in all his deportment, he was as genial as the sunlight of May, and not a ray of that cordial social intercourse, but brought warmth to the heart, as it did light to the understanding."

A WINTER SONG FOR THE SLEIGH.

BY MRS. C. P. TRAILL.

HURRAH for the forest—the wild pine-wood forest!
The sleigh-bells are jingling with musical chime;
The still woods are ringing,
As gaily we're singing,
O merry it is in the cold winter time.

Hurrah for the forest—the dark pine-wood forest!
With the moon stealing down on the cold sparkling snow;
When with hearts beating lightly,
And eyes beaming brightly,
Thro' the wild forest by moonlight we go.

Hurrah for the forest—the dark waving forest!
Where silence and stillness for ages have been;
We'll rouse the grim bear,
And the wolf from his lair,
And the deer shall start up from his thick cedar screen.

O wail for the forest—the proud stately forest!
No more its dark depths shall the hunter explore;
For the bright golden grain
Shall wave free o'er the plain,
O wail for the forest!—it's glories are o'er!

LAKEFIELD.

MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD.

THE scene of this story must now change to a painter's studio in Rome—once part of a magnificent palazzo, but for years only occupied by foreign art-students who visited the Eternal City in the course of their *Wanderjahre*. It was a large lofty chamber with a great tall window, traces of painted flowers and arabesques on the ceiling and cornices, the walls coloured a dull red but almost hidden by studies and sketches in oils and water-colours,—prints of Italian costumes—pifferari, contadini, shepherds from the Campagna, and all the picturesque figures to be seen in the streets of Rome—among which pistols, stilettos, and a couple of mandolins were suspended. On shelves a number of plaster casts of feet and hands and other anatomical models, ram's and buffalo's horns, fragments of precious old marbles, pieces of bronze, bits of mosaic, antique vases, and such like "properties" of art were piled; and on a table colour-boxes, bottles of glass and tin, compressed tubes, plates covered with every shade and tint which paint can produce, sheaves of brushes, sketching-blocks, sponges, and all the heterogeneous litter of a studio were mixed up with pipes, tobacco, gourd drinking-cups, flasks, books and bouquets of flowers. In one corner was a study of leaves, grouped in and around a great stone vase, dark, glossy sprays of ivy, vine-leaves looking as if they had been steeped in sunshine, delicate, graceful ferns and fennel leaves, grey, misty olive leaves, the classic acanthus, gathered from the wealth of foliage with which every year the lovely Italian spring weaves fresh robes and garlands to veil the crumbling ruins of the fallen Empress of the world. Close to this was an open archway, still showing some defaced and mutilated remnants of the stucco-works that had once ornamented it—fawns and dryads, hand in hand, peeping through clusters of grapes and vine-leaves. A crimson curtain which served the purpose of a door, was drawn back, and through the archway a vine-covered balcony could be seen, with a glimpse of two tame pigeons expanding their white and purple plumage to the sun. Opposite was a door, also open, and beyond, a little vestibule and a stone staircase leading to the street. A lay figure which had done duty for a wonderful variety of characters and costumes—masculine, feminine, classic, romantic, mediæval and modern—in Maurice's numberless designs for great pictures, and which now appeared as a Neapolitan "tarantella"-dancer, a tambourine in her hand, was a conspicuous object in the room. Easels held pictures in various stages of progress, and at one of them Maurice. Valazé was at work, lightening his labour by whistling *Charmante Gabrielle*.

It was early in April, and the day, like the year, was in its freshest prime. The street below was filled with contadini driving mules laden with fruit and vegetables for market. Sometimes flower-girls carrying baskets of violets which filled the air with perfume passed by, and one among them—a slight, pale, gentle-looking girl, very unlike her companions, who all had large finely-moulded figures, strongly-marked sculpturesque features, glowing with rich dark colour and vivid with impassioned life, and a haughty, hard insolent air and carriage which Julia or Livia of old imperial Rome could hardly have surpassed—stopped at the old palazzo, climbed the stone staircase, passed though the

vestibule, and pausing at the open door of the studio looked timidly in. At that moment Maurice was closely absorbed in some effective finishing touches which he was giving to his picture, and he neither heard her light footsteps, nor saw her quiet figure at the door. She waited a minute, keeping perfectly still, and then seeing that the young artist was too busy to notice her, she threw a bunch of violets lightly into the room and retreated as noiselessly as she had come.

Scarcely had she vanished when the sound of many footsteps very different from the little flower-girl's light tread, loud gay voices talking rapidly, and frequent peals of laughter came up the stairs, and several young men with long hair and beards, and wearing velvet jackets and sombreros, rushed into the studio.

"Behold him, *mes amis*," exclaimed the foremost, waving his hand with a theatrical flourish, "if it is not his ghost!"

"Ghost!" cried Maurice, springing up, throwing down his palette and catching hold of the speakers, "Do I feel like a ghost?"

"*Ma foi*, no! No ghost ever gave such a grip. But, why were you not at the *café* this morning?"

"Oh, I took a sudden fit of industry, and have been hard at work since daybreak. But you all seem possessed with quite the contrary spirit. It is easy to see work has no place in your programme for to-day."

"The truth is, Maurice, *mon cher*, that when you were missed at the *café* this morning, old Herr Frederic—Karl's *compatriote*—declared something must have happened to you and began to tell us of all the fine fellows he had known murdered in the streets, or on the staircases since he came to Rome; calling it a cursed old city, a heap of heathenish ruins, only fit for thieves and wild beasts to live in, till the eyes of all the Italians began to glare furiously, and we should have had a tragedy on the spot if Karl had not contrived to silence him."

"Fancy Herr Frederic, the greatest Roman enthusiast in the world, calling his beloved city a heap of heathenish ruins!" said Maurice, with assumed gravity; "why, he must have gone mad."

"*C'est ça*," said Camille, twisting his moustache. "*Eh bien*, Gustave then took it into his wise head that Lazaro has found out you borrowed his diabolically handsome face for your Judas, and in revenge had poignarded you, and sent you to join Father Tiber's hidden treasures." Here cries of "No, no!" were heard from Gustave, but Camille coolly continued, "Then Alphonse offered to wager his magnificent stiletto against Gustave's maul-stick, that if you were assassinated it was not Lazaro who had done the deed, but some hired bravo paid to put you out of the way of the thousand and one Contessas and Principessas who have fallen in love with your *beaux yeux*. "It was now Alphonse's turn to protest, but Camille, raising his voice a little, and making a deprecating gesture, went on: "But Adrien being more hopeful and less romantic was ready to stake his new palette against an old plate that His Holiness knowing what a pious son of the Church you are, had sent for you in hot haste to paint his portrait, and that when it was finished you were to be the bearer of it to the Queen of Spain."

But the patience of his hearers was by this time quite exhausted, and Camille was silenced amidst a storm of hisses and groans.

"Certainly Camille can improvise like an Italian," said Maurice, when he could be heard. "But you are all so *tête montée* that it is clear you have some grand scheme of pleasure in view; out with it, if you don't wish me to expire of curiosity."

"What do you think of a *festa* somewhere between the Tiber and Monte Gennaro! I forget the name of the place, but Luigi and Tibaldi and the other natives know all about it. All the men at the *café* were talking about it to-day, and those who have been there say it is the most gloriously

beautiful country in the world—forests of oak and spini Christi, rocks and precipices, woody dells and little streams, and the ruins of old baronial castles. The brigands sometimes come down to the *festa*, and there may be a chance of all being carried off to the mountains! Think of that, *mon brave*!"

"What an exciting prospect!" said Maurice. "Well, give me a minute or two, *mes amis*, and I am with you."

"First let us see your morning's work," said one of the young men going up to the picture on which Maurice had been employed when they entered.

It was a water colour drawing of a street scene which Maurice had witnessed, full of life and colour. Two Trasteverini, with magnificent figures and grand Roman faces, high aquiline noses, square massive jaws and haughty defiant eyes, were playing at mora close to the steps of the Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, surrounded by a little group of excited spectators—a beggar in a tattered cloak and a high pointed hat; a herdsman from the Campagna clad in goat skins and carrying a dangerous looking goad, such as cattle drivers use; a young girl coming from the fountain with a pitcher of water her petticoats somewhat ragged and scanty, but a great silver pin thrust through her heavy masses of black hair, and a string of red coral beads round her neck; an old white haired crone crouched on the pavement, a queer little bambino beside her; two or three fierce-looking men and as many half-naked boys—all watching the fascinating game and applauding and encouraging the gamesters with all their might; while, in striking contrast to the passionate intensity of the players, and the eager gesticulating lookers-on, a young priest, whose face might have served for an ideal St. Francis of Assisi, with deep, sad eyes and a delicate cheek, pale with vigils and worn with fasting, was holding up the great leathern curtain as he stepped out of the church, turning on the scene an abstracted, cold passionless gaze, like one who had come from another world, and had nothing in common with this.

All the young men gathered round this picture and criticized it with the utmost freedom and frankness, but on the whole the general judgment was highly favourable.

"I have painted it just as I saw it," said Maurice, "without altering a single feature or shade of colour."

"It is true to the life," said Camille; and then added with a light laugh, "You had better send it to the Pope; when he sees it he will certainly get you to paint his portrait, and then Adrien's guess about you—pardon, *cher* Adrien! I believe it was my guess, not yours—it is well to be correct on this point, as it may be cited hereafter as a prophecy made before the fulfilment!"

"Don't do any such thing, Maurice," said Adrien; "it is dangerous to meddle with the saints of the Church. Camille is jealous of you and wants to have you shut up in the Inquisition."

"I, jealous!" cried Camille, "No, *mon cher*, I am as innocent of such baseness as those pretty pigeons!" and shrugging his shoulders, he took up the remains of a roll of bread (off which and a cup of the common country wine out of a wicker-bound flask Maurice had made a thoroughly Bohemian breakfast) and began crumbling it to the fluttering cooing pigeons in the balcony. The next moment his restless eyes caught sight of the bouquet of violets, lying on the floor where the little flower-girl had thrown it.

"Santa Madonna!" he cried, "what delicious violets! the largest and sweetest I ever saw, and with the morning dew, still on the leaves. Where did they come from Maurice?"

"Violets?" said Maurice, "I know nothing about any violets except those faded ones in the glass yonder. Where did you find them?"

"In the corner near that stone vase, al-

most hidden by the leaves, thrown there by some beneficent fairy no doubt."

"Try if there's a *billet-doux* concealed among them, Camille," said Gustave.

"Nonsense!" said Maurice; "Camille must know where they came from."

"Perhaps from that beautiful girl in the blue mantle, who is so like Fornarina, and who dropped the rose at your feet as we came out of the Sistine Chapel," said Alphonse.

"Or, perhaps, from the blue-eyed English girl, with white rose-buds in her bonnet, who always blushes when she sees Maurice," suggested Adrien.

"Oh, I'll tell you who sent them," said Camille; "it was that large eyed Signorina, who threw such a shower of *confetti* at him the last day of the Carnival."

"Go on," said Maurice, laughing, "any one else?"

"Oh, I could name a dozen *bellissime Signorine*, every one of whom I have seen looking at you with admiring eyes on the Corso, on the Pincio, in the galleries, in the churches, at the *festas*, every where; ready to throw themselves as well as their bouquets at your feet, and I am certain these others could name as many more. Is it not so, *camarades*? Every fair lady who comes within the influence of Maurice's *beaux yeux* meets the fate of the moth that flies too near the candle."

Maurice answered in a similar strain, and a quick fire of jests and repartees was kept up, till Gustave cried out, "A truce, a truce. Have mercy on Maurice, Camille, and I will tell you who left the violets here. It was little Gemma, Maurice's pet flower-girl. Julien and I saw her coming out of the house as we came down the street."

"Oh, little Gemma!" said Camille, Maurice always buys flowers from her; but I acquit him of trying to make a conquest of poor little Gemma. She is far too ugly. If it were not for her great black eyes, so bright and so restless, she would look like a mummy. I wonder such a *fanatico* of the beautiful as you are, Maurice, would not choose a fairer flower-nymph."

"Never mind," said Maurice, "I have my whims." And taking the violets from Camille he put them carefully into water.

He did not think it necessary to tell his friends the history of his acquaintance with little Gemma, which, however, was simple enough. The first time he saw her she was kneeling beside a basket of trampled flowers and crying so bitterly that he could not help stopping to find out the cause of her grief. Her basket had been knocked down and the flowers trampled to pieces by a pair of horses that had run away from an English groom. "And, oh, Signore," said the sobbing girl, "I gave the last baiocchi I had for those flowers, and I walked six miles this morning to get them, and now they are all spoiled, and my poor mother is sick, and she has no one to do anything for her but me."

Maurice gave her money to buy another basket, and more flowers than she had lost and, hearing from a bystander that this girl's devotion to her bed-ridden mother was beyond all praise, he never afterwards met her without giving her money and kind words, and receiving in return her choicest bouquets and most grateful smiles.

"And is this one of your whims also?" asked Adrien, bringing forward a picture which he had found at the other end of the room covered with some white gauze drapery.

It was a picture of two girls sitting in an alcove canopied with climbing roses, a crimson cloak drawn like a hood over the heads of both girls, their hands holding it closely round their faces as if they were sheltering under it from a light sun shower which was passing over. One girl had magnificent black hair and large dark eyes; the other was blue-eyed, and her hair, which had partly escaped from the light green net which confined it, was of a pale yellow. These

girls were Marguerite and Claire, whom Maurice found one day trying to shelter themselves in this way from a shower. He was struck with their picturesque appearance, and declared that they reminded him of the pretty description of Paul and Virginia canopied from the rain under the petticoat of Virginia, and "looking like the children of Leda enclosed in one shell." He would not let them stir till he had made a sketch of them as they sat, and from that sketch he had painted the picture which Adrien had discovered.

"Two Faces under a Hood!" cried Camille, who with all the other young men, rushed to look at the new picture. "It is very prettily done and marvellously life-like, but the dark girl is very ugly. Are they portraits, or is it a fancy-sketch?"

"Portraits of course," said a young man who had spoken very little before. He was a German, tall and dark, with a head and brow of the finest form, dark, deep-set eyes full of power, and a grave, thoughtful, resolute face.

"Why, of course?" asked Camille.

"Because that dark girl's face is one that never could have been moulded in Maurice's imagination."

"What do you know about my imagination, Karl Rudorff?" asked Maurice in a jesting tone, but feeling a little annoyed.

"I know that it could create no ideal woman's face without giving it more symmetry of feature, more beauty of colouring, a softer grace, a more enchanting loveliness than this one possesses. Unless, indeed, it was the witch in Faust, the hag Sycorax or some other abnormal creature whose ugliness would be so intense as to be poetic."

"You think this face ugly then?" said Maurice.

"By no means: it is just such a face as I admire; it expresses intellect, feeling—even genius; it is earnest and true. It is rare to see a face so firm, yet so gentle; so thoughtful, yet so candid; so strong, yet so sweet. That girl has a heart worth winning."

"Suppose I should be of the same opinion?" said Maurice.

"Take care what you say, Karl," cried Adrien; "Maurice is sure to be in love with the Dark Ladie."

"No such thing," said Karl shortly.

"And why not, master Karl?" asked Maurice.

"I don't believe you ever were in love, Maurice, and I am certain you never could be with the original of that portrait; with you love could never rise to a passion or a power where irregular forms, altogether at variance with the classic ideal of beauty, would for ever shock one half of your nature, no matter how strongly the other half was attracted. And beside the character of mind expressed in this noble face is opposed to your type of perfect womanhood."

"In what way?" said Maurice.

"Your ideal is soft, yielding, timid, submissive, with no intellectual light, but such rays as she may borrow from your brightness. This girl is frank, fearless and proud. Such an intense, energetic, vivid soul, such a clear intelligence as flashes out of those eyes could never lose its own life and individuality in those of any other, except some higher and loftier counterpart of herself. She would follow one able and willing to lead her in the path her own nature teaches her to choose, through peril, through persecution, through death; but not love itself could tempt a spirit of that order in any direction but the one approved by the voice within."

"What if she believed she had found that counterpart in me?" said Maurice, lightly.

"She would be mistaken and would find it out—though perhaps too late for her happiness. You have genius, Maurice, so has she, and consequently share those sympathies, tastes and aspirations common to all in whom the sacred fire burns; but in all those elements of will and character which

govern genius and determine destiny, you are essentially unlike."

"You speak as if you were talking of a living woman, and not a mere picture," said Maurice, half amused, half vexed.

"I know she is a living woman," said Karl, "but where? I should like to know."

"Ah!" said Maurice, turning away, "that is my secret."

"A secret," cried Camille, coming back from the balcony where he had been feeding the pigeons again, "what secret? What has Karl been saying?"

"He has been talking German, that is all," said Adrien, shrugging his shoulders; "I believe he has fallen in love with yonder gipsy, and is inclined to dispute the possession of the original with Maurice."

"Then there is something mysterious about that picture," said Camille; "I thought there must be, Maurice looked so ferocious when you uncovered it. Let me look at it again. Why, she is hideous! The little fair-haired one is a hundred times better. If she had more colour and roundness she would make a very passable Aurora, and then her companion would be an excellent contrast as dusky Night."

"But tell us the story attached to this picture, Maurice," said Gustave, "for it is easy to see there is one."

"I shall leave Camille to invent one," said Maurice, "mine, if I were to tell it, would be much too commonplace to be believed in by such lovers of the marvellous as the present audience. Now, if we are going to the *festa* we had better be off."

But before he left the studio, Maurice carefully put away the picture which had been so unceremoniously criticized, vainly trying to banish the vexation he felt at the unflattering comments on Marguerite's looks which all the young men, except Karl Rudorff, had made. And he was still less pleased with Karl's remarks. To know that so acute an observer as the young German had read in Marguerite's expressive face characteristics opposed to his ideal of womanhood annoyed him more than he liked to confess; and it was still more disagreeable to have heard another voice so confidently declare that it was not really love—"love in all its passion and power," the love of the poets, and of his own dreams—

"Love at first-sight, first-born, and heir to all,"

which he felt for his betrothed.

CHAPTER IX.

UNDER THE ROSES ONCE MORE.

THE four years of Maurice's residence in Italy had passed quickly with him. He had studied earnestly and worked hard. His pictures had been much admired by all the connoisseurs in Rome, and one large one—Beatrice sending Virgil to the aid of Dante—on which he had bestowed much labour and thought, and which had been purchased by an English nobleman for a large sum, had been exhibited in the Pantheon, and had won for him a diploma from the Roman Academy. Full of pride in the triumphs he had achieved, and of confidence in the brilliant career which seemed to spread before him, he set out for Paris.

On a lovely evening in August, just at the hour when he had paid his first visit to Marguerite, Maurice entered the picturesque old street and knocked at Christian Kneller's door. The street, the buildings, the lights and shadows all seemed the same as when he had first seen them, except that then it was spring, and now summer was almost over. The door was opened by Mère Monica, in look and costume precisely the same as she had been four years ago. Time seemed to have no power over her pleasant vivacious brown face, and as to her dress, she had never changed its fashion since she first wore woman's garb, and never would till she was dressed in her grave-clothes. On

seeing Maurice her expressions of joy and surprise flowed forth in abundance, and she talked so fast that it was with difficulty Maurice could make her answer his questions.

"Yes," she said at last, "Ma'amselle Marguerite was at home; yes, *le bon maître* was as well as usual; they had not expected Monsieur Maurice for a day or two; *ma foi*, it would be a joyful surprise; they were all in the garden; would Monsieur Maurice go to him, or should she tell Ma'amselle Marguerite to come in?"

