

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. 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 scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé 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 numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- |                                     |   |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured covers /<br>Couverture de couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers damaged /<br>Couverture endommagée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers restored and/or laminated /<br>Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages restored and/or laminated /<br>Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Cover title missing /<br>Le titre de couverture manque  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /<br>Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured maps /<br>Cartes géographiques en couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages detached / Pages détachées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /<br>Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /<br>Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /<br>Qualité inégale de l'impression  |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /<br>Relié avec d'autres documents  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Includes supplementary materials /<br>Comprend du matériel supplémentaire   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Only edition available /<br>Seule édition disponible  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Blank leaves added during restorations may<br>appear within the text. Whenever possible, these<br>have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que<br>certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une<br>restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,<br>lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas<br>été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion<br>along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut<br>causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la<br>marge intérieure. |                                     |   |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /<br>Commentaires supplémentaires:  |                                     | Continuous pagination.  |

ROSE-BELFORD'S  
CANADIAN MONTHLY  
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JUNE, 1879.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER IX.

AMELIUS rose impulsively from his chair.

Mrs. Farnaby turned at the same moment, and signed to him to resume his seat. 'You have given me your promise,' she whispered. 'All I ask of you is to be silent.' She softly drew the key out of the door, and showed it to him. 'You can't get out,' she said—'unless you take the key from me by force!'

Whatever Amelius might think of the situation in which he now found himself, the one thing that he could honourably do was to say nothing, and submit to it. He remained quietly by the fire. No imaginable consideration (he mentally resolved) should induce him to consent to a second confidential interview in Mrs. Farnaby's room.

The servant opened the house-door. Regina's voice was heard in the hall.

'Has my aunt come in?'

'No, miss.'

'Have you heard nothing of her?'

'Nothing, miss.'

'Has Mr. Goldenheart been here?'

'No, miss.'

'Very extraordinary! What can have become of them, Cecilia?'

The voice of the other lady was heard in answer. 'We have probably missed them on leaving the concert-room. Don't alarm yourself, Regina. I must go back, under any circumstances; the carriage will be waiting for me. If I see anything of your aunt, I will say you are expecting her at home.'

'One moment, Cecilia! (Thomas, you needn't wait.) Is it really true that you don't like Mr. Goldenheart?'

'What! has it come to that, already? I'll try to like him, Regina. Good-bye again!'

The closing of the street-door told that the ladies had separated. The sound was followed, in another moment, by the opening and closing of the dining-room door. Mrs. Farnaby returned to her chair at the fire-place.

'Regina has gone into the dining-room to wait for us,' she said. 'I see you don't like your position here; and I won't keep you more than a few minutes longer. You are, of course, at a loss to understand what I was saying to you when the knock at the door interrupted us. Sit down again for five minutes; it fidgets me to see you standing there, looking at your boots. I told you I had one possible consolation still left. Judge for yourself what the hope of it is to me, when I own to you that I should long since have put an end to my life without it. Don't think I am talking nonsense; I mean what I say. It is one of my misfortunes that I have no religious scruples to restrain me. There was a time when I believed that religion might comfort me. I once opened my heart to a clergyman—a worthy person, who did his best to help me. All useless! My heart was too hard, I suppose. It doesn't matter—except to give you one more proof that I am thoroughly in earnest. Patience! patience! I am coming to the point. I asked you some odd questions, on the day when you first dined here. You have forgotten all about them of course?'

'I remember them perfectly well,' Amelius answered.

'You remember them? That looks as if you had thought about them afterwards. Come! tell me plainly, what did you think?'

Amelius told her plainly. She became more and more interested, more and more excited, as he went on.

'Quite right!' she exclaimed, starting to her feet and walking swiftly backwards and forwards in the room. 'There is a lost girl whom I want to find; and she is between sixteen and seventeen years old, as you thought. Mind! I have no reason—not the shadow of a reason—for believing that she is still a living creature. I have only my own stupid obstinate conviction; rooted here,' she pressed both hands fiercely on her heart, 'so

that nothing can tear it out of me! I have lived in that belief—O, don't ask me how long! it is so far, so miserably far to look back!' She stopped in the middle of the room. Her breath came and went in quick, heavy gasps; the first tears that had softened the hard wretchedness in her eyes rose in them now, and transfigured them with the divine beauty of maternal love. 'I won't distress you,' she said, stamping on the floor, as she struggled with the hysterical passion that was raging in her. 'Give me a minute, and I'll force it down again.'

She dropped into a chair, threw her arms heavily on the table, and laid her head on them. Amelius thought of the child's frock and cap hidden in the cabinet. All that was manly and noble in his nature felt for the unhappy woman, whose secret was dimly revealed to him now. The little selfish sense of annoyance at the awkward situation in which she had placed him, vanished to return no more. He approached her, and put his hand gently on her shoulder. 'I am truly sorry for you,' he said. 'Tell me how I can help you, and I will do it with all my heart.'

'Do you really mean that?' She roughly dashed the tears from her eyes, and rose as she put the question. Holding him with one hand, she parted the hair back from his forehead with the other. 'I must see your whole face,' she said—'your face will tell me. Yes; you do mean it. The world hasn't spoilt you yet. Do you believe in dreams?'

Amelius looked at her, startled by the sudden transition. She deliberately repeated her question.

'I ask you seriously,' she said; 'do you believe in dreams?'

Amelius answered seriously, on his side. 'I can't honestly say that I do.'

'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'like me. I don't believe in dreams, either—I wish I did! But it's not in me to believe in superstitions; I'm too hard—and I'm sorry for it. I have seen people

who were comforted by their superstitions; happy people, possessed of faith. Don't you even believe that dreams are sometimes fulfilled by chance?'

'Nobody can deny that,' Amelius replied; 'the instances of it are too many. But for one dream fulfilled by a coincidence, there are—'

'A hundred at least that are *not* fulfilled,' Mrs. Farnaby interposed. 'Very well. I calculate on that. See how little hope can live on? There is just the barest possibility that what I dreamed of you the other night may come to pass—and that one poor chance has encouraged me to take you into my confidence, and ask you to help me.'

This strange confession—this sad revelation of despair still unconsciously deceiving itself under the disguise of hope—only strengthened the compassionate sympathy which Amelius already felt for her. 'What did you dream about me?' he asked gently.

'It's nothing to tell,' she replied. 'I was in a room that was quite strange to me; and the door opened, and you came in leading a young girl by the hand. You said, "Be happy at last; here she is." My heart knew her instantly, though my eyes had never seen her since the first days of her life. And I woke myself, crying for joy. Wait! it's not all told yet. I went to sleep again, and dreamed it again, and woke, and lay awake for a while, and slept once more, and dreamed it for the third time. Ah, if I could only feel some people's confidence in three times! No; it produced an impression on me—and that was all. I got as far as thinking to myself, There is just a chance; I haven't a creature in the world to help me; I may as well speak to him. O, you needn't remind me that there is a rational explanation of my dream. I have read it all up in the Encyclopædia in the library. One of the ideas of wise men is that we think of something, consciously or unconsciously, in the day-

time, and then reproduce it in a dream. That's my case, I dare say. When you were first introduced to me, and when I heard where you had been brought up, I thought directly that *she* might have been one among the many forlorn creatures who have drifted to your community, and that I might find her through you. Say that thought went to my bed with me—and we have the explanation of my dream. Never mind! There is my one poor chance in a hundred still left. You will remember me, Amelius, if you *should* meet with her, won't you?'

The implied confession of her own intractable character, without religious faith to ennoble it, without even imagination to refine it—the unconscious disclosure of the one tender and loving instinct in her nature still piteously struggling for existence, with no sympathy to sustain it, with no light to guide it—would have touched the heart of any man not incurably depraved. Amelius spoke with the fervour of his young enthusiasm. 'I would go to the uttermost ends of the earth, if I thought I could do you any good. But, O, it sounds so hopeless?'

She shook her head, and smiled faintly.

'Don't say that! You are free, you have money, you will travel about in the world and amuse yourself. In a week you will see more than stay-at-home people see in a year. How do we know what the future has in store for us? I have my own idea. She may be lost in the labyrinth of London, or she may be hundreds and thousands of miles away. Amuse yourself, Amelius—amuse yourself. To-morrow, or ten years hence, you *might* meet with her!'

In sheer mercy to the poor creature, Amelius refused to encourage her delusion. 'Even supposing such a thing could happen,' he objected, 'how am I to know the lost girl? You can't describe her to me; you have not seen her since she was a child. Do you know anything of what happened at

the time—I mean at the time when she was lost?’

‘I know nothing.’

‘Absolutely, nothing?’

‘Absolutely, nothing.’

‘Have you never felt a suspicion of how it happened?’

Her face changed: she frowned as she looked at him. ‘Not till weeks and months had passed,’ she said, ‘not till it was too late. I was ill at the time. When my mind got clear again, I began to suspect one particular person—little by little, you know; noticing trifles, and thinking about them afterwards.’ She stopped, evidently restraining herself on the point of saying more.

Amelius tried to lead her on. ‘Did you suspect the person—?’ he began.

‘I suspected him of casting the child helpless on the world!’ Mrs. Farnaby interposed, with a sudden burst of fury. ‘Don’t ask me any more about it, or I shall break out and shock you!’ She clenched her fists as she said the words. ‘It’s well for that man,’ she muttered between her teeth, ‘that I have never got beyond suspecting, and never found out the truth! Why did you turn my mind that way? You shouldn’t have done it. Help me back again to what we were saying a minute ago. You made some objection; you said—?’

‘I said,’ Amelius reminded her, ‘that, even if I did meet with the missing girl, I couldn’t possibly know it. And I must say more than that—I don’t see how you yourself could be sure of recognising her if she stood before you this moment.’

He spoke very gently, fearing to irritate her. She showed no sign of irritation—she looked at him, and listened to him, attentively.

‘Are you setting a trap for me?’ she asked. ‘No!’ she cried, before Amelius could answer, ‘I am not mean enough to distrust you—I forgot myself. You have innocently said something that rankles in my mind. I can’t leave it where you have left it;

I don’t like to be told that I shouldn’t recognise her. Give me time to think. I must clear this up.’

She consulted her own thoughts, keeping her eyes fixed on Amelius.

‘I am going to speak plainly,’ she announced, with a sudden appearance of resolution. ‘Listen to this. When I banged to the door of that big cupboard of mine, it was because I didn’t want you to see something on the shelves. Did you see anything in spite of me?’

The question was not an easy one to answer. Amelius hesitated. Mrs. Farnaby insisted on a reply.

‘Did you see anything?’ she reiterated.

Amelius owned that he had seen something.

She turned away from him, and looking into the fire. Her firm full tones sank so low, when she spoke next, that he could barely hear them.

‘Was it something belonging to a child?’

‘Yes.’

‘Was it a baby’s frock and cap? Answer me. We have gone too far to go back. I don’t want apologies or explanations—I want, Yes or No.’

‘Yes.’

There was an interval of silence. She never moved; she still looked into the fire—looked as if all her past life was pictured there in the burning coals.

‘Do you despise me?’ she asked, at last, very quietly.

‘As God hears me, I am only sorry for you!’ Amelius answered.

Another woman would have melted into tears. This woman still looked into the fire—and that was all. ‘What a good fellow!’ she said to herself; ‘what a good fellow he is!’

There was another pause. She turned towards him again as abruptly as she turned away.

‘I had hoped to spare you, and to spare myself,’ she said. ‘If the miserable truth has come out, it is through no curiosity of yours, and (God knows!)

against every wish of mine. I don't know if you really felt like a friend towards me before—you must be my friend now. Don't speak! I know I can trust you. One last word, Amelius, about my lost child. You doubt whether I should recognise her, if she stood before me now. That might be quite true, if I had only my poor hopes and anxieties to guide me. But I have something else to guide me—and, after what has passed between us, you may as well know what it is: it might even, by accident, guide You. Don't alarm yourself; it's nothing distressing this time. How can I explain it?' she went on, pausing, and speaking in some perplexity to herself. 'It would be easier to show it—and why not?' She addressed herself to Amelius once more. 'I'm a strange creature,' she resumed. 'First, I worry you about my own affairs—then I puzzle you—then I make you sorry for me—and now (would you think it?) I am going to amuse you? Amelius, are you an admirer of pretty feet?'

Amelius had heard of men (in books) who had found reason to doubt whether their own ears were not deceiving them. For the first time, he began to understand those men, and to sympathise with them. He admitted, in a certain bewildered way, that he was an admirer of pretty feet—and waited for what was to come next.

'When a woman has a pretty hand,' Mrs. Farnaby proceeded, 'she is ready enough to show it. When she goes out to a ball, she favours you with a view of her bosom, and a part of her back. Now tell me! If there is no impropriety in a naked bosom—where is the impropriety in a naked foot?'

Amelius agreed, like a man in a dream. 'Where, indeed!' he remarked—and waited again for what was to come next.

'Look out of the window,' said Mrs. Farnaby.

Amelius obeyed. The window had been opened, for a few inches at the top, no doubt to ventilate the room.

The dull view of the courtyard was varied by the stables, at the farther end, and by the kitchen skylight rising in the middle of the open space. As Amelius looked out, he observed that some person at that moment in the kitchen required apparently a large supply of fresh air. The swinging window, on the side of the skylight which was nearest to him, was invisibly and noiselessly pulled open from below; the similar window, on the other side, being already wide open also. Judging by appearances, the inhabitants of the kitchen possessed a merit which is exceedingly rare among domestic servants—they understood the laws of ventilation, and appreciated the blessing of fresh air.

'That will do,' said Mrs. Farnaby. 'You can turn round now.'

Amelius turned. Mrs. Farnaby's boots and stockings were on the hearthrug, and one of Mrs. Farnaby's feet was placed, ready for inspection, on the chair which he had just left. 'Look at my right foot, first,' she said, speaking gravely and composedly in her ordinary tone.

It was well worth looking at—a foot equally beautiful in form and in colour: the instep arched and high, the ankle at once delicate and strong, the toes tinged with rose-colour at the tips. In brief, it was a foot to be photographed, to be cast in plaster, to be fondled and kissed. Amelius attempted to express his admiration, but was not allowed to get beyond the first two or three words. 'No,' Mrs. Farnaby explained, 'this is not vanity—simply information. You have seen my right foot; and you have noticed that there is nothing the matter with it. Very well. Now look at my left foot.'

She put her left foot up on the chair. 'Look between the third toe and the fourth,' she said.

Following his instructions, Amelius discovered that the beauty of the foot was spoiled, in this case, by a singular defect. The two toes were bound together by a flexible web, or mem-

brane, which held them to each other as high as the insertion of the nail on either side.

'Do you wonder,' Mrs. Farnaby asked, 'why I show you the fault in my foot? Amelius! my poor darling was born with my deformity—and I want you to know exactly what it is, because neither you nor I can say what reason for remembering it there may not be in the future.' She stopped, as if to give him an opportunity of speaking. A man shallow and flippant by nature might have seen the disclosure in a grotesque aspect. Amelius was sad and silent. 'I like you better and better,' she went on. 'You are not like the common run of men. Nine out of ten of them would have turned what I have just told you into a joke—nine out of ten would have said, "Am I to ask every girl I meet to show me her left foot!" You are above that; you understand me. Have I no means of recognising my own child now?'

She smiled, and took her foot off the chair—then, after a moment's thought, she pointed to it again.

'Keep this as strictly secret as you keep everything else,' she said. 'In the past days, when I used to employ people privately to help me to find her, it was my only defence against being imposed upon. Rogues and vagabonds thought of other marks and signs—but not one of them could guess at such a mark as *that*. Have you got your pocket-book, Amelius? In case we are separated at some later time, I want to write the name and address in it of a person whom we can trust. I persist, you see, in providing for the future. There's the one chance in a hundred that my dream may come true—and you have so many years before you, and so many girls to meet with in that time!'

She handed back the pocket-book, which Amelius had given to her, with a man's name and address inscribed on one of the blank leaves.

'He was my father's lawyer,' she

explained; 'and he and his son are both men to be trusted. Suppose I am ill, for instance—no, that's absurd; I never had a day's illness in my life. Suppose I am dead (killed perhaps by some accident, or perhaps by my own hand), the lawyers have my written instructions, in the case of my child being found. Then again—I am such an unaccountable woman—I may go away somewhere, all by myself. Never mind! The lawyers shall have my address, and my positive orders (though they keep it a secret from all the world besides) to tell it to *you*. I don't ask your pardon, Amelius, for troubling you. The chances are so terribly against me; it is all but impossible that I shall ever see you—as I saw you in my dream—coming into the room, leading my girl by the hand. Odd, isn't it? This is how I veer about between hope and despair. Well, it may amuse you to remember it, one of these days. Years hence, when I am at rest in mother earth, and when you are a middle-aged married man, you will tell your wife how strangely you once became the forlorn hope of the most wretched woman that ever lived—and you may say to each other, as you sit by your snug fireside, "Perhaps that poor lost daughter is still living somewhere, and wondering who her mother was." No! I won't let you see the tears in my eyes again—I'll let you go at last.'

She led the way to the door, and opened it.

'Good-bye, and thank you,' she said. 'I want to be left by myself, my dear, with that little frock and cap which you found out in spite of me. Go, and tell my niece it's all right—and don't be stupid enough to fall in love with a girl who has no love to give you in return.' She pushed Amelius into the Hall. 'Here he is, Regina!' she called out; 'I have done with him.'

Before Amelius could speak, she had shut herself into her room. He advanced along the hall, and met Regina at the door of the dining-room.

## CHAPTER X.

THE young lady spoke first. 'Mr Goldenheart,' she said, with the coldest possible politeness, 'perhaps you will be good enough to explain what this means?'

She turned back into the dining-room. Amelius followed her in silence. 'Here I am, in another scrape with a woman!' he thought to himself. 'Are men in general as unlucky as I am, I wonder?'

'You needn't close the door,' said Regina maliciously. 'Everybody in the house is welcome to hear what I have to say to you.'

Amelius made a mistake at the outset—he tried what a little humility would do to help him. There is probably no instance on record in which humility on the part of a man has ever really found its way to the indulgence of an irritated woman. The best and worst of them alike have at least one virtue in common—they secretly despise a man who is not bold enough to defend himself when they are angry with him.

'I hope I have not offended you?' Amelius ventured to say.

She tossed her head contemptuously. 'Oh, dear, no. I am not offended. Only a little surprised at your being so very ready to oblige my aunt.'

In the short experience of her which had fallen to the lot of Amelius, she had never looked so charmingly as she looked now. The nervous irritability under which she was suffering brightened her face with the animation which was wanting in it at ordinary times. Her soft brown eyes sparkled; her smooth dusky cheeks glowed with a warm red flush; her tall supple figure asserted its full dignity, robed in a superb dress of silken purple and black lace, which set off her personal attractions to the utmost advantage. She not only roused the admiration of Amelius—she uncon-

sciously gave him back the self-possession which he had, for the moment, completely lost. He was man enough to feel the humiliation of being despised by the one woman in the world whose love he longed to win; and he answered with a sudden firmness of tone and look that startled her.

'You had better speak more plainly still, Miss Regina,' he said. 'You may as well blame me at once for the misfortune of being a man.'

She drew back a step. 'I don't understand you,' she said.

'Do I owe no forbearance to a woman who asks a favour of me?' Amelius went on. 'If a man had asked me to steal into the house on tiptoe, I should have said—well! I should have said something I had better not repeat. If a man had stood between me and the door, when you came back, I should have taken him by the collar and pulled him out of my way. Could I do that, if you please, with Mrs. Farnaby?'

Regina saw the weak point of this defence with a woman's quickness of perception. 'I can't offer any opinion,' she said, 'especially when you lay all the blame on my aunt.'

Amelius opened his lips to protest—and thought better of it. He wisely went straight on with what he had still to say.

'If you will let me finish,' he resumed, 'you will understand me a little better than that. Whatever blame there may be, Miss Regina, I am quite ready to take on myself. I merely wanted to remind you that I was put in an awkward position, and that I couldn't civilly find a way out of it. As for your aunt, I will only say this: I know of hardly any sacrifice that I would not submit to, if I could be of the smallest service to her. After what I heard, while I was in her room—'

Regina interrupted him at that point. 'I suppose it's a secret between you,' she said.