But Maurice was already at the glass door and the next instant he stood within the well remembered garden, with its high stone walls where the purple plums and golden apricots grew, and was hurrying down the gravel walk through the rich beds of fruits and vegetables to the central grass-plot with its gay *parterre* of summer blossoms and its vine-covered summer-house. Christian Kneller was sitting there, smoking his old brown meerschaum as of old, and Marguerite was bending over the flowers, as he had so often seen her, collecting some early seeds. At the sound of Maurice's quick, firm tread, so different from Mère Monica's heavy tramp, or the fairy-like footsteps of Claire, Marguerite looked hastily round. One glance was enough. *It was he.* For four long years—for the years had been long to her—the thought of this meeting had never for a single instant been absent from her heart; but now that it had come, it seemed too much happiness to bear. Her flower seeds dropped from her hands, and she sat down on the grass unable to speak or move.

In a moment Maurice was at her side. "Marguerite, what is it? What is the matter? What ails you, Marguerite?"

The sound of his voice, the clasp of his arm made her conscious that her joy was indeed real, but still she could not speak.

"Are you not glad to see me, Marguerite?" Maurice said, as he saw the colour come back to her face.

"Oh, how glad!" she murmured softly, and bending down, she kissed the hands that so closely clasped hers.

"What was it then made my Marguerite tremble so and grow so white?"

"It was joy. Oh, Maurice, hasn't joy killed sometimes? It was such joy as that I felt when I saw you."

Loud calls from Christian Kneller now summoned Maurice to receive his welcome, and sitting on the soft velvet sward beside the old man's chair, the lovers asked and answered questions about all that had happened to each other since they parted, till, perhaps weary of listening to matters of which, through Maurice's letters he had already heard, but of which Marguerite could never hear enough, Christian Kneller dropped quietly asleep.

"Come down the long walk, Marguerite," said Maurice, as Marguerite arranged a shawl over her father's chair in such a way as to shield him from the sun; "I want to sit with you once more in the dear old alcove with its red and white roses."

Putting his arm round her, he drew her away, calling her his Reine Marguerite; and few queens have ever been as happy as Marguerite was then, clasped close in his loving embrace. Surely Karl Rudorff was wrong. Where was it that she would not have followed Maurice that happy hour?

> "Over the hills and far away,
> Beyond their utmost purple rim,
> Beyond the night, across the day,
> Through all the world,"

she would have followed him as faithfully as the happy Princess followed the fated fairy Prince in Tennyson's musical version of the lovely old story.

Once more they sat together on the old stone bench as Marguerite had often dreamed of doing when Maurice was far away. In the golden sunset they talked of their past hopes and fears, of Maurice's troubles and

triumphs, and the happy future that lay before them so rich in perfect love and noble work. As Maurice gazed fondly on the happy face that rested on his shoulder he forgot that he ever called it plain, or that the gay Camille in the old studio in Rome had pronounced it hideous ; still less did he remember that he had ever doubted the depth and power of his love, which, now that all his tenderness was excited by Marguerite's deep joy at his return, seemed so true and strong.

"There is no one like my Marguerite," he said, "no one in the world that I could love so well !" And for that brief space, he, like Marguerite, was perfectly happy.

CHAPTER X.

BEAUTIFUL CLAIRE.

AT last Marguerite recollected her father "We must go to him, Maurice," she said. "I wonder if Claire has returned."

Claire ! Maurice had forgotten her very existence.

"Where is Claire ?" he asked.

"She went to buy some silks for her embroidery. Did I not tell you ? You will not know her when you see her, Maurice."

"I suppose she is quite a grown-up woman," said Maurice carelessly. "But she must have come back, and will attend to your father. Stay with me a little longer, Marguerite. It is so delicious to be alone together after being parted so long."

"And what happiness to think we shall be together every day now," said Marguerite.

"Yes, and soon, very soon, I shall have you for my own—my wife ! Will you be as good to me then as you are to your father, my Marguerite ?"

"If you deserve it," said Marguerite, raising her bright smiling face to his ; "if you will love me as well as he does."

Maurice was ready with his protestations, and Marguerite would willingly have listened all night, but she knew that her father would be disturbed if he did not get his supper at the usual hour, and after a little entreaty on her part, and a little resistance on his, Maurice suffered her to rise, and they went back to the summer-house where they had left Christian Kneller.

He was still there, but he was now awake, and beside him stood a figure which startled and thrilled Maurice with surprise and admiration as if some lovely Venetian "Biondina" of Giorgione or Titian had taken life and suddenly stepped out of the picture. She stood just outside the shadow of the summer-house, and the evening sunlight fell like a glory on her golden hair, her white dress and the crimson roses dropping from her hand. Maurice thought he had never seen any one so beautiful in his whole life ; every feature was perfect, every line and tint faultless ; the low broad forehead and delicate nose were pure Greek, the lovely little mouth with its rich crimson lips and small white teeth was full of arch and playful sweetness, the violet blue eyes looked from under their curling brown lashes with soft and smiling brightness, and her glorious hair wound about her small head in shining folds, and then falling on her neck in soft curls might well have caught the heart of any painter in its glittering meshes ; her figure was tall, graceful, elastic and exquisitely rounded, and she stood looking at Maurice, as he and Marguerite came towards her, with a half shy, half saucy glance which seemed partly to plead for, partly to demand, his admiration. And Maurice as he gazed was only too ready to give her all he possessed, admiration, worship, passionate love. He forgot himself, Marguerite, the whole world—everything except that all his visions of the beautiful seemed to have taken form and life, and to stand before him, and for a minute he felt as if he and that fair creature were alone in the world together.

"This is little Claire, Maurice," said Marguerite; "could you believe it?"

The sound of Marguerite's voice roused Maurice from his dream. He started and, with a violent effort, awoke to the real world again.

"Can this be my old play-fellow Claire?" he said. "I have heard of divinities taking the forms of mortals, but in this case the story is reversed."

He spoke in a jesting tone, but his look seemed to turn the jest into earnest.

"Very well," said Claire, laughing with a mixture of flattered vanity and bashfulness which Maurice thought enchanting, "You try to excuse yourself for having forgotten me by paying compliments."

"What is that, little puss?" said her father, "did not Maurice know thee? Well, I am not surprised at that, for thou wert but a poor pale chit when he saw thee last."

"Maurice thought I should always be ugly," said Claire.

"Ugly—no, but how could I expect to find such a peerless beauty? Beautiful Claire!"

"Don't mind him, child," said Christian Kneller; "compliments are a sort of coin that were always very plentiful with Maurice, and he can afford to scatter them by the dozen. Is it not so, Marguerite?"

"Marguerite knows I never flatter her," said Maurice.

"It would not be easy to do that, Master Maurice, but little Golden Locks here is of another sort, and you must not turn her head with pretty speeches."

"Maurice means what he says," said Marguerite; he could not be a great painter if he did not admire the beautiful."

"But I love only thee, my Marguerite," whispered Maurice, vowing inwardly that nothing should ever make him false to one so good and noble; "what an idiot I should be, if I let any beauty on earth steal my heart from my own Reine Marguerite."

"I like pretty speeches," said Claire. "I like them from my father when I can coax him to give them to me, as I do sometimes, and I like them from Maurice too, but I don't think they are likely to turn my head."

She glanced at Maurice with a little air of disdain, which suited her very well, but he did not seem to notice it, and for the rest of the evening he appeared to have neither looks nor thoughts for any one but Marguerite.

To be continued.

THE POET'S INVITATION TO THE STATESMAN.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

(*From Horace, Od. III. 29.*)

SCION of old Etruria's royal line,
Mæcenas, all awaits thee in my home;
For thee is broached the cask of mellow wine,
For thee the perfume breathes, the roses bloom.

Delay no more, but come, O long desired;
Turn not thine eyes to Tibur's falling rill
And Æsula, on her rich slope retired,
And high Prænestе's legendary hill.

Leave luxury, my friend, that only cloys
And thy proud mansion's heavenward-soaring dome;
Bid for an hour farewell to smoke and noise,
And all that dazzles in imperial Rome.

Ofttimes a change is pleasing to the great
And the trim cottage and its simple fare,
Served 'mid no purple tapestries of state
Have smoothed the wrinkles on the brow of care.

Andromeda's bright Sire now lights on high
His cresset, Procyon darts his burning rays,
The Lion's star rides rampant in the sky,
And Summer brings again the sultry days.

Now with their panting flocks the weary swains
To cooling stream and bosky dell repair:
Along the lea deep noontide silence reigns,
No breath is stirring in the noontide air.

Thou still art busied with a statesman's toils,
Still labouring to forecast with patriot breast
Bactria's designs, Scythia's impending broils,
The storms that gather in the distant East.

Heaven in its wisdom bids the future lie
Wrapped in the darkness of profoundest night,
And smiles when anxious mortals strive to pry
Beyond the limits fixed to mortal sight.

Serenely meet the present; all beside
Is like yon stream that now along the plain
Floats towards the Tuscan sea with tranquil tide;
Soon—when the deluge of downpouring rain

Stirs the calm waters to a wilder mood—
Whirls down trees, flocks and folds with angry swell,
While with the din loud roars the neighbouring wood,
And echo shouts her answer from the fell.

The happy master of one cheerful soul
Is he, who still can cry at close of day—
"Life has been mine: To-morrow let the pole
Be dark with cloud or beam with genial ray,

"As Jove may will; but to reverse the past
Or to annul, not Jove himself hath power;
Not Jove himself can uncreate or blast
Joys once borne onward by the flying hour.

"Fortune exulting in her cruel trade,
Sporting with hearts, mocking her victims' sighs,
Smiles on us all in turn, a fickle jade,
Bestows on each in turn her fleeting prize.

"While she is mine, 'tis well; but if her wing
She wave, with all her gifts I lightly part;
The mantle of my virtue round me fling,
And clasp undowered honour to my heart.

"Blow winds, let mainmasts crack! No need have I
To bribe the gods with vows or lift in prayer
My frantic hands, lest the rich argosy
Freighted with Cyprian or with Tyrian ware

"Add to the treasures of the greedy main.
Safe in my shallop while the tempests rave,
And shielded by the Heavenly Brothers twain,
I dare the hurly of the Ægean wave."

THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT.

BY A BYSTANDER.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot, and in England and the United States has made considerable way, the object of which is to effect a sweeping change in all the relations of the sexes—conjugal, political, legal, educational and industrial. It may safely be said, that such a revolution, if it actually takes place, will be at once unparalleled in importance and unprecedented in kind. Unparalleled in importance, because female character and domestic morality lie so completely at the root of civilization, that they may almost be said to be civilization itself; unprecedented in kind, since history affords no example of so extraordinary a change in the fundamental relations of humanity, the progress of which has hitherto been in conformity with those relations as well as comparatively gradual, though not unmarked by exceptional and momentous efforts, such as seem to rebut the idea that humanity is under the dominion of mere physical law.

In the United States a peculiar impulse has been given to all levelling movements by negro enfranchisement; and demagogism

pounces, by anticipation, on the female vote. In England, the movement, though Radical in its origin, is fostered by a portion of the Conservative party in the hope that the female vote will come to the rescue of existing institutions. In Canada, exempt from these disturbing causes, we have hitherto been touched by the educational part of the movement alone, and are therefore in a position to consider the question calmly in case it should ever present itself to us in the broader and graver form.

It is desirable, in the first place, to clear away certain fallacies by which a very invidious character has been needlessly given to the discussion. The advocates of Woman's Rights, male and female, have represented woman as the victim hitherto of wilful and systematic injustice, against which she is at last about to rise in revolt; and their language is such as, if it could sink into the hearts of those to whom it is addressed, might turn all affection to bitterness and divide every household against itself. But these representations are without foundation in history, which shows that the lot, both of man and woman, has been determined from time to time by circumstances only to a very limited extent subject to the will of either sex, and which neither sex could be blamed for accepting or failing to reverse. Those who assume that the lot of woman has been through all the ages fixed by the will of man, and that man has willed that he should enjoy political rights and that woman should be a slave, have forgotten to consider the fact that in almost all countries down to a very recent period, man himself has been, and in most countries even at the present day remains, if not a slave, at least destitute of political rights. It may probably be affirmed that the number of men who have hitherto really and freely exercised the political suffrage is hardly greater than the number of those who have in different ages and in various ways sacrificed their lives in bringing the suffrage into existence. Actual slavery, where it has existed, has, it is believed, always extended to both sexes and ceased for both at the same time; and if, in Homeric times, there were more female slaves than males, this was because the men when vanquished in war were put to the sword, while the women were reserved for what, in the state of sentiment then prevailing, was morally as well as physically a milder lot.

The primeval family was a unit, the head of the family representing the whole household before the tribe, the state and all persons and bodies without; while within he exercised absolute power over all the members of his domestic circle, over his son and his men-servants, as well as over his daughters, his maid-servants and his wife. The tribe was in fact composed not of individuals but of families represented by their heads. At the death of the head of a family, his son stepped into his place and became the representative and protector of the whole family, including the widow of the deceased chief. This system was long retained at Rome, where it was the source of the respect for authority, and, by an expansion of feeling from the family to the community; of the patriotism which produced and sustained Roman greatness. But its traces have lingered far down in history. It was not male tyranny that permitted Queen Elizabeth to send members of the royal household to the Tower by her personal authority as the mistress of the family, without regard to the rule of the common law against arbitrary imprisonment. Such a constitution was essential to the existence of the family in primitive times; without it the germs of nations and of humanity would have perished. To suppose that it was instituted by man for the gratification of his own sexual tyranny would be the height of absurdity in any one, and in a philosopher unpardonable. It was as much a necessity to primeval woman as it was to primeval man. It is still a necessity to woman in those

countries where the primeval type of society still exists. What would be the fate of a female Bedouin if suddenly invested with Woman's Rights and emancipated from the protection of her husband or of the male head of her tribe?

The invidious theory that the subordination of wives to their husbands, or the denial of the suffrage to women, has its origin in slavery and, as a modified phase of that barbarous institution, is entirely at variance with historical facts. Even in the most primitive times, and those in which the subjection of the woman was most complete, the wife was clearly distinguished from the female slave. The authority of Hector over Andromache was absolute, yet no one could confound her position with that of her handmaiden. Whatever is now obsolete in marriage relations is a relic, not of slavery but of primitive marriage. Slavery, as we have said before, where it has existed has been the common lot of both sexes, and has been terminated by a common emancipation.

Even the Oriental seclusion of women, perhaps the most cruel rule to which the female sex has ever been subjected, has its root not in the slave-owning propensity, but in jealousy, a passion which, though extravagant and detestable in its excessive manifestation, is not without an element of affection.

If man has hitherto reserved to himself political power, he has also reserved to himself not only the duty of defending the nation in war with its attendant dangers and hardships but, generally speaking, the hardest and most perilous work of all kinds. The material civilization which women in common with men enjoy, has been produced mainly by male labour; though, of course, man could no more have continued to labour without his helpmate than he could have propagated his race without his wife. Nor have women as yet claimed a share of the harder kinds of male work. On the contrary, when they see their sex engaged in field labour, they point to the fact as a proof of the depravity of man.

A fallacious impression is apt to be produced by the rhetorical use of the terms "force" and "right of the strongest." It is said that the relation between man and woman has hitherto been based on force, whence it is inferred that the relation must, of course, be evil, Superiority of force is implied in protection; it is implied in the protection of an infant by its mother as well as in that of a woman by her husband. But neither superiority of force, nor the authority which it carries with it, is synonymous with tyranny in one case any more than it is in the other.

It cannot be denied that women have, in the course of history, suffered much wrong, as men also have, both at the hands of their own sex and sometimes at the hands of women. But the assertion that there has been a systematic tyranny of one sex over the other is merely an ignorant libel on humanity. To what is woman appealing in this very "revolt," as it is exultingly called? To her own force, or to the justice and affection of men?

The main factors of the relation between the sexes have been sexual affection, the man's need of a helpmate and the woman's need of maintenance and protection, especially when she becomes a mother. The first of these factors remains undiminished in force, and will probably so continue, even if the advocates of Women's Rights should succeed in abolishing marriage and substituting in its place cohabitation at will. Only a smile can be excited by the attempts of philosophy, in dealing with sexual relations, to keep out of sight the most potent and most universal of human passions or to reduce it within the limits which theory requires, by diatribes and denunciations. It reigns and will reign, supreme over this question and all questions connected with it. Man's need of a helpmate is not alleged to have become less. Woman's need of maintenance and

protection, and her duties and liabilities in respect of them, may have diminished by a change in industrial circumstances or by the increased supremacy of public law. To ascertain whether this is really the case and if so to what extent, is the rational method of dealing with the subject.

General comparisons between the moral qualities and intellectual powers of the two sexes, and attempts to settle the questions at issue by such comparisons, we must repudiate, as at once invidious and fruitless.

We must also, to get at the solid realities on which alone institutions can be based, blow away the froth of sentiment, even though it may be as beautiful as the foam round Venus when she rose from her native sea. The naughtiness of little girls is not caused wholly by the naughtiness of little boys. A very eminent champion of Woman's Rights, lecturing in our hearing on the English novels of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, ascribed their immorality to the exclusion of women and of female influence from the world of letters. Unluckily no novels of that period were more immoral than those of the notorious Mrs. Aphra Behn, who, however, had a worthy imitator in Mrs. Haywood. Heart to heart, in relations more than intimate, and which rendered great disparity almost impossible the two sexes have moved on together, through history, keeping on pretty much the same level of morality, and having their general ideas on all subjects pretty much in common.

The indications of physiology appear, at present, to be against an original distinction of sex, and in favour of the hypothesis that the two sexes were created out of some common germ, in which case the Mosaic narration of the creation of Eve would be roughly symbolical of the truth. But cycles of separation and of devotion to different functions may, notwithstanding, have impressed upon the moral character and the intellect of each sex differences now indelible, and in ignoring which we should be struggling against an adamantine law. Sex itself at all events, with its direct physical consequences, must be taken as an irreversible fact, not to be cancelled by calling women female men, as a lady at a social science meeting insisted on doing, or by any other rhetorical or philosophical conjuration. Under the strange military polity of ancient Sparta an attempt was made to unsex women. Some Roman ladies, in the corrupt days of the empire, having exhausted ordinary means of excitement, were seized with the lust of unsexing themselves and trained as gladiators. It is possible that, in equally morbid states of society, similar phenomena may occur. But even in the case of Sparta, nothing re ulted but depravation.

Of all the questions raised by the movement perhaps the least difficult is that which, as we have said, is alone presented to us in Canada at present—the question of Education. There can be no hesitation in saying that God has opened to all His intelligent creatures the gates of knowledge and that every thought of closing them, every remnant of monopolizing tendency, every vestige of exclusiveness and jealousy, ought to be swept aside at once and for ever. If women choose to take up any studies which have hitherto been generally confined to men, let them do so; and, if the result is favourable, both sexes alike will be the gainers. Whether the result will be favourable, experiment alone can decide. To attempt to limit the range of female studies, or in any way to discourage their extension, on the strength of a presumption that certain subjects are beyond the range of feminine intellect would be impertinent and absurd.

On the other hand, if women are deciding for themselves whether they shall desert the domestic sphere for a career of intellectual ambition, the probability of success will be determined, not by compliments, but by the facts of physiology and by our previous experience of the relative powers of the male

and female brain. In the case of most subjects our experience is vitiated by the traditional disabilities under which women have been placed; but there seems to be fair ground for an induction in the case of the arts, especially music, which women have practised without restraint of any kind and to a far greater extent than man.

As to the general question of female education there is little more to be said in a summary view of the subject like the present than that education is a preparation for life, the phrase being used, of course, in the most liberal sense; and that any education which is not a preparation for life, but a mere gratification of fancy, vanity or ambition, will turn in the end to bitterness and dust.