'Yes, it's a secret,' Amelius proceeded, 'as you say. But one thing I



may tell you, without breaking my promise. Mrs. Farnaby has—well! has filled me with kindly feeling towards her. She has a claim, poor soul, to my truest sympathy. And I shall remember her claim. And I shall be faithful to what I feel towards her as long as I live!

It was not very elegantly expressed; but the tone was the tone of true feeling: his voice trembled, his colour rose. He stood before her, speaking with perfect simplicity straight from his heart—and the woman's heart felt it instantly. This was the man whose ridicule she had dreaded, if her aunt's rash confidence struck him in an absurd light! She sat down in silence, with a grave, sad face; reproaching herself for the wrong which her too-ready distrust had inflicted on him; longing to ask his pardon, and yet hesitating to say the simple words.

He approached her chair, and, placing his hand on the back of it, said gently, 'Do you think a little better of me now?'

She had taken off her gloves: she silently folded and refolded them in her lap.

'Your good opinion is very precious to me,' Amelius pleaded, bending a little nearer to her. 'I can't tell you how sorry I should be—' He stopped, and put it more strongly. 'I shall never have courage to enter the house again, if I have made you think meanly of me.'

A woman who cared nothing for him would have easily answered this. The calm heart of Regina began to flutter: something warned her not to trust herself to speak. Little as he suspected it, Amelius had troubled the tranquil temperament of this woman. He had found his way to those secret reserves of tenderness—placid and deep—of which she was hardly conscious herself, until his influence had enlightened her. She was afraid to look up at him; her eyes would have told him the truth. She lifted her long, finely-shaped, dusky hand,

and offered it to him as the best answer that she could make.

Amelius took it, looked at it, and ventured on his first familiarity with her—he kissed it. She only said, 'Don't!' very faintly.

'The Queen would let me kiss her hand, if I went to Court,' Amelius reminded her, with a pleasant inner conviction of his wonderful readiness at finding an excuse.

She smiled in spite of herself. 'Would the Queen let you hold it?' she said, gently releasing her hand, and looking at him as she drew it away. The peace was made, without another word of explanation. Amelius took a chair at her side. 'I am quite happy, now you have forgiven me,' he said. 'You don't know how I admire you—and how anxious I am to please you, if I only knew how!'

He drew his chair a little nearer; his eyes told her plainly that his language would soon become warmer still, if she gave him the smallest encouragement. This was one reason for changing the subject. But there was another reason, more cogent still. Her first painful sense of having treated him unjustly had ceased to make itself keenly felt; the lower emotions had their opportunity of asserting themselves. Curiosity, irresistible curiosity, took possession of her mind, and urged her to penetrate the mystery of the interview between Amelius and her aunt.

'Will you think me very indiscreet,' she began, slyly, 'if I make a little confession to you?'

Amelius was only too eager to hear the confession; it would pave the way for something of the same sort on his part.

'I understand my aunt's pretence for taking you out of the concert-room,' Regina proceeded. 'But what astonishes me is that she should have admitted you to her confidence after so short an acquaintance. You are still—what shall I say?—you are still a new friend of ours.'

'How long will it be before I become an old friend?' Amelius asked. 'I mean,' he added, with artful emphasis, 'an old friend of *yours*?'

Regina quietly passed the question over without notice. 'I am Mrs. Farnaby's adopted daughter,' she proceeded. 'I have been with her since I was a little girl—and yet she has never told me any of her secrets. Pray don't suppose that I am tempting you to break faith with my aunt! I am quite incapable of such conduct as that.'

Amelius saw his way to a thoroughly commonplace compliment, which possessed the charm of complete novelty so far as his experience was concerned. He would actually have told her that she was incapable of doing anything which was not perfectly becoming to a charming person, if she had only given him time! She was too eager in the pursuit of her own object to give him time. 'I *should* like to know,' she went on, 'whether my aunt has been influenced in any way by a dream that she had about you.'

Amelius started. 'Has she told you of her dream?' he asked, with some appearance of alarm.

Regina blushed and hesitated. 'My room is next to my aunt's,' she explained. 'We keep the door between us open. I am often in and out when she is disturbed in her sleep. She was talking in her sleep, and I heard your name—nothing more. Perhaps I ought not to have mentioned it? Perhaps I ought not to expect you to answer me?'

'There is no harm in my answering you,' said Amelius. 'The dream really had something to do with her trusting me. You may not think quite so unfavourably of her conduct now you know that.'

'It doesn't matter what I think,' Regina replied, a little constrainedly. 'If my aunt's secrets have interested you—what right have I to object? I am sure I shall say nothing. Though

I am not in my aunt's confidence, or in your confidence, you will find that I can keep a secret.'

She folded up her gloves for the twentieth time at least, and gave Amelius his opportunity of retiring by rising from her chair. He made a last effort to recover the ground he had lost, without betraying Mrs. Farnaby's trust in him.

'I am sure you can keep a secret,' he said. 'I should like to give you one of my secrets to keep—only I mustn't take the liberty, I suppose, just yet?'

She knew perfectly well what he wanted to say. Her heart began to quicken its beat. She was at a loss how to answer. After an awkward silence, she made a polite attempt to dismiss him. 'Don't let me detain you,' she said, 'if you have any engagement.'

Amelius silently looked round him for his hat. On a table behind him a monthly magazine lay open, exhibiting one of those melancholy modern 'illustrations' which present the English art of our day in its laziest and lowest state of degradation. A vacuous young giant, in flowing trousers, stood in a garden, and stared at a plump young giantess with enormous eyes and rotund hips, vacantly boring holes in the grass with the point of her parasol. Perfectly incapable of explaining itself, this imbecile production put its trust in the printer, whose charitable types helped it, at the bottom of the page, with the title of 'Love at First Sight.' On those remarkable words Amelius seized, with the desperation of the drowning man catching at the proverbial straw. They offered him a chance of pleading his cause, this time, with a happy indirectness of allusion at which not even a young lady's susceptibility could take offence.

'Do you believe in that?' he said, pointing to the illustration.

Regina declined to understand him, 'In what?' she asked.

'In love at First Sight.'

It would be speaking with inexcusable rudeness to say plainly that she told him a lie. Let the milder form of expression be, that she modestly concealed the truth. 'I don't know anything about it,' she said.

'I do,' Amelius remarked smartly.

She persisted in looking at the illustration. Was there an infection of imbecility in that fatal work? She was too simple to understand him, even yet! 'You do—what?' she inquired innocently.

'I know what love at first sight is,' Amelius burst out.

Regina turned over the leaves of the Magazine. 'Ah,' she said, 'you have read the story.'

'I haven't read the story,' Amelius answered. 'I know what I felt myself—on being introduced to a young lady.'

She looked up at him with a smile. 'A young lady in America?' she asked.

'In England, Miss Regina.' He tried to take her hand—but she was too quick for him. 'In London,' he went on, drifting back into his customary plainness of speech. 'In this very street,' he resumed; seizing her hand before she was aware of him. Too much bewildered to know what else to do, Regina took refuge desperately in shaking hands with him. 'Good-bye, Mr. Goldenheart,' she said, giving him his dismissal for the second time.

Amelius submitted to his fate; there was something in her eyes which warned him that he had ventured far enough for that day.

'May I call again soon?' he asked piteously.

'No!' answered a voice at the door which they both recognised—the voice of Mrs. Farnaby.

'Yes!' Regina whispered to him, as her aunt entered the room. Mrs. Farnaby's interference (following on the earlier events of the day) had touched the young lady's usually plac-

able temper in a tender place—and Amelius reaped the benefit of it.

Mrs. Farnaby walked straight up to him, put her hand in his arm, and led him into the hall.

'I had my suspicions,' she said 'and I find they have not misled me. Twice already, I have warned you to let my niece alone. For the third and last time, I tell you that she is as cold as ice. She will trifle with you as long as it flatters her vanity; and she will throw you over, as she has thrown other men over. Have your fling, you foolish fellow, before you marry anybody. Pay no more visits to this house, unless they are visits to me. I shall expect to hear from you.' She paused, and pointed to a statue which was one of the ornaments in the hall. 'Look at that bronze woman with the clock in her hand. That's Regina. Be off with you—good-bye!'

Amelius found himself in the street. Regina was looking out at the dining-room window. He kissed his hand to her: she smiled and bowed. 'Damn the other men!' Amelius said to himself. 'I'll call on her to-morrow.'

## CHAPTER XI.

RETURNING to his hotel, he found three letters waiting for him on the sitting-room table.

The first letter that he opened was from his landlord, and contained his bill for the past week. As he looked at the sum-total, Amelius presented to perfection the aspect of a serious young man. He took pen, ink, and paper, and made some elaborate calculations. Money that he had too generously lent, or too freely given away, appeared in his statement of expenses, as well as money that he had spent on himself. The result may be plainly stated in his own words: 'Good-bye to the hotel; I must go into lodgings.'

Having arrived at this wise decision, he opened the second letter. It proved

to be written by the lawyers who had already communicated with him at Tadmor, on the subject of his inheritance. 'Dear Sir,—The enclosed, insufficiently addressed as you will perceive, only reached us this day. We beg to remain, &c.'

Amelius opened the letter enclosed, and turned to the signature for information. The name instantly took him back to the Community: the writer was Mellicent.

Her letter began abruptly, in these terms:

'Do you remember what I said to you when we parted at Tadmor? I said, "Be comforted, Amelius, the end is not yet." And I said again, "You will come back to me."

'I remind you of this, my friend—directing to your lawyers, whose names I remember when their letter to you was publicly read in the Common Room. Once or twice a year I shall continue to remind you of those parting words of mine: there will be a time perhaps when you will thank me for doing so.

'In the meanwhile, light your pipe with my letters; my letters don't matter. If I can comfort you, and reconcile you to your life—years hence, when you too, Amelius, may be one of the Fallen Leaves like me—then I shall not have lived and suffered in vain; my last days on earth will be the happiest days that I have ever seen.

'Be pleased not to answer these lines, or any other written words of mine that may follow, so long as you are prosperous and happy. With *that* part of your life I have nothing to do. You will find friends wherever you go—among the women especially. Your generous nature shows itself frankly in your face; your manly gentleness and sweetness speak in every tone of your voice; we poor women feel drawn towards you by an attraction which we are not able to resist. Have you fallen in love already with some beautiful English girl? O, be careful and prudent! Be sure, before you set

your heart on her, that she is worthy of you! So many women are cruel and deceitful. Some of them will make you believe you have won their love, when you have only flattered their vanity; and some are poor weak creatures whose minds are set on their own interests, and who may let bad advisers guide them, when you are not by. Take care, my friend—take care!

'I am living with my sister, at New York. The days and weeks glide by me quietly; you are in my thoughts and prayers—I have nothing to complain of, I wait and hope. When the time of my banishment from the Community has expired, I shall go back to Tadmor; and there you will find me, Amelius, the first to welcome you when your spirits are sinking under the burden of life, and your heart turns again to the friends of your early days.

'Good-bye, my dear—good-bye!'

Amelius laid the letter aside, touched and saddened by the artless devotion to him which it expressed. He was conscious also of a feeling of uneasy surprise, when he read the lines which referred to his possible entanglement with some beautiful English girl. Here (with widely different motives) was Mrs. Farnaby's warning repeated, by a stranger writing from another quarter of the globe! It was an odd coincidence, to say the least of it. After thinking for a while, he turned abruptly to the third letter that was waiting for him. He was not at ease, his mind felt the need of relief.

The third letter was from Rufus Dingwell; announcing the close of his tour in Ireland, and his intention of shortly joining Amelius in London. The excellent American expressed, with his customary absence of reserve, his fervent admiration of Irish hospitality, Irish beauty, and Irish whisky. 'Green Erin wants but one thing more,' Rufus predicted, 'to be a Paradise on earth—it wants the day to come when we shall send an American

minister to the Irish Republic.' Laughing over this quaint outbreak, Amelius turned from the first page to the second. As his eyes fell on the next paragraph, a sudden change passed over him; he let the letter drop on the floor.

'One last word' (the American wrote) 'about that nice long bright letter of yours. I have read it with strict attention, and thought over it considerably afterwards. Don't be riled, friend Amelius, if I tell you in plain words, that your account of the Farnabys doesn't make me happy—quite the contrary, I do assure you.

My back is set up, sir, against that family. You do well to drop them; and, above all things, mind what you are about with the brown Miss, who has found her way to your favourable opinion in such an almighty hurry. Do me a favour, my good boy. Just wait till I have seen her, will you?'

Mrs. Farnaby, Mellicent, Rufus—all three strangers to each other; and all three agreed nevertheless in trying to part him from the beautiful young Englishwoman! 'I don't care,' Amelius said to himself; 'I'll marry Regina, if she will have me!'

(To be continued.)

---

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEA.

A WORD went forth upon the morning wind,  
 Melodious falling on the dewy air,  
 As pure as early snowdrop, and as fair—  
 A benediction to our human kind.  
 Deep-sounding through the ages we shall find  
 This word bring consolation everywhere—  
 A subtle charm for sorrow or dull care:  
 The clouds become indeed all silver-lined!  
 Thrice blessèd be the zephyr that has brought  
 Such tidings from the far-off secret realm—  
 A message linking earth to heaven above.  
 Our life-ship cannot wreck with this sweet thought—  
 This gleaming talisman upon its helm:  
 O sweet and low the morning wind said—Love.

MONTREAL.

## DINNERS AND DINERS.

BY FREDERICK A. DIXON, OTTAWA.

‘TELL me what you eat and I will tell you what you are,’ says Brillat-Savarin—Counsellor in the French Court of Cassation in 1826, and notable for having written one of the best books of gastronomic gossip extant—and physiology more than bears him out, for, given the food, it is not impossible to tell what may be, to predicate the combination of animal tissue which that food will produce, and as the relationship between mind and body is very close, to draw no insecure conclusions as to mental powers and moral bent. Indeed one writer has gone so far as to propose a system of dieting our children so as to create in them the capacity for the life of the soldier, the statesman, or the poet, upon the principle exercised in the community of bees, where, by a certain judicious course of feeding, the eggs of commoners are made to develop into the full blown magnificence of the Queen. Certainly some constitutions, from perhaps hereditary causes, lend themselves more readily to the influences of food than others.

Savarin says:—‘The gourmands by predestination can be easily told. They have broad faces, sparkling eyes, small foreheads, short noses, full lips and round chins. The females are plump, pretty rather than handsome, with a tendency to embonpoint. It is under this exterior that the pleasantest guests are found. Those, on the contrary, to whom Nature has refused an aptitude for the enjoyments of taste have long faces, long noses, and large eyes—they have black and straight hair. It is they who invented trou-

sers. The women, whom nature has afflicted with the same misfortune, are angular, get tired at table, and live on tea and scandal.’

Though both Lord Byron and Goethe objected to seeing women eat, and the affectations of fashion for a long time made healthy appetite in the female a thing of shame, Monsieur Savarin thought differently, and says:—

‘The penchant of the fair sex for *gourmandise* has in it something of the nature of instinct, for *gourmandise* is favourable to beauty. A train of exact and rigid observations has demonstrated that a succulent, delicate and careful regimen repels to a distance and for a length of time the external appearances of old age. It gives more brilliancy to the eyes, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles, it keeps off wrinkles.’

If such be the results of judicious dining, how noble an art are we discussing. What honour is not due to cookery, what praise to cooks?

Voltaire declares that the fate of nations often depends on the good or bad digestion of a premier, and it appears to be well borne out by good authority that Napoleon, at the battle of Leipsic, was suffering so severely from indigestion, caused by a hurriedly bolted dinner of roast leg of mutton, that he could not command his tactical powers, and so lost the day. History shows that it is expedient that its makers should dine well.

But the history of cookery carries with it morals for nations as well as for individuals. Victory over the

luxurious on the part of the simple has always been injurious to the victors. To go back no further, the conquest of Asia brought about the destruction of the Roman empire, and a nation of hardy warriors grew to be a nation of effeminate voluptuous sots and sensualists, whom the northern hordes which swept down upon them found no difficulty in mastering. When Charles VIII. overran Italy and stripped Florence, fighting his way successfully back to France, he carried with him seeds of national ruin in the shape of Italian cooks and a taste for the elegant refinements of Italian cookery. This taste culminated in the frightful excesses of the thoughtless and spendthrift courts of Louis Quatorze, Louis Quinze, and Louis Seize, and a certain unamiable convention of which Robespierre, Danton and Marat were the heads, when that dexterous damsel, "La Guillotine," took from aristocratic mouths for ever the possibility of tasting the delights of *filet de poulet à la Pompadour*.

When Adam delved and Eve span—to go back to purely primitive times—it was probably a matter of great indifference to the worthy pair whether their salad had the proper dressing or not. No Chevalier d'Aubigné had at that time risen to show them how to mix a salad; and it is to be feared that the 80,000 francs that good gentleman made by his talents as salad maker would never have come to him had he lived in the garden of Eden. Then, and for long after that unfortunate little affair with the apple, they had not learned to *dine*. They only fed. Man, and woman too, probably had a palate, but did not know it. Still, nevertheless, on went its cultivation, slowly but surely, through the savoury stew of kid's flesh and the lumps of flattened dough, baked in the ashes, which served prince and people in the days of the patriarchs;—through the grand orgies of the Assyrian, Egyptian and Persian courts, onward to the zenith of its cultivation, which,

after long years, should be reached at a kingly table in giddy, greedy, gourmandizing France.

But of all this, of the glorious feasting of Sardanapalus, of the Kings of Tyre and Sidon, of the banquets of Darius and the 10,000 guests whom Alexander the Great feasted in silver chairs—there is no time now to speak; still the mighty halls of the Pharaohs saw mighty banquetings, and the creators of the Temple of Isis and the Eleusinean mysteries were, no doubt, worthy progenitors of the monastic houses whose good cheer rejoiced later days.

Let us take up the thread of this history of aristology—no bad name for the science, by the way—at the point where gluttony and *gourmandise* had preeminently become a vice amongst the heads of a great people, and stretching down into its very heart had fitted it for its decay—the period of Rome's greatest wealth and luxury—the period about the first century of the Christian era.

These were palmy days for cooks, and a great part of the mercantile world was taken up with the operations of supplying the complex requirements of the kitchen. They were learned fellows, too, and authors, and it is a pity that their complex works have only come down to us in the fragments quoted by that wonderful gossip about the ancient table—Athenæus in 170 B. C. The Greek bakers, following in the wake of the victorious armies of the Republic on their return from Macedonia, revolutionized the simple tastes of the Romans, and with their seventy-two different compositions of bread, showed the conquerors of the world the road to a new conquest—they marched along it like heroes, and Rome learned to dine. It would be impossible here to do more than simply suggest to the mind the lavish extravagance of the Roman dinner of its palmy days—the perfection of the art of cookery—the devotion of its votaries—the ability of its priests. A

banquet was given by an eminent Roman citizen of immense wealth to the great Cicero, and the dish of the evening was borne in on the shoulders of four Ethiopians. It was an enormous wild boar standing upright and surrounded by small boars which were probably made in pastry. This being skilfully opened disclosed a second entrée animal of another kind, in this there was a third, and so on till at the very last a delicious little fig-pecker terminated the list. After this all the *bons vivants* of Rome were keen to produce something better, and while some would cause no less than eight wild boars to appear at once, a certain Macedonian leaped with a bound into predominance—he invited twenty guests to his wedding, and there were twenty wild boars served up at the banquet. Suetonius tells us that the Emperor Claudius had generally 600 guests at his table, and that Vitellius spent not less than £3,200 sterling on each of his repasts, and employed vessels unceasingly to ply between the Gulf of Venice and the Straits of Cadiz. He composed a single dish which cost 1,000 sestertii, about \$40,000; brains of pheasants and peacocks, tongues of nightingales, and livers of the rarest fish were its constituents. He once entertained his brother on 7,000 birds and 2,000 fish. His culinary expenses for four months amounted to some \$25,000,000. Heliogabalus, the epicure, had a weakness for a dish composed of the brains of 600 thrushes, and it was considered a mark of the highest good taste to bring on the table those birds which in life had been taught to sing and speak. Such a dish brought the happy inventor the sum of \$15,000 from the royal hand of Tiberius—but wilful waste was the order of that day. The world was ransacked for dainties. Kids from Melos; congers from Sicyon; whiting from Megara; eels from Lake Copais; the apples of Eubœa; dates of Phœnicia and Egypt; quinces from Corinth; the almonds of Naxos; peacocks

from Samos; chickens from Phrygia; oysters from Tarentum and Britain, while Spain and even Germany contributed their share of dainties. Vegetables and fruits were carefully cultivated for the Roman tables, and when a head of asparagus could be grown of three pounds weight, there was not much pity needed for the epicures of that day. The cucumber, vain object of Israelitish pinings in the desert, was in general use, and most of our present kitchen garden stuff was represented at the Roman table. Raised to divine honours by the Egyptians, cabbage was a highly appreciated vegetable amongst both Romans and Greeks, and learned philosophers thought it worth while to write books in explanation of its virtues, and the least of these was its supposed power of warding off drunkenness. Strange to say, the artichoke, though it grew wild all over the hills of Greece, Asia, and Egypt, for a long time awaited recognition, and the poor, and the asses, were its happy sole consumers. Palestine soup had not then been invented. Bœotia raised so fine a breed of ducks that all Greece sent to that fortunate province. In fact Bœotia supplied far more than she reared; strange to say, a similar marvellous increase takes place with the wines of champagne at the present day. How much 'old gooseberry,' there was in the Roman duck market, Roman poulterers alone knew. Geese were valued then, as now, chiefly for their livers, and twenty days feeding on figs and water produced a two pound liver, which Strasbourg might envy.

Highly prized, too, amongst birds was the pigeon, whose moral virtues, charms and graces, though they caused it to be consecrated to divinity and to be adopted as Venus' own bird, could not out-weigh the delicacy of its flesh in the greedy eyes of the epicure, or save it from the spit or pie. A pair of common birds did not cost less than three dollars of our money, and the finest would fetch in the market twen-



ty dollars; indeed, a certain Roman knight sold a particularly fine brace for a sum equal to thirty-two dollars (4,000 sesterces).

A noted *gourmand* once said that it took two to eat a stuffed turkey—himself and the turkey; but that pitch of enthusiasm was not arrived at in Greece or Rome till long after the introduction of the bird, when it was long looked upon as a curiosity. Indeed, its charms in later days received but tardy recognition, for the wedding dinner of Charles IX. introduced it to France, and only in 1525 did Henry VIII. make its acquaintance, whilst English boards enjoyed a new gastronomic pleasure.

The glories of the peacock's plumage, if not its somewhat coarse flesh, brought that bird from its native India, to grace with gilded beak and jaws, and the wide-spread brilliancy of its hundred-eyed tail, the tables of the luxurious wealthy in old Rome.

Though good honest roast beef—roast, never boiled—appears to have been the creator of sinews and muscles for the heroes of the Iliad, as for our own sturdy yeomen in the days of 'Bluff King Hal' or 'Good Queen Bess,' the ox was not greatly favoured by the luxurious amongst the ancients as an article of food; and though eaten, it was generally in simple form—the meat not readily lending itself to those delicate transformations which are the delight of cooks. With veal it was otherwise, and in various forms it was much patronized by the kitchen.

But chiefest of their meats was pork. Scorned as food by the Egyptians, religiously shunned by the Jews, reserved by the Cyprians to grace the altars of Venus, and honoured by the Cretans, the pig found appreciation at the hands of the Greek and Roman cooks, which has never since ceased. They recognise fifty distinct flavours in its flesh, and no banquet was complete without pork in some of its endless forms. Monstrous pigs came from the sequestered valleys of Arcadia;

but happy Macedonia used to provide, for about sixty-four pounds sterling, a pig four feet seven in height and not less in length. How the rest of Greece envied her! Westphalia hams were then, as now, famous, but the Sardinian was preferred by epicures. From highest to lowest this was the staple article of food, and while the common people devoured pork, cabbage and hot water at all the eating houses, the pig of Troy, as it was called—that is a pig stuffed with all manner of other meats, after the fashion of the famous Trojan horse, or the animal ingeniously roasted on one side and boiled on the other—adorned the banquets of the great.

The dinner fun of the day was something of the rudest.

Helioabalus had his couches stuffed with hares' down or partridge feathers, and many an odd meeting did those couches see. One day the guests would be eight bald men, on another eight gouty men, or eight very fat men, so squeezed together as they lay that they could not eat without most ridiculous efforts. Sometimes he would have his couches filled with air, and a tap being turned while the guests were busy eating and drinking, every one would suddenly roll on the floor, to their own consternation and the delight of the fat, stupid sot who played the part of host.

To him, however, is due the honour of inventing lotteries, which were so arranged that there were no blanks, all were prizes. One man would get a vase of immense value and his neighbour would be presented with a tooth-pick; to one guest would fall ten elephants magnificently caparisoned, and to another ten flies. These lotteries grew to be full of wit, and the fun they brought out was of course great.

What a dinner was that, of the free-and-easy sort, which Petronius describes as being given by Trimalchio, a vulgar rich man of voluptuous tastes. No better view can perhaps be given of the dinner manners of the

day than in a recital of the features of this entertainment. Olives, dormice stewed with honey and poppy seed, and hot sausages on a silver grid-iron opened the feast; and then, to the sound of music, a hen carved in wood appeared, and from under her wings the attendants drew eggs, the ordinary starting point of dinner, but no ordinary eggs, for each being opened with the spoons, which weighed half a pound, disclosed a delicious fat creccafice or fig-pecker, one of the fashionable surprises of the Roman cuisine. A silver skeleton with movable joints succeeded, and having amused the guests for a while was followed by the second course. This was a large circular tray with the signs of the zodiac represented on it, and each sign had its appropriate dish. On Arus, for example, ram's-head pies; on Sagittarius, a hare; on Aquarius, a goose; and on Pisces, two mullets. The upper part being removed by four slaves, dancing in to the sound of the music, disclosed a second tray containing fowls, parts of a sow, and in the middle a hare fitted with wings, to represent Pegasus. At the four corners stood figures spouting highly seasoned sauce upon various fish. Presently in came the carver, and began to cut up the different meats, keeping time, as a properly trained carver should do, with knife and legs to the music. Ordinary rich men might use perfumed waters to wash the fingers of their guests, but with Trimalchio wine was the liquid for lavation. Reclined on their couches supported by pillars and leaning on their left elbows the guests, when the keener edge has been taken off their appetites, fall to remarks about their vulgar but not ungenerous host, worthy of more recent days if not of higher cultivation. How he made his piles of money out of wool and bees, ships and slave-trading. How his servants are all afraid of him, and what a vulgar, chattering old magpie his wife is. It reads like a dinner

of the 19th century instead of the first. But now comes another surprise—a great noise is heard outside and in rushes a pack of Spartan hounds yelping and barking. These strange visitors accompany an enormous wild boar surrounded by little sweetmeat pigs, and a fresh carver enters—a big bearded fellow with a great hunting knife. A gash in the side of the animal lets loose a flock of fieldfares, who fly about the room until they are caught. The good wine, said to be Falernian a hundred years old, loosens all tongues and the chit chat becomes general. Friends living and friends dead are amusingly discussed. Politics and the decadence of the times come in for their share of consideration, and a hit or two at religion, especially in the observation of one, that 'now, we think no more of the gods than of mice,' tells a true tale of the popular feeling of the day. But the dinner is not half over. There is a flourish of music and three white hogs walk in with bells round their necks. One of these is selected and sent down into the kitchen to be dressed meanwhile Trimalchio entertains his guests with references to his vast wealth which would do credit to modern shoddy, and the strikers of 'Ile,' and 'big bonanzos.' Presently an enormous hog is brought to table and being opened is found to be stuffed with puddings and sausages. So charming a feature merits reward and the cook is accordingly presented with wine, a wreath of silver leaves, and a valuable drinking cup. And so the dinner goes on through exhibitions of acrobats and buffoons, recitations from Homer, drunken dances and coarse fun from host and guests. Down from the ceiling descends a great circle hung round with golden crowns and alabaster pots filled with perfumes to complete the decoration of the course of sweetmeats. The dinner being over, in comes the dessert—the first table being removed, and the floor strewed with powdered mica and sawdust dyed with crocus and vermilion. The dessert

comprises thrushes in pastry, stuffed with raisins and nuts, quinces made to resemble sea urchins, snails on a silver gridiron, and last a fat goose, surrounded by fish and fowl of all kinds, the whole being fictitious, and made out of the flesh of a hog. The servants are invited to share the feast with the guests and family. In a half maudling state Trimalchio calls for his will. Topsy tears are freely shed by every one, including himself. The guests now adjourn to enjoy a hot bath, and after a fine game of romps are conducted to another saloon, where the wife of the host has prepared a new repast. Here the cheerful consideration of his latter end comes again upon Trimalchio, who now thoroughly drunk, insists upon representing his own funeral. In the general row, which follows the city watchmen, thinking the place to be on fire, break in with axes and water, and the tortured guests take the opportunity to break out.

Such was probably no unusual form of the banquet amongst the rich. Greater refinement there no doubt was, but no less profusion. Need it be said that the cook was a person of consequence, and that his rewards were of the most substantial character. Cleopatra praised Antony's supper, and Antony immediately rewarded the master mind which had devised it—with a city; but when Hadrian could give an entertainment costing over two millions sterling, what was the gift of a mere city to the cook.

Still, for all their magnificence and ingenuity, they were but coarse diners in comparison of the race which was to follow.

Carême, who stands amongst the highest professors of the art, and who speaks with the authority of descent as well as of personal experience, says that the Romans and Greeks notwithstanding their luxury in the matter of food were mere children in its preparation; and that they were deficient in spices and sauces, and the delicacy of the art gastronomic. Their characteristic was profusion and

lavish expenditure; cost and rarity being more considered than refinement of treatment.

The irruption of the sturdy coarse-feeding people of the north brought evil days upon the art. Cooks were massacred in the palaces they served. The rough palates of the new comers were insensible to the charms of good living. Great haunches of venison, quarters of beef, and quantities of strong drink were more in accordance with their taste than the polished banquet of a Lucullus. Animals that they were, they quarrelled over their meat and drink like hyænas, and the weapons they bore at their sides bred many a bloody brawl. Under such auspices, it cannot be wondered at that cookery as a fine art languished.

In the fifth century all trace of Roman cookery had disappeared.

But the resiliency of the lofty art is unlimited, and the day of revival came; and the free cities of Italy—Genoa, Venice, Pisa, Florence, great nursing mothers of the arts and all that makes life gracious and charming, with the host of poets and painters, sculptors and artists whom the refined taste of their merchant princes called from the neglected shades of genius, gave also vitality to the dead bones of a lost art, and revived the sovereignty of the kitchen.

Masters of the southern seas, and traders with the world, the civilization of their splendid palaces spread, and Cadiz, Barcelona, Seville and Madeira, reformed their tables in conformity with the habits of the higher cultivation. Chief amongst the promoters of gastronomic exaltation were the dwellers in the great religious houses, where, shut out from much of the naughtier pleasures of the world, they consoled themselves for enforced abstinence by indulging in the pleasures of the flesh.

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries saw the Italian table at its fairest, and with the refinement of cookery came the sister arts of design and

decoration. How splendid a board must that of Leo X. have been for whom the divine Raphael designed plates and dishes.

But what of France? she to whom the modern world owes homage as 'high-priestess of the Temple of Victoria'—she, destined to be the great mother of *gourmandise*, was simply barbaric. Of cookery she had nothing, knew nothing. She did not eat, she only fed. But France was then, as now, receptive, and she brought back from her Italian wars, under Charles VIII. and Louis XII., the germs of a new life. Victor as she was, she discovered a master for herself, and the master's sceptre was a cook's ladle. Under Henry III., about 1580, and still more under Henry IV., cookery established itself. It must not, however, be imagined that there was no dining for France before this.

Froissart tells us that Taillevent, cook to Charles V. and Charles VI., at the wedding of the latter, covered the great black marble table of the palace with a hundred dishes prepared in a hundred different ways.

The reign of Louis Quatorze saw rapid strides made in the march of cookery, though its progress was, perhaps, slightly retarded by the League and the Fronde. Then it was that there lived and *died* the man whose name must ever fall in hushed tones from the lips of the true epicure; the man whose devotion to his lofty art and sensibility to failure cost the temple of cookery its highest ornament—*Vatel*. Madame de Sevigné tells the story how, when in the employment of the Prince de Condé, at a grand banquet given to the King, by some mishap two of the minor tables had no *roasts*. The blow was severe, and no amount of sympathy shown by his appreciative master could console him. That night the fireworks failed. *Vatel* was distracted. In the morning came the crowning disaster: the supply of fish, in spite of all precautions, promised to be insufficient. It was too much.

*Vatel* went to his chamber and stabbed himself three times through the heart with his sword. So perished a hero in the army of the kitchen, a martyr to culinary conscientiousness.

This reign shows also another gastronomic luminary in the person of the Marquis de Bechamel. He has raised himself to the honours of immortality; it was he who first found out how good it is to put cream into the sauce for turbot and cod fish.

A master who owned sixteen palaces, the chief of which, Versailles, cost 153,000,000 francs, which, according to Taine, must be multiplied by five to represent modern money, whose stables there alone contained 1,857 horses, and cost 7,500,000 francs, even then, whose civic household consisted of 4,000 persons, and the total of his retinue amounted to 15,000, it may be imagined that a large proportion of the 40,000,000 or 50,000,000 francs it cost to maintain such a surrounding, went in the kitchen.

Still manners were yet in need of polish—table polish especially, and the refinements of the day sound oddly in our ears.

The Duchesse de Berri, sensualist and profligate as she was, did much for the art and her exquisite suppers owed no small portion of their charm to her own ingenious invention. It became the fashion to invent dishes. Madame de Pompadour, the Duchess de Villeroy, Madame de Maintenon, amongst the many graces of graceful and gormandizing courts, held sway as much through the charms of the table as through their own attractions.

Louis XV. is illustrious from having invented an ingenious table which sank and rose by machinery, returning covered with fresh dishes so that the courses being changed by geniè there was no need for the restraining presence of servants.

Louis the XVI. was too young and healthy to care much for the fine points of the science, he had a prodigious appetite but unrefined tastes,

and with him quantity was as much a desideratum as quality. But though royalty slighted, the nobility still patronised the cook, and such feasts, such dinners and such little suppers as the great houses of the day showed, bid fair to rival in their excesses the palmy days of old Rome.

Poor King—had he only known whereunto all his gluttony was tending, he might have saved himself some disagreeable moments. France had borne with more or less hopeless patience for long years the striking contrast between the rich and the poor. The rich were so very rich and the poor so very poor, the difference between the dinner of the noble and the dinner of the peasant, or even of the curé himself, who could only command an income of 500 francs, or the lower middle class folk and the farmer, the "backbone of the country," was too striking, and the consciousness ever forced upon them by the never ceasing taxation which went to pay for all the feasting and splendour, and ground them helplessly into the dust, bred a storm, and the storm was the Revolution.

The Revolution took but little interest in cooks. Robespierre had some delicate tastes; was fond of flowers, and in able hands might have cared for good dinners, but was frugal and didn't. Danton was too much of a bull to be an epicure, and the vile, greasy-haired, dirty-fingered Marat alone, monster as he was, might have supped with Nero, on in every way equal terms. Only think of dining with Marat!

The Revolution, however, did good to the art of cookery in some respects; a more substantial and simpler form of food was introduced—so Carême says—with the National Convention, and potatoes were dressed *au naturel* in the Reign of Terror. But one change there was which revolutionized that system which confined good dinners to wealthy private families, the whole world was allowed to share in the most

glorious products of the art. When the guillotine made short work of their luxurious masters and broke up the noble kitchens of the sensual nobility, the cooks dismayed fled to lower life for security, and starting restaurants, fed the people. The revolution, amidst all its bloody wrong, did much solid good to the nation, and not the least of the blessings it brought was that wonderful system of eating houses, which made Paris famous, and brought back wealth to her coffers. She became a lion through her cooks.

One anecdote of a late French monarch, and we will cross the Channel. It is told of Louis XVIII., who had the Duc d'Escars for his *grand maître d'hôtel*. The king invented the dish known as '*truffes à la purée d'orolans*,' and in order that the precious secret of its composition should not be known abroad, the two used to prepare the dish in the king's cabinet. Once after consuming an unusually big dish of the dainty, in the middle of the night the duke was seized with a fit of indigestion beyond hope of medical treatment. He, like a faithful friend, sent to warn the king. 'Dying!' said the monarch, 'dying of my "*truffes à la purée*." Ah, I was right, I always said that mine was the better stomach of the two.'

In England, cookery had been always more or less rude, her aborigines, debarred by superstition from eating hares, hens, geese and other meats, and not being acquainted then with cheese, fed but simply. The Danes brought in heavy drinking, but poor cookery. With the Normans it was different, and William the Norman was William the greedy, and his copulency would have done credit to a London alderman. Rufus, his son, was the image of his father in all his grossnesses, and though the fat besotted sensualist did build us Westminster Hall, the like of which has not been seen in any more modern day, he had only a grand series of orgies in his eye, of which this noble hall was to be the scene

Richard II. employed in the royal kitchen 2,000 cooks and 300 waiters, and his chief cook, who was an author and wrote a work called 'On the Forme of Cury,' spoke appreciatingly of his master as 'the best and royallest vi-ander of all christian kynges.'

The third Edward appreciated the charms of cookery, and it is another instance, perhaps, of the good effects of good living in bringing to the front the higher tastes, that to him we owe the stately glories of Windsor Castle, whose fair proportions are the pride of that old England, they so well typify.

Things were done in princely style in 1470, when at a dinner given by the Earl of Warwick, on the installation of an Archbishop of York, there were 1,000 waiters, cooks 62, kitcheners and scullions 515, 300 tons of ale, and 100 of wine, 10 oxen, 6 bulls, 300 pigs, 1,004 sheep, 3,000 calves, 100 peacocks, 2,000 chickens, 4,000 each of pigeons, rabbits and ducks, and 4,000 bucks and does, 8 seals and 4 porpoises were amongst the many items in the list now preserved in the Tower of London.

From the 'Forme of Cury' (curare), it appears that cranes, herons, seals, porpoises were used; whereas there is no mention made of quails, woodcocks or snipe. Even at that time the eye was made largely a sharer in the pleasures of the table, and directions are given for 'flourishing,' 'strewing,' and 'painting.'

In the days of Richard II. our ancestors lived much after the French fashion, and it was for Henry VIII. to make fashionable the ponderous roast beef and its massive kin which so affected the national character.

As a sample of the quaint conceits and rough fun of the table in those days, the following extract from a work entitled the 'Accomplished Cook of Robert May,' published in 1664, giving certain triumphs and trophies in cookery, to be used at festival times. After giving directions for the preparation in paste of an artificial ship, and a

castle with battlements, portcullises and drawbridges, with guns and a train of gunpowder to communicate with them; a paste stag, he says, is to be made and placed on the table between them; his body is to be filled with claret wine and a broad arrow stuck in it; on each side of the stag two pies are to be served, one filled carefully with live frogs, and the other with live birds, the whole garnished with eggshells filled with rosewater. The order of the entertainment was this: Some lady was requested to pull out the arrow from the body of the stag, a charmingly suggestive flood of red wine being the result. Then the guns of the castle and ship were fired, and, to remove the smell of the gunpowder, the ladies pelted each other with the rosewater-filled eggs. Then the lids of the pies being raised, from one dish hopped the frogs, which, as the author delightedly says, 'makes the ladies to skip and shriek.' The other pie lets loose a flock of birds, which fly at the candles and put them out; 'so that,' he adds, 'what with the flying birds and skipping frogs, the one above, the other beneath, much delight and pleasure will be caused to the whole company.' There is one advantage attached to such ingenious devices as these—conversation need never flag with the stupidest guest.

Good King Hal saw many a rousing banqueting, and his subjects, taking all things into consideration, those of them at least who dined at all, dined well. Huge venison pasties and fat bucks, 'umble pie made of internal economy of the deer, were the fashion of the day, and the Church was in no way behind the fashion, as many an old chronicler can testify. English cookery must have had some distinctive features at the time, very strange to foreign tastes, for Cardinal Campegio, when here about the divorce of Queen Catherine, amused himself by writing a comparison between the Italian, French and English cookery.