Special questions as to the use of Universities and other public institutions by women, must be decided, like all public questions of any kind, solely with reference to the public good, against which no claim of natural right can be pleaded by persons living, not in the bush, but in a community and enjoying the advantages of the social state. We once heard a Woman's Rights speaker assert that she had a natural right to force an entrance into a military academy belonging to the State if she had a fancy for a military education. She had no more a right to do this than she had to thrust her parasol through a picture in a public gallery or to amuse herself by placing obstructions on a railway track. At Oxford and Cambridge there is a high pressure system of competition not free from objection in itself, but without which it might perhaps not be possible to get out of a wealthy class of students, placed under great temptations to idleness, the amount of effort in self-training which they owe to the community. The physical inability of women to bear a strain under which men too often break down, and the unwillingness, which cannot yet be called preposterous, of men to enter into what would seem an unchivalrous race against women, might render the admission of women incompatible with the maintenance of the system; and, in that case, women would have no claim to admission. The co-education of the sexes altogether is a question of public expediency to be decided by reason and experience. There can be nothing morally unjust in the existence of a special place of final education for men any more than in the existence of a special place of final education for women, such as Vassar College, to which if a male student applied for admittance his application would be rejected as utterly indelicate and absurd.

It may be safe to send to the same day-school boys and girls living under the parental roof; it may not be so safe to unite in the same university young men and young women living at a distance from the parental roof. The same school education may be suitable to both sexes, the same university education may not. Both experiments are being tried at some universities in the United States; the second experiment is being tried at Vassar College, where ladies are instructed and degrees are conferred upon them in all the subjects hitherto deemed peculiarly male, including field surveying. There can be no good reason for forcing hazardous experiments on all universities at the same time.

Painful scenes have occurred at more than one university in consequence of the determination of ladies to attend in company with the male students the whole of the medical course. If the opposition of the male students to this determination came from a desire of retaining a monopoly of knowledge it was blameworthy, as of course it was if it was manifested in any violent or indecent manner. But, on the other hand, no local or temporary excitement can prevent a disregard of the dictates of delicacy on the part of women from entailing a forfeiture of male respect, whatever that may be worth. Even male sympathizers with what they regard as a struggle for emancipation, while applauding in public the female

champion of an equivocal right, may be glad in their hearts that she is not their own wife or daughter.

To pass to the industrial question. It is probable that women have hitherto been excluded by custom and tradition from some employments which they might pursue with advantage. But this is no proof of systematic and intentional injustice on the part of the other sex. The man has felt himself bound to maintain the woman and her children by labour; and the woman still in fact holds him to this obligation, and insists that it shall be enforced by law. As a natural consequence the professions and callings have hitherto generally been male, and, together with their schools and industrial training places have been organized and regulated on that footing. Nor is the present demand for the admission of women to new employments caused so much by a suddenly awakened sense of the injustice of the existing system as by the accumulation, in our great centres of population especially, of a large number of women unmarried and without sufficient means of subsistence: a circumstance due to physical and economical causes unconnected with anything in the relations between the sexes except the increased impediments to marriage arising from competition and the growth of expensive habits. As we may hope that this evil is itself abnormal and temporary, it ought not too much to influence our views as to the usual and permanent occupations of women. Meantime it must be remembered that we do not multiply the amount of work or the fund for the payment of wages by multiplying the number of labourers, and that for every man who is thrust out of employment by female competition, there will be a marriage the less, or a reduction of the means of support for some married woman and her children.

In addition to the large scope which may be afforded to female labour by the removal of traditional disabilities, there is good reason for supposing that, with the increased substitution of mechanical contrivance for manual strength, new industries have been developed of a kind better suited for women. This is a question which experience will decide. There appears to be no prejudice against the employment of women as telegraphists, or, indeed, in any branch of industry in which their labour is really as available as that of men.

It is constantly asserted by exponents of women's wrongs that women are systematically underpaid on account of their sex. There is but little foundation for this assertion. Nilsson is not paid less than a male singer, nor is Rosa Bonheur paid less than a male painter, nor Madame Sand than a male novelist. Wages are commonly regulated to a certain degree by custom, and custom is always liable to part company with present circumstances and to require revision in the interest of justice. But in general the reason why women are paid less than men is that, while women perform in their own sphere priceless services for which they demand and receive maintenance without industrial labour, the market value of their labour is really lower than that of the labour of men. It must be remembered that steadiness and permanent devotion to the calling enter into the value of labour, as well as quality; and that a clerk or a school teacher is really worth much more when permanently devoted to the service, which, as women generally marry and hardly ever absolutely renounce marriage, they can seldom be said to be. The women seem still content to leave to men all callings involving great muscular exertion, danger or physical hardship; no women aspire to be miners, lumbermen, engine drivers, policemen, or (except in a few cases of monomania) soldiers. A story of a sailor's wife who, her husband having died on board, took charge of his vessel and navigated it round Cape Cod, has figured in a good many platform speeches, but it appears still

to stand alone. Even in employments apparently suited to women it will sometimes be found on enquiry that male qualities are required. It has been stated that, at a social science meeting in England, a Woman's Rights speaker complained of the conduct of the watchmakers in excluding women from their unions when watchmaking was an employment apparently so suited to the sex; but was answered by a watchmaker, who said first, that the watchmakers had no trade union, and secondly, that though muscular strength was not required in watchmaking certain portions of the work required a steadiness of nerve not commonly possessed by women. Judging from the platform speeches we should say that the aspirations of female reformers in the United States generally take the direction of stock-broking or office-holding. Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, the heroine of the extreme section, whose history has been brought so prominently before the public by her admirers, is a stock-broker, who, notwithstanding her personal converse with the spirit of Demosthenes and with beings, it appears, of a still more exalted order, condescends in holding the reins of the stock-market to avail herself of the helping hand of Commodore Vanderbilt. We once heard a Woman's Rights lecturer paint a glowing picture of the coming time when a woman would enter into commercial speculations like a man, make a great fortune, buy a fine house in New York, and then invite some young man who pleased her fancy to be the partner of her prosperity. But the lecturer forgot that fortunes are seldom realized, even in New York, very early in life, and that if a young man accepted an offer of the hand of an elderly stock-broker the marriage could hardly be one of love or likely to result in happiness.

It is offensive to women to speak of them as existing only for the purpose of bearing children; but there is nothing offensive to them in suggesting that the duties of child-bearing, and those of a wife and mother generally, are the woman's equivalent to the labour of the man, and entitle her, so long as she continues to perform them, to be supported by her partner's labour. The other objects of life, enjoyment and self-improvement, are common to both sexes.

One employment there is to which it seems that the paramount claims of the public good forbid us to admit women, or at least enjoin us if we admit women, not to admit men. That employment is the law, or at least the bar and the bench of justice. As we have said before, philosophers may choose to ignore the influence of sex, but they cannot eliminate it; it will be present wherever the two sexes are thrown together: it would be present when a female advocate rose to address male jurymen and judges; and perhaps the class of women who would become advocates would not be those least likely to make an unscrupulous use of their power of appealing to emotions subversive of the supremacy of justice. A hardship may perhaps be imposed on a few members of the excluded sex; but certain sacrifices of personal interest and ambition must be made by all persons living in the community, and in courts of justice, the voice of justice ought alone to be heard. To the chamber practice of law by women is no moral objection beyond those connected with the assumption of any calling at variance with existing conceptions of the female character: to the study of law by women as a part of final education there can be no objection at all.

The legal relations between the sexes in England and in other countries where the feudal system prevailed have no doubt been affected in common with politics and the general laws of property by the surviving influences of that system, itself the natural product of an age of violence which for the time rendered the absolute supremacy of the head of the family almost as necessary as it had been in that primitive era, the habits of which were stereotyped as we have said in

the domestic system of the Romans. This needed reform; but it is a different thing, historically, from wilful oppression of one sex by the other. Nor has reform been refused. Even in the old feudal countries the free will of the men, acting under those influences of morality and affection which acrimonious declaimers choose to treat as utterly inoperative, has now greatly modified the law and accorded to women extensive powers of holding property to their separate use and devising it by will. In the United States and in this country, there seems little left to be done in this direction; the proprietary rights of married women have been carried so far that settlements are now becoming a vast asylum for fraud; and an eminent American jurist assured the writer of this paper that he knew a case in which the property belonging to the wife, she was forcing her husband to work for her as a labourer at daily wages; and another case in which a wife had accomplished a practical divorce simply by shutting her husband out of the house, which was her property. Whatever the general effects of this system may be, it is likely at all events to have the good effect of discouraging mercenary marriages; especially if a lax divorce law should render unions precarious and make it possible that the wife may at any moment carry away her property, leaving to her husband nothing but an expensive family, luxurious habits, and the inability, which he will naturally have contracted, to work for his own bread.

With regard to the earnings of married women, as distinguished from realized property, legislation in England is at present in advance of legislation here; but the tendency of legislation everywhere is manifest, and it may be safely predicted that all that law can do will soon be done to prevent the tyrannical appropriation and waste of the wife's earnings by the husband. Justice requires this, since, as we have said before, the wife, while she fulfils her conjugal and maternal duties, must be held entitled to maintenance by her husband's labour, so that anything which she earns by labour of her own ought to be hers, and at her own disposal. But it must be borne in mind that her title depends upon her being a wife: if she chooses not to be a wife but a commercial partner, which is the ideal now proposed for the union of the sexes in place of marriage, the man as well as the woman will be entitled to settle all questions both of contribution to the partnership fund and of liability for the partnership debts on a commercial basis; and, with regard to all such matters, the common law of partnership will supersede the law of husband and wife. In any case it is hardly necessary to preach, as some domestic reformers seem inclined to do, that the worst use a married woman can make of her money is to spend it on the alien purposes of her home.

But marriage itself is now denounced as the chief of woman's wrongs. To substitute for a sacred and lifelong bond an unconsecrated cohabitation during the pleasure of both parties, commonly called free love, is the avowed aim of the more advanced section of the Woman's Rights party and the practical tendency, it would seem, of the doctrines of both sections. Both at least reprobate what they invidiously term "the property of one human being in another human being": that is to say, the power of a husband to oblige his wife to do anything which she does not choose to do or to live with him any longer than she pleases. Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, if we rightly interpret the statement of her biographer, actually had herself formally divorced from the partner with whom she intended to live and still lives, as a protest against the marriage tie.

The case of the discontented wife is evidently the one always contemplated, and it is specially, if not exclusively, for her relief that the abrogation of the marriage tie is designed. But equal justice must be meted

to both parties. There is but one way of securing that any human connection shall never become irksome, and that is by allowing both parties to break it off at their pleasure. Nor can any limit be put to caprice and changefulness without a violation of the fundamental principle that love alone justifies the continuance of union. We must be prepared for a modern counterpart of the Thelesina of pagan antiquity with her ten successive husbands, and, as her complement, for a Thelesinus with his ten successive wives. Those who deem it morally impossible that the removal of restraint should be followed by a renewal of license must remember that we are at present under the dominion of the public sentiment created by the institution of marriage.

Political and social questions can no longer be settled by a text of Scripture, but the attempt to show that Christian marriage is not an integral part of Christian morality appears totally fallacious. It is said that the Gospel recognizes marriage, and the subordination of the wife to the husband, merely in the same sense in which it recognizes slavery, as an existing institution of the period, to which it lends no sanction, but which it is not called upon directly to assail. There is no analogy between the two cases. Rightly construed, the Gospel contains not a single word in favour of slavery; while all its social precepts tend to the subversion of the institution, as speedily appeared when they began to operate on the world. But it does lend a distinct sanction to marriage and to the headship of the husband, dwelling upon the special duties and virtues incident to the relation on both sides, and comparing it to the relation between Christ and the Church Christ pronounces marriage indissoluble in the most emphatic terms, and it must be evident to any reader of St. Paul that the doctrine of free love and the example set before us in the biography of Mrs. Woodhull would have appeared to him utterly subversive of his moral ideal.

It may be added that the Bible view of sex manifestly is that the man and the woman are the necessary complements of each other. Woman is created because it is not good for man to be alone. Make women "female men," and though you cannot obliterate physical sex, you will have, morally and intellectually, epicenes who will be alone.

The husband's headship appears to be as inseparable an incident of Christian marriage or of any marriage identical with the Christian in character, as the indissolubility of the tie. Indeed if there is to be unity in the family, on any theory, it would seem that there must be in the last resort a determining will, though there will be less occasion for the exertion of that will in proportion as the marriage is happy and in accordance with the Christian ideal. The state of the children at all events must be one of obedience, and if the ultimate depositary of authority is uncertain, how is the obedience of children to be secured? It has been suggested that authority over the children should be divided between the husband and the wife, and that their several shares should be defined by the marriage settlement. No specimen of such a settlement has however yet been laid before us; and the very mention of such an expedient suggests that the theorists by whom it is proposed have in their minds only the select and cultivated circle in which marriage settlements are usual, not the ordinary masses of mankind.

Perhaps this question of marriage, in common with most other questions relating to humanity, will depend in part on the solution of those deeper problems respecting the origin, estate and destiny of man to which the attention of humanity is being every day more seriously and painfully turned. If the present life is only a trial and a preparation, it may be expedient not-

withstanding the unhappiness attendant on ill-assorted marriages to retain the tie, if on the whole it is favourable to purity and elevation of character, as, even in cases which most deeply move our compassion, it appears often to be. If this life is all, it may well seem hard that two persons should be condemned to spend it in the miseries of an unwilling union.

In any case, however, it would be necessary, in the interest of the community as well as in that of individuals, to make provision for the children, to whose claims indeed, and to the subject of maternity generally, Woman's Right lecturers usually pay but little attention. If the union of the parents is to be made dissoluble, how are we to secure to the children parental, above all maternal care? And if parental care cannot be secured to children, what will the coming generations be? Certain associations in the United States recognize the difficulty frankly and offer a bold solution. Instead of merely lowering and desecrating the family they discard it altogether. With intercourse of the sexes untrammelled by marriage, they combine community of children. And they are in the right. If the permanency of the marriage tie is to be abolished, the family will no longer be able to have the responsibility of training the rising generation. Some other organization must be entrusted with that duty. Society cannot be permanently and universally organized on the footing of a foundling hospital. Moral reformers in the United States are calling, it seems, for the suppression of the Oneida community. But the Woman's Right section of them, at all events, will do well to hear the Oneida community before they strike it. Assuredly, if the family is abolished, woman will find herself in a new world.

We must bow, however unwillingly, to the fiat of nature. Man has in a certain sense an advantage over woman. To him the abrogation of the marriage tie, though depraving, would not be otherwise fatal; it would relieve his passions from a restraint now imposed on them. To woman it would be utterly fatal. The result would probably be that to secure a permanent protection for herself and her children she would have to reduce herself to slavery indeed. Marriage must be regarded as a restraint imposed on passion for the good of both sexes, but especially of the female. And to sustain it, it must be rendered tolerably attractive to that sex whose temptations to licence are the strongest. Woman's Rights philosophy tells us that the man is to have no right to complain if he comes home after his day's labour and finds a Jesuit established by his fireside; though the same philosophy would probably grant a divorce to a woman whose place in her husband's heart had been taken by a spiritual directress. But can we enforce contentment? The refined few will probably continue to prefer a regular union on any terms, trusting to cultivated sensibility and affection to set all right; but will not the rough working man, if he dislikes your terms, keep his neck out of the yoke, and being master of his own labour, make easier terms for himself, though to his great moral disadvantage? If he does, what will be left to the women's party but to make a law compelling men to enter the union prescribed by their philosophy, and to call upon the men to enforce this law upon themselves.

The blindness with which marriages are contracted, and which is the root of so much misery, is surely not wholly irremediable at least in its present extent. Perhaps an improved social arrangement, and a diminution of the dissipation and extravagance which narrow social intercourse, may in time lessen the strain laid by extreme domestic isolation on the union of any two persons of ordinary character and resources. That there are some happy marriages under the existing system will not be denied, and there seems to be no reason why

the number should not be indefinitely increased.

The question whether it is desirable that women should take part in politics is closely connected with those relating to their domestic and industrial position. It is a question not as to the relative intelligence or virtue of the two sexes, but whether politics are or can be woman's sphere. The argument that educated women are better qualified for the suffrage than uneducated men is, therefore, irrelevant and invalid. The disqualification, if there be a disqualification, is not one of intellect but of position, or at least of intellect only so far as intellect, in regard to special functions, may be unfavourably influenced by position. White women, it is often said in the United States, are better qualified for the suffrage than black men. In the same sense, many white boys are better qualified for the suffrage than many white men or woman, and they are excluded not on account of their want of intelligence, but because, as a general rule, being dependent on their parents, they are not in a responsible position. We may say that Richelieu made a mistake in meddling with the drama, and that Voltaire made a mistake in meddling with diplomacy, without disparagement to the intellect of Richelieu or Voltaire.

Supposing women to be emancipated legally, conjugally and industrially, in the Woman's Rights sense, and to have made their way completely into what has hitherto been the male sphere, the objections to their taking part in politics would obviously be diminished. At present, reigning apart in the household the woman does not directly feel those effects of good or bad government which are directly felt by the man, who goes forth to labour, and the practical sense of which, more than anything else, forms the political wisdom, such as it is, of the masses of mankind. Nor would there be anything to balance the political judgment in women, as it is balanced in men, by the variety and the mutual counteraction of practical needs and considerations. Even with a male suffrage a particular question is apt, under the influence of temporary excitement or party exaggeration, to become too predominant, excluding from view other questions of equal or superior importance and leading to the ostracism in elections of valuable public servants. But with female suffrage, the position and the practical education of women being as they now are, we should have at every general election a woman's question, very likely one of a sentimental kind, which demagogues would take care to provide and which would make a clean sweep of all other questions and of all public men who hesitated to take the woman's side. If female suffrage prevailed in England, for instance, under present circumstances, it is morally certain that the result of the next general election would turn almost exclusively on the Contagious Diseases Act, and that all the statesmen who had voted for the Act, including the men of most mark in both parties, would be driven from public life.

The abolition of the family would at once remove all objection, grounded on the fear lest political separation between man and wife should break the unity of the household. We are told, indeed, that there is no reason why domestic harmony should be disturbed by political differences any more than it is disturbed by differences of religion. But, in the first place, it can hardly be said that differences of religion do not disturb domestic harmony if the convictions of both parties are deeply seated, and if both believe that religion is an important element in the education of children; in the second place, the cases are not parallel. Difference of religion involves only separation in worship, it does not involve collision; difference in politics, where there are political parties, involves collision. Would the harmony of any ordinary marriage remain undisturbed by the appearance of the man and his wife on hostile committees, at a time perhaps of great public excitement, encountering each other

in the canvass, and launching manifestoes against each other. While the family subsists, those who regard it as equal or (as some do) superior in value to the state will probably shrink from exposing it to such a strain.

There are other objections, however, which, whatever their degree of force, will survive all changes in industrial, legal and conjugal institutions, and remain so as long as sex itself remains. The mixture of the sexes in political assemblies and elections will be liable to the same dangers which have been already indicated as likely to attend the mixture of the sexes in courts of justice—dangers on which it is needless, and would be distasteful to dwell, but the existence of of which no unwillingness to refer to them on the part of theorists can annul.

The incompatibility of political duties with child-bearing is a subject on which so much poor wit has been expended that we touch it with reluctance. The incompatibility exists, however, and when we are told that the difficulty would be met by never electing women likely to become mothers, we must ask whether this would not entail the exclusion of the best women and those most fitted to represent the sentiments and interests of their sex.

Man, as the cultivator of the earth, has hitherto been and is still the great tax-payer. But if woman takes to cultivating the earth also, or to any equivalent industries, she will be equally a tax-payer, and any doubt as to her claim to a vote which might arise from the connection between taxation and representation will be removed.