Perhaps the curious interludes which broke the monotony of continual feasting astonished him, and the huge pasties which contained live dwarfs, or the lively fun of allowing the court fool to spring suddenly into the middle of a huge bowl of custard on the table, bespattering every one near with the savoury contents, may possibly have afforded him a theme for a chapter on the barbarism of northern tables.

Dissolution of the monasteries not only stopped the spits and stewpans of many a jolly nook of conventual luxury, but the daily crowds of hungry poor, standing at the overflowing doors to catch the generous crumbs from the tables of their well-fed masters, and living with twice the faith of the birds of the air and a tithe of their labour, saw vanishing into a moist, unpleasant mist their chances of dinner. The destitution bred of long dependence suddenly cut short was great, and misery took the place of well-fed mendicancy. To relieve this growing evil, by the merry monarch himself, by Edward his son, and Elizabeth, houses of mercy were founded and capacious prisons were erected, one grand feature in each of which remedies was that, scanty and mean though it might be, dinner did not actually cease to be an institution even for poverty on its last legs.

Abstemious as was the 'Virgin Queen' herself, seldom partaking of more than two dishes, her royal progresses saw much magnificent feasting in her honour, and Lord Montague's breakfast preparations, including 8 oxen and 141 geese gave good promise of a right royal dinner. The ordinary every-day ceremonials observed at her dinner hour were curiously intricate, involving genuflections on laying the table, though the queen was not present, prostrations of titled ladies, processions of scarlet-clad yeomen of the guard with blare of trumpets and rattle of drums, bringing in courses of twenty-four dishes—of which the lady

taster gave each of them a mouthful for fear of poison—and finally the removal of the dishes into the queen's private chamber where she quietly selected what she chose, the remainder falling to the portion of the ladies of the court.

The Stuarts were all lovers of good eating, but the table arrangements of the period outside of the court appear strangely deficient.

Pepys describes a Lord Mayor's dinner at Guildhall in 1663—probably the earliest on record—he says, that none of the tables but the Mayor's and the Lords of the Privy Council were supplied with napkins or knives. He had ten good dishes at his table with plenty of wine of all sorts: 'But,' he says, 'it was very displeasing that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drank out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes.'

Rough were those dinners of old Border days when the guide wife of the chief served up a pair of spurs on an empty dish as a hint that the larder too was empty, and the worthy gentleman of the house and his estimable band of hangers on turned out with tightened belts to foray in the farmyards of a more industrious people for the fat beeves and sheep of their honest gathering.

The bold and idle spirits of that turbulent time gathered complacently round the side of one who offered them anything but hard and honest work. So simple and amusing a mode of getting a living was an attraction that kept the saddles always full, and then the biggest dog got the bone. As they returned, driving before them the sheep and oxen of their successful harrying, they would stop for dinner, kill an ox, and in its own outstretched skin half cook their rough food, using the oatmeal which each man carried at his saddle as a corrective of its effects.

But it was reserved for the golden days of good Queen Anne to make the art of the table a refined science in

England. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, declares that Her Majesty, though a *gourmand* of the first water, did not exceed the bounds of propriety, but there are grave reasons to think that a kindly veil hid the failings of her friend from her eyes.

One feature of English dinner life is a national characteristic—the tavern dinner; and the names of some of our old taverns which are dotted here and there through the streets of London, are as dear to the English literary mind as the Tower of London itself. Sharers with these are the old coffee houses; and the magnificent clubs of later days will have long to wait before they can amass so glowing a record as that which these old houses, and none other, possess. The memory of

‘Those lyric feasts  
Made at the Sun  
The Dog, the Triple Tun,’

of Herrick's lines is supplemented by visions of the palmy days of the ‘Mitre,’ and ‘Garraway's,’ where the world of our brightest wits and fashion leaders gathered to discuss the news of the day. What people those grimy, low ceilinged rooms have seen, what dinners, what diners, in the days when ‘the city’ was something more than a collection of streets through which a torrent of life rushes all day but which night sees as deserted as though the plague stalked there.

There was the ‘Mermaid’ in Bread Street, Beaumont and Rare Ben Jonson's favourite haunt, which Shakespear himself with Donne, Selden and Fletcher, used to visit, and ‘gentle Shakespear,’ as he was called, ‘handsome, well shaped, graceful and light of limb, careful in his dress,’ with ‘fine tranquil face, intellectual forehead, and thoughtful eyes,’ as Aubrey describes him, had many a good solid dinner with ‘canary and wit’ to follow—with his close friend, Jonson, enormous in girth and colossal in height weighing close on twenty stone, ‘with a stormy head looking as solid and

wild as a sea swell,’ and a ‘rugged face knotted and seamed by jovial excesses.’ Fancy a dinner party like that—and contrast with it the insipid tittle-tattle of a formal modern feed. Another tavern patronised at the time was the ‘Old Devil’ in Fleet Street, so called to distinguish it from a rival house, ‘the Young Devil,’ and Ben Jonson must have found some rare suggestions and quaint conceits for his splendid ‘masques’ in the good canary wine of which he was so fond, sipped at its genial board. Later on, in 1710, Swift, in his journal to Stella, records, ‘I dined to-day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison at ‘The Devil’ in Fleet Street, by Temple Bar.’ And still later another Johnson walked the same street, crossed the same threshold, and sat at the same table, but this man, ponderous, too, of body, and big of head, had ‘definitions,’ not ‘masques,’ in his brain; and big rolling sentences full of six syllable words of Latin derivation, took the place in his mouth of the graceful poesy of his predecessor. Still, his dinners, though massive, were amusing, and there was an elephantine grace about the compliment which he wished to pay to the pretty Mrs. Lennox, when he and the Ivy Lane Club gave her a dinner within its walls, which must have made the ‘Old Devil’ split its merry sides with laughter.

‘Dr. Johnson,’ says Dr. Hawkins ‘had directed that a magnificent hot apple pie should make part of the feast, and this he would have stuck with bay leaves, because, forsooth, Mrs. Lennox was an authoress, and had written verses, and he had prepared a crown of laurel, with which—but not until he had invoked the muses by some ceremonies of his own invention—he encircled her brows!’ Picture the fun of that feast, the cyclopean delicacy of the well-turned phrase with which, of course, the lexicographer put the piece of apple pie on the victim's plate, and drew her attention to the suggestive bays—perhaps she didn't like ap-



ple pie, and the compliment was but poor consolation for consequent indigestion.

The world is divided into 'diners' and 'feeders,' and some men are strangely wanting in gastronomic sentiment, while others have it in excess.

Once at Belvoir Castle, the bill of fare for the day, full of the daintiest imaginings of a most admirable *chef*, was shown to the late Duke of Cambridge, who was there on a visit, and was asked if there were any other dish he fancied. 'Yes,' he answered, 'a roast pig and an apple dumpling.'

Napoleon knew the value of dinners as engines of diplomacy, and when he sent the Abbé de Pradt over to Poland on a diplomatic mission of the highest importance, his instructions were, 'give good dinners and take care of the ladies.' But he himself was no epicure, and, provided that roast chicken was ready at any moment it was called for, he was content. The great Duke of Wellington shared the same want of appreciation. His cook, illustrious in the annals of the art, left him because he would not stand such utter indifference. 'It makes no difference,' he said, 'whether I dress him a perfect dinner, or a cook make an inferior one. In either case he says nothing.'

On the other hand great eaters and gross feeders turn up at most unexpected points. The old Duchess of Orleans declares in her 'Memoires,' that she often saw Louis Quatorze eat four platesful of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plateful of salad, mutton basted with garlic, two good sized slices of ham, a dish of pastry, besides fruits and sweetmeats.

The late Duke of Norfolk used to order dinner for five at one of the houses in Covent Garden, and fully supply the place of the absent four. He once caught a waiter watching his proceedings with the interest such an exhibition deserved, and never entered the house again.

The same wonderful capacity for

food was shown by Haydn, who used to order dinner for five or six, and eat the whole himself. Once in a strange place the head waiter naturally inquired for the company who had not arrived. 'Oh,' said Haydn, 'I am de company'—he may be cited as a proof that children of genius do not always live on butterflies and dew.

But though all geniuses may have had appetites, all had not Haydn's means of gratifying them, and many a queer shadow of a dinner must have fallen to the lot of poor Goldsmith, Herrick, Otway and Chatterton, and their hungry kin. Moore was a man to whom a good dinner was a matter of course, and the lively Swift need not have confined himself to his 'mutton pie and half a pint of wine so long as there was a joke in him.'

Byron was a morbidly capricious guest, and spoilt a very pleasant and important dinner by refusing everything on the table and making his dinner of potatoes and vinegar, not being able to get the biscuits and soda water he asked for.

Gathered from various competent authorities, the following suggestions upon the subject of dinner-giving may not be found worthless:—

A dinner then to be successful, demands a careful selection of guests. Some one says:—

Dinners of form I vote a bore,  
Where folks have never met before,  
And care not if they meet no more;

Are brought together.

Crammed close as mackerel in their places,

They eat with Chesterfieldian graces;

Drink healths and talk with sapient faces,

About the weather.

People should be brought together not more than ten in number, who will be agreeable to each other and agree in tastes and general sentiment. They should be people of kindred likings, but different occupations. A good and tactical talker or two is an essential, but the number should be limited. The presence of two queen bees, in one hive, interferes with the making of honey. The room should be brilliantly but not glaringly lighted, and the ta-

ble should itself have but little light on it. Plenty of flowers and graceful bits of china give an undefined charm which is very grateful. More than that, they give the guests something to talk about. Many a 'happy thought' has come out of a Dresden shepherdess with the sugar bon-bons of her basket. And the little 'cupidities,' as Hood calls them, of the present pretty fashion of table ornament, are suggestive, and incentives to good table talk.' Last, but not least, the wise fashion of King Arthur should be followed, and a round table used.

Cookery has a language all its own, and it could scarcely be otherwise than that a nation which produced a great naturalist capable of writing in sober earnest of the robin redbreast, 'this interesting warbler is eaten with bread crumbs,' was the nation whose language was predestined for the use of the dinner table.

From a nation of enthusiasts, it was only to be expected that devotion to the art of the kitchen would show itself in words as well as in deeds, and the expectation is not disappointed; for a more wildly fanciful nomenclature than that of the French cuisine would be hard to find. A clever writer upon the subject has suggested that, translated into our matter-of-fact tongue, there certainly is something incomprehensibly odd in—say—their 'fountains of love,' 'capon's wings in the sun,' 'beef in scarlet,' and 'sauce in half-mourning.' What may be the composition of the dainties entitled 'A dish of breeches in the royal fashion with velvet sauce?' or 'tendons of veal in a peacock's tail'; or 'a shoulder of mutton as a balloon or bag-pipe,' would puzzle the Sphinx herself, while a 'palace of beef in Cracovia,' 'strawberries of veal,' 'the amorous smiles of a calf,' and 'eggs in a looking-glass'—all recognised names of well-known dishes,—are riddles of the very riddle-est. A 'hash of huntsmen' is not much better, while their 'stew of good christians,' 'mouthful

of ladies,' 'thin Spanish women,' and 'four beggars,' are strongly suggestive of the culinary arrangements of the 'Fee-Fo-Fum' order of epicures. What, too, is the delicacy called by the odd title 'the embrace of a hare upon the spit,' or that other unsubstantial pageant of a dinner, 'the breath of a rose'? Titania, perhaps, might have dined off the last cut 'cutlets in curl-papers,' 'Barbary artichokes in Turkish turbans,' 'truffles in ashes,' and 'squirred almond cake,' would have made her 'midsummer night's dream' a nightmare of the most rampageous character. 'Groseilles et pommes de terre en chemise,' strange to say, conveys a meaning, clear to even mean minds; but a gooseberry out of its shirt would be a still greater curiosity.

After all we, too, simple as we are, have 'motes' in our eyes, to partially balance the 'beams' in our neighbours. True, our 'pan cakes,' our 'mince pies,' and 'plum pudding,' our 'roast beef' and 'boiled mutton,' have names as simple as their own natures; but we, too, have our 'Welsh rabbit,' our 'ladies' fingers,' our 'Richmond maids of honour,' and our 'gooseberry fool,' names of which, to say the least, are open to conjecture.

What glorious feeds were, and are still, the gods be duly thanked, given in the magnificent halls of the livery companies of London. The Goldsmiths, the Fishmongers, the Grocers, the Ironmongers amongst others, are the very princes of good living, and a Company's dinner is about one of the best, as well as one of the worst things, which a man 'about town' can contrive to stumble upon. 'Turtle soup' and city dinners run together as naturally as 'love' and 'dove,' and the salmon and whitebait are at their very best. The *Entrees* and *Entremets*, French 'Kickshaws,' as they are called, find but little favour, but the simpler meats of old England are here treated with the reverence they merit. Good wines, and plenty of them, are in the order of the night, and when speechmaking time.

comes, every one is in the best possible humour with himself and the world.

And now, how much have I left untouched of all the good things I might have dished up for your entertainment! I have but brought you a taste of a few samples of the gastronomic art, and have not even ventured near the wide, wide world of the outlandish cookery of more distant countries. I should like to have asked you to share with me the fearful pleasures of a Chinese dinner table. Where we might suggestively have repeated the suspicious query of the traveller: 'Bow wow?' and received this reassuring response: 'Mew, mew.'

Had time allowed we could have gone into the wonderful world of fiction, dined with that unpleasant host the Barmicide, and eaten a gorgeously airy dinner of sumptuous nothings; we could have broken through the crust of the earth to fall in with those queer folks on the coach in the underground world, and when we stopped for 'dinner' have seen with astonished eyes our fellow-travellers hand out their stomachs to be filled with a nutritious cement peculiar to the country. We could have sat with Trotty Veck—meekest of comers and goers at other men's pleasure, and shared with his pretty little daughter the pleasure of seeing her parent revel in the savoury mess of tripe which represented *his* dinner. We could have dined with Cedric the Saxon, led by the pleasant hand of Sir Walter Scott, or taken Bulwer Lytton for a guide throughout the mazes of a Roman dinner. Had the fancy seized us we could have even wandered through the fairy land of Cockaigne where life is one big dinner, and the geese and turkeys, done to a turn, waddle up to the stranger with knives and forks under their live wings, and the sweetest little sucking pigs ever seen about all ready, roasted, squeaking, 'Come and eat me. I am so nice.'

Returning to every-day life down in the southern seas we might have made

wonderful discoveries; for example, how best to serve up a tough grandmother. We might have shared the gruesome dainties of seal oil and frozen bear's liver with Dr. Kane, and discussed the North Pole and friends more distant day by day, while our Esquimaux hostess held over the flaming grease pot of her ice kitchen choice slices of indescribable nastiness, using, with an awful violation of the 'universal fitness of things,' her scratching stick for a toasting fork. The North American Indian would have shown us a dog-feast, a sight the remembrance of which will serve—so they say—an average stomach instead of food for a week. The Australian would have tapped his trees for our benefit, and proffered for our acceptance one of those nice, big, fat, white grubs, which delight his depraved taste, and which after all are not much less appalling to the eye than our own petted oyster. The terrible feasts of the King of Dahomey would have shown us that below all depths there is a something deeper still, and we should then have been in a fit frame of mind to shiver on the precarious foothold of a spear-constructed raft, and while the mighty seas of the Atlantic broke over our starved bodies to see with helpless cowering, the wolfish gleam lurking about the sunken eyes of our companions, and the scarcely hidden knife which a rough lottery will soon turn against our own weak breast.

But we need not be shipwrecked to see the gaunt forms of starvation. It is not long since, in the bare empty homes of Hindustan, mothers devoured greedily, like the beasts that famine made them, the limbs of their own children. Nor need we go to Hindustan for starvation. The teeming population of English cities have known dire suffering, and within these past few weeks, and though, thank God, no one need starve in old England yet awhile, there have been, and there are, many homes where there are neither 'diners nor diners.'

## THE NEW IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD.

BY FIDELIS.

NOTHING in the progress of thought during the last generation has been more observable than the change in the ideal of womanhood. Of course there have always been exceptional women, in poetry as in real life—Portias and Cordelias, as well as Ophelias and Juliets. Sir Walter Scott had his Rebecca and his Jeanie Deans, as well as his Rowena and his Lucy Ashton. But on the whole, the ideal woman of prose and poetry has usually been what has been called the 'clinging-vine type,' a creature of sentiment and emotion, absolutely dependent on man for any life worth living; the type evidently present to the mind of Milton (who perhaps had specially good reasons for preferring it) when he wrote,

'For contemplation he and valour formed,  
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.'

It should not have been necessary indeed, one thinks—looking at such a heroine as Portia—to separate the 'sweet, attractive grace' from the tendency to 'contemplation;' but poetry is often one-sided for the sake of contrast—and Milton seems to have thought that the man could do all the necessary thinking for himself and the woman too. It is quite probable that this very couplet of Milton's—not seldom quoted—even yet has had a good deal to do with keeping up the limitations of the old ideal.

It was Wordsworth who first definitely struck the keynote of a new and higher ideal in words which have become household words, so familiar that it hardly seems necessary to quote

them at length, words which, there can be no doubt, have exercised a strong moulding influence of their own :

'And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine ;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller betwixt life and death ;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill ;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light.'

'Endurance, foresight, strength and skill' were a new ideal endowment of womanhood, so far as poetry was concerned, in explicit words at least. The chivalrous eloquence of the true knight, Charles Kingsley, has made the nobler idea of woman, as the friend and counsellor of man, so familiar to the present generation, that it is difficult to realize how strange it must have seemed in the days of Mrs. Malaprop and Lady Teazle. Something, too, both Wordsworth and Kingsley may have had to do with the new ambition awakened in women to qualify themselves for the new rôle which such men expected them to fulfil. At all events, however, and from whatever complex influences the new ideal has sprung, it has fairly made good its place among the intellectual possessions of the present age. Grave academic Dons admit the right of female students to academic privileges and certificates, if not to formal degrees; parents no longer regard it as a startling phenomenon if a daughter proposes to qualify herself for a professional or sub-professional career; and female writers on all subjects have so

ably vindicated themselves, that a Mallock, in his 'New Republic,' admits as a matter of course, his 'Lady Grace' and 'Miss Merton' to discuss deep problems of life and faith with his literary effigies of Ruskin and Carlyle. Scoffers there are still, as is natural, and perhaps some occasion for scoffs, but, on the whole, the new ideal of womanhood with its larger conceptions, wider views, and nobler possibilities, may be held to have fairly superseded the old.

A striking illustration of the change in this respect that has grown up, in the course of a generation, may be found in the biography of Charles Kingsley himself. At twenty-three, we find him writing—with the pardonable sentimentalism of a young lover—to his betrothed: 'You may still range freely among the meadows of the beautiful, while I am mining in the deep mountains of the true. And so it should be through life. The woman's part should be to cultivate the affections and the imagination; the man's the intellect of their common soul. She must teach him how to apply his knowledge to man's hearts. He must teach her how to arrange that knowledge into practical and theoretical forms. In this the woman has the nobler task.'

At fifty, after a quarter of a century of happy wedlock and earnest study of human life and social problems, we find him greeting to his home at Eversley, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, one of the earliest lady-physicians, with the words 'You are one of my heroes!' We find him telling her also, of 'the profound interest with which, for many years, he had watched the gradual growth of woman's endeavour to obtain the advantages of a thorough medical education; and how, from his inmost soul, he gave it a hearty God-speed.' Furthermore, he says, in a letter to John Stuart Mill: 'That I think women ought to speak in public, in any ideal or even truly civilized society or polity, I hope I

need not tell you. . . . Of woman's right to be a medical practitioner, I hold that it is, perhaps, the most important social question hanging over us. I believe that, if once women can be allowed to practise as freely as men, the whole question of the relation of the sexes, will be answered according to natural laws, and therefore, according to what I believe to be the will and mind of God, the author of nature. . . . But for that very reason, I am the more anxious that women should not meddle with these questions before they have acquired a sound and also a general scientific physiological training, which shall free them from sentiment, and confine them to physical laws and fact on these matters.'