The military objection to female suffrage has perhaps been pressed too far. Still it remains true that if the defence of the country is an essential part of a citizen's duty, men alone can be full citizens The defence of Germany has recently afforded a striking illustration of the fact, which in other countries is somewhat masked by the disuse of the national force, and the almost exclusive employment of professional soldiers. The argument that, though women do not give their own blood in defence of the country, they give the blood of their husbands, sons, and brothers, must be dismissed as for the purpose of the present argument little better than cant. That women, if invested with political power, would not be ready enough to vote for war is an allegation which no one acquainted with history could have made, and which, therefore, called for no elaborate confutation. The danger, as experience shows, is all the other way. The weak have always loved to wield the thunderbolt. No three contemporary rulers can be named who caused more bloodshed in their day than Maria Theresa, Catharine the second, and Madame de Pompadour. It is notorious that in the late American civil war the women on both sides were more passionately warlike than the men. Even among men the substitution of hired armies for the general duty of military service has greatly weakened the restraints on war, the male love of money notwithstanding.

But a still more serious doubt arises from the fact, as we believe it to be, that the supremacy of law rests at bottom on the force of the community compelling submission to the public will, while the force of the community resides in the male sex. The reason why the mass of mankind obey the law when it clashes with their individual will, is that they know that it will be upheld with a strong hand. No doubt this fundamental support is strengthened, while its coarseness is veiled, among the more civilized races by superinduced sentiments of expediency and reverence; but the fundamental support it still is, and it can no more be removed with impunity, than can the unsightly foundation of a beautiful and august edifice. Suppose women to become the lawgivers, would this connection between the law, and the force needed to sustain it, be always preserved? And if it were not always preserved, might not the supremacy of law be impaired or even cease? Suppose something which

men deemed very unjust to their sex to be carried by female votes, would the men execute the enactment against themselves? A lady in the United States proposed the other day that all outrages committed by men upon women should be punished like murder with death, forgetting, as was justly remarked at the time, that, apart from the question as to the comparative gravity of the crime, in cases of murder there was a dead body, whereas in cases of outrage there was, generally speaking, no proof but the woman's own statement, which experience did not warrant us in assuming to be invariably true. Supposing that under the exciting influence of some recent and aggravated case, the women were to carry such an enactment as this, and supposing a female jury to convict a prisoner contrary to the male sense of justice, would the men put him to death? Supposing the women by their votes to bring on a war of which the men did not approve, would the men obediently shoulder their muskets and march to their death at the bidding of the women? If not, the supremacy of law would surely be in peril, and the supremacy of law, essential as it is to the welfare of both sexes, is pre-eminently essential to the welfare of the weaker.

Public law has in great measure relieved women since the primitive and feudal times from the necessity of individual protection, and a corresponding amount of individual emancipation has followed or is following; but the sex, collectively, still requires the protection of male force upholding public law. Whether this will always be so, is a speculative question: it certainly is so now.

As the question is not about the abstract capacity of women for politics, but about their capacity under their existing circumstances, and the possibility of their taking part in politics consistently with the unity and happiness of their families, it is needless to examine the lists of queens and female regents which are presented as proofs of the fitness of women to reign. These lists are selections made under the influence of strong prepossession, not exhaustive enumerations on which an induction can be based. In English history, the female wielders of political power are Matilda, the mother, and Eleanor, the wife of Henry II.; Isabella, wife of Edward II.; Margaret of Anjou, Mary, Elizabeth, Henrietta Maria and Anne.* The personal characters of these ladies and the personal interest attaching to them are not in question. Mary was, no doubt, a good woman, led fatally astray as a ruler by her weak and bigoted submission to her priests. To the tempers of Margaret of Anjou and of Henrietta Maria, the country was indebted in no small degree for two civil wars. Anne dismissed the greatest of English ministers, and brought dishonour on the country under the influence partly of a favourite waiting-woman, partly of the fanatical clergy, and it is highly probable that had she lived much longer her weakness would have led to the return of the Stuarts and to another period of confusion. The reputation of Elizabeth once stood high; but since the recent inquiries and revelations, she has been abandoned by her former worshippers; and it is difficult to say whether the infirmities of the woman were more prejudicial to the policy of the ruler or the crimes and cruelties of the ruler to the character of the woman. The public service was starved even in the extremity of national peril and the best public servants were left unrewarded, while largesses and honour were heaped on Elizabeth's worthless lovers; we have a lady personally desiring that conspirators may be put to a death of protracted torture. On the other hand, it is probable that Eleanor the Queen of Edward I., the lady to whose memory the well-known crosses were erected by her husband, did much good in a feminine way; and it is certain that

* Mary, wife of William III., though legally regent, never wielded power.

great services were rendered to the public by Caroline, Queen of George II., who quietly guided her husband in his choice of ministers, without herself ever overstepping the domestic sphere. The name of Queen Victoria has been cited as that of a great female ruler, but those who cite it must surely be aware that the government of England is now constitutional, and that Queen Victoria's virtues have been those of a wife, a mother and a head of society.* But all these are cases of rulers under the hereditary system, placed in power without any process injurious to the female character, and surrounded by councillors who would supply any lack of wisdom in the queen. The question that we now have to consider is what the character of a woman would be when she had forced her way through the processes of popular election into a representative assembly, and was there struggling with men for the prizes of political ambition? By what kind of women is it likely that such an ordeal would be triumphantly encountered—by the grave matrons and spinsters whom philosophy imagines welcomed and honoured as representatives by philosophic constituencies, or by dashing adventuresses whose ascendancy neither philosophy nor the grave matrons and spinsters would contemplate with satisfaction?

The tone of politics under the system of party Government is low, and is always becoming lower; faction, virulence and corruptiou prevail and increase; therefore, it is said, let us send the women into the political arena; they are free from political vices, and they will redeem the men. But it is because women have not hitherto gone into the political arena that they are free from political vices. We have no good reason for assuming that, subjected to the same evil influences as men, who mix in politics, women could not contract the same bad habits. Such experience as we have had points decidedly the other way. Both in the Reign of Terror and in the rising of the Commune, the frenzy and atrocities of the women rivalled, if they did not surpass, those of the men. The female agitation against the Contagious Diseases Act in England has exhibited full-blown all the violence, narrowness and persecuting rancour of the worst male faction fight. When the Crusaders took a number of women with them to the siege of Acre, it might have been supposed that female gentleness would mitigate the ferocity of the war: the result was, that a number of Turks having been captured, the women begged that the prisoners might be delivered to them, not for the purpose of alleviating their lot, but for the purpose of cutting off their heads with knives. Grant that the moral nature of women is finer than that of men—though these vague comparisons are utterly worthless—still, if it is equally excitable, or more so, it may be liable to equal or more violent perturbations. The saying may be fulfilled, that the corruption of the best is the worst corruption. Men who have always stood aloof from politics are just as free from political vices as women. In highly educated communities a most powerful and salutary influence is at present exercised by women and by the society in which women reign upon the character of politicians as well as upon that of other men; and in those untainted circles an independent standard of honour and courtesy is maintained, which even the leaders of fighting factions cannot wholly disregard. We may be told that if party government makes politics unfit for women, party government ought to cease. Perhaps it ought, and not on that account only. But at present there is no prospect of its ceasing; and in the meantime it would hardly be wise to fling woman and the family, all that

* We are assured on somewhat partial authority, that among the native rulers in British India, the females are better than the males. In *British India* very likely: because there British power protects the native ruler against the revolutions which are the only corrections of his vices. A woman brought up in a Zenana cannot possibly be a good ruler, but she may be better than a hog or a tiger.

remains undisturbed and uncontaminated, into the gulf opened in our forum, unless we have good reason for believing that the gulf will be thereby closed.

Political influence may be really exercised without a vote, even in countries under the elective system ; and has in fact been frequently exercised by writers and by leaders of society, who have hardly ever been seen at the polls. And in a broader sense who can doubt that female influence has been felt in all legislation relative to female interests for some time past—in fact, ever since women began to bestir themselves or to express any strong feelings on the subject? We have listened in the United States to the greatest orator of the Woman's Rights party. He protested in general terms that women in the present state of the laws were suffering the most monstrous injustice, which only female suffrage could remove. But when he came to specific facts, all that he had to say was, that in a particular case, for the details of which we were to take his authority, a lady had been improperly incarcerated in a lunatic asylum by a cruel husband. We afterwards identified the case, and satisfied ourselves that the speaker's account of it was rhetoric, and not history ; but supposing that it had been history, this only proved that the the community in which it occurred might, with advantage, adopt the system of inspection which has been instituted with results perfectly satisfactory by male legislatures elsewhere. That the administration of the law is at present unfavourable to women—that a female suitor is less likely to gain her suit or a female prisoner more likely do be convicted than a male, will hardly be asserted. Female prisoners, perhaps, are more likely to escape, especially in capital cases. There was much truth in the remark that if the Californian murderess was hanged she would be the first victim to Woman's Rights.

That there are public functions connected rather with the Church than with the State, with the spiritual than the political community, suitable to women, but from which they are at present excluded in Protestant countries at least, and the denial of which produces a craving for political action, is a growing opinion which has much reason and experience on its side; though it has hitherto not taken the form of any very practical suggestion.

It was necessary in touching on the chief points of this great subject to be succinct, and in being succinct it is difficult to avoid being dry, which, however, may not be the the most mischievous defect when a question involving the dearest interests of humanity is being pressed to an irrevocable solution under the influence of sentiment and rhetoric.

Sentiment has been avoided. All sensible women will desire, in the interest of their sex, that it shall be avoided, and that the voice of reason alone shall be heard. The question is not as to the value and dignity of woman in her present sphere, but whether she can with advantage, or without ruinous results to herself and humanity, exchange her present sphere for another.

In conclusion, we have only to remind those specially interested that they cannot have the advantages at once of their present position and one entirely different. The relation between the sexes at present is one not of equality but of mutual privilege. That woman has her privileges will hardly be denied : in the United States, where everything is exaggerated, they are carried so far, and their enforcement is said to be so often accompanied by a repudiation of the corresponding duties, that some of the male supporters of the present movement may be suspected of having mainly in view the emancipation of their own sex. But if equality is established, privilege cannot be retained. Woman may be man's helpmate, or she may be his competitor: both she cannot be. Nor is it possible that man should preserve his present chivalrous senti-

ments towards woman when he finds himself daily jostling with her as his rival in the rude struggle for subsistence or in the still ruder conflicts of political ambition. Sentiment survives for a time the relations on which it is founded; but it does not survive long.

It is therefore a serious question which women have to decide; and they have reason to be careful how they allow a few members of their sex, under the influence of abnormal circumstances or inclinations, to compromise, as compromise they will, the position of the whole.

TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

THREE SUMMER STORIES.—(*Continued.*)

(Translated for THE CANADIAN MONTHLY *from the German of Theodor Storm.)*

BY TINE HUTCHISON.

II. MARTHA AND HER CLOCK.

DURING the last few years of my school life I lodged in a small, old-fashioned house, kept by an elderly unmarried woman: the only one remaining of what had once been a large family. Father, mother, and her two brothers were dead; her sisters had followed their husbands to distant parts, excepting the youngest, who was married to a doctor in the same town. So Martha was left alone in the old house, and managed to eke out a scanty income by letting some of the now unoccupied rooms.

Yet she considered it no hardship that she could only afford herself a dinner on Sundays, for her wants were few, owing to the habits of strict economy to which her father had trained all his children, on principle, as well as in consideration of his narrow means.

Although in youth she had had but little schooling, yet the reflections of many solitary hours, joined to a quick understanding and the naturally serious tone of her character, combined to render her, at the time I made her acquaintance, a woman of much greater culture than is at all common in her class. I must allow she did not always speak quite grammatically, although she was a great reader, and that chiefly of biographical and poetical works, on which she could generally give a correct and independent judgment; and, what is even more rare, could always distinguish between what was really good and what was worthless. To her, all the poet's creations were living, thinking beings, whose actions were not dependent on the fancy of the writer; and sometimes she would ponder for hours, scheming by what means so many beloved persons might have been rescued from a cruel fate.

Martha never found life a burden in her solitude, though at times a sense of the aimlessness of her outer existence would sadden her; she felt the want of some one for whom she might have worked and cared. In the absence of all nearer friends, her lodgers had the benefit of this praiseworthy impulse. I, among others, was the recipient of many little kindnesses and attentions at her hands. Flowers were her greatest delight, and it seemed to me symbolical of her contented and resigned mind, that white ones, and of those again the commoner kinds, were her chief favourites. It was to her always the first festival in the year when her sister's children brought her the first snowdrops and crocuses out of their garden; then a little

china basket was taken down from the cupboard, and, under her tender care, the flowers decorated the little chamber for weeks.

Now, as Martha had very few acquaintances, and spent nearly all the long winter evenings alone, she had, by force of her peculiarly lively imagination, endowed all her surroundings with a sort of life or personality. The old pieces of furniture in her room became thus, as it were, a part of herself, and had the faculty of holding converse with her; certainly the intercourse was, for the most part, a silent one, but on this account none the less real and free from risk of misunderstandings. Her spinning-wheel, her carved oak arm-chair, were strange things that often took the oddest whims; but far surpassing all in this respect, was an ancient clock which Martha's father had bought fifty years before at an Amsterdam fair, and even then as an old curiosity. It certainly looked extraordinary enough: two mermaids, carved in lead and painted, leaned their faces on either side against the tarnished dial-plate, their scaly fish bodies, still bearing traces of gilding, surrounded the lower part of it and united beneath; its hands seemed to be in the form of scorpions' tails. Probably the works were worn out by long use; for the stroke of the pendulum was harsh and irregular, and the weights would sometimes slip down several inches at a time. This clock was the liveliest of all Martha's companions; she had not a thought in which it did not mix itself up. Sometimes when she fell a brooding over her loneliness, the pendulum would begin, tick, tack, tick, tack: growing louder and louder, and gave her no peace, ever interrupting the train of her thoughts. At last she was forced to rouse herself and look up—and lo! the sunbeams shone warm through the window-panes; the carnations on the little flower-stand smelt so sweet; and without the swallows shot twittering beneath the blue heavens. She could not but be cheerful again, the world around her was all so bright. But the clock had a strong will of its own; it was old and did not pay much attention to the modern time, therefore it often struck six when it should have been twelve; and, again, to make up for it, it would go on striking till Martha was obliged to take the weight off the chain. The strangest thing was that sometimes it was not able to strike at all, however hard it might try; then the machinery creaked and creaked, but the hammer would not fall. This happened generally during the night, and always awoke Martha; and however bitter the cold, and however dark the winter night might be, she never failed to get up, and did not rest till she had helped the poor old clock out of its difficulties. Then, when she was in bed again, she lay and wondered why the clock had roused her, and asked herself if she had neglected any part of the day's work, and whether she had closed it with good thoughts.

It was near Christmas. A heavy snowstorm having prevented my journey homewards, I was invited to spend Christmas Eve at the house of an intimate friend. The Christmas tree had been lit up, the children had rushed in a joyous troop into the long-closed room; afterwards we had supped on carp and drunk punch according to custom—none of the old usages had been omitted. The following morning I entered Martha's room, to take her, as usual, my good wishes for the season. She sat with her arm resting on the table, her work lay apparently long forgotten.

"Well, how did you spend your Christmas Eve yesterday?" I asked.

She looked down on the floor, and answered, "At home."

"At home? And not with your sister's family?"

"Ah," she said, "since my mother died in that bed, ten years ago yesterday, I have never spent a Christmas Eve out of the house. Although my sister sent for me yesterday, too, and when it began to grow dark I did once think of going to them; but—the old clock went on in such a strange way again; it seemed to me to keep on repeating:—'Don't go, don't go; what do you want there? Your Christmas Eve has nothing to do with them!'"

And so she had stayed at home, in the small chamber, where she had played as a child, and where, in later years, she had closed the eyes of her parents, and the old clock ticked on the same as ever. Now that it had got its own way, however, and Martha had laid past her best gown in her wardrobe again, it ticked so softly, quite softly, until at length it was scarcely audible. Martha could give herself up undisturbed to the memories of all the Christmas Eves in her life. Her father sat once more in

the carved oak arm-chair; he wore his fine velvet cap and his Sunday coat; to-day, his serious eyes gleamed cheerfully, for it was Christmas Eve, Christmas Eve, many, ah! how many, many years ago! True, no Christmas tree decked the table—that was only for rich people—but in its stead, two great thick candles shed abroad such a brilliant light in the small room, that the children had actually to shade their eyes with their little hands when the door was opened and they were allowed to come in from the dark passage. Then they approached the table, but, according to the custom of the house, sedately and without loud demonstration, and saw what Santa Claus had brought for them. There were no costly toys, certainly; not even cheap ones, only useful and necessary articles—a dress, a pair of shoes, a slate, a hymn-book, &c. But the children were just as well pleased with their slate and their new hymn-book, and went in turn to kiss the father's hand, who sat meanwhile contentedly smiling in his arm-chair. The mother, her sweet gentle face beneath the close-fitting cap, tied on the new apron and drew letters and figures on the new slate. But she had not much time to spare, for she had to go into the kitchen and bake the apple-cakes, for that was a most important event in the children's eyes and might on no account be overlooked. Then the father opened the new hymn-book, and began, with his clear voice,—"Rejoice! and sing His praise," and the children joined in and sang the whole hymn, standing round their father's arm-chair, In the pauses, they heard the mother moving about in the kitchen, and the hissing of the apple-cakes.

Tick, tack!—there it went again—tick, tack!—louder and louder. Martha started—all was dark around her—without, the snow lay in the faint moonlight. But for the stroke of the pendulum, there was death-like silence throughout the house; no children's voices sang in the little chamber, no fire crackled in the kitchen—she alone remained behind, the others were all, all gone. But what was wrong with the old clock again? Ah, it gave warning for eleven—and the memory of another, alas! a very different Christmas Eve, many years later, arose before Martha. Her father and brothers were dead, her sisters were married, only her mother was left beside her. She had occupied her husband's carved arm-chair ever since his death, and had given up all her little household duties to Martha; day by day the gentle face had waxed paler, the meek eyes dimmer; at length she was obliged to keep her bed entirely. This had gone on for several weeks, and now it was Christmas Eve. Martha sat by the bedside and listened to the quiet breathing of the sleeper; deathlike stillness reigned in the chamber, only the clock ticked on. Now it gave warning for eleven. The mother opened her eyes and asked for a drink. "Martha," she said, "when the spring comes and I am stronger again, we'll go and visit your sister Hannah. I dreamt just now that I saw her children—you have too little change here." The mother had quite forgotten that Hannah's children had died the autumn before; Martha did not seeks to remind her, he—nodded assent and took hold of the hand which hung by the bedside. The clock struck eleven.

And now, too, it struck eleven, but faintly, as if from a far, far distance.

Martha heard a long-drawn sigh. She thought her mother was going to sleep again, and remained silent and motionless, holding the hand between her own. At length she fell into a sort of doze. Thus an hour might have passed. The clock struck twelve!—the candle had burnt down, the moon shone bright through the window, her mother's pale face looked from among the pillows. The hand which Martha held in hers was cold. She did not relax her hold of the cold hand—the whole night long she sat by her dead mother.

And thus she sat now in the same chamber with her memories, and the old clock ticked on, now loud, now faint; it knew about everything, it had lived through it all with Martha; it reminded her of all her sorrows, of all her little joys.

I know not if Martha and her clock still keep each other company; it is now many years since I lived in her house, and that little town lies far from my home. She had a way of speaking openly of things, which those who cling to life usually avoid. "I have never been sick," she would say, "I shall likely live to a great age." If this belief has proved true, and should these pages find their way into her chamber, may she think kindly of me as she

reads them. The old clock will help her memory; for it, of course, knows about everything.

III. IN THE OLD HALL.

THERE had been a christening in the afternoon, and evening was now closing in. The father and mother of the infant sat with their guests in the large hall. Among them was the father's grandmother. The others, too, were all near relations, young and old; but the grandmother was a whole generation in advance of the eldest of them. The baby was called Barbara, after her; but they had given it a prettier name besides, for Barbara alone, seemed too old-fashioned for the sweet little child. Still, it was to be called by this name —at least, so said the parents—however much the rest of the friends might object to it. But the grandmother did not know that the use of her ancient name had been called in question.