The changed views of woman and her needs, between the first and the last of these quotations, is too obvious to require comment. But it is worth noticing, as a scarcely credible specimen of the fairness with which this whole question has been treated in some quarters, that the juvenile expression of opinion in the first of these passages was quoted in a review as indicating his lack of sympathy with the very movement which, in his maturer years, he so vigorously endorsed! It is curious, how pertinaciously the idea has been clung to by the opponents of reform, that it is the imagination and the affections which woman should chiefly cultivate; in the face of their own argument that her strong prejudices, which are of course the outcome of affection and imagination unregulated by sound judgment, must always disqualify her from forming an intelligent opinion on great social or political questions. Can the reason be, that they unconsciously desire to perpetuate the disqualification? Women, at all events, know, that the imagination and affections are, as a rule, the side of their nature which has least need to be cultivated in the sense of being stimulated, and unless they are to be balanced and regulated by sufficient

development of the intellect or reason, as well as of the moral faculty, these good gifts may easily become perverted to their torture and destruction. Let the records of any lunatic asylum be examined, if evidence of this truth be required.

However, the fact is practically admitted now, that woman as well as man requires a harmonious and symmetrical development of all her faculties, and however beautiful the ideal of a 'common soul' may be, she must, for purposes of training and education, be regarded as a distinct and complete being. It is also being more and more admitted that she has a right to her share in the world's work, whether in what has been rightly considered her more especial sphere, or in any other for which she is fitted, and that, to fit her for the efficient discharge of her duties, she has a right to the highest and most invigorating mental discipline that can be made available. It is admitted, though not so generally as it might be, that the thorough and liberal education necessary to qualify her for taking part satisfactorily, in any kind of professional work to which her natural gifts may point, will be by no means thrown away on the wife and mother, any more than it is thrown away on the lad who may go into business instead of choosing a profession. We have too many testimonies, in the lives of eminent men, to the potent influence of a gifted and educated mother to doubt that the higher the intellectual plane of those who are the moulding power of the rising generation the higher will be the intellectual and moral average of that generation; for it is rarely indeed, that thorough education does not strengthen and develop the moral as well as the intellectual faculties of woman.

Having then—one great secret of progress—a higher ideal of the capabilities and functions of womanhood generally acknowledged, it is worth while considering how this ideal can be

best realized, and what the effect of its realization or its attempted realization will be on the happiness and welfare of woman herself, and through her of the race of which she is so important a trainer. One of the most natural as well as interesting and hopeful effects it has hitherto produced, has been the fresh and warm enthusiasm which it has awakened in the feminine mind for the studies so long withheld from it. Mrs. Fawcett, in a recent number of *Good Words*, gives some interesting results of her own observation in this particular, and adds that although this may be partially traced to the praiseworthy ambition felt by every female student to do honour to the cause, this ambition cannot by any means fully account for the eager delight with which many girls throw themselves ardently into studies which their brothers, who take them as a matter of course, are only too ready to vote 'a bore.' Mrs. Fawcett gives an extract from a letter written by a young girl to her father, in the prospect of taking up the study of Greek; in which she says: 'I cannot tell you what an effect it has on me only to see a Greek book, and the mere idea of being allowed to work at it for the next three years makes me so happy that I cannot believe it will ever come to pass.' It is quite possible that some sapient masculine intellect, which never experienced any particular rapture at the sight of a Greek book, will be ready to stigmatise this contemptuously as 'gush.' But, as Mrs. Fawcett remarks, such a sentiment need not seem overstrained to any one who remembers the history of the enthusiasm which accompanied the revival of classical learning in Italy; 'Petraarch poring over a Homer he could not understand, and Boccaccio in his maturity learning Greek in order to drink at the fountain head of poetic inspiration.' And certainly no lover of poetry will smile contemptuously at such a girlish enthusiasm with Mrs. Browning's 'Wine of Cyprus' in remembrance:—

' And I think of those long mornings  
Which my thought goes far to seek,  
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,  
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.

\* \* \* \* \*  
' Then, what golden hours were for us  
While we sat together there,  
How the white vests of the chorus  
Seemed to wave up a live air !  
How the cothurns trod majestic  
Down the deep iambic lines,  
And the rolling anapaestic  
Curled like vapour over shrines '

An enthusiasm for one of the noblest literatures that the world has seen might well be as natural and considerably more elevating than an enthusiasm for bric-à-brac. And as the feminine nature is naturally somewhat enthusiastic, it is at least as well that it should have higher channels in which to expend its enthusiasm than the latest and most irrational contortions of fashionable costume, which are constantly asserted, by masculine satirists, to be the object of its warmest emotions.

A genuine enthusiasm for a particular subject is also a much more hopeful promise of future excellence than the mere ambition for the distinction of certificates of general proficiency. However desirable a stimulus may be given to the cause of higher and more thorough education for girls, by the existence of the University examinations and certificates now within their reach, these will only defeat the object in view if they are regarded as an end instead of a means; if they merely turn out a number of female 'Admirable Crichtons,' prodigies of scholarship or mathematical acquirement, without the desire or the power to pursue any branch of knowledge for its own sake, or turn their attainments to any useful end. It is not meant, in saying this, to disparage the blessing and the ennobling effect of the mere attainment of knowledge or truth. As it has been well said, 'it is very precious even if we find no practical account to which it may be turned, if we simply lie and bask, so to speak, in the warmth and the radiance of it, and if we are content to find life richer, fuller, and happier, and this world a more interesting

world to live in because we possess it.' But there is an eagerness for gaining certificates merely as distinctions—too common in both sexes—which knows nothing of this noble enjoyment in the attainment of truth, and, caring only to 'cram' for a special end, destroys at the outset the freshness and the zest without which no study can long be profitably carried on. Well if it does not destroy even more than this! The lack of common sense which has ruined so many beneficial movements, threatens seriously to interfere with the success of the system of University education for girls. A writer in the last *London Quarterly* complains of the overcrowding of the curriculum of girls' as well as boys' schools in a way so prejudicial to health as to have already called forth strong expression of opinion from medical men. The writer only too justly asks: 'Has not this distracting multiplicity of subjects already had the effect of weakening brain and body together, and of adding to the too numerous brood of nervous maladies? How many girls,' he asks, 'are fit to undergo, without injury to their health, the labour and the excitement of an examination for the degree of the University of London? How many, who are not fit, may be induced to try?' Of course the use of a certificate is to guarantee the qualifications of the holder for future work. But if the holder gains the certificate only to be unfitted for future work, it may well be wondered whether the whole thing is not a mistake. And so the higher ideal of womanhood stands in more danger from over-education in some quarters than from under-education in others. But this evil is not by any means confined to preparation for University examinations. It has already assumed alarming proportions in the higher grades of our own common schools, which are fast following the same pernicious system in undermining at once the physical health and mental vigour of young girls by the 'distracting multiplicity

of subjects' on which they attempt to cram the minds of their pupils with a few confused and superficial ideas—a process much more likely to repress than to stimulate the desire for further knowledge. When we add to this the lack of elasticity in its provisions, which applies the same iron rules to all grades of ability and physical strength, we have good reason to fear mental and physical injury to the flower of our rising young womanhood which a future generation will regret in vain.

Of course the same evil, frequently appears in the provisions for the education of boys, but it does not do the same amount of harm, both because it is more difficult to force boys than girls into overwork and the neglect of physical exercise, and because, when instances of injury from overstudy occur, they are not likely to be set down as evidence that the higher education of boys is a mistake. The evil in both cases might easily be avoided if parents and teachers would agree to remember that, as Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise so truly remarked to the Ladies' Educational Association of Montreal, the true object of education 'consists much more in the development of the intellect than in the mere putting in of superficial knowledge and of cramming.' And it might be well if the same principle were borne in mind in appointing tests of the qualifications of teachers. What is wanted in the preliminary education of either boys or girls is the mental food and discipline which will nourish and invigorate the mind for whatever work its natural bent or God's providence may eventually prescribe—a general training which should avoid equally the heterogeneous superficiality which dissipates, and the narrow specialism which too often distorts the intellectual powers. The natural bent should receive free play, and the fullest opportunities of development, while, at the same time, in the girls' case, the intellectual training must

not be made to supersede the more special training for the more ordinary requirements of domestic life. There is no doubt that the educational question is more complicated in the case of the woman than the man. The boy must be fitted for an independent career of some kind, and that suffices. But for the girl, whose talent the wise parent would cultivate so that it may win for her an honourable independence, marriage is always possible,—even probable,—and there is danger of making the one training so predominant as to unfit her for the quiet, homely duties of the other. Even our common schools have fallen into an inexcusable error in this direction, since they insist on filling up all the available time of girls, in school and out of it, with lessons, too soon forgotten, in all the *isms*, to the utter exclusion and neglect of the indispensable 'plain sewing' which of old used to be a *sine qua non* in all schools for womankind.

Of course, common sense can be the only guide to the 'golden mean,' and there is much less danger, as the world goes, that girls will be brought up to forget the possibilities of sheltered domestic life than the possibilities of another kind. Yet there is time enough, by a judicious use of it, to provide for both, and to make life richer and brighter for the very variety, and nothing will so give zest to a girl's studies as the sense that there is a purpose in them. Nothing will so fill up a certain craving in her life and keep her from the injurious influence of visionary day-dreams as the stimulus and interest given by a definite aim, which raises her above the vapid frivolities that so often fritter away mind and heart alike. It is the lack of such an aim that so often checks all earnest aspiration after intellectual progress, and with a listless *cui bono* feeling, the girl, whom nature fitted for better things, falls back into the half-disguised *ennui* of a purposeless existence, to which the temporary ex-



citements of constant amusement, dress, and flirtation, become indispensable necessities. It is the lack of any gold thread of noble purpose in life that causes such utterly vacuous waste of it, as is only too general among the young women of fashionable society in England and America, and even to some extent among ourselves. Here is the picture of the daily life of a girl in the golden prime of youth, as recently given in her own words in a letter to the Bishop of Manchester, asking how she could possibly find time for Christian work. As the Bishop thought it of sufficient importance to read aloud in the course of his sermon, no apology is needed for giving it here entire.

'We breakfast about ten; breakfast occupies the best part of an hour, during which we read our letters and pick up the latest news in the papers. After that we have to go and answer our letters, and my mother expects me to write her notes of invitation or to reply to such. Then I have to go into the conservatory and feed the canaries and parrots, and cut off the dead leaves and faded flowers from the plants. Then it is time to dress for church, and at two o'clock we lunch. At three my mother likes me to go with her when she makes her calls, and we then come home to a five o'clock tea, when some friends drop in. After that we get ready to take our drive in the park, and then we go home to dinner, and after dinner we go to the theatre or the opera, and then when we get home I am so dreadfully tired that I don't know what to do.'

Side by side with this picture of a fashionable young lady's life in the year 1878, it is interesting to place Addison's picture of the corresponding kind of life in the beginning of the seventeenth century, as given in 'The Fine Lady's Diary' in No. 323 of the *Spectator*, from which the record of one day is here quoted. As the *Spectator* is less read now than it

deserves to be, it will be new to many readers.

'Wednesday. *From eight till ten.* Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed and fell asleep after them.

'*From ten to eleven.* Ate a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea,—read the *Spectator*.

'*From eleven to one.* At my toilette, tried a new hood. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. *Memo.* I look best in blue.

'*From one till half an hour after two.* Drove to the 'Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

'*Till four.* At dinner. *Memo.* Mr. Troth passed by in his new liveries.

'*From four to six.* Dressed, paid a visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

'*From six to eleven.* At basset. *Memo.* Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.'

It is only fair to add that Mr. Addison represents the fair writer at the close as in a penitential frame of mind—beginning to think that she might pass her time better—even pathetically offering to 'turn off Veny, if you insist upon it,' and promising that, 'if Mr. Troth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, she will *not* let her life run away in a dream.'

An English paper in commenting on the statement read by the Bishop of Manchester, declared that 'whatever else has changed between the reigns of Queen Anne and Queen Victoria, there is not a shadow of alteration in the vacuity and restless indolence of women in the upper ranks of society.' This one cannot but consider a somewhat strong declaration, when we know that not a few of the noblest names in the female aristocracy of England are closely associated with benevolent and philanthropic work, and some of them more especially with movements intended for the intellectual elevation of their own sex. Yet these must be admitted to be as yet the exception rather

than the rule, and the upward workings of our new ideal has no enemy more deadly and obstinate, than the mental indolence and vacuity which the very constitution of 'fashionable' society fosters and perpetuates—a vacuity leading only too surely to what is sadder still. Yet, with such noble examples as we have of 'a better way,' we might hope for some impression—even in fashionable society. At the close of the 'Fine Lady's Diary' aforesaid, Mr. Addison gives, by way of contrast, an epitaph on 'a lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda':

'Underneath this marble hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:  
Death, ere thou hast killed another,  
Fair and learned, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee!'

Here, again, we can carry out our analogy, and this time to the advantage of the nineteenth century. In contrast with the confession of the young lady to whom the engagements of fashionable private life left 'no time' for mental improvement or Christian work, we may place the many testimonies we have so lately had to the noble life of one, 'fair, and learned and good,' as 'Pembroke's mother,' and still more deeply mourned,—one who amid the distractions of Court life, with its fatiguing ceremonial and its rigid etiquette, found time, not only for the faithful discharge of her peculiarly womanly duties, but also for quiet, thoughtful study, and practical philanthropic work. The following extract from the sketch of the late lamented Princess Alice, written by Mr. Theodore Martin and revised by the Queen herself, might well put to the blush modern Clarindas who talk of 'finishing' at sixteen, and might awake within them the consciousness of a nobler ideal, to which *they* too, might aspire.

'While fulfilling with exemplary devotion every duty as a wife and mother, the process of self-culture was

never relaxed. Every refined taste was kept alive by fresh study, fresh practice, fresh observation. Neither was any effort spared to keep abreast with all that the best intellects of the time were adding to the stores of invention, of discovery, of observation, and of thought. Each successive year taught her better to estimate the value of the principles in religion, in morals, in politics, in which she had been trained. As her knowledge of the world and of facts grew, she could see the wide range of facts upon which they were based, and their fitness as guides amid the perplexing experiences of human life, which, however seemingly varied in different epochs, are ever essentially the same.' 'With this view (of improving the homes of the poor), she translated into German some of Miss Octavia Hill's essays "on the Homes of the London Poor," and published them with a little preface of her own (to which only her initial "A" was affixed), in the hope that the principles which had been successfully applied in London by Miss Hill and her coadjutors, might be put into action in some of the German cities. No good work appealed to her in vain.'

The life of our beloved Queen is in itself a standing reproach to her indolent and pleasure-loving subjects. And we have the satisfaction of knowing that the accomplished Princess, who must, during the next few years, exercise a powerful influence over Canadian social life, has not only testified her warm and intelligent interest in educational and philanthropic questions, and especially in the intellectual advancement of her own sex, but has also proved her persevering devotion to Art, by the excellence she has attained in that one of the representative Arts which has seemed the least within the range of female skill,—that of Modelling and Sculpture. It may well be hoped that her living example among us will stimulate many of her Canadian sisters to cultivate at once mental gifts and physical vigour.

And with such examples before us as these and others in the highest circles of society, and the very great stimulus which has been given to intellectual progress among women of the middle classes in England, we may well take heart of grace and admit that, in this matter, as in others, 'the world moves after all!'

Still, the fact that the insidious encroachments of what is too often mis-called 'society' gain so ready and so frequent a victory over the impulse to a higher culture, and must do so more and more, as our social life becomes more complex and artificial, affords an urgent reason for endeavouring to supply a sufficiently strong counter-acting force. This force can only be found in training girls to live with a purpose, to taste the pure delight of pursuing, even amidst hindrances and interruptions, some worthy end, whether this be found in an ennobling study, or in practical philanthropic work. Abundance of both there is to afford healthful and invigorating exercise for all the physical and mental energy now frittered away on the thousand trivial and transient excitements which pass away only to leave the mind weary and *ennuyé*, and requiring fresh novelties to stimulate the jaded appetite.

'In glowing health, with boundless wealth,  
But sickening of a vague disease,  
You know so ill to deal with time,  
You needs must play such pranks as these.'

Healthful study and healthful work, are a perpetual 'tonic which stimulates without exhausting.' And until this is understood, the drifting tendency which 'lets life run away in a dream,' must go on unchecked. The writer has heard girls of more than average ability, who had full opportunities of carrying on the work of self-culture, declare that 'the claims of society' upon them made it impossible to carry on any serious study. What were these claims of society, when analysed? Nothing but rounds of conventional 'calls' or little less

conventional parties, nothing that contributed in the least to the true idea of society as the healthful interchange of thoughts and feelings, nothing certainly worth absorbing the whole of an intellectual being's life! We all know 'that where there's a will, there's a way.' It only needs a little enthusiasm for an interesting study, a study which appeals to the higher nature and higher tastes, to prove that the determination to secure it will provide unimagined treasures of time out of the fragments that have been lost for want of a saving motive. It is an American saying, that 'you have all the time there is,' but unfortunately, too many of us do not have all the time we might. And the reason is in a great measure an encouraged aimlessness in girls which would never be tolerated in boys. If a lad, however free from the necessity to labour, insists on spending his life in mere amusement, or even in light and trivial pursuits, public opinion is at once down on his guardians for permitting it, and the aimless man who lives only to kill time, receives, in general, no more respect than he deserves. But with regard to girls, there seems to exist an impression that nothing useful is to be expected of them so long as they are tolerably ornamental, that they are to be like the lilies of the field 'which toil not, neither do they spin.' There can be no question that the great majority of the very girls whose gifts of means, leisure and talent, place within their reach a high degree of self-culture, throw away all their golden opportunities, because their minds are imbued with the mistaken idea that they need have no object in life save to 'amuse themselves,' look as pretty as possible, and end by making a 'desirable' marriage.\* There

\*Another evil connected with this manner of bringing up girls, is the habit of a too childish dependence, an utter lack of self-reliance, which is, however, less common among us than the opposite American extreme of premature independence. It is a real evil, however, and is thus criticised, not too severely, by an English female writer: 'The

is, as we all know, a class of literature, in which all noble aims for womanhood are mockingly sneered down, and an essentially low ideal of womanhood is but thinly disguised under a transparent veil of flimsy compliment. We have, for instance, even in poetry, which should see more truly, such verses as this:—

‘Thou art so very sweet and fair  
With such a heaven in thine eyes,  
It almost seems an over care  
To ask thee to be good or wise.’

Unfortunately, however, the girl may reasonably expect to live to a time when, whether she be married or single, the ‘heaven in her eyes’ will be of less consequence to those around her than the circumstance of her being ‘good and wise,’ or the reverse. But this fact does not seem to trouble the writers in question; and the very satirists who have long found the vapid wife or the faded coquette a tempting prey for their mocking wit, are just as ready to sneer at the woman who believes that her higher ‘mission’ is not exhausted in externals, and who desires to cultivate the powers God has given her, so that to the utmost of their extent, she may become a blessing to the world in which He has placed her. A good specimen of the tone in which a certain class of ‘smart’ writers are accustomed to refer to women and their attempts at self-improvement is the following, taken from a recent article in *Blackwood’s Magazine*. He is describing the change which has passed over English provincial society, and

authority which mothers exercise during childhood, is not relaxed over unmarried women during adolescence, and is as firmly seated as ever when their hair begins to turn grey. The immaturity of childhood is stereotyped in such women, physically they are adult, morally and intellectually they remain children: they are entrusted with hardly any real responsibility even of buying and selecting their own clothes. I have heard a woman of more than 40 years of age say, “I wish mamma would let me wear my thick boots,” and “I am sure mamma will say I must have a new bonnet.” Such an affectation of childhood in middle age, is incompatible with any truly elevated womanhood, and is as unlovely in its way as the lack of deference for age and experience, which leads to an opposite error.

the general enlargement of its ideas. He describes the dreary inanity of the convivial gatherings in the olden time, when, among details of their stupidity he tells us that ‘a few fine ladies might get up on their hobbies, and chatter over the mania of the day, china, pug dogs, court trains, Shakespeare, Garrick and the musical glasses—but their less fashionable sisters, when scandal ran short, could sit only in silence or compare notes over domestic grievances.’ Now, he admits, there is an improvement, and this is his fashion of describing it. The younger son, he tells us, who formerly would have had little to speak of beyond farming and cows—‘is now superficially, at least, a well informed gentleman.’ ‘His wife or sister, in the intervals of husband-hunting and lawn tennis, has found time to sit at the feet of philosophers and listen to the eloquence of popular lecturers. They manœuvre for tickets for the Geographical Society and the Royal Institution, as their grandmothers used to do for vouchers to Almacks; and if they have but vague notions of the *sense* of modern speculation, at all events they have caught some echoes of its sound. They have their artistic and literary idols whom they worship; and in art and literature as well as religion, they profess some fashionable form of belief. Few of them can shine by good looks alone, and they are bound to cultivate a habit of babbling.’