The clergyman, shortly after the discharge of his office, had departed, leaving the family circle to themselves; and then old familiar stories were brought forth, and repeated, not even now for the last time. They all knew each other, the old people had seen the younger ones grow up, and the elder had seen the old grow grey. The most amusing anecdotes were related of the childhood of all present. When no one else remembered them, the grandmother could always tell them. Of her, alone, no one had anything to tell; her early years lay behind the birth-days of all the others—those who could have told stories of her youth must have been old indeed. While engrossed in such discourse the daylight had slowly faded. The hall lay towards the west. A ruddy glow fell through the windows upon the roses in the garlands of plaster-work which adorned the white walls; soon this, too, died away. From afar, in the now growing stillness, was heard a low, monotonous murmur. Several of the guests paused to listen.

"It is the sea," said the young mother.

"Aye," said the grandmother, "I have heard it often, it has made the same sound for a long time."

Then no one spoke again. Without, before the window, a great linden tree stood in the narrow paved court, and they heard the sparrows going to roost among the leaves. The host took his wife's hand, who sat silent by his side; his eyes rested on the old-fashioned ceiling.

"What are you thinking about?" asked the grandmother.

"There is a crack in the ceiling," said he, "and the cornice, too, has given way. The hall is getting old, grandmother; we must rebuild it."

"The hall is not so old yet," she replied; "I remember well when it was built."

"Built!—then what was here before?"

"Before?" repeated the grandmother, and for a time she sat silent, looking like a lifeless statue. Her gaze was turned back on a bygone time—her thoughts were with the shadows of things whose being had long passed away. At last she said,—"It is eighty years ago; your grandfather and I, we often spoke of it afterwards,—in those days the door of the hall did not lead into another room, but opened on a little flower-garden; but it is not the same door —the other was a glass one—and when you came into the hall by the front door, you could see through it straight down on the garden, into which a short flight of steps, with bright coloured Chinese railings, led. Flower borders, edged with box, lay on either hand, divided down the centre by a broad path strewn with white shells, at the end of which was an arbour of lindens. Between two cherry trees, in front of this, hung a swing, and on both sides of the arbour apricot trees were carefully trained along the high garden wall. Here, in summer, your great-grandfather might be seen regularly at noon, walking up and down, tending his auriculas and tulips, and tying them with strips of matting and little white wands. He was a strict, precise man, with a military bearing, and his black eyebrows with his powdered hair, gave him a striking appearance.

"Thus it was on an August afternoon, when your grandfather came down the steps into the little garden—but in those days he was far from being a grandfather. I see him still with my old eyes, as he approached with his light step to where your great-grandfather stood. Then he took a letter from a neatly-worked pocket-

book, and presented it with a graceful bow. He was a slender young man, with soft, dark eyes, and his black hair tied in a queue behind, contrasted pleasantly with his fresh face and cloth coat of pearl gray. When your great-grandfather had read the letter, he nodded and shook your grandfather by the hand, a sign of favour he did not show to every one. Then he was called into the house, and your grandfather strolled down the garden.

"In the swing in front of the arbour sat a little girl of eight years; on her lap was a picture-book, in which she was quite absorbed; the bright, golden curls drooped over the hot little face, on which the full blaze of the sunshine fell.

"'What is your name?' asked the young man.

"She shook back her curls, and said: 'Barbara.'

"'Then take care, Barbara; your curls are melting in the sun.'

"The little one hastily put her hand on her glowing hair. The young man smiled, and it was a very sweet smile. 'It is not so bad,' he said. 'Come and have a swing.'

"She jumped up. 'Wait; I must put away my book first.' Then she took it into the arbour. When she came back, he wished to lift her into the swing. 'No,' she said, 'I can get in myself.' Then she seated herself upon the board, and cried, 'Go on!' And now your grandfather pushed so that his queue behind flew from right to left; the swing with the little maiden went up and down in the sunshine, the bright curls streamed back from her temples; and yet it never went high enough for her. But when it flew rustling among the linden-boughs, the birds darted forth on either side, from the fruit trees on the walk, so that the over-ripe apricots fell to the ground.

"'What was that?' said he, stopping the swing.

"She laughed, that he could ask such a question. 'It is only the blackbird,' she said, 'he is not usually so frightened.'

"He lifted her out of the swing, and they went together to the apricot trees—the deep golden fruit lay among the branches. 'Your friend the blackbird has left that for you!' She shook her head, and put a beautiful apricot into his hand. 'For you!' she said softly.

"Then your great-grandfather came back to the garden. 'Take care,' said he, smiling, 'or you'll never get rid of her again.' Then he spoke about business, and they both went into the house.

"In the evening little Barbara was allowed to sit up to supper: the kind young man had begged permission for her. It certainly did not all come just as she wished, for the guest sat by her father at the head of the table; and she, being quite a little girl, had her place at the other end, beside the youngest of the clerks. So she very quickly finished her supper, and then got down and slipped round to her father's chair. But he was so deeply engrossed talking to the young man about interest and per centage, that the latter had no eyes at all for the little Barbara. Ay, ay, it is eighty years ago, but the old grandmother remembers still how impatient the little Barbara of those days was, and how far from on the best of terms with her kind father. The clock struck ten, and now she had to say good night. When she came to your grandfather he asked, 'Shall we swing to-morrow?' and little Barbara was quite happy again. 'He will quite spoil my little girl!' said the great-grandfather; but, in truth, he was himself foolishly in love with his little girl.

"Towards evening the following day, your grandfather took his leave.

"Then eight years passed away. In winter time little Barbara often stood at the glass door and breathed upon the frozen panes; then she looked through the peep-hole she had made, down on the snow-covered garden, and thought of the beautiful summer, of the bright leaves and the warm sunshine, of the black bird, which always made its nest in the fruit trees, and how, once on a time, the ripe apricots had fallen to the ground; and then she thought of that one summer day, and at last, when she thought of summer it was somehow always of that one summer day she thought. So the years passed away; little Barbara was now twice as old, and, in fact, was no longer lit. Barbara; but that summer day always stood out like a bright spot in her memory. Then one day, at last, he really came back again.

"Who?" asked the grandson, with a smile. "The summer day?"

"Yes, indeed," said the grandmother; "your grandfather. He was indeed a summer day."

"And then?" he asked again.

"Then," said the grandmother. "There was a betrothed pair, and little Barbara became your grandmother, who now sits among you all telling her old stories. But it was not yet so far as that. First, there was a wedding, and it was for that your great-grandfather had this hall built. The garden and the flowers were all done away with now; but it did not matter, for he had soon living flowers in their stead to amuse him in his mid-day walks. When the hall was ready, the wedding was celebrated. A merry wedding it was, the guests talked of it for long after. All you, who are sitting here, and who must needs be everywhere now, you certainly were not present; but your fathers and grandfathers, your mothers and grandmothers, and they were people, too, who could speak a word in the right place. Folks were certainly quieter and more modest in those days; we didn't think that we understood everything better than the king and his ministers, and anyone who meddled with politics was thought a silly babbler for his pains; and, if it was a cobbler, people went to his neighbour for their shoes. Servant maids were all called Molly and Betty, and all dressed according to their station. Now-a-days you all wear moustaches, as if you were so many officers and cavaliers. I wonder what ye think yourselves? Would you all govern?"

"To be sure, grandmother," said the grandson.

"And the nobles and great folks who are born to it? What is to become of them?"

"Oh!—nobles!"—said the young mother, and looked up with proud, loving eyes to her husband.

He smiled, and said, "Renounce their pretensions, grandmother, or else we must all get titles—the whole country, man and mouse. Otherwise I don't know what is to be done."

The grandmother made no reply. She only said, "At my wedding there was nothing said about affairs of State. The conversation flowed freely on, and we were just as happy over our talk as you are in your new fashioned kind of parties. At table, amusing riddles were given and extempore verses said, and, at dessert, 'A health to my neighbour' was sung, and all the other pretty songs, which are forgotten now. Your grandfather's clear tenor voice was always heard above all the others. People were much more polite to each other in those days; all disputing and arguing was considered very unseemly in good company. Now-a-days that is all changed; but your grandfather was always a gentle, peaceable man. It is a long time since he left this world; I have stayed long behind him; now it will soon be time for me to follow."

The grandmother was silent for a moment, and no one else spoke. But she felt her hands grasped; they all wished to keep her among them. A peaceful smile passed over the dear old face; then she looked at her grandson, and said: "Here, in this hall his coffin stood; you were only six years old, and stood and wept beside it; your father was a grave, stern man. 'Don't cry, boy,' he said, and took you on his arm. 'See there! that is how a true man looks when he is dead.' Then he himself secretly wiped a tear from his face. He had always had a great respect for your grandfather. Now they are all on the other side; and to-day I have stood as godmother to my great granddaughter in this hall, and you have given her your old grandmother's name. May God grant her as happy and peaceful a life as mine has been."

The young mother sank on her knees before the grandmother, and kissed her slender hands.

The grandson said: "Grandmother, we'll pull down the old hall, and plant the flower garden again. Little Barbara, you know, has come back again. The women-folks say she is your image. She shall sit once more in the swing, and the sun will shine again on the golden curls. Perhaps, too, some summer afternoon, the grandfather may come down the steps again; perhaps—"

The grandmother smiled. "You are full of fancies," she said; "your grandfather was just the same!"

THE POSITION AND PRACTICE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

PROFESSOR Fawcett, in his article in the *Fortnightly Review* for October last, does not conceal his surprise at finding himself discussing the abolition of the present House of Lords, though he acknowledges that he has long been astonished at any politician calling himself a Liberal supporting such an anomaly as an Hereditary Legislature.

His right to argue the question in his temperate and gentleman-like way has since been amply vindicated by its introduction at several public meetings, and by a solemn Conference held in one of the principal towns of the kingdom. But I must demur to his assumption that this agitation is due to the legislative action of the House of Lords during the session of 1871. With the exception of one measure, which deeply affected a considerable number of individuals in the community, and to which Mr. Fawcett makes no allusion, I cannot see that there has been any exercise of the suspensive veto which has seriously touched either the interests or the imagination of the people. The abolition of the University Tests was agreed to after the rejection by the House of Commons of amendments mainly of a theological character, and which Non-conformists were just as likely to approve as Churchmen. The demand for further information on the new Organization of the Army was natural in men who had not an absolute confidence in the military genius of the present administration ; and the reception of Lord Shaftesbury at Glasgow a few weeks after his motion to reject the Ballot Bill, showed that the country perfectly understood that the House of Lords simply declined to pronounce any opinion on the subject, with no opportunity to discuss it fairly, and with no pressure of a general election at hand.

I trace this and other present political agitations to far deeper and more general causes. It is only due to Mr. Gladstone to acknowledge that he continually represented the destruction of the Irish Church as an exceptional act of historic justice ; and that he only admitted the supercession of the natural right of contract between landlord and tenant to be applicable to a form of society so peculiarly susceptible of abuse and injury to the weak as had long subsisted in Ireland. But inferences were drawn by others, of which he could not be wholly unconscious. There were Nonconformist members of Parliament who openly avowed that they only valued the Irish Church Act in so far as it gave them a point of advantage from which to attack the English Establishment. And soon Miall and his hundred knights appeared armed *cap-à-pie* and ready for the fray. The old walls of mutual confidence between owner and occupier, built up of the best materials of ancient English faith, and cemented by the mutual beneficences of centuries, though likely to sustain for a long time to come many a more serious assault than Communism can now level at them, were now no longer regarded as invulnerable, and the Irish anomaly was hailed in many centres of superficial and angry discussion on subjects of public economy rather as a welcome precedent than as an unhappy necessity. When the depths of our social and political existence were once laid bare, who could resist the temptation of scrutinizing the foundations of the House of Lords and of the Monarchy itself?

The inquisition into the construction of the House of Lords has presented nothing curious or interesting. We knew perfectly well before that the representative principle was something quite different from the hereditary ; and it was the old boast of the English constitution that they worked well togetner, each in its proper sphere. The Reform Bill of 1832 affected the House of Lords very nearly as much as the House of Commons, and the transference of the proprietary boroughs from the peers to the people was a legitimate change which has worked well on both sides. Any influence which Peers

now possess is the fair result of their property and position, and can only fall with the order itself. The speakers in the Conference at Birmingham were hampered with the same contradiction which troubles the present assailants of the Crown; they could not make up their minds as to whether they wished to strengthen or weaken the obnoxious institution—whether they wanted it cleverer or stupider, just as whether in the other case they desired more or less parade. The advocates for total destruction had the least difficulty to encounter; but they were not agreed as to the process of annihilation—whether it was to be accomplished by popular energy or by "the happy despatch." There was also a fundamental difference of opinion as to the use of a Second Chamber at all, and the feeling of the whole seemed to preponderate against it. Indeed, the whole tone of the meeting was that of men not attempting to remedy any practical grievance, or to give new blood to old historic forms, but of revolutionists desirous to break down any immediate barrier between themselves and the political Unknown.

No serious observer of the progress of nations can regard the Republican spirit as alien to the English mind. In years that now lie far behind at the time when the *Democratie en Amérique* of Alexis de Tocqueville had made an epoch in the political literature of the time, it was my privilege to discuss the application of the subject-matter of the book to the immediate circumstances of Europe with that delightful writer and friend in the deep shady lanes that meet the sea-sands along the varied coast of La Manche. I remember frequently expressing my belief that, as the patient political good sense, and the habit of daily compromise of opinion, had enabled my countrymen to deal with the ages of personal and constitutional government more peacefully and successfully than any other people, so I did not doubt that, when the influences of Democracy grew strong, and the successful example of our great political Agnate beyond the Atlantic had gradually weaned our people from monarchical forms and associations by the processes he had so finely analysed, we should lapse into the new state of things by some movements of social machinery which now we did not even contemplate, and through phases of moral action which now might appear visionary and impossible. I am compelled to confess that my patriotic confidence is considerably shaken, and I cannot now regret that the progress of Free Trade, the passage from a restricted constituency to Household Suffrage with no further confusion than the usual dramatic effects and domestic excitements of party differences, the disappearance of religious distinctions—though not, alas! of theological acrimony—and the homely peace and virtues of the Court, followed by a sympathetic sense of domestic disaster almost out of proportion to the loss of an individual man, have checked and suspended for a considerable period those influences from which we cannot expect the mind and heart of this nation to be entirely exempt, but which we have here no more right to condemn and arrest than any other current of public opinion, provided the course be moderate and the water clear.

For, without demanding from the Republican spirit of our time the terrible austerity of Cromwell's Ironsides, it cannot be forgotten that its superiority over the Monarchical sentiment has ever been founded on its higher ideal of political duties and responsibilities, without reference to the material interests of individuals or of classes. Nothing, indeed, could be imagined less cognate to the old reverent, or later philosophical Republicanism of this country than a preference of one form of government to another, because it extended or transferred the luxuries of life, or diminished the fair proportions of well-requited labour. In the same sense it would surely never have occurred to a follower either of Sir Harry Vane or Algernon Sidney to have based an attack on the Throne on an extravagance of household expenditure. For though it is a platitude to assert that every Court must, from its very nature, carry with it much that is repugnant to the dignity of man, and that a factitious reverence is only a less evil than a sincere servility, still no one has yet devised a combination of the advantages of a continuous Headship of the State with an entire absence of pageantry, and even Republics are always on the brink of official ostentation.* The

*I remember M. de Lamartine in 1848, during the happy weeks when he felt sure of being elected to the Presidency, saying to me, "We are going to have a magnificent Republic, more splendid than ever the Empire imagined. No Sparta here!"

simplicity of the Presidency at Versailles has never been exceeded, and yet M. Thiers has an Aide-de-camp.

But this is not the worst symptom of our Republican demonstrations : there is so little in them of that sense of a real injury which is the sound justification of English discontent, and there is so strong a taint of that foreign disaffection which is a mingled outgrowth of old misgovernment and disorganized passions. The Greek poet Pindar wrote of Delos as of—

" A sacred Island, set apart by Fate,
The sea its frontier, and the coast its gate ;
Where every stranger with free foot may stand.
May God long guard the pillars of that land !"

and assuredly it is not for us to limit or disallow this great hospitality, even though it does bring our national sympathies into contact with the impotent rage of the conquered and the horrible insanities of despair. Still more infectious, perhaps, are the generous illusions of those who will not be disabused by the most cruel collision with stern reality, and who claim credit for all their hopes and desires just as if they had been accomplished facts or heroic deeds. All these foreign elements have found their way into modern English Republicanism, and though not likely seriously to affect its actions, go far to corrupt its morality and degrade its objects.

That the feeling which existed against the House of Lords should have been less affected by this ignoble envy than might have been expected, is due to two causes, both deserving remark. The first consists in the curious and undefinable liking of the mass of the British and Irish people for the titled classes ; and the second in the nature of the superiority that is claimed. However unwilling Democracy may be to acknowledge the inference, the fact stands that in the case of two men, one titled, and the other not, competing by fair popular election for any office of honour or emolument, with a general impression of their equal fitness and equal desert, the title tells. Still more strongly is the advantage discernible where the intellectual or moral competence is not so clearly defined, and where the merit has to be taken for granted ; here, too, the probability of success is in favour of the aristocrat. This must mean that there is a conviction—and who in the present state of physiological investigation will treat the theory with contempt?—that there is a transmission of hereditary qualities which excite admiration and respect.*

It may, then, be assumed that in our present social institution there is believed to be something in the difference of class which promotes, if it does not ensure, higher education, finer manners, and wiser self-management and that the order and condition of society especially affected to politics is likely to possess certain qualities adapted to the governance of mankind. I state this last point with qualification, because I cannot take upon myself to determine how far the respect given to rank among ourselves is due to any legislative function attached to it. The Scotch or Irish peer, who has nothing to do with the House of Lords, has probably, in his own local circle, as much regard and deference as if he were a busy peer of Parliament, but he no doubt receives some reflected dignity from the real political position of the mass of his titled fellows. The difficulty of obliterating titles in the history of modern European political life is absolutely inexplicable. No earnestness of democracy, no fervour of patriotic sacrifice, no energy of revolution, no confiscation of property, no legal disqualification, are of avail ; the quiet force of old association seems to bear down both passion and principle ; and, at this very moment, in the midst of a people with whom civic equality is the very soul of social existence, in the very town where, near a hundred years ago, the nobility laid at the feet of the nation all privileges, titles, and distinctions, there is gathered together an Assembly elected by universal suffrage, of which a distinguished member, the Duc de Broglie, French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, remarked that he had " never sat in the same room with so many Dukes in his life." Does it really much matter whether these traditionary influences exhibit themselves in the rotations of fortune and the catastrophes of history, or are in some slight degree recognized and evolved in the regular construction of a Constitution ?

In what sense, and to what extent, the House of Lords is influenced by this hereditary principle, and what is the practical operation of

* "The greatest blessing a man can receive from heaven is to be well born ; and there are many well born among the poor and needy."— *W. S. Landor.*

that branch of the Legislature in the daily work of the Constitution, are considerations which may seem obvious and common-place, but which appear to me to be often lost in vague declamation and uncertain generalities. It may, therefore, be not superfluous to present in a few lines its actual working in the State, and to examine its practical defects and their possible remedies.

The House of Lords consists of some four hundred and fifty peers available for purposes of legislation. Of these not above two hundred take any part in the transaction of its business. Of the rest some have never taken their seats, and the greater part profess little or no interest in politics. Thus a kind of unconscious elimination takes place without jealousy, ill-will, or personal offence, in the body itself, accomplishing, by a process of natural selection the effects which Sir Thomas Bazley and others have proposed to bring about by a competition among the peers themselves. Some few, indeed, who inherit their titles early in life, show an inclination for politics ; but little encouragement is given them to force their way into public attention, and unless they obtain office, they represent a very feeble force of that hereditary power which strikes Mr. Fawcett with dismay, and they are placed at a very serious disadvantage in the political race. There is for them no training ground from eight to half-past nine o'clock, such as the House of Commons affords for several nights in every week. The great majority of the working members of the House of Lords are of two classes ; those who come up from the House of Commons in mature life in consequence of the decease of their fathers, and of persons raised to the Peerage on some ground of individual distinction.