That remarks so flippant and vulgar in tone should appear in a first-class magazine is only an illustration of the essentially low ideal of womanhood which still clings to many conservative minds. We need not spend time in inquiring why the proverbial husband-hunting proclivities of the young women are so unnecessarily dragged in, while the equally proverbial fortune-hunting propensities of younger sons are completely ignored. But whatever chaff may mingle with the grain of genuine self-culture in English women, there can hardly be two opinions as

to the arrogance, the unchivalrous and unmanly spirit of the man who goes out of his way to bespatter with what mockery he may, any attempt—however rudimentary—of women to rise to some higher objects of interest than ‘court trains’ and ‘pug dogs.’ However, sneers, like hard words, break no bones, and women can afford to let their professed adorers in society laugh at them in print, while they are the gainers, and learn, even from hostile sneers, to avoid the little follies and pretensions which throw discredit on their genuine search after a truer culture.

Of course, however, a woman’s efforts for self-cultivation must be carried on on a different principle from those of men. With men—professional men at least—these efforts are primary duties. With women, they must always be reckoned secondary to their peculiar duties as women; from which even professional women cannot claim immunity. The self-abnegation which is the special glory of ideal womanhood must be in an exceptional degree the safeguard of those women who would discharge the larger duty without failing in the smaller—the spirit which animated Mordecai, in ‘Daniel Deronda’—‘capable of conceiving and choosing a life’s task with far-off issues, yet capable of the unapplauded heroism which turns off the road of achievement at the call of the nearer duty, whose effect lies within the beatings of the hearts that are close to us, as the hunger of the unfledged bird to the breast of its parent.’ And it is only the guiding clue of an earnest purpose which can maintain the process of self-culture undiscouraged by the thousand interruptions which the masculine student never knows. Mrs. Somerville, laying aside her important manuscripts to talk amiably to some thoughtless female acquaintance who came in for an hour or two’s gossip; and Charlotte Bronte leaving her writing to see that the potatoes for dinner were properly

washed and boiled, and finally dropping her beloved art altogether at the desire of an unappreciative husband, are only two instances out of the many cases of unrecorded heroism with which the personal desire has been sacrificed at the call of womanly duty, the sense of which true culture intensifies rather than diminishes.

Into most girls’ minds, however, this earnest purpose might be instilled by a more judicious training, and more especially by their being early made to realize the importance of so developing any natural gift or aptitude that it may become, not only a worthy interest throughout life, but also a source of honourable independence should it be their lot to require to maintain themselves. This is a possibility that really lies before every girl almost as much as before every boy, since no individual woman can be certain of marriage, and even married life is subject to chances and changes, and to an abrupt termination. The cruelty of bringing up girls accustomed to every luxury in the assumption that they are always to enjoy the same without any care or thought of theirs, has been strikingly illustrated many times, but seldom more strikingly than in the result of the lamentable failure of the Glasgow Bank, when numbers of young ladies, unfitted by training for any lucrative method of earning a livelihood, were suddenly reduced to utter poverty. A writer in *Good Words*, in commenting upon this fact, observes most truly that ‘the domestic tragedies which have come to pass within the last few weeks form a strong argument for women to lay aside the false and petty shame which forbids them to work in order to increase their means of livelihood. . . . Now is the time for women of all ages to get rid of the wretched, unworthy prejudice that work, not idleness, is a disgrace impeding their claims to gentle breeding—almost to womanliness.’ Never, indeed, was there a more silly and

unworthy prejudice than this, which, it may be hoped, will soon vanish before a truer ideal of what womanliness is! It is worthy, indeed, of an age which never stigmatised as 'unwomanly' the presence of ladies at the slaughters of innocent animals, termed *battues*, or their adorning themselves in the plumage of beautiful birds, sacrificed by thousands to gratify an idle vanity and a barbarous taste, or their wearing tissues and flowers, the dyes of which are a slow poison to the women who make, and even occasionally to the women who wear them; but reserved the misplaced stigma for the noble women, who, obeying the God-given impulse within them, have sought to qualify themselves, by a laborious training, for fighting disease and death, and alleviating the physical miseries of their own sex! The force of the increasing prejudice against anything like self-support in women of the upper classes is well shown in a recent story of Mrs. Oliphant's, in which a high-spirited and unselfish girl, willing to work hard in household ways to save the slender family resources, and always urging on her lazy brother to prepare himself in earnest for earning his own livelihood, stands aghast at the idea suggested to her of developing a splendid gift to be a source of lucrative income. This miserable prejudice keeps many a woman tied for the greater part of her life to a menial drudgery, with a pitifully small pecuniary saving in return, whose abilities, duly trained and applied to the right objects, might have secured for her a comfortable income and a provision for old age. Girls of the lower classes are brought up to feel that at an early age they are expected to be helpers, not burdens, to their families. Consequently they are independent of marriage other than that of their heart's choice, and not only maintain themselves without difficulty, but are frequently the support and stay of aged parents or young brothers and

sisters. But the upper-class girl, who has never been trained to do one thing well, is as helpless and pitiable a being as the world contains. It is the sense of the helplessness of 'the girls' which is the real sting of his failure to many a careworn father, whereas, had they been trained to some one remunerative occupation, and taught to look upon honest work as a privilege and an honour, they would have been ready to lighten their parents' burdens and take up cheerfully the proud rôle of the poor little water-cress girl:—

'Sure I am the woman that works for the bread.

And what happiness is to be found in the consciousness of being such a helper—they can testify who have helped to add to the family comforts by the honest price of their own labour. The poor working girl, who by hard work manages, as some of them do manage, to provide a home for the old age of helpless parents, is an infinitely happier as well as an infinitely nobler being than the 'society' belle, who lives only to 'enjoy life' at the expense of a father whom she regards very much in the light of a private bank on which she may draw unlimited cheques for dress and amusement. In contrast to such women of whom there are far too many for the honour of the sex—women who seem absolutely reckless how much they add, by their extravagance, to the burdens of father or husband, and who like Rosamond in 'Middlemarch' thrive upon 'men's brains,' it is pleasant to recur to these words of Frances Anne Kemble, written at an early age, and referring to her father:

'It is right, then, that those of us who have the power to do so should at once lighten his arms of all unnecessary burthens, and acquire the habit of independent exertion before the moment comes, when utter inexperience would add to the difficulty of adopting any settled mode of proceeding; it is right and wise to prepare for the evil

day before it is upon us. These reflections have led me to the resolution of entering upon some occupation or profession which may enable me to turn the advantages my father has so liberally bestowed upon me to some account, so as not to be a useless encumbrance to him at present, or a helpless one in future time.'

Would that the spirit of these noble words might animate our Canadian girls—with all the brightness, and talent and energy, which they might turn to such good account, instead of frittering them away in their very prime! And would that parents might realize the importance of bestowing upon their daughters a less precarious portion than bank shares—the power, namely, of maintaining themselves in an honourable independence, inalienable so long at least as health and strength are left. And even apart from the spirit of self-reliance which would be thus developed, nothing can be a more beneficent resource for a woman, either from the depressing effect of a monotonous life or the crushing force of a keen personal trial. Two many women stake their *all* of care or interest on their small immediate circle of personal affection, and when this fails them from bereavement or any other cause, seem to have nothing left to bind them to life, or make its burden worth bearing. And how often it happens that women, throwing their whole being into a precarious affection, become morbidly sensitive to the most trifling slights, and brood over them till their mental balance is seriously disturbed, and they become not only unhappy themselves, but a source of unhappiness to all about them. Nothing can so much tend to counteract such morbid tendencies in which woman's very strength becomes her weakness, and makes her—

'Deaf to all the beats  
Of that large music rolling o'er the world ;

—as the habit of looking above and beyond her personal concerns to the

great interests of humanity. 'Love,' in its narrower sense at least, is not necessarily 'the whole of a woman's life,' any more than of a man's, and it would be all the higher, and nobler, and purer for being less selfishly absorbing. To a woman crushed by a heavy personal grief, nothing can be a greater blessing than a larger interest, whether it be in art, literature, or philanthropic work, which links her still with the world around her, and makes her gradually realize that no life, lived with a worthy end in view, needs to be utterly desolate. Even business interests will help to rouse a woman out of the hurtful absorption of an overwhelming grief, and there can be no doubt that she who is obliged, at such a time, to think and even to work for herself and others, finds, in the very attempt, a healing and rousing influence unknown to those who indulge in an abandon of sorrow from which they are roused by no nobler interest, either voluntary or compulsory.

Nor is the *ennui* of ordinary female life less in need of a resource than the unresisted dominion of grief. The energetic business man, when buckling on his defences from the weather on a stormy morning, may be tempted to think his wife and daughters rather enviable in their sheltered lot; their immunity from the need of breasting wind and weather—their freedom to spend the day in lounging by the drawing-room fire, in novel reading or in some 'elegant' manufacture which nobody wants, and which is probably destined to encumber still further some unfortunate apartment already sufficiently distracted with a multiplicity of 'knick-knacks.' It never occurs to our good Paterfamilias that in a household of lively and energetic girls there may be activities or aspirations reaching beyond even crochet and crewel work, and by no means fully satisfied by the sensational light reading which they, unfortunately, too often affect. It never occurs to him that he himself

would find intolerably dull the very existence which he expects them to enjoy ; blank as it is in all interests other than the most transient and trifling ones. And many a girl, fitted for nobler interests, *does* chafe and fret under her silken bonds which yet she sees no way of breaking. She admires Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' but its stirring line,

'Still achieving, still pursuing,'

sounds bitterly ironical to her who has nothing worth while either to achieve or to pursue. Besides her sensational reading, the only outlet she can find for her restless cravings is in sensational love-making, often premature, and ending in dis-illusion, with more or less permanently disastrous effects. But no ; there is one other refuge—fatal as it is ! It is the testimony of physicians of undoubted knowledge of the facts, that not a few young women are driven to the excessive use of stimulants by the listless *ennui* resulting from an objectless life. Place beside such cases those of young women possessed with a genuine and judiciously developed enthusiasm for art, for literature, or philanthropic work—who 'scorn delights and love laborious days,' happy in the healthful stimulus given by work for a worthy end, while many and many an instance, not only of mental depression, but of confirmed invalidism, is simply the natural result of 'nothing particular to do.'

Before, however, girls can be expected to prepare themselves, as a matter of course, for some remunerative employment, the facilities for such preparation must be made sufficient, the avenues to suitable employment must be set open, and the principle must be established that work should be paid for according to its intrinsic value, and not according to the sex of the worker. Facilities for preparing women for the higher departments of work are increasing rapidly. To what has been stated concerning these in a former article, it may be added that

Harvard University has now opened to women an institution corresponding to the Cambridge Girton ; in other words, it has placed within their reach the advantages of a first-class University. It is also a matter of interest in this connection, that six women have recently graduated in the honour-class at Cambridge. Of course, owing to many causes, the women who avail themselves of University advantages will be only the exceptional cases ; but it is much that for such cases, such advantages are now open ; and it is worthy of note, as showing the rapidity with which this movement is growing even where it would have been least expected to find favour, that the most recent intelligence from India tells us that 'female education is now fairly started in Bengal ;' that native women are beginning to think of entering the University, that one Bramha girl is a candidate for matriculation, and that a young married Zenana lady had become a teacher in a girls' school—the first case in Bengal.

These advantages, together with those offered by fast-growing art schools, training institutions of various kinds, down to cookery-classes, should, together with the efforts of women themselves, tend to remove the reproach of superficiality and lack of thoroughness, which we are constantly told still clings to much of their work, from literature to the culinary art. Their grammar, we are told, is often slipshod—their orthography doubtful, to say the least—their MSS. badly written, and worse punctuated—while in their own domestic province of cooking we are told that in London a really good female cook is a black swan, and when found might command as large a salary as some curates. Of course, there are many bright exceptions, many women who are more thorough and accurate in their work than the average man, and the fault, where it exists, evidently proceeds more from deficient training than from any other cause. It will disappear as



the women of our upper classes learn more and more what work is, and as the moral intelligence of all women is more and more cultivated. And as women in general learn more of what work is they will also learn more and more the value of both time and money, two things of which they have often a very vague appreciation. How, indeed, can they be expected to value time who live only to kill it? But every woman who undertakes work of any kind can do something to clear away the slur of inefficiency, by sparing no pains to thoroughly accomplish her own task, as well as to show that by widening her view beyond the sphere of home, she does not necessarily neglect the inner sanctuary.

Avenues of employment for thoroughly trained women will be sure to open out more and more, as such women present themselves able and willing to do work of the best kind. While all departments of work are, it is true, said to be over-stocked, thorough workers will never be super-abundant in any, and most women can be thorough workers if they will. Never has the magic power of perseverance and good work been more strikingly shown than in the career of Lavinia Goodell, who, in spite of unusual difficulties, has worked her way to most honourable recognition in her practice of the legal profession, almost the last, indeed, for which a woman might seem adapted. This lady was originally employed in the office of *Harper's Weekly*, New York, but removing with her parents to Janesville, Wisconsin, felt strongly impelled to the study of law, for which she had a natural aptitude. She did not see her way clear to the goal of her ambition, a regular practice, but she read law steadily under the direction of a legal friend, and finally applied for leave to plead in the Circuit Courts. Her first client was a woman, and she managed the case so ably as to win much prestige. She soon gained a good practice, and eventually applied for leave to plead

before the Supreme Courts of the United States. This the Chief Justice refused, and Miss Goodell ably reviewed his judgment in a law journal, having, it was declared, much the best of the argument. She was able finally to procure the passage by the Legislature of a Bill for the recognition of the right of pleading before the Supreme Court, irrespective of sex. It is not the poorest of Miss Goodell's laurels, by any means, that her efforts in this direction were cordially endorsed by her legal brethren in Wisconsin, who thus testified their sincere respect for her perseverance, ability and conscientious fidelity, a most refreshing contrast to the animosity with which many medical men have endeavoured to exclude women from a profession for which they seem far more fitted. Such careers as Miss Goodell's, and those of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwall and Mrs. Garrett Anderson, are enough to show that energy and perseverance, combined with natural fitness, may enable any woman to accomplish even what seems the impossible. It is not at all likely, however, that any but very exceptional women will find their way into the courts of law, and those who do, we may rest assured, will be able to maintain there the credit of their sex. But even without having recourse to professions still almost considered contraband of sex, there are numberless callings, in any one of which a woman willing to work might reasonably hope to maintain herself. The medical profession, though requiring expensive and laborious preparation, is practically open to women, and through it the wide and most interesting field of female medical missions, in which the demand as yet far exceeds the supply. The whole field of female missions opens a wide sphere of usefulness to devoted Christian women, willing to qualify themselves for carrying to their heathen sisters the light which guides their own lives; and the joy of the success which crowned the labours of so many

female workers in this field might well stimulate others to follow in so noble a crusade. To come down to more secular callings, the periodical literature of the day affords openings for female workers, but only for really skilled work. Tyros or dilettantes 'need not apply,' and should well count the cost of a thorough preparation for literary work before they commit themselves to what is at best an ill-paid profession as a means of subsistence. Unless they are prepared to submit to years of apprenticeship, with little or no remuneration, and to persevere in an uphill work in spite of repeated disappointments that sadly clip the wings of young enthusiasm, they had better content themselves with less ambitious aims. And precisely the same is to be said of success in art, in which there can be no success without years of persevering labour. There are, however, several subordinate departments of artistic work which do not require so long an apprenticeship and would be more speedily remunerative. In wood carving and wood cutting, in porcelain painting, and artistic house decoration, are branches of aesthetic work in which women can and do excel, and which are growing more and more lucrative and more and more in demand. Two sisters of Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson made for themselves a comfortable independence, if not a fortune, by their successful practice of the last named art, the demand for which is certain to grow in Canada with a growing taste.

But there are many other callings in which women not naturally qualified for any 'professional' career, might find fair remuneration. Many female copying-clerks in Washington receive very respectable salaries, and those who are qualified for higher clerkships receive more in proportion. There is no reason why women who take pains to fit themselves for the work, should not be largely employed as clerks and book-keepers, and they might be ex-

pected, if prepared, to do their work more neatly, and perhaps more correctly than their masculine competitors. Of course many women do find employment in teaching; but one may venture to ask why more of our young ladies,—using a much abused word not conventionally, but to denote real refinement of mind and manners—do not prepare themselves for teaching at least in the higher departments of our public schools. Teaching is in all cases an honourable work, and the higher classes of our public schools are much more certainly remunerative than private teachings, unless in special cases, or in large cities. And nowhere could a lady, thoroughly trained in mind, and uniting gentleness with dignity, be more usefully employed than in moulding the mind and manners of young Canada whose sad deficiency in the 'minor morals' may doubtless be attributed to the fact that his teachers are too often incapable of exercising any refining influence over his natural rudeness. Here and there, even in rough country districts gentle and refined lady teachers are doing a good work in civilising him, and indeed in civilising the whole district—but as yet such teachers are far too rare. May it not be hoped that some of our more highly cultivated young women, looking for a means of independent livelihood, will turn their attention to this patriotic though self-denying work?

For those who have scientific tastes, and are not obliged to give their time up to any calling more immediately remunerative, the field of scientific investigation lies invitingly open. In microscopic work, especially, which has led and is leading to so many important discoveries—there seems every reason why persevering women might expect to succeed. M. Michelet remarks that feminine qualities are specially needful in microscopic studies, which demand a certain amount of dexterity, patient tact, and full liberty of time. To succeed in them, he says

—‘one must be something of a woman.’ Here, then, is an ennobling study, to which many of the best minds of our day give the main share of their time and attention—into which any woman may freely enter, without bar or impediment.

But for those who are less fitted for the more purely intellectual callings, there are many others which afford the means of earning a livelihood without losing an atom of respect from any one whose respect is worth having. Why should not ladies with an aptitude for millinery and dressmaking, leave the impress of their good taste and good sense on the fashions of the day, whose absurdities and monstrosities are mainly due to their being left in the hands of uncultivated women, ignorant of the true rules of good taste, and therefore unable to act upon them? Certain branches of jewellers’ work, telegraphy, certain mercantile businesses, and the training schools of nursing and cookery now so numerous, afford numberless avenues of employment to the women who do not desire to live in idle dependence on the labour of others.

But there is little doubt that, in the long run, women will find themselves permitted to do whatever they shall prove themselves able to do well—all *a priori* prejudices to the contrary notwithstanding. The world wants good work so much more than it wants old prejudices—that these must eventually yield to common sense, and the inevitable law of demand and supply. Even the much vexed question of the suffrage, so obstinate before mere agitation, will ultimately, doubtless, be settled by the women who quietly demonstrate their capability of discharging all other duties of life, and of organising and conducting even great undertakings with the calm and judicious judgment, the perseverance and the thorough conscientiousness of highly cultivated women, which, we believe, will not be found inferior to the same qualities in highly cultivated

men. If the new ideal of womanhood shall advance as much during the next quarter of a century as it has done in the past, the principle of excluding the holder of otherwise unrepresented property from the franchise on the ground of sex will, we venture to believe, be regarded as an antiquated survival of a semi-cultivation. But this result will never come by empty agitation. A member of the Ontario Legislature once objected to the proposal to enfranchise female property-holders, on the singular ground that the women of Ontario were not ‘clamouring’ for the privilege. The women of Ontario might very well have replied that to their minds, ‘clamour’ was no special gratification for this or any other privilege, and that they were quite content to wait with patience and dignity till a growing common sense should gracefully yield that which they do not crave as a personal boon, and would seek and use only for the public good. Charles Kingsley’s counsel deserves to be ever borne in mind by all promoters of this movement. ‘By quiet, modest, silent, private influence, we shall win. “Neither strive, nor cry, nor let your voice be heard in the streets,” was good advice of old, and is still. I have seen many a movement succeed by it. I have seen many a movement tried by the other method of striving, and crying, and making a noise in the street. But I have never seen one succeed thereby, and never shall. I do not hesitate to say that unless this movement is kept down to that tone of grace and modesty and dignity which would make it acceptable to the mass of cultivated and experienced, and therefore justly powerful Englishmen and Englishwomen, it will fail only by the fault of its supporters.’ He adds that any sound reformation can come only through the right discharge of ‘the relations that now exist, imperfect and unjust as they are,’ and that ‘only those who have worked well in harness will be able to work well out of harness;—

only those that have been (as tens of thousands of women are every day) rulers over a few things will be fit to be rulers over many things.'

But the question of adequate remuneration for their work is one which women have been suffering from a real and pressing wrong. The principle of paying women less than men for the same work is one so essentially unjust that only a thoughtless and blind conventionality could have so long perpetuated it. Women are often pathetically warned, that if they insist in competing with men they will lose the chivalrous consideration still extended to their physical weakness. Those who look beyond the small formal observances of 'society' may well wonder where this chivalrous consideration, as a rule, existed! It would appear that it is equal to handing a lady from one room to another, or to her carriage (especially if there be a footman in attendance), to picking up her scissors, or maintaining a certain show of deference in conversation, to be too often exchanged for a very different tone in the freedom of the smoking-room; but it cannot stand any tougher strain. To the woman who has her 'way to make in the world,' how rare a boon is the chivalrous, brotherly consideration of the stronger for the weaker, the kindly help and sympathy along the thornypath of life, which we naturally associate with that chivalry of character which would—

' Ride abroad, redressing human wrongs !'

On the contrary, the moment that the principle of self interest comes into play, the average man is more ready to grind down, to over-reach, to under-pay, to cheat outright a woman than a man, just because he thinks he can do it with more impunity. It is small wonder if women feel that the compensation of a thin veneer of social courtesy for the ability to earn an honest independence, is very like offering a stone for bread!

A feminine writer in the *Contem-*

*porary Review*, not long ago, expressed her fears lest the fast growing movement for training women to self-support and to cherish interests larger than personal ones, may in time so alter the nature and aspirations natural to woman, as to throw into confusion the whole existing scheme of human affairs and become the 'beginning of the end.' Of all the novel theories we have been recently favoured with, this seems one of the wildest, contradicted by all experience, ignoring the 'Divinity that shapes our ends,' and unsupported by any rational probability even then. So far as we have seen yet, the highest cultivation possible to man or woman has not gone in the direction of assimilating their characteristic differences in the least. Neither Mrs. Browning nor 'George Eliot,' two of the most highly cultivated women that the world has seen—have been one iota the less womanly for all their cultivation. Working women of the lower classes are not one whit the less devoted wives and mothers because before marriage they worked hard to earn their own living. Love, in some form or other, will almost always be lord of a woman's life, and a truly happy marriage its most perfect fruition. But a woman will be all the better fitted for marriage if her previous life has not been wasted on trivialities, if her mind and faculties have been trained and disciplined, and if her sacred treasure of affection has not been prematurely frittered away on 'make-believe' *affaires du cœur*. There will be fewer loveless and unhappy marriages, doubtless, when women feel themselves less dependent on marriage as a means of livelihood or a fancied refuge from insupportable *ennui*—but will this be loss or gain to humanity? And there will always, in all probability, co-exist the two types of womanhood—the weaker and more clinging, and the stronger but not less loving, whose husband's heart 'doth safely trust in her.' But just in proportion as woman approaches the

higher ideal that wisely loves rather than weakly worships, that can postpone even the temporary gratification of its own affection to the real good of the beloved object—that would not artfully ‘manage,’ but nobly influence, as one rational being may another; in proportion as her warmer emotions and her livelier imagination are trained and disciplined by true culture, and her more vividly realizing faith gains

the firmer footing of a more intelligent basis—in the same proportion will she be more and more fitted to fulfil her high mission as ‘helpmeet’ for man in an age of restless and clashing thought—and to realize the noble ideal to which Charles Kingsley clung so steadfastly for a quarter of a century—of ‘woman as the teacher, the natural and therefore divine guide, purifier, inspirer of the man.’

---

 REVERIES.

BY WATTEN SMALL.

THE last year's leaves have fallen, and I tread  
 O'er Winter's mantle shrouding field and hill,  
 While Memory speaks of former seasons dead,  
 And scenes which once the pulse of youth did thrill ;  
 The old time sweetness of the past is fled,  
 And youth no more by golden fancies led.  
 Old visions stir the soul and haunt the brain,  
 As through these forest aisles we take our way ;  
 The same to older eyes, yet not the same—  
 Life's morn has chang'd to evening cold and grey :  
 But nature still a lesson here can teach,  
 And chasten and subdue the sterner will ;  
 Make glad the heart, discreet the vain-blown speech,  
 With purest joy the empty bosom fill.

The world grows colder. Selfish, narrow, mean,  
 Are human hearts, that wake not to the moan  
 Of the distress'd : O, for a crust, a bone,  
 Hath been the cry of those whom love hath seen !  
 Fettered in narrow lines, and dismal rooms,  
 Where God's pure sunlight but in patches dwells ;  
 While grief and want its tale of misery tells,  
 And virtue unregarded lives and blooms.  
 For here are forms and faces hearts can love,  
 Now pinch'd and wan with penury and woe.  
 Go Pity, love, thy sacred mantle throw  
 O'er them, and Charity abundance give ; above  
 The clamour of a noisy world shall rise  
 Reward and praise, ascending to the skies.

## THE GROWTH OF THE POST OFFICE.

BY T. C. B. FRASER, NAPANEH.

THE nineteenth century may not be inaptly characterized as an age of intense activity. In every branch of life man's energies are subjected to the severest strain. And in an age distinguished by so many remarkable inventions and discoveries, public attention may not unnaturally be withdrawn from those institutions which we have come to look upon as indispensable, forgetting for the moment the slow growth, and the patience and perseverance which surmounted all obstacles, and eventually rewarded the promoters with success and with the gratitude of humanity. Foremost among the improvements and inventions of modern times stands the Post Office, which, within the last half-century has been brought almost to a state of perfection. The postal system in a very crude state appears to have existed in the earliest times. It is said that the Chinese established stations for the reception of those who brought news. Couches were furnished at these stations, covered with silk and surrounded by rich curtains, 'fit even for a king, should the herald of news be a royal personage.' Herodotus speaks of the 'messages written on the shaven heads of slaves, whose journeyings were delayed until the hair had grown sufficiently to hide the mysterious words, which were thus securely veiled until the friend to whom they were addressed unveiled them with his sword-razor. Another ancient chronicler tells us that men disguised themselves as animals, and bore about them, hidden under the

leopard's skin or lion's mane, some secret written by a friend or a master.

It is recorded by Xenophon that in the ancient empire of Persia, stations were placed at intervals along the principal roads, where couriers were always kept in readiness to bear despatches. The same institutions prevailed among the ancient Romans; but the posts of the olden time were used exclusively for the conveyance of government messages. In England, peddlers, and those whose business caused them to take frequent journeys, carried the letters. As far back as the middle of the thirteenth century, entries are found in the wardrobe accounts of the English kings, of payments to royal messengers for carrying letters to various parts of the kingdom. In 1252, these couriers are styled *cokinus*, *nuncius* and *garcis*. Half a century later, in the wardrobe accounts of Edward I., the same three words occur. The first of such officers of whom a distinct account is given is Sir Brian Tuke, who is described as *magister nunciorum, cursorum, sive Postorum*, 'both in England and in other parts of the king's dominions beyond the seas.' Thomas Cromwell wrote to him in August, 1533, complaining of 'great default in conveyance of letters,' and intimating the pleasure of the king 'that posts be better appointed.' Sir Brian replied, saying, 'The king's grace hathe no moo ordinary postes ne of many days hathe had bitwene London and Calais; and they in no wages, save the post of London in 12d., and Calais 4d. by day,

but riding by the journey, whereof moste part passe not two in a month, and sins October last the postes northwarde, every one at 12d. by day. . . . Sir, ye knowe well that except the hakney horses bitwene Gravesende and Dovour, there is no usual conveyance in post for men in this realme, as in the accustomed places of France and other parts; *ne men can kepe horses in redynes without som way to bere the charges, but when placardes be sent for such cause, the constables many times be fayne to take horses out of plowes and cartes, wherein can be no extreme dilligence.* But, sir, not taking on me to excuse the postes, I wol advertise you that I have known, in tymes past, folkes which for their own thanke have dated their letters a day or two more before they were written, and the conveyers have had the blame.' Sixteenth century letter writers knew how to practise fraud as well as their favoured descendants in the nineteenth. Verily, the first Postmaster-General had difficulties to contend with.

In 1545, Sir William Paget and John Mason succeeded Sir Brian Tuke as joint Postmasters-General, under letters patent, receiving a grant of the office to them during their lives and the life of the survivor, and in addition getting a salary of £66 13s. 4d. a year. In 1642, an attempt was made to rob the Chester mail at the foot of Highgate Hill by five persons 'on great horses, with pistols, habited like troopers, who demanded of these deponents, Who had the letters? saying they must have them.' Opening letters three hundred years ago appears to have been a common occurrence. Foreign mails were frequently stopped, and committees appointed to open and read letters. Once a message was sent to the House of Lords, remonstrating on account of correspondence being opened, and they replied 'that they did yield to the opening of letters, but it would be very inconvenient if often used.' Not long after,

the Venetian Ambassador entered a formal complaint to the Lords, and the House resolved 'that four members of this House be forthwith sent to the ambassador to disavow the action, and to endeavour to give him all satisfaction, by declaring how sensible they are of it, as tending to the breach of public faith and the law of nations.' Notwithstanding this resolution, the Act of 1657, mentions, as one of the advantages of a post office, that 'it hath been found by experience . . . the best means . . . to discover and prevent many dangerous and wicked designs which have been, and are daily, contrived against the peace and welfare of this Commonwealth, the intelligence whereof cannot well be communicated but by letter of escript.'

The revenues must have largely increased, for under the Government of the Restoration, one Henry Bishop contracted to pay the king an annual rent of £21,500. The new arrangements were embodied in the Act 12, Charles II. c. 35, entitled 'An Act for Erecting and Establishing a Post Office.' It is here we find the earliest record of the franking privilege, a privilege that has been grossly abused, and ought to be largely restricted, if not abolished. A clause was introduced, proposing that all letters addressed to or sent by Members of Parliament during the session, should be sent free, and was carried on a division, after an animated debate. In the course of his remarks Sir Heneage Finch said the measure was 'a poor mendicant proviso, and below the honour of the House.' The Speaker, on putting the motion, said, 'I am ashamed of it.' When the bill was sent up to the Lords, they struck out the clause referring to franking, and the Commons agreed to their amendment. However, in the indenture enrolled in the letters patent, was a proviso for the free conveyance of all letters to or from the king, the great officers of state, 'and also the single inland letters only of the members of the present Parliament during

the continuance of this session of this Parliament.'

In 1649 a post office was established by Edward Prideaux, Attorney-General, who arranged for the weekly transmission of letters to all parts of the kingdom. At that time the rates of postage were for a single sheet at 2d. for 80 miles; 4d. for from 80 to 140 miles; 6d. for above 140 miles; and 8d. for the Borders and Scotland. In 1656 rates were again modified, the charges ranging from 2d. for 7 miles to 14d. for more than 300 miles, and were not materially changed until 1838.

In 1685 a citizen of London, named William Dockwray, founded at large cost a penny post, and engaged to deliver parcels and letters six times daily in the city and four times in the suburbs. In this enterprise he met with much opposition. The porters were losing by the innovation, and the Duke of York, who received the net proceeds of the post office, appealed to the law courts to sustain his monopoly. He was successful in his effort, and Dockwray's scheme was abandoned. The monopoly continued and the system became very corrupt. The franking privilege had been abused to such an extent that 'franks' were signed in thousands by members of Parliament and by some officials, and then sold. It was estimated that if the usual rates had been paid on all franked letters, the revenue would have been increased to the amount of £170,000. Robberies were so frequent about the year 1700 that Acts were passed by the Parliaments of England and Scotland 'making robbery of the post punishable with death and confiscation.'

In 1705, an Act was passed repealing the former statutes, and putting the Post Office on a new basis. A general Post Office was established at London, with chief offices in Edinburgh, Dublin, New York, and other places in the American Colonies, and one in the Leeward Islands.

The first mention we have of the

Post Office in the colonies is the following extract taken from the records of the General Court of Massachusetts in 1639: 'It is ordered that notice be given that Richard Fairbanks, his house in Boston, is the place appointed for all letters which are brought from beyond the seas, or are to be sent thither to be left with him; and he is to take care that they are to be delivered or sent according to the directions; and he is allowed for every letter a penny, and must answer all miscarriages through his own neglect in this kind.'

The colonial laws of Virginia in 1657 required every planter to provide a messenger to carry the despatches as they arrived, to the next plantation, and so on, on pain of forfeiting a hog's-head of tobacco for default. In 1672 the Government of New York established 'a post to go monthly from New York to Boston,' advertising 'those that be disposed to send letters; to bring them to the secretary's office, where, in a locked box, they shall be preserved till the messenger calls for them; all persons paying the post before the bag be sealed up.' It was thirty years before this monthly post was made a fortnightly one. The office of Postmaster-General for America was created in 1692.

In 1784 John Palmer, manager of the Bath and Bristol theatres, recommended to the English Government, the stage coach system. The Government adopted his plan, and the first mail coach ran between London and Bristol on August 24th, 1784. Up to this time the conveyance of letters had been very tedious, and attended with many dangers. Post-boys trudged along at the rate of three miles an hour, and robbing mails was a common occurrence. Palmer was appointed controller of the post office, and was the means of largely increasing the revenue. He effected many improvements, but the increase of trade and correspondence called for something more.

A recent historian says (writing in



1867), 'To effect a change, however, was far from easy. It appears almost incredible to the present generation that thirty years ago the postage of a of a letter was one shilling; but so it was, and this repressive charge led to the adoption of all kinds of expedients to evade it, or led to the practical suspension of all correspondence between scattered members of families among the poorer classes. Illicit modes of conveyance were resorted to, and notwithstanding the prohibitions and fines some carriers were doing as large a business as the post office in the surreptitious conveyance of letters. The evasion of the high charges by contraband means became so common that the officials began to despair of checking the practice.'

The climax was reached, and a great reformation was about to be inaugurated. In 1837, Mr. (now Sir) Rowland Hill suggested his famous plan for post office reform. Mr. Hill wrote a pamphlet, entitled *Post Office Reform, Its Importance and Practicability*, in which he reviewed at length the working of the post office and, threw out hints for its improvement. He stated that the net revenue was more than twice the whole cost of management, from which it appeared that the tax was about 200 per cent. on the natural cost of postage. After referring to the loss of revenue as far from being the most serious of the injuries caused to society by the excessive rates of postage, he said, 'When it is considered how much the religious, moral and intellectual progress of the people would be accelerated by the unobstructed circulation of letters, and of the many cheap and non-political publications of the present day, the post office assumes the new and important character of a powerful engine of civilization, capable of performing a distinguished part in the great work of National Education, but rendered feeble and inefficient by erroneous financial arrangements.'

The revenue had been declining since

1815, and the authorities opposed all propositions to reform, until they were forced to do so by public opinion. Mr. Hill showed that 'the cost of mere transit incurred upon a letter sent from London to Edinburgh, was not more than one thirty-sixth of a penny for half an ounce.' He further showed that the rates of postage were too high, varying with distance; that if a letter contained an enclosure the postage was doubled, and tripled if two enclosures, and quadrupled if over one ounce in weight. The functionaries of the Post Office denounced his scheme as ridiculous and visionary. Lord Lichfield, then Postmaster-General, said in the House of Lords, 'Of all the wild and visionary schemes which I have ever heard of, it is the most extravagant.' He said on another occasion, 'The mails will have to carry twelve times as much in weight, and therefore the charge for transmission, instead of £100,000 as now, must be twelve times that amount. The walls of the Post Office would burst, the whole area in which the building stands would not be large enough to receive the clerks and letters.' Colonel Maberly, the secretary, thought it 'a most preposterous plan, utterly unsupported by facts, resting entirely on assumptions.'

Mr. Hill proposed '*That the charge for primary distribution, that is to say, the postage on all letters received in a post town and delivered in the same, or any other post town in the British Isles, shall be at the uniform rate of one penny per ounce, whether single or multiple, and heavier packets to any convenient limit (say one pound), being charged an additional halfpenny for each additional half ounce. To the rich as to the less wealthy, it will be acceptable from the increased facilities it will afford for their correspondence. To the middle classes it will bring relief from oppression and irritating demands which they pay grudgingly, estimating them even beyond their real amount, be-*

cause probably of their frequent occurrence, which they avoid by every possible contrivance, and which they would consider quite intolerable if they knew that nearly the whole is a tax. And to the poor it will afford the means of communication with their distant friends and relatives, from which they are at present debarred.'

He narrates, at considerable length, the theft of a £50 note from a letter by a post office clerk at Edinburgh, named Wedderburn Nicol. He was a young man, well connected, and bore a good character. He 'was tempted to abstract the letter from having observed the presence and value of the note it contained when, in the discharge of his duty, he held the letter up to a strong light, for the purpose of ascertaining whether it was single or double. His trial took place at Edinburgh, in March, 1834. He pleaded guilty to the charge of theft, and was sentenced to transportation for life.' Such was justice forty-five years ago.

Mr. Hill had an herculean task before him, and his project was subjected to various and vexatious delays. Success at length crowned his efforts, and the measure carried by a majority of one hundred in the House of Commons. After a short experiment of a fourpenny rate, the penny postal system came into operation on January 10th, 1840. Before this time, members of Parliament had the right of franking their letters, but this privilege was abolished. One penny was adopted as the uniform rate for all inland letters weighing not above half an ounce.

Postage stamps were introduced, and on letters posted unpaid double postage was charged. The first design for an envelope was furnished by Mulready. At the end of three years, the only part of Mr. Hill's plan that had been fully tried was the reduction of postage, and the gross revenue of the Post Office was increasing each year.

In 1854, Mr. Hill was appointed Secretary of the Department, and in 1860 was made a K. C. B. In 1864, he retired on his full salary of £2,000, and received a grant from Parliament of £20,000. While these lines are being written, the announcement is made that he is about to receive the freedom of the City of London,—an honour long delayed. The following is a copy of a letter written by Mr. Hill, during his agitation for Post Office reform, in 1837:—

' 2 Burton Crescent,  
' May 8th.

' Dear Sir,—Knowing the interest you take in the improvement of the Post Office, I trust you will excuse my requesting your attention to Mr. Wallace's notice for to-morrow.

' I am, dear Sir,

' Your most obed't servant,  
' ROWLAND HILL.'

' To Benjamin Hawes, Esq., M. P.