There is one characteristic which strikes the latter portion very forcibly on their admission to the Upper House ; it is the complete parity among the Peers. However paramount the distinctions of rank in society, they are quite imperceptible in the Legislature. The peer of yesterday is completely on a level with the premier Duke of England ; and, though the Lords, like every other public body, show most interest in the reputations of their own creation, and are somewhat jealous of specialities that come suddenly amongst them, they cannot be accused of partiality or injustice in the presence of any decided superiority.

The Assembly exhibits a very different aspect on different occasions. On a great night, —that is, when the House of Lords are about to accept unwillingly, to reject for that Session, or to suggest serious amendments to, some important measure that has come up from the Commons, when some three or four hundred peers are collected in that lofty hall and, in the presence of all the members of present and late Governments, and the notabilities of the Lower House, with an attentive audience of diplomatists, distinguished ladies, and a quiet but interested public, the well-considered and stately debate is continued through the midnight hours, and far into the the summer's dawn,— there are few spectators who will not bear away the impression of the noblest political Council among civilized men. For the discussions themselves I do not entertain the accustomed admiration. It is the fashion to say they are better than anything in the House of Commons. This can hardly be the case, when they are nothing more than *résumés* of the best that has been spoken there, delivered by familiar voices, and with no pretence to originality. Sometimes, indeed, a fount of oratory bursts forth almost native to the locality, when you might ask, who would wish to destroy the House of Lords with the eloquence of Lord Ellenborough in his ears ?*

From such a scene to the Legislative body of which a constant record runs for weeks together—" the House of Lords met at five o'clock, did so-and-so ; their Lordships adjourned at twenty minutes to six "—there is no doubt a considerable and unwelcome contrast.

But between these two forms of meeting and discussion there is another on which I should be very glad to fix the public attention, rather than on either of the fore-mentioned representations of the Upper House. That is when, in the latter half of the Session, about a hundred peers come down to consider an unpolitical Bill of grave social importance. Be the question connected with the administration of the Criminal Law, with the repression of vicious habits, with the Public Health, with the

* Even as I write, the voice of that greatest of English orators has passed away.

supervision of dangerous trades, processes, or occupations, with intellectual interests bearing on the deficiencies of the poor, or the possible improvement of the more educated, with this or cognate subjects before them, who that knows the value of sound and impartial parliamentary debate must not be content that there is still a House of Lords?

It is here that their independence of local politics and private interests, their long familiarity with country life, their intimate knowledge of what the labouring classes really like or dislike, fear or hope, their habits of magisterial practice, their own long experience of the obligations of Members of Parliament, combined with their present freedom of judgment and irresponsibility of action, and many other reasons which will suggest themselves to the thoughtful observer, afford them a special aptitude for the work that is before them. To this may be added the constant presence of the men most learned in the Law, ready to detect fallacies, eager to criticise vague generalities, and glad to exercise their knowledge for the public good, without any of that stint of their time which barristers in the House of Commons must in a great degree regard as stolen from their professional practice, and as an interference with their duties to their families and themselves. There is another component of this body on which I cannot look with the same unqualified approval. I allude to the parliamentary, diplomatic, and official veterans, who, but for this opportunity of prolonging their public existence under conditions of less physical labour, would be enjoying the repose of private life; and who by bringing the old authority of their names to bear on novel questions, frequently increase the difficulties of the present by combinations with the problems of the past. There seems no doubt that the last years of the Duke of Wellington were most disastrous to the organization of the British army.

Nevertheless, this tribunal so constituted is an admirable instrument for the functions of legislation that do not require the stimulus of immediate popular excitement. There seems, indeed, to have been an instinct of this fact in that curious revival of the Young England of thirty years ago—the New Social Movement. The story of this attempted league has not been told with sufficient distinctness to authorize any censure of its motives, though we may smile at its disproportion of means to ends; but it has left clear evidence that a considerable proportion of the worthiest and most earnest of the skilled artisans of this country believe both in the goodwill and in the power of leading members in the House of Lords to analyze and, more or less, to remedy some of the more painful conditions of their social existence. They have certainly two palpable advantages over the philanthropists in the House of Commons. They have more time and more freedom from the personal entanglements which damage so much charitable effort; to this must be added—*pace* Mr. Miall—the comparative toleration for religious differences in matters of public duty and beneficence, of which the rejection of the Prison Ministers Bill of last session was so painful an example.

But it may very fairly be asked, If the House of Lords presents all this admirable legislative machinery, why let it rust in chronic inactivity, only interrupted by the spasmodic action of party differences? Now this is the very question I desire to put to Her Majesty's Government. Of course they may reply, that though the House of Lords is good, the House of Commons is better, and that it has all the leisure and opportunities required for the purpose. But, unfortunately, the members of the Government have exhausted themselves in apologies for leaving so much undone, and have pleaded that there were obstacles of time and space that even their abilities could not surmount, and which prevented them from making three nations happy. Mr. Bruce's constituents may call out to him from the depths of the earth, and protest against the continuance of colliery accidents; Mr. Bass and Sir W. Lawson may complain, each from his point of view, that just enough has been done by the production of the Licensing Bill to worry everybody and settle nothing; Mr. Goschen may lament that he has started a great scheme of local taxation without the opportunity of expounding its principles or of testing its applicability; Mr. Stansfield may promise us all sorts of sanatory ameliorations, with the chance that every one of them may be stifled in the slough of Irish Education. Even the Scotch members, who generally manage to carry everything that they care about by their good sense and spirit of compromise, even they may speak of themselves as being reduced to a

condition of Hibernian helplessness. And yet the House of Lords, which asks nothing better than to give its ample time and recognised talents to these clamorous public exigencies, is compelled to remain an impatient and helpless spectator, and submit to be told that it ought to be absorbed or abolished because it has got nothing to do.

It might indeed seem not impracticable for some independent peers of weight and position to take some such matters in hand without reference to the Government of the day; and this was evidently the hope and intention of the parties who originated the New Social Movement. There is, however, very great difficulty in any such individual action, from the command which the Public Offices possess over the latest statistics and sources of information. Yet I do not say that such an enterprise might not succeed, and I should be very willing to see my political friends subjected to the experiment. If Lord Kinnaird, for instance, were prepared with a Metalliferous Mines Bill at the opening of Parliament, and could secure for himself such a support from both sides of the House as would outnumber the pledged official Government supporters, he would either carry his Bill or compel Her Majesty's Ministers to substitute one of their own.

There are other deep benefits to the House of Lords and the public service, that would follow the regular supply to the Upper House of interesting and important business. It would disabuse the popular mind of the pernicious notion that its functions were simply obstructive, and that it prevented the will of the House of Commons from becoming law for some mysterious object of its own. The custom of daily and thorough work would diminish, if not remedy, the only practical defect of the House of Lords in the conduct of debate. I allude to a certain habit of hurry, and a feeling that, if a particular clique of men of business are satisfied with the progress of a measure, the interference of other peers, although known to be familiar with the subject, is considered obtrusive and unnecessary. The tone of conversation in the House of Lords is essentially that of good society; and as every English gentleman is naturally reticent, it is difficult to get him to contribute his share where the atmosphere is one of discouragement or even of impatience. Not admitting Goethe's apothegm* that a man has a right to be obtrusive if he only thoroughly understands his subject, English society admits no amount of knowledge as an excuse for dulness and garrulity, and in fact never looks on a man as an entire bore so much as when he is thoroughly well-informed. A more close and habitual contact with the common interests of the people on the part of the House of Lords may, too, have some indirect effect upon what we all feel to be the only serious dangers that threaten it—namely, either some act of hindrance and hostility, which personally affects, it may be, a small body of the people, but which enables any individual to point to a particular peer, and say, "That man, to whom I have done no injury, inflicts, as far as in him lies, a serious wound on the legitimate happiness of my daily life;"—or the still more perilous collective action which should refuse to confirm the strongly expressed desire, not only of a majority of the House of Commons, but of the sober second-thought of the people. The treatment of the Bill for the Marriage of a Deceased Wife's Sister is an example of the first; the rejection of a well-considered measure to secure a more free, real, and moral representation of the people, would be an illustration of the last.

In the first case, the individual peer would be giving to his own judgment of right and wrong a weight which the Constitution never intended him to possess. He is not invested with his vote to determine whether I, in my free opinion, should do or abstain from doing any act socially wise or unwise, prudent or imprudent, in relation to the domestic circle in which I live. Lord Penzance stated this order of objection as strongly as the late Mr. Henry Drummond could have done, who reproached a member with "not going in like a man and marrying his grandmother;" but,—added the experienced judge,—"Is this a basis for legislation?" Assuredly not; and if this opposition to the repeated decision of the House of Commons be allowed to continue, the agitation will

* Which I have somewhere seen thus versified—

"As in this world's eternal chorus
Some voices must be high, some low,—
Let those who like it bawl and bore us,
But in the things they really know."

increase to an extent quite out of proportion to the number of persons primarily interested, each of whom will become, whether he likes it or no, a focus of democratic excitement against a branch of the Legislature which is using its corporate power for the maintenance of individual crotchets and personal prejudices.

As to the obstinate resistance of the House of Lords on any question of the arrangement or balance of the powers of the Constitution, or any extension of the liberties of the people, I entertain no serious fear; but at the same time I cannot help casting forward my mind to the possible condition of things which may, at some not distant date, impose upon them certain duties of risk and defence which involve their very existence as a constituent power. The line of conduct for them to pursue under such circumstances seems to be traced out with the utmost clearness, it must lead either to substantive victory or to honourable dissolution. The simple precept to keep in mind is for them never to come into conflict with a casual majority of the House of Commons, except where it is clear that there is in the nation an earnest passive power and strong will of resistance on the same side as themselves. Hitherto the greater political self-control, which we, as a people, have exhibited, has been rewarded by a freedom from revolutionary extravagance which no other European nation has enjoyed. But there are indications of coming trouble which it would be unwise to neglect, even while we may find legitimate sources of comfort in our opponents' inconsistencies and difficulties of action. The Church of England is the object of simultaneous attack from three different quarters—from Ultramontane Catholicism, from Communistic Atheism, and from jealous Nonconformity. The Irish outworks are as good as given up to the first; the second have philosophical allies in many quarters who conceal their co-operations; and if the third avail themselves of any good opportunity to join their forces with those somewhat heterogenous allies, the temperate and tolerant spirit of the Christianity of the Church of England may find itself in considerable straits. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon" may seem a strange ally for the muskets that ended in shooting down the Archbishop of Paris; but in such a cause as the destruction of the Church of England, and the House of Lords into the bargain, we may live to see Mr. Miall and Mr. Bradlaugh directing the aggressive forces under the benediction of Archbishop Manning. If there remain in the heart of the people of this country sufficient love of free thought to resist fanaticism, from whatever side it may come, the conquest may not be easy. What may come from disruption within the Church of England itself is quite another question.

If, again, the collision were to occur on the subject of any right of property, especially in land, it is satisfactory to perceive no monopoly or privilege that attaches itself to the House of Lords, and which is not common to the whole proprietary of the kingdom. The slight distinction which exists in the devolution of realty and personalty must soon be abolished, and landed property continually loses more and more of its peculiarity as an investment. The wealth, too, of the body is every day more and more dispersed in diverse channels. and the disqualification of a peer for bankruptcy implies something more than a point of honour. Should, therefore, anything so disastrous as a revolutionary conflict between Poverty and Wealth loom in the distance, the House of Lords will only enter into it as a portion of the propertied classes, and in no way as an object of special envy, obloquy, or aversion.

Now, these, and all other advantages which accrue from the commixture and infusion of the peerage with other orders of society in this country, are derived from its hereditary character. With us aristocracy has never been a caste; there has never been a notion of any loss of right or dignity by *mésalliance*; the nobleman raises the woman of his choice to his own rank, whatever be her antecedents and their offspring, without regard to her previous position. Inter-marriages are frequent not only with the gentry but with the professional and commercial classes. All barriers against any honest employment are broken down; a cadet of the loftiest lineage is too thankful to get into a fair City business; and if there be any pretensious vulgarity connected with the order, it will not be found in the elder branches. I am not sure that the occasional poverty of the peerage has not its good side as well as the wealth; it at once lessens the distinction and increases the interest. There is no longer anything more

expected of a lord than of any one else in the intercommunication of daily life, at least if he has the courage to assert an independent position, and, if anything, he can maintain the demeanour of a gentleman ("for honour peereth in the meanest habit") more easily than others under disadvantageous circumstances.

These facts should be kept in mind when the promotion of men of great desert or special ability to the peerage is in question.* It is difficult fully to explain the small amount of authority over public opinion which a Second Chamber, composed almost exclusively of notabilities and men of experience, has ever acquired. Whether there is something repugnant to the public vanity in an assemblage of men each presenting himself as an important unit and therefore demanding submission as a collective authority, or whether the worth of the individual is more severely scrutinised and his abilities more closely tested, or whether his independence of opinion is more difficult to secure, it is certain that all Second Chambers in Europe so constituted have failed to command public respect. But this is no reason why a hereditary Chamber should not be from time to time recruited with every form of social and intellectual eminence. Not, indeed, that much is to be always expected from the individual thus elevated ; he rarely feels himself completely at home, though he impregnates the generally assembly with something of his own faculty and distinction : Lord Lytton has not spoken in the House of Lords since his appearance there, and, as far as I know, has taken no part in its business. Mr. Dodson, Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons, has expressed in print his surprise that so many eminent lawyers being there met together should have done so little for the digest or codification of the Law. It is the fact that, whether from inability to unite their intellectual forces, or to subordinate their diversity of judgments to one special view, there is very little hope of anything valuable being effected in that direction. But all this is no reason why men of great ability, information, or experience, should not from time to time, be added to the House of Lords, though not in such numbers as to prejudice its constitution. At the present moment, when, owing to the direction of the public mind, aided by the pressure of certain distressing events, sanitary subjects are likely to be prominent, the accession of one or two eminent medical practitioners or men versed in the application of physical science would assuredly not be unwelcome.

It must not be supposed that the House of Lords has not been conscious of its own defects in matters of procedure. A committee on the subject of a Revision of the Standing Orders was lately moved for by Lord Stanhope (who somehow or other always manages to accomplish some object about which other people are talking),* but with little other result than the virtual abolition of Proxies, by throwing so many formalities in their way as to make the practice henceforth almost impossible. The very desirable object of meeting at four instead of at five, which would have given three good hours of debate before dinner, was thwarted by the judicial arrangements of the Court of Appeal, which so often detain the Lord Chancellor till late in the afternoon. It may assuredly be a question whether the permanent business of a branch of the Legislature should necessarily be subordinated to the convenience of a court of justice, and it might be suggested that there exists in the Chairman of Committees an officer perfectly competent to take the seat on the woolsack on all occasions of ordinary business. If any such Revision comes again under discussion, the question of the number of peers necessary to constitute a House can hardly be avoided ; for it is surely an encouragement to absence, even of official personages, that three should represent something like five hundred ; at the same time there would be no use in putting gentlemen to the trouble of going down to Westminster for the transaction of formal business, if the main evil of permanent inactivity is to continue.

I have now only to apologize to the editor and readers of this highly Liberal Periodical for the intrusion of an Article so eminently Conservative. But there may be some excuse in its

* That is to say, there is no longer the same necessity for limiting new Peerages to men of wealth, and what Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Lord North's clever daughter, called "the new order not of 'Barons' but of 'Barrens.'"

* *E.g.*, his abolition of the Occasional Services in the Prayer-Book, and his establishment of the National Portrait Gallery.

very extravagance. I admit of no possible organic Reform of the House of Lords. I fully acknowledge the Jesuit precept, *Sint ut sunt aut non sint*—if they are to be dealt with at all, it can only be by Revolution.

At the same time I cast a serious responsibility on the Government, if they persist in refusing to the House of Lords its legitimate share in the transaction of public business, and believe that they can keep up its character by occasionally foisting into it a clever man who finds himself there with nothing to do. If neither the Licensing Bill, nor the Truck Bill, nor the Mines Bill, nor any of the sanitary measures emanating from the Poor Law Board, are referred to them at the beginning of the coming Session, a grave suspicion will inevitably arise that it is the studied intent of our present rulers to damage and depreciate an Institution which I earnestly believe the mass of the people regard with traditional affection, not less for the intrinsic worth than for the inherent limitations of its powers.

BOOK REVIEWS.

OUR LIVING POETS, an Essay in Criticism, by H. Buxton Forman. London: Tinsley Brothers.

THE poets criticised in this volume are Tennyson, Miss Smedley, Jean Ingelow, Robert Browning, W. Story, Mrs. Webster, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Christina Gabriela Rossetti, Coventry Patmore, Thomas Woolner, William Bell Scott, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Morris, R. H. Horne, Henry Taylor, and George Eliot. The first three are classified as the Idyllic school, the next three as the Psychological school, the five following as the Prerhaphaelite group, the last six as the Renaissance group; but this classification which, even as explained in the introduction, appears to us to rest in no very solid basis, goes practically for very little in the criticisms. Mr. Forman is evidently a most profound, as well as a most devoted student of poetry and we have derived much instruction as well as much pleasure from his teaching, especially with regard to the less known of the poets to whom he accords the honour of a place in his selection. Everything in the volume bespeaks adequate preparation for the critic's task, and conscientious care in performing it. The writer is thoroughly cultivated, though a remark or a phrase which he takes for a grammatical blunder in Mrs. Webster, but which is, in fact, a well known Grecism, leads us to suspect that he has not the great advantage, as to any one treating of artistic form it must be, of reading the Greek models in the original. His sympathies both æsthetic and moral are wide enough to embrace anything worthy of the name of art and anything which is not positively offensive to the most liberal morality. The worshippers of Jean Ingelow will find their idol broken by the stroke of a heavy hammer, but some pieces are left even for them to pick up. The poetic merits of Swinburne are fully recognized, and the fullest latitude of thought and expression on moral and religious subjects which reason and decency can concede is claimed for him, while justice is done, in words of great weight and dignity, on his gratuitous offences against rules observed by all right-minded men. Mr. Forman's personal leaning, however, is decidedly to the Psychological school, of which Browning is the unquestioned chief. Those who are not partizans of the Psychological school, who prefer something more "simple and sensuous," who think that the domain of mental science and that of poetry should be kept distinct, who in reading poetry look for high enjoyment not for hard intellectual effort, who resent metaphysical obscurity as a defect from which all really deep thinkers, including the greatest poets, are free, will not unfrequently rebel against Mr. Forman's judgments. They will think that there is something cliquish and almost pedantic in his demand of admiration for the "lark-like singing" of "Sordello," a poem which is utter darkness to men who have thoroughly mastered Æschylus and Dante, which is utter darkness, if a current anecdote has any foundation, to Tennyson. They will note his omission to explain why it is, if Browning is the

Shakespeare of Monologue, that while in Shakspeare the better, nobler and more beautiful parts of human nature stand forth in their full proportions and predominate over the evil, Browning is almost exclusively great in morbid anatomy, and the interest of almost all his most celebrated pieces is due either to the actual presence or to the brooding shadow of some horrible crime. They will see in the astounding passage, as it is to us, in which Mr. Forman finally falls on his knees before Walt Whitman, the Nemesis of an over-refined and artificial school. That which, to the simple lovers of Shakespeare and Milton, Wordsworth and Shelley appears merely rampant bestiality, and so far from being poetry that it is not even verse, may very likely to brains racked with Sordello be welcome as a refreshing "return to nature." To Tennyson, as the central divinity of the "Pantheon," Mr. Forman, of course, uplifts a censer smoking with the choicest incense. He permits us, however, to see that there are degrees in the merits of Tennyson's productions; he even utters the sad word "decadence;" he does not place Enoch Arden and the Idylls of the King by the side of *In Memoriam*, nor does he shrink from treating with open ridicule the attempt made by Tennyson's fanatical worshippers, not without the countenance it would seem of the poet himself, to represent the Idylls as "a great *connected* poem, dealing with the very highest interests of man." He is probably right in suspecting that this theory and the efforts to give it support by rearrangement and patching arise from a desire to secure the kingship against division with other poets, who have recently produced, with success, poems on a large scale. There is one passage of Tennyson however of which Mr. Forman is particularly enamoured, but with regard to which we venture very respectfully to dissent from him, and will state our reasons for doing so, because, perhaps, it is our best way of indicating in what sense, if at all, we should desire to qualify his and other people's praises of Tennyson and the Tennysonian school. We will only premise, in case any of our remarks happen to have caught the reader's eye before that they are reproduced, not borrowed.

The passage to which we refer is the invective against the love of Peace, written at the opening of the Crimean war, and intended to stimulate the war passions of the nation, as it probably did:

"Why do they prate of the blessings of peace? We
have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its
own;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or
worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his
own hearthstone?

"But these are the days of advance, the works of
the men of mind,
When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word?
Is it peace or war? civil war, as I think, and that of
a kind
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the
sword.

"Sooner or later I too may passively take the
print
Of the golden age—why not? I have neither hope
nor trust;
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a
flint,
Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are
ashes and dust.

"Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the
days gone by,
When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together,
each sex, like swine;
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all
men lie;
Peace in her vineyard—yes—but a company forges
the wine.

"And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's
head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,
While chalk, and alum, and plaster are sold to the
poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of
life.

"And sleep must lie down arm'd for the villainous
centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless
nights,
While another is cheating the sick of a few last
gasps, as he sits
To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson
lights.

"When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a
burial fee,
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's
bones,
Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land
and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred
thrones.

"For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round
by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,

That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap
from his counter and till
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home—

"What! am I raging alone as my father raged in his mood?
Must I, too, creep to the hollow and dash myself down and die,
Rather than hold by the law that I made, never more to brood
On a horror of shattered limbs and a wretched swindler's lie?"

To Mr. Forman, and to many other people these lines seem full of the noblest wisdom, and the only reason which they can conceive for anyone's being of a different opinion is, that his ignoble nature is stung by a just rebuke.

Let it be at once heartily conceded that, in a world where right is still to be upheld against powers of wrong of all sorts and sizes, from the Czar Nicholas down to Mr. Caleb Cushing, the Peace-at-any-price doctrine is foolishness. Let it be conceded that there are still two good reasons at least for going to war, self-defence and the defence of public right, which is self-defence with the cause of humanity and honour superadded. Still, even in the case of the Crimean war, it seems to us possible that not only the commercial meanness, but a part at least of the real manhood of the nation may have been with Lord Aberdeen, a high-minded gentleman, and a devoted servant of his country if ever there was one, in struggling to avoid the terrible responsibility of breaking the happy spell of the forty years peace and letting loose again upon Christendom the hounds of war. The commercial meanness of the nation was in fact, to a great extent on the other side. It was putting itself into a swaggering attitude, and resolving to show the world that we were not a nation of shopkeepers. Many good and brave men deemed war righteous and inevitable; but at the same time all the poltroons were declaiming against the pusillanimity of statesmen who feared less to encounter obloquy than to shed the people's blood. Unluckily, with standing armies, though we talk about going to war, we do not really go to war, but send others to war in our place; and men who would creep under their beds if they thought that a bullet was coming within half a mile of them are at liberty, without being physically responsible, to hurl about their thunderbolts and to talk lightly of the heart of the citizen hissing on his own hearthstone. That phrase seems to us something more than Tyrtean: Tyrtæus, who had no doubt seen war, would probably have shrunk from using it.

"War with a thousand battles and shaking a thousand thrones" to cure the hysterical mock disease of one man! What is this but the extreme expression of unmanly, helpless, thoroughly ignoble egotism? Why cannot this hero who has compromised a woman's character by his rather selfish imprudence, and killed her brother in a foolish duel, regain such peace of mind as is possible under the circumstances, in some better way than by shedding more blood and bringing more misery on the world? Because he has no power of self-control or self-exertion, so that to cure him of his mental malady he must have a grand sensation at whatever cost to his fellow-creatures. Poor Alexander Smith in the same way wanted, as a cure for his dyspepsia, to head a charge of twenty thousand horse. Probably he would not have known on which side to mount his own charger. Of course we do not mean to name Alexander Smith in the same breath with Tennyson, but Alexander Smith was one of the Tennyson-unculi.

The other ground for wanting a bloody war is to cure the nation of its Mammonism. But the excitement of the violent passions unfortunately does not extirpate the mean passions. It scarcely suspends their action. The swindlers, the impostors, the adulterators of food did not change their ways when we sat down before Sebastopol, It was about that time, if we remember rightly, that the great Paul and Strachan frauds occurred. Burglary, drunkenness, and wife-beating were as rife as ever, and, to the usual rogueries, were added those of commissaries and contractors. As to Stockjobbing, which drove the father of the hero in *Maud* to suicide, and the hero himself to misanthropy, war is the element in which it thrives. The hearts of the Bulls did not beat with the same desire as those of the Bears, nor did the heart of the Opposition in Parliament beat with the same desire as that of the Government unless it were the desire of the same places. For a moral malady a moral cure, in the case of the nation and in the case of the man. Let the nation reform itself, amend its laws, choose better rulers, rigorously apply the fraudulent Trustees Act, improve the medical police. Let the man heal himself of his heart-sickness by doing good to his kind. War may, and often does, elevate the soldier who faces death; it does not elevate, it deeply degrades those who with boastful language and furious gestures send the soldier to his doom. While peasants were agonizing on the blood-stained slope of Inkerman, or dying a lingering death in hospitals before Sebastopol, and perhaps owing their doom partly to the national spirit awakened by Tennyson's admirable lines, where was the poet of war and what was he doing? In his lines "To F. D. Maurice," which appeared with *Maud*, we see him sitting with his friend in a charming villa in the Isle of

Wight, and chatting about the campaign over his wine, while the men-of-war sailing outwards, with many a fisherman's and peasant's son going to his nameless grave in the Euxine on board them, lend another charm to the beautiful sea-view. Suppose a Russian three-decker had come yonder round by the hill into Freshwater Bay, and suppose the battle-bolts had rushed out of the foam, would the poet have charged home with his steel pen, or would he like ourselves have sought the shelter of the nearest fortress? The passages on the Crimean war in *Maud* with their almost ferocious energy, their strongly political character, the intense interest which they show in a question of the day seem an exception to the general tenor of the poems. But they are an exception which proves the rule. They are the expression of a nature dependent on external sensations, because it is devoid of a certain kind of internal force. A few great poets have been also practically great men, and their practical greatness lends a surpassing interest to their poetry. We may number among them besides Dante and Milton, Byron, Wordsworth and Shelley, each of whom though far from being a Hercules, had strong practical sympathies and high practical aims, disguised in Shelley's case by his having, as some one wittily said, mistaken God for the Devil and the Devil for God. In Tennyson, as great a poet in point of art as ever lived, or as our minds can conceive, there is not, as it seems to us, this special element of interest. His character, as mirrored in his writings, seems to have been moulded by the philosophy of a sceptical age which he has comprehended with a large intellect, and to which he gives expression with a mastery of language and a power of turning philosophy into poetry never before approached. But action, sympathy with action, the power of painting action, of creating active characters are comparatively wanting in him. No discriminating admirer claims for him epic or dramatic greatness. Of the *Idylls of the King* Mr. Forman himself says "they are full of beauties in their own peculiar manner of workmanship; fine ideas abound throughout them; the music of words is heard through their varying pages in many a perfect lyric; and they possess numerous passages which for weight of thought weightily set forth, have long ago passed into the permanent station of household words. In fine, the stock of the English tongue and the tone of the English mind cannot fail to benefit from them. But the men and women — do they individually and collectively stand carved in the heart as well as shaped in the mind? Does one feel towards them as towards brothers and sisters, whether in misery or in triumph? To me they have always on the whole presented a certain remoteness totally unconnected with the remoteness of the times: they seem too evidently to be moved by an external hand holding with a somewhat painful anxiety all their threads rather than by inner deep-down impulses such as would lead us to lay heart to heart with them and share in the burden of their woe or joy in the brightness of their joy." The pathos of the Idylls is in fine as Mr. Forman says, "a lyric not a dramatic pathos." The character presented in *Maud* is evidently identical with the character presented in *Locksley Hall:* so far as we know, it is the only distinct and really living character presented in Tennyson's poems, such characters as those of *Simeon Stylites*, *Sir Galahad*, *St. Agnes* being merely historical generalities. The natural inference seems to be that this single character is drawn from consciousness rather than dramatically created. It is the character of a man of high intellect and exquisite sensibility keenly alive to all impressions, greatly dependent on the world without him for happiness, and apt to fall into a cynical mood when the happiness is not afforded. Scarcely indeed would it be possible for even an ideal world to satisfy a nature endowed with capacities so vast of pleasure and pain. The influence of such a character combined with our sceptical philosophy seems very often to be present in Tennyson's poems. Hardly anywhere is action or effort of any kind painted with the self-abandoning zest of one who heartily enters into it. The force of circumstances, the intellectual circumstances of the time included, predominates over that of free will. The meditated suicide in *The Two Voices* is arrested not by a moral effort but by an external impression, the sound of the church bells and the sight of happy people going to church. Mr. Forman says of Tennyson's *Ulysses* that "it is not the traits distinctive of the Greek which go to the heart of the modern Englishman but the sense of a struggling, energetic, undaunted hardihood of human endeavour as vital now as then." We have conceived a high respect for Mr. Forman's critical authority, but we confess that to us there has always seemed to be a strong contrast in this very respect between the Homeric *Ulysses*, a man of action and of definite purpose, striving vigorously through all his involuntary wanderings to regain his own home and that of his companions, and the *Ulysses* of Tennyson, who is "a hungry heart," roaming aimlessly to "lands beyond the sunset" in the vague hope of being washed down by the gulf to the happy isles, and dragging his poor homesick sailors with him. "Roaming" we said: we should rather have said intending to roam, but standing for ever a listless and melancholy figure on the shore. King Arthur leaves us, floats away over the lake in his mystic barge, and with him action departs. Perhaps one day he may return, and the time for action may

return with him. Meantime we sit down in the twilight on the lake shore. In the speculative sphere, reign doubt and the luxury of doubt. If there is little genuine sympathy with the effort which results in action there is as little with the effort which results in conviction. That which is amiss in the world is left to unriddle itself bye-and-bye. Death, not reason, keeps the keys of all the creeds. At the end of *The Vision of Sin*, when we are brought face to face with the difficult question, God spares us the trouble of attempting to solve it by "making Himself an awful rose of dawn"—words almost ludicrously emblematic of that philosophic mood of pensive expectancy from which the philosophy of Tennyson's poems springs, and which his surpassing genius has probably done not a little to propagate among young men of intellect. Wordsworth's *Happy Warrior* has really far more of stimulus to action in it than the war passage in *Maud*, though the force is latent in perfect gentleness. Compare again Wordsworth's description of a perfect woman, merely in a moral point of view (for the lines though beautiful are defective in art) with the women of Tennyson's poems. Tennyson's women, with exquisite poetic grace, are fit denizens for moated granges, fit companions perhaps for a pensive twilight stroll, hardly fit denizens of a work-day home or fit companions for a working life. The type of them is Margaret, whose own sister is the "mystery of mysteries, faintly smiling Adeline." One cannot imagine these beings moving about a house. Isabel indeed is set before us as the perfect wife, but she is only a beautiful statue with the emblems of marriage at her side. She is truly symbolized by "the mellow reflex of a winter moon," as cold, as visionary, as motionless. The chief function of woman seems to be that of casting out the demon of hypocondria from the breast of the solitary and relieving him of the melancholy which flows to him from all things round him—from his home and history, from nature, from philosophy, from science. Women are the countercharms of space and hollow sky. Marriage itself though extolled as the gate of virtue and happiness in terms which would satisfy the most ardent preacher of matrimony, seems to lead not from listlessness to activity, but from a sad dream into a happy one. In *The Miller's Daughter* we see the visionary and his wife leading the life of lotus eaters. Even children would bore them. They have had one child which has died, and become a pensive reminiscence adding the luxury of melancholy to their happy thoughts, as they sit at evening looking into each other's eyes or wander out to see the sunset.

We are not speaking of the general merits of Tennyson's poetry. If we were we should echo the well chosen words of Mr. Forman, not excepting the epithet, "first and greatest of writers in verbal mosaic." Nor, are we speaking of Tennyson as a man in any invidious sense. He has of course himself acted on the greatest scale and in the way assigned by nature to his genius in producing a glorious body of poetry. We are speaking only of a certain ethical tendency in his poems and of their possible effect, as regards ordinary words, in indisposing to strenuous action, and at the same time disposing to occasional violence of sentiment like that expressed in the passage, poetically admirable no doubt, but in our eyes ethically and politically less admirable, which gave occasion to Mr. Forman's remarks and to our comment upon them.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PAST LIFE, By Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., D.C.L., President of the Royal Institution of Great Britain: Physician in Ordinary to the Queen. NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & Co.

Sir Henry Holland was bound to give us his "Recollections. He has had singular opportunities for making a note book. He is now eighty-three years old, entered the world with the French revolution, has attended six Prime Ministers, was on the field of Vittoria, and was sitting with Lincoln and Seward when news arrived of the battle of Chattanooga. Very early in life he got as a physician into good London practice, presenting almost a unique exception, so far as London doctors are concerned, to the rule that physicians begin to make their bread when they have no teeth left to eat it. His eminent social qualities, his urbanity of manner and the suavity of his temper, his union of general taste and cultivation with medical skill, gained for him at the same early age a permanent footing in the best, really the best, society. He had so firm a hold on the confidenee, and perhaps still more on the attachment of his patients, that he has been able through life to take an annual tour. He has thus been in a great many places. This is not of much importance, as all London, and all New York have now been in the same places. What is of more importance is that he has seen an immcnse number of eminent men and women, either professionally or socially; not a few of them round his own table at breakfast, than which he says "no meal is better fitted for social enjoyment, if not impaired by those *hesterna vitia* of the dinner table which so often sadden or unsettle the temper of the ensuing day"—or, we may add by having to go to your office afterwards. In these "Recollections" a perfect throng of notabilities pass over the scene; of the men and women of the last three-

quarters of a century hardly one is wanting except Napoleon I., whom few Englishmen had a chance of seeing. Most of them, it is true, do little more than pass over the scene. But sometimes we get more vividness and detail. Murat appears "tall and masculine in person; his features well formed, but expressing little beyond good nature and a rude energy, and consciousness of physical power; his black hair flowing in curls over his shoulders, his hat gorgeous with plumes, his whole dress carrying an air of masquerade, well picturing the ardent chief of cavalry in Napoleon's great campaigns." He was "resplendent on horseback" and dwarfed all his numerous suite in horsemanship as well as in person; yet Sir Henry saw him thrown from an English blood-mare, to his great disgust. Sir Henry once rode close to him at a review in a charge on a square of infantry, within which the Queen was placed, and noted his elation and eagerness even in that petty mimicry of fight. It is something to have been at the Court ball at Naples, when a vague rumour preluding a great event, ran through the room, and was followed by whisperings between the King and Queen, and then, the party having at once broken up, by the announcement that Napoleon had escaped from Elba. Of Madame de Stael, Sir Henry's opinion, delivered with all due urbanity and diffidence, is that "she would willingly have surrendered something of her intellectual fame for a little more of personal beauty." "She was ever curiously demonstrative of her arms, as the feature which best satisfied this aspiration. A slip of paper often in her hand and sedulously twisted during her eager conversation, might be a casual trick of habit, though there are some who give it a more malicious interpretation." Sir Henry retains strongly in memory the picture of a Spanish Bourbon group, the King, Charles IV., of Spain, his Queen, the Infante Don Paolo and Godoy—"the old king, bulky in body, vacant in face and mind, placidly indolent in his whole demeanour—the Queen, a woman whose countenance, voice and gesture might easily in older days, have condemned her as a witch. The Infante was an ill-fashioned youth, who laughed idiotically when his mother alluded to the wine-mark on his face, and Godoy (Prince of the Peace) the shadow of a handsome man; pleasing in manner and common conversation, but showing no other quality to justify the influence he so long retained in the government of Spain." Pretty free for a Court physician! Talleyrand rises, witty but not ethereal. "Wholly absorbed in the physical pleasure of eating, he spoke little during dinner, and little in the early stages of digestion. This devotion to the single real meal of the day he did not seek to disguise. Later in the evening his eloquence, if such it might be called, broke out, and more than once I have listened to him till midnight with unabated interest. His power of simple narration was extraordinary. It was a succession of salient pictures, never tedious from being kept too long before the eye, and coloured by an epigrammatic brevity, and felicity of language peculiar to himself." In a sketch which he gave of the French marshals, Talleyrand spoke with most respect of Marshal Mortier. His memoirs, when they come, will, perhaps, tell some truths about the whole set. The portrait of Lord Melbourne is pleasing, and we believe true, "A clear and masculine understanding lightened by great kindness of temper and genial humour vested itself in language of almost rustic plainness. There was something of the *abnormis sapiens* about him in his power of reaching sound conclusions which often sounded like maxims, from the terse simplicity of their expression. Singularly handsome in the best English type he was wholly without personal vanity. He attained and retained the foremost place in political life without ambition and without party animosity. Under the semblance of carelessness about men and things, and real carelessness as to what concerned himself personally, he was deeply conscientious in all that he deemed the interests of the country. Though he could joke about the making of Bishops, and complain in somewhat homely phrase (O courtly Sir Henry, *what was* the phrase?) of the trouble they gave him by dying, no subject, as I had frequent opportunity of knowing, occasioned him more earnest thought." If the "Gates Ajar" theory of our future life is true, it must have been a great gratification to the bishops in the other world to know that they had really given the liberal Prime Minister trouble by dying. The death of Lord Palmerston is "still so recent" (compared with the French Revolution) that Sir Henry hesitates to touch upon his name. We get, however, one or two interesting traits of him from the physician's point of view. "One of these, of which I had frequent professional knowledge, was his wonderful power of mastering, I might call it ignoring, bodily pain. I have seen him under a fit of gout which would have sent other men groaning to their couches, continue his work of writing or reading on public business almost without abatement, amidst the chaos of papers which covered the floor as well as the table of his room. As a patient he was never fretful, but obedient in every way, except as to this very point. And here, indeed, though I at first remonstrated against these unusual labours during illness, I soon learned that such remonstrance was not only fruitless but injudicious. To Lord Palmerston work was itself a remedy. The labour he loved 'physiced pain.' No anodyne I could have prescribed would have been equally effectual in allaying it, or, as I may better say, in lessening that *sense* of

suffering which is always augmented by the attention of the mind directed to it." Protected partly by his character as a physician, one of the "sacred heralds" of humanity, Sir Henry ventured in his wanderings into some rather queer neighbourhoods, among others into the den of Ali Pasha, at Minerva. On two occasions he was near dangerously provoking the tiger. Once Ali sent for him to translate an intercepted despatch of great importance from the British Government to the Porte. Sir Henry honourably refused and the tiger showed his teeth, but did not bite. On the other occasion, a conversation on poisons "designedly but warily brought on by Ali," ended in his asking Sir Henry whether he knew of any poison which, put on the mouthpiece of a pipe, or given in ceffee might slowly and silently kill, leaving no note behind. Sir Henry answered like a loyal son of Æsculapius, and a true Briton—that as a physician he had studied how to save life, not to destroy it. The tiger's face showed that the answer was faithfully translated to him. "He quitted the subject abruptly, and never afterwards reverted to it."