The British regulations provide that no letter shall be above eighteen inches long, nine inches wide, or six inches deep. The Postmaster-General is not held responsible by law for the safe delivery of registered letters or packages, but will make good the contents of a registered letter lost while passing through the British Post Office to the extent of £2, in certain cases, providing the regulations set forth in the Postal Guide have been observed. The Money Order Office became an official department of the Post Office in 1838. This law took effect on 1st January, 1878, and was made in order that the public might make use of registered letters for remitting small sums in preference to money orders, a loss of £10,000 on the money order business of the Post Office having occurred in the year ending 31st March, 1877. The Post Office transacts miscellaneous business for the Inland Revenue Department, such as the sale of receipt stamps, and the granting of dog, gun, game, and other licenses. The Gen-

eral Post Office in St. Martin's Le Grand was built in 1825-29, and the buildings for the telegraph department in 1869-73. The staff of officers and employees attached to the head offices at St. Martin's Le Grand amounts to 5,500 persons. Four hundred mail bags leave London daily, having an average weight of 280 cwt. (219 cwt. being newspapers). The night mails leave the General Post Office at 8 p.m. and arrive at all important towns in England and Wales, and also at Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin, in time for delivery next morning before 9 o'clock. The sorting process is carried on in the night mails, machinery being provided for the exchange of letter bags at the stations along the route, while the train proceeds at its usual speed. 521 pouches were delivered daily in this way in 1877, and 478 received. London possesses the most complete arrangements in the world for delivering letters. Twelve deliveries are made daily in the Eastern Central District, and eleven within the town limits of each of the other districts. In the twenty-third annual report of the Postmaster-General for the year ending 31st March, 1877, it is stated that at that date there were 13,447 post offices in the United Kingdom, of which 896 were head offices, and 10,724 road letter boxes; the number of postal receptacles being thus 24,171 as compared with 4,500 before the introduction of penny postage. In 1876 the number of letters which passed through the Post Office was 1,018,955,200, being 31 per head for the United Kingdom. 33,100 letters were posted without addresses; and of these 832 contained nearly £390 in cash and bank notes, and nearly £5,000 in cheques; 78,575 postage stamps were found loose in different post offices. One registered letter addressed to a bank, and containing £3,000 was found to be unfastened. The net revenue from the Post Office has quadrupled since 1840. The revenue from the Post Office for

the year ending 31st March, 1878, was £6,150,000 and £1,310,000 from the telegraph department. The expenditure was £3,185,346 for the Post Office, £1,137,000 for the telegraph and £763,000 for packet service.

The transmission of books by post was undertaken in 1848. In 1852, Henry Archer's invention for perforating sheets of stamps was purchased for £4,000. Pillar letter boxes were introduced in 1855. By arrangement with the National Debt Commissioners, Post Office Savings Banks were opened in 1861, and the transaction of Government Life Insurance begun in 1865. Lives, between the ages of 16 and 20, may be insured for not less than £20 or more than £100. In 1868, the Post Office acquired power to purchase all the telegraph wires in the country, and began telegraphic business in 1870. Half-penny post cards came into use the same year. The Postmaster-General's report contains several curiosities, and specimens of letters received by the Postmaster-General, from which we select the following:—A person in Aberdeen was observed depositing a letter in a disused street hydrant, and when the cover of the box was removed three other letters were found; the senders having mistaken the water-pillar for a pillar letter box. A letter in course of transit attracted attention on account of a very large seal at the back, which had become slightly chipped, and on examination, gold coins to the value of £1.10s. were found embedded in the wax. It seems incredible that frogs and snakes should be sent by post, yet the report records that such is the case. 'A live snake which had escaped from a postal packet was discovered in the Holyhead and Kingston Marine Post Office, and at the expiration of a fortnight, being still unclaimed, it was sent to the Dublin Zoological Gardens. A packet containing a live horned frog, reached Liverpool from the United States, and was given up to the addressee, who called for it. Another packet, also

from America, reached the Dublin Post Office, containing two live lizards, and was similarly given up to the addressee on personal application.' All sorts of letters were received, asking for information on all manner of subjects. Here is one that should have been answered with as little delay as possible:—

'To the Edetior of the General Post Office, London. Will you please oblige Susannah — and Walter —, with the particulars of an aspecial licence to get married—is it possible for you to forward one to us without either of us coming to you—if you enclose the charge and have it returned, would we get one before next Monday week, to get married at —. If you would kindly send by return to the address enclosed, the particulars, we should feel greatly obliged.' A depositor in the Post Office Savings Bank, fearing that some person might withdraw money on his account, proposed to send his photograph to be used for identifying him, closing his letter with the following request:—'There are some little articles I would like to get from London, and one of them is some natural leaf tobacco, which I would be glad if you sent an ounce of and charge me for it—it is only to be bought in the largest tobacco stores.' In a subsequent letter he expressed surprise that his request had not been granted, and said, that 'the commonest person in America (my country), can speak to General Grant, and there is nothing said wrong about it.' In another case, a woman forwarded her will, and requested to be informed whether it was 'correct in case of death.'

Coming to 'this Canada of ours,' it is interesting to note the improvements that have been effected in the last quarter of a century. The *Halifax Wesleyan*, of February 16th, 1878, contained the following:—'A friend has laid on our table a letter stamped at Toronto, August 10th, 1848, at Quebec, August 22nd, and Halifax, September 1st. Thus, 30 years ago, it

required twelve days for a letter to travel from Toronto to Quebec, and twenty days from Toronto to Halifax. The postage charged on this letter—there was no prepayment in those days—was two-and-ninepence half-penny, 66 cents. Postage from St. John to Halifax was then 28 cents on a single half-ounce letter.

Previous to 1851 the Post Office in Canada was under Imperial control, and was transferred to the Provincial Government on April 6th, 1851. The first report made by a Canadian Postmaster-General after the above date contains some interesting matter. It is dated Quebec, September 1st, 1852, and signed by James Morris, P.M.G. 'The Provincial Act of the 12th and 13th Vic. reduced the postage in Canada upon all letters passing between places within the Province, or within North America generally, to a uniform rate of 3d. per  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz., whereas, under the tariff in force previous to the transfer, the average charge on each letter was computed to have been as nearly as possible 9d. per  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz.'

The following sentences can hardly fail to provoke a smile: 'Mail routes have been opened to the shores of Lake Huron, at Kincardine and Saugeen. Daily mails have been established on the important routes from Quebec to Rimouski and Metis; from London to Goderich and Port Sarnia, and from Bytown to Prescott, all previously served by tri-weekly posts.'

..... 'The postal communication between Canada and the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia by land route, *via* Quebec and Temiscouata, has, with the co-operation of those Provinces, been increased from twice to three times a week. An agreement was concluded with the Postmaster-General of the United States, which has continued in satisfactory operation since April, 1851, under which letters pass between any place in Canada and any place in the United States at a postage rate of 6d. currency per  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz., except to and from

California and Oregon, when, the distance being over 3,000 miles, the rate is 9d. per  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz.' Mr. Morris further states that the result as regards the revenue had been very satisfactory, and expressed the hope that the time was not far distant when a further reduction could be entered upon. He even ventured to hope that, at the next session of the Legislature, His Excellency would recommend the adoption of a penny postage. Mr. Morris's recommendation was not acted upon, and the rate remained unchanged until the first session of the Dominion Parliament, when '*The Post Office Act, 1867*,' was passed for the regulation of the postal service, which general Act took effect from April 1st, 1868. By this Act a uniform system of Post Office organization was provided for, the ordinary rate of domestic letter postage was reduced from five cents to three cents per  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz., and the charge on letters sent to and received from the United States was at the same time lowered from ten to six cents per half ounce. The introduction of street letter-boxes in the larger towns and cities is of recent origin. In the Postmaster-General's report for the year ending June 30th, 1865, we find the following:—'Street letter-boxes are being placed in all the principal streets of Montreal for the reception of letters, etc. These boxes will be visited at regular and frequent intervals by letter-carriers charged with the duty of carrying the letters dropped into these boxes to the City Post Office for distribution and mailing.' In 1871, the Canadian Post Card was introduced, and has proved a great boon to all classes. In 1875, a postal arrangement was effected between Canada and the United States,

which provided that the charge on letters passing from one country to the other should be reduced to three cents per half ounce. The reduced rate came into operation on February 1st, 1875, and the correspondence between the two countries has largely increased.

From the report of the Postmaster-General for year ending 30th June, 1878, we glean the following:—Number of Post Offices in Canada, 5,378; 38,730 miles of post route; 44,000,000 letters sent in 1878; 6,455,000 post cards; 1,890,000 registered letters, and 1,250,000 free letters. 12,536 letters were sent to the Dead Letter Office for want of any intelligible address. The revenue for the Dominion was \$1,620,022.21, and the expenditure \$2,110,365.40. At the meeting of the International Postal Congress held at Paris in May, 1878, Canada was admitted a member of the General Postal Union from July 1st, 1878, and in consequence the rate of letter postage between Canada and all Europe became one uniform charge of five cents per half ounce. The report states: 'The admission of Canada to the General Postal Union, with a voice in the future settlement of the conditions of postal intercourse between the nations of the civilized world, is certainly an important incident in the postal affairs of the Dominion.'

The free delivery system is in successful operation in Halifax, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, Toronto, and St. John. The average number of letters delivered annually in the above cities is 7,773,844, and of newspapers 2,896,556, making a total of 10,670,400.

## MARGARET'S SORROW.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL, TORONTO.

WHAT particular masculine visage in my album interests you so much this morning, ma belle Rose ?

Rose Trevaile looked up at the speaker with a somewhat puzzled expression on her lovely, piquante face.

'Oh, it is Eric—Mr. Forbes—your cousin, I mean! As the time for his arrival draws near I wonder more and more what he is like, whether he has changed much since you saw him, and how we will get on together. This photograph, you say, was an excellent likeness of him ?'

'Very, at the time it was taken, but it is not at all probable he will look like that now, after six years of travel and change.'

'I do not believe that you are half as curious about him as I am, notwithstanding the astonishing fact that you are engaged to be married to him.'

Margaret Elliot gave a sweet silvery laugh.

'Our engagement is a thing of the past, and not likely, I think, ever to be spoken of again. When Eric went away, he thought it would be the correct thing to leave a devoted fiancée at home, longing for his return, and following him in spirit all over the world, and I who thought every thing he did was perfect, and being very fond of him, readily accepted the rôle. His first letters were sufficiently ardent, and frequent enough, certainly, being dated from almost every station on the route; but later, if I was impatient for them I had to get over it, for they came only monthly, then quarterly, and now, I assure you, I haven't

had one for over six months, although uncle hears from him regularly; and, if it will gratify you to know it, he received a telegram this morning, bidding us expect him in a few days.'

'Oh, heartless! Not to have told me before! You know, my sweet friend, my position here is rather peculiar, having been adopted by my dear old guardian during his son's absence, and being a perfect stranger to Eric. Of course, if you will be good enough to renew your engagement and marry him at once, you will make everything easy for me, because, as the husband of my dearest sister and friend, I will know how to treat him. I wonder how I will address him! First, "Mr. Forbes," I suppose, very formally, then "Eric——"

'Then, dear Eric,' and finally 'Beloved!' laughed Margaret. 'I would venture to stake anything on my prophecy being fulfilled! You know, dear Uncle Philip is fond of comparing me to moonlight—and what can a poor little ray of moonlight expect, but to be obliterated when a radiant sunbeam appears on the scene! If Eric has not left his heart abroad, *you*, not *I*, will be its possessor.'

'But how about mine, fair prophetess? Is it of no importance in the transaction?'

'O, if Eric storms the citadel, ma petite, there is no hope for you! He was always one of those "came, saw, and conquered" sort of personages.'

'Really! I had no idea he was so dangerous? I wonder which day he will come?'

'Your capacity for wondering seems to be illimitable. There are only three more days of this week to choose from, during which you may 'wonder' *sans cesse*, but in the meantime come and have some breakfast.'

Rose Trevaile was a girl that might, indeed, win a man's heart easily; her friend's pet name of 'Sunbeam' was a perfect description of her—bright, warm hearted, and merry. Every one who knew her loved her. She was one of those girls whose appearance was an outward expression of her character. Her hair was golden brown, and waved and crinkled capriciously over a head that was small and symmetrical. Her features were delicate and refined; her eyes sweet, soft, and brown, with dark and curling lashes; in fine, she was a charming girl, whose universal popularity failed to spoil the natural goodness of her disposition.

Her companion, Margaret Elliot, was a beautiful woman of the ethereal type. The first thing one noticed about her face was the pallor of the complexion; perfectly colourless, it yet had a rich creamy tint which preserved it from conveying the impression of ill-health; her eyes were dark blue, and in shape and expression, lovely beyond compare. Her superb black hair she wore in curls upon the top of her head, which gave a regal, dignified character to a general appearance that was otherwise all softness and womanly grace. Her features were regular and pleasing; she walked with a gentle incline that in no wise suggested a stoop, although her figure was tall and lithe. To some persons, Margaret Elliot was extremely fascinating, both intellectually and physically, and her admirers spoke of her with an enthusiasm which was a matter of astonishment to others, who simply considered her 'nice and ladylike.'

She was an orphan, and had spent all her life with her uncle, who thought her the one woman in the world; and who, all unknown to Margaret, had set his heart upon her union with his son

Eric. He clung to this with that pertinacity peculiar to old people when they undertake to suit themselves, and nothing in Eric's letters pleased his father so much as those passages in which he assured him, that he was still not only heart-whole but fancy-free. He was thankful for the childhood which bound the two cousins, and it was his intention to consider it a formal and indissoluble tie if Rose's bright face and winning eyes caused Eric to falter in his allegiance to his beloved niece—his 'rare, pale Margaret.' This was a possibility which the shrewd old man did well not to overlook in his plans; for Eric Forbes, as time proved, was not of a nature to appreciate the high order of Margaret's beauty, nor the loftiness of her character, for, although she had at times a playfulness of manner and speech that was quite as child-like as Rose's own, it was only the youthful, sunny side of a grave and serious nature that as yet had known no cloud.

\* \* \* \*

'And how do you like being at home, my boy?' asked Mr. Forbes, as he and his son lingered in the dining-room, on the evening of Eric's arrival, gazing fondly and admiringly, as he spoke at the tall, broad-shouldered young man, who, with his arm resting on the mantel-piece in that careless, graceful attitude which has ever been a favourite one with men of elegant figure, was looking into the fire with an expression of perfect content on his handsome face.

'I am delighted to be at home once more!' he said, returning his father's look of affection with a bright kindly smile. 'I realize more fully than ever the truth of Payne's lines. And then when "home" consists of a dear old father, likely to ruin one with goodness, and the two loveliest, most delightful girls to be found the world over, why, one must needs be a very malcontent, if he did not appreciate the bliss of being there.'

'I dare say we will do our best to spoil you—the girls, especially. You are pleased with your new sister then?'

'My new sister? Oh, you mean Rose Trevaile? Yes; so far as I can judge from one evening's acquaintance, she is a charming girl. Bright, sweet, and very pretty.'

'And my pearl of girls—my "rare pale Margaret,"—has not she aroused your enthusiasm?'

Eric gently raised his eye-brows. 'Enthusiasm, my dear father! Is it possible to become enthusiastic about any human being so calmly placid, so deliciously tranquil as my cousin Margaret?'

'Oh, I see your penchant is for vivacity and brilliance; well, you will find those qualities in Rose, but when you tire of them you will value more highly the exquisite repose of manner which distinguishes your betrothed wife.'

Eric stared at his father with a look of blank amazement, which did not even contain the element of enquiry, so thoroughly at a loss was he to understand his meaning. Presently, however, an amused twinkle came into his eyes, and he laughingly said, 'Why, father, for one moment you absolutely terrified me! I feared that I had entered into a matrimonial engagement without being aware of it, and to one who values his liberty as I do, what a terrible mishap that would be! You allude to that absurd and super-romantic notion of mine to engage myself to Margaret before I went abroad? Of course, if she remembered that nonsense for more than a week, it could only have been to laugh at the childish folly of it.'

'I cannot answer for Margaret's memory, but mine has retained the fact very distinctly, perhaps, because it coincided so perfectly with my desires. However, it is too soon, and wholly unnecessary at present, to discuss the subject, but my dear boy, let me tell you that nothing on earth would

make me so happy as to see you married to Margaret; she is a woman in a thousand for loveliness of nature and character, and so, when you are choosing a wife, remember your father's wishes.'

Eric looked somewhat embarrassed and just a trifle annoyed. Had he withstood the sieges of match-making mothers, and equally match-making daughters in all quarters of the world, besides the more subtle danger of sincere affection and admiration, which this handsome rich young American won so easily from the fair daughters of every clime—had he escaped this, he asked himself, to be the victim of a matrimonial scheme, the first thing on his return?

His father saw the shade of displeasure, and hastened to say, 'but come, the girls are waiting us in the drawing-room, and no doubt, pulling you to pieces in the unmerciful manner peculiar to their sex.'

Eric smiled complacently as he followed his father from the room. Without being an abnormally conceited young man, he knew well that, when in the hands of fair critics, he was in no danger of a harsh judgment.

As time passed, the serene happiness which had hitherto existed in Mr. Forbes' household was disturbed. The more Eric thought of his father's project, and he now found it impossible not to think of it every day of his life, the more distasteful it appeared to him. It was not that he liked his cousin Margaret less than formerly, it was simply to make use of Brutus' very expressive distinction that he loved Rose more. Margaret's prophecy had come true, and Eric's heart, hitherto held so securely in his own keeping, was lost to the little stranger, who had entered like a sunbeam into his father's family. Margaret herself was the first to become aware of the state of affairs, and by the cold deathly chill that struck to her heart when she realized the fact, she knew, also, that *she* loved her cousin Eric—loved



him with the one great constant passion of her life.

'I love him!' she cried, between her closed teeth, as she watched him from an upper window, slowly strolling round the garden paths with Rose by his side, on a lovely evening in early June.

'I love him! Oh, humiliation worse than death! Unsought and unasked, I have let my heart go from me to one who loves another! and she—as the thirsty flowers drink in the summer showers, yielding their own sweet perfume in the return, so does she return his love! I will tear his image from my heart, banish all thought of him from my mind! But no—that is impossible. Too well I know myself; nothing but death, if even that, can kill my love! It must be hidden, buried deeply away where no one will even guess that it has an existence. Ah the woe—the despair of knowing that I love where I am not loved! That one day he will be the husband of another!'

And that was how she welcomed the event about which she had joked so pleasantly with her friend. Oh, the irony of fate!

'Will you ride with us this morning, Margaret? Rose wishes to go for a canter.' It was Eric who spoke, and, as she raised her face to answer, he thought how marble-like it was, and how unfathomable were her deep violet eyes. Of course he wished her to refuse, and she knew it. His manner, unknown to himself, betrayed him, notwithstanding his perfect good-breeding and politeness.

'Would I not be *de trop*?' she asked, smiling archly.

He looked at her a moment, and then a pleased, surprised expression dawned on his face. 'What a fool I have been to worry about a marriage with this girl!' passed rapidly through his mind; 'why she doesn't care a particle for me, more than as a cousin, and wouldn't marry me if I were ten times her devoted slave! More than

that she is aware of my admiration—love—for Rose, and approves of it. Thank heaven, with her assistance we can frustrate my poor father's plans in the simplest and most natural manner.'

'Dear Margaret,' he said, gratefully, touching her hand, 'I would like a *tête-à-tête* with Rose this morning, if you will pardon my abominable rudeness. I have something to say to her—but stay; I am in a quandary! Margaret, my sage councillor in days gone by, advise me.'

'Speak! Demand! We will answer!' said Margaret, quoting the Witches in Macbeth, while every word he uttered pierced her heart, for she knew she was to be made the confidante of his love-tale, and that later she would be obliged sympathetically to listen to the overflowings of Rose's happy feelings. It was a severe trial, but, difficult as it was to meet, she was thankful, for it proved that her own secret was safe.

'I love Rose Trevaile,' he said, 'and you, with your quick woman's eye, have divined it. I do love her, Margaret, with my whole heart—who could know her and not love her? You have known her longer than I; tell me, is she not a rare combination of beauty, talent, and goodness of disposition?'

Margaret laughed. 'I agree with you in everything! Rose is a darling, and I am glad—oh, very glad! that she has won your heart, for she loves you.'

'Oh! do you think so? Are you sure?'

'Sure? Yes; we women know the symptoms in one another. But you would much rather she told you herself than I, wouldn't you? Ask her, and make yourself and her happy. She will not keep you in suspense. Like Juliet, she has not cunning to be strange?'

'But it is on that point I want your assistance. My father—he will not consent.'

'Not consent? What possible ob-

jection can my uncle have to your marriage with Rose? She is beautiful, high-bred, and rich, and he loves her as a daughter already. You are surely mistaken.'

'Well, Margaret, my dear father is absurd enough to have "other intentions" regarding my disposal in the field of matrimony.'

Margaret's face flushed to the roots of her hair; her very ears tingled with the unusual emotion of indignation and alarm, and the fire leaped