The style of the "Recollections" is as distinctly impressed with the character of the Court physician as that of Louis XIV. is with the character of the great king. Its placid periods might almost soothe the gout of a patient of quality. But we wish Sir Henry would not lend the sanction of his cultivated taste to such a use of the participle as "*Though visiting* the place only once a year, it is pleasant to me to retain the old family farm in my own hands, *confessing* at the same time that my tastes and habits are little suited to the condition of a landed proprietor." We demur, also, to his introducing at Court such a *parvenu* as *anteceded* for *preceded*—"His death anteceded but a short time the events which have just hurried the second empire to its end."

Sir Henry has just finished his third reading of the Odyssey "under a feeling of augmented pleasure", and has passed on to the *Wasps* of Aristophanes. He still walks fast, feels an irresistible propensity to pass those before him in the street, and in going through a square, takes the diagonal, though often a dirty one, instead of the side-walk, When he ceases to take the diagonal he thinks that it will be a symptom of the approach of old age, for which he promises to make timely preparation in accordance with his favourite phrase of Juvenal, *intellecta senectus*. If any man ever had, he has had a happy life. He owes it partly to propitious circumstances, and to a healthy constitution, partly to that singular placidity of temper which enables him to say that in the whole course of his long professional life, not unmixed with more public occurrences, he has only once had a quarrel, and that not one of his own making. He is naturally ready to prescribe the same placidity for all patients whose disease is lack of happiness; but he should prescribe with it, and as a preparation for it, a good dose of early success.

JOURNAL OF THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK. Vol. I. No. 1. New York: Westerman and Co., 1871-72.

In earlier years the American Ethnological Society had its head quarters in New York, and did good service in the cause of science. Its transactions were specially enriched by valuable philological and ethnological contributions from the pen of Mr. Albert Gallatin, which are still referred to with interest by modern students. But for many years its influence as a society has ceased to be felt; and now, at length, it has followed the example of the Ethnological Society of London,—against which, however, no such charge of inertness could be sustained,—and has merged into a new association of Anthropologists. At its head is the Hon. E. G. Squier, well-known as the author of various valuable and ingenious works, and with him are associated Dr. Davis, his co-labourer in the researches among the mounds of the Mississippi Valley; Dr J. C. Nott, one of the joint authors of "Indigenous Races of Mankind"; and others already well-known by their investigations in various departments of this new and popular science. The resuscitation of the old Ethnological Society, under new and energetic leaders, and with more comprehensive aims, cannot fail to be hailed with pleasure by all students of science.

The first number of the Journal of the Anthropological Institute is occupied to a considerable extent with borrowed materials; but its preliminary report indicates that the trenchant mode of scientific warfare for which its president is already noted, is not likely to fail in giving vitality to its pages. Reviewing the labours of their predecessors, Mr. Squier refers, with thinly disguised irony, to "those social entertainments, which have been very pleasant but somewhat expensive pendants to their meetings," and which wasted funds, that, properly expended, might have "advanced science, encouraged and brought new inquirers into our special field of research, besides exposing and suppressing imposture." For, as he tells us, "Anthropology is no longer hazy speculation; its area is no longer the waste field into which pretenders, half-schooled philosophers, vague theorists, and Jonathan Oldbucks of all sorts may shove their inconsequent rubbish;" and so he turns aside to have his fling at the American Antiquarian Society in this fashion: "An endowed institution, in nine cases out of ten, becomes a roost for owls and

a refuge for rats and bats. Look at that ancient society in another State, established, or rather buried, in a pleasant country town, with its fine buildings and splendid endowment! What has it done for antiquarian science during the last half-century?"

Somehow Anthropology has, during its very brief existence, proved itself a very belligerent science. The late Anthropological Society of London, which has recently been merged in the new Institute, could by no means be called a roost for owls. It rather resembled a bear-garden, in which half-schooled philosophers and vague theorists played fantastic enough tricks at times. It is evident that the amenities of American science are to be ministered in a somewhat Anthropological sense, under the new regime at New York. There will be no want of life, at any rate, and that is to be welcomed with all heartiness. If, indeed, the new Institute will resolutely employ the trenchant pugnacity already manifest in its inception, in putting down crude philosophers and vague theorists with their inconsequential rubbish; and, in lieu ot these, accumulate facts in physical anthropology, in archæology and philology, it will win credit to itself, and do a work of real service to American science.

Dr. M. Paul Broca's Parisian address on Anthropology, which has already done similar service in other Anthropological Journals, furnishes a useful *resumé* of aims and work in the selected field of research. Another selection from the "Journal of the Anthropological Society of Paris," entitled "Trepanning among the Incas," gives a very curious illustration of primitive American surgery. The operation of trepanning is as old as the days of Hippocrates; and then, as now, it was performed by means of a circular saw, through a rotatory motion, but Mr. Squier, who has devoted great attention to the antiquities of Peru, forwarded to M. Broca of Paris, a skull taken from an Inca cemetery in the valley of Yucay, on which the process of trepanning has been performed, apparently with a gouge or bronze graver, or, as Dr. Draper suggests, with a quartz knife. With the aid of some such rude surgical instrument, a rectangular portion of bone has been removed, with very nearly the same practical results as those produced by the circular trephines of the modern surgeon. A well-executed wood-cut furnishes a front view of the skull, and supplies an exceedingly interesting illustration of this novel disclosure of the independent civilization of the Incas.

Among the original papers, well illustrated with wood-engravings, may be noted, one on "Antiquities from the Guano Islands of Peru." These islands were frequented by the inhabitants of the adjacent coasts, long prior to the days of Columbus or Pizarro; and many aboriginal relics, of gold, silver, bronze, earthenware. &c., have been found, in the course of excavating the precious *huana*, as the Quicua designation is. Mr. Squier has brought together the most interesting accessible information on the subject, letting explorers and observers tell their own tales, as in the case of Mr. J. P. Davis, of Massachusetts, Government Engineer of Peru. His narrative is described by Mr. Squier as "perhaps the best, and only exact account of the discovery of relics in the *huana*." One of these is a wooden idol, a little over a foot high, representing a squatting female, "found on the South Guanape Island, at an elevation of about 450 feet above the sea, and on the edge of a precipice. . . . The idol," he adds, "is somewhat decayed;" as it well may be, from the further statement, made seemingly in all gravity, that it "has the appearance of having been carved about the time of the flood. It has a benignant countenance, an ample belly, and an atrocious smell."

Mr. Squier discusses the credibility of the various accounts, and discriminates between the various narrators; not hesitating to characterize one by name, as an impostor; and describing other accounts as too vague to be made the basis of rational speculation.

A paper, by Mr. J. W. Ward, on "Sculptured Rocks, Belmont Co., Ohio;" we recognize as one which has already appeared elsewhere. The sculptures are curious intaglio representations of human and animal footprints, which have been the subjects of extravagant description by previous writers. They are here well illustrated by means of wood-cuts, and their true value and significance discussed. A brief paper by Mr. C. C. Jones, on a canoe found in Savannah River Swamp, a few miles from the city of Savannah, discusses its age, and thus sums up the induction:—"All that we know is, that this Indian canoe is old—older than the barge which conveyed Oglethorpe up the Savannah, when he first selected the home of the Yamacraws as a site for the future commercial metropolis of the Colony of Georgia;—more ancient, probably, than the statelier craft which carried the fortunes of the discoverer of this Western Continent;"—in fact, quite as old, probably, as the *huana* idol "carved about the time of the flood."

The indefatigable president, Mr. Squier, completes the first instalment of "Anthropological Papers" with one on "The Arch in America;" for by the free—or, shall we say, the loose—interpretation of their title Anthropologists claim a right to absorb philology, ethnology, archæology, and we know not how many more ologies, within their domain. They are undisguised annexationists. In the case of their

late London confrères, indeed, gyneology, hagiology, martyrology, mythology and theology were all taken in hand, in such a slashing, buccaneering fashion,—and clergy in general, and missions and missionaries in particular were assailed with such indiscriminate pertinacity,—that sober inquirers after truth were scandalized, and hastened to withdraw from the combative arena of disputatious savans. We trust their American brethren will take warning by their experience. What is wanted at present, is a careful accumulation of accurate, well-authenticated facts. The vexed questions of the unity of the human race, the development theory, and all else, up to our supposed Ascidian ancestry, may safely be left to the eliminating development of time. We welcome the journal of the new Institute, and trust that by its judicious management, it may accumulate the materials on which, alone, any sound theories in reference to American Anthropology can be based; that it will deal temperately with the controversies hat are, we fear, inevitable; and modestly with the theories which our modern savans of the Anthropological type construct so admirably, after the model of an inverted pyramid; their basis an infinitesimal point, but crowned with a broad and ample summit, looming in the haze of its sublime altitude.

VOLTAIRE, by John Morley. London: Chapman and Hall.

Mr. Morley is unquestionably a power in the intellectual and moral world, at least in that part of it which does not altogether refuse to near the teaching of a very extreme liberal. His knowledge is great, his grasp of it firm, his style vigorous though peculiar, his moral judgment strong, and if often based on principles to which most people would not assent, always consistent with his principles and thoroughly honest. An extreme liberal he is and something more, especially in religious questions; but his literary sympathies are catholic and have embraced Burke as well as Voltaire. His present essay is one of great power and very instructive to the student of history. It throws much light on the nature and extent of the work done (for good or evil or for both) by Voltaire, and at the same time on the better parts of Voltaire's character, such as the sincere and energetic hatred of injustice which he manifested in the affair of Calas. At the same time it does not conceal either his personal weaknesses or those of his system. That the estimate should on the whole appear too high to an ordinary reader is perhaps the inevitable fate of any special treatise on the life of a man whom the writer believes on the whole to have rendered to humanity great services which have hitherto been misunderstood or imperfectly recognized. An historical name once prominently identified with a movement or a system is sure, in our present stage of historical philosophy, to bring with it an entangiement of feelings and prejudices from which even so independent a thinker as Mr. Morley cannot entirely shake himself free.

One passage in the essay has for us a peculiar and touching interest of its own. It is idle to hide from ourselves the sad fact that there are now in the world many men—even good and conscientious men—who have ceased to be satisfied not only with the evidences of Christianity but with the proofs of Natural Religion; and the terrible question thus practically arises what man can be—where he can find a rule of life or comfort in death—without a belief in God. So far as we know, the question is nowhere so frankly met as in these words:—

"Above all, it is monstrous to suppose that because a man does not accept your synthesis, he is therefore a being without a positive need of a coherent body of belief capable of guiding and inspiring conduct.

"There are new solutions for him if the old are fallen dumb. If he no longer believes death to be a stroke from the sword of God's justice but the leaden footfall of an inflexible law of matter; the humility of his awe is deepened, and the tenderness of his pity made holier, that creatures who can love so much should have their days so shut round with a wall of darkness. The purifying anguish of remorse will be stronger not weaker when he has trained himself to look upon every wrong in thought, every duty omitted from act, each infringement of the inner spiritual law which humanity is constantly perfecting for its own guidance and advantage, less as a breach of the decrees of an unseen tribunal, than as an ungrateful infection, weakening and corrupting the future of his brothers; and he will be less effectually raised from inmost prostration of soul by a doubtful subjective reconciliation, so meanly comfortable to his own individuality, than by hearing full in the ear the sound of the cry of humanity craving sleepless succour from her children. That swelling consciousness of height and freedom with which the old legends of an omnipotent divine majesty fill the breast, may still remain, for how shall the universe ever cease to be a sovereign wonder of overwhelming power and superhuman fixedness of law? And a man will be already in no mean paradise, if at the hour of sunset a good hope can fall upon him like harmonies of music, that the earth shall still be fair, and the happiness of every feeling creature still receive a constant augmentation, and

each good cause yet find worthy defenders when the memory of his own poor name and personality has long been blotted out of the brief recollection of men for ever."

That to a man of high intellect and one capable by his range of thought and knowledge of really taking in the idea and sentiment of humanity, such a substitute for religion and its hope, may be or appear satisfactory, we know from the case before us. But what will it be to the mass of mankind?

THE ABOMINATIONS OF MODERN SOCIETY. By Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, author of "Crumbs Swept Up," New York: Adams, Victor & Co.

It may have been a stroke of policy on the part of the writer of this book to select a title which, as it seems to promise leprous revelations, is likely to attract readers of the class for whose benefit the book is designed. No such revelations, however, will be found in the work. It is simply a series of vehement, and if vehemence of style is any proof of earnestness, earnest sermons against the vices of great cities in general, and of New York in particular. If we cannot quite endorse the statement in the preface that "the book is not more for men than for women," we may at least say that there is nothing in it which is not in spirit, and, as far as the subject will admit, in expression perfectly moral. Possibly such preaching may do good. But even those, who are least inclined to acquiesce in the debilitating theory that morality is entirely dependent on circumstances, have begun to be aware that to alter the conduct of large masses of men it is necessary to alter the conditions under which they live. From Tyre and Sidon to London and New York, great commercial cities have presented the same moral features; though at New York the case is aggravated by a constant influx of half-civilized immigration and by the unsettled and shifting character of the population generally, which is adverse to the steady influence of a wholesome public opinion. A great aggregation of young men as clerks, without homes, and in the midst of all the temptations of a great city, is almost as certain to lead to vice as the liquor which they drink is to produce intoxication. Mr. Talmage is no doubt right in designating the winter nights as the trying season for most young men; not that young men are more immorally disposed between the autumnal and the vernal equinox, but that in the winter nights the want of amusement is most felt and the sense of loneliness is most oppressive. This source of evil is augmented in the United States by the increasing tendency of American youth to desert farming for city pursuits, which is altogether one of the great social and economical dangers of the United States. The special evil denounced by Mr. Talmage, under the name of "The Power of Clothes," that is social extravagance, with its attendant vices and meannesses, may be in some degree mitigated by the events which, though in themselves calamitous, have a tendency to diminish the social influence of Paris, which New York has hitherto servilely copied in its extravagance and vices. The fall of the Ring may also check the propensities which lead to swindling under various names and in various degrees of turpitude; at least if condign personal punishment is inflicted on the malefactors, for their political discomfiture and the loss of a portion of their immense booty would be insufficient to counteract in the minds of greedy and unscrupulous youth the influence of their dazzling example.

We trust we shall not aggravate any international difficulty by mentioning that Mr. Talmage's style is American. Instead of saying that, if anything in his book can do good, he will be glad that it was printed, he must say he will be glad "that the manuscript was caught up between the sharp teeth of the type;" and he abounds in such flowers as these:—"God once in a while hitches up the fiery team of vengeance and ploughs up the splendid libertinism, and we stand aghast"—"as the waters (of the Red Sea) whelm the pursuing foe, the swift-fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow"—"they call it Cognac or Hock, or Heidsick, or Schnapps, or Old Bourbon, or Brandy, or Champagne; but they tell not that in the ruddy glow there is the blood of sacrifice, and in its flash the eye of uncoiled adders, and in the foam the mouth-froth of eternal death." Without putting taste in the balance against morality, we must say that if Mr. Talmage were to teach the New York clerks to talk in this style, we should regard it as a serious set-off against any moral improvement which such tropes are likely to effect.

LITERARY NOTES.

The publishing world, necessarily, must have its agitations as well as the world of letters, of politics and of religion; and the conflicting elements in the various trade interests at stake are found no less to disturb the serenity of the publishing mind than the latest development theory exercises the scientific, or the boldest unbelief startles the religious intellect.

The innovation of publishing original novels at a price which will incite the reading public to purchase the work, rather than to borrow from the Lending Library, is the cause of commotion on the one side of the Atlantic, while the subject of international copyright is the exciting theme on the other. The opposing forces are now ranging themselves—the public interest and, perhaps, the mere desire for and *eclat* of innovation *versus* conventional custom and trade privilege in the one instance, and an author's interest and equities *versus* publishers' indifferentism and moral obliquity in the other. Whether reason and common sense in the case of the novel-publishing, and justice and right in the matter of copyright privileges will prevail, remains to be seen. Doubtless, however, the often illogical cry of the public interest will be found to do as much harm as have the selfishness and injustice of class interests.

But leaving the arena of strife, let us see what has been the harvest of peace, during the month, in the field of literature; and in Theology, the first department we shall take up, we find a continued tendency to widen the freedom of thought on religious subjects, and an increasing desire to pull up the stakes of settled belief. The Duke of Somerset, in his little *vade-mecum* of Rationalism, entitled "Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism," which has just been published simultaneously in England and the United States, affords ample illustration of this tendency. The work is a compact analysis of the learned doubt of the age; yet the attempt made in the volume to show the inconsistency of many of the doctrines of Christianity is coupled with the argument, as it is phrased, that one may still doubt dogmas of theology and remain a religious man. May it not, however, be asked: Is this mischieviously prevalent habit of doubt, so permeating all subjects, in science, letters, morals and religion, not "impelled more by the desire of the people's applause than the desire of the people's good"—as a writer has put it. We find also, a further repudiation of dogma, and a wider disbelief in "The Problem of the World and the Church re-considered in three letters to a friend by a Septuagenarian," recently published by the Messrs. Longman; and of the work we shall only express our surprise that a Septuagenarian should have found so little to believe and so little to hold fast to, as the result of his long lease of life.

In "The Sunday Afternoons," we have fifty-two brief sermons, from the pen of the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, of prime value as sound and eloquent expositions of Scripture. The second volume of Dr. Charles Hodge's "Systematic Theology," now ready, is an important contribution, in the departments of anthropology and soteriology, from the learned Princeton professor, most useful to students of theology. The first annual issue of "The Preacher's Lantern," edited by the Rev. E. Paxton Hood, supplies a mass of excellent and suggestive material invaluable to young ministers, and is of the same character and design as "The Pulpit Analyst," to which it is a successor. "Crumbs Swept Up," from the pen of the popular Brooklyn preacher, T. DeWitt Talmage, is a collection of Essays, rather sketchy in their character, but full of point and entertainment. In "The Culture of Pleasure, or the Enjoyment of Life in its Social and Religious Aspect," the reader will find an outline of the leading conditions of happiness, and an attempt made to show how true happiness may be found in the wise pursuit of pleasure. The author of "Quiet Hours," a thoughtful Congregational clergyman, the Rev. John Pulsford, affords us the delight of a further work from his pen, entitled "Christ and His Seed, central to all things." The volume comprises a series of expository discourses in St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, and will be found suggestive and stirring in its quaint, tender thought.

Turning to General Literature, which, from lack of space, is the only other department, this month, we can record the doings in, we meet with "Yesterdays with Authors," by Jas. T. Fields, the Boston publisher. The volume is a re-publication, with additions, of the *Atlantic Monthly* articles in the department of "Our whispering gallery," and is rich in many entertaining anecdotes and personal reminiscences of literary characters with whom the writer was on terms of friendship.

The new volume of Essays, entitled, "Character," by the author "Self Help," contains pleasant discussions on the influence of character, home power, companionship, example, &c., in Mr. Smiles' entertaining style. The work will be found a valuable incentive to the young. "Twenty Years Ago" is the title of the third issue in the series of "Books for girls," edited by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and is said to be the *bona fide* journal of an English girl in her teens, resident in Paris during the stirring scenes of the *coup d'état*. Mr. Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," embraces some brilliant sketches of life in the high elevations of the far west, and reveals in the writer, keen sympathies with nature and a lofty appreciation of its beauties. "The To-morrow of Death," from the French of Louis Figuier, is a natural step from the author's highly ideal representation of inanimate nature to animate life. Its speculations on man's future after death are curious and thoroughly French.

We close our brief notes by chronicling the appearance of two new novels reprinted, with permission of the authors, by Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto. These are "Wilfrid Cumbermede," by George Macdonald, and "Poor Miss Finch," by Wilkie Collins. Their manufacture, typographically, is highly creditable to home industry, and, we doubt not, to readers, they will be found sufficiently satisfying in all the elements of plot, sensation and absorbing interest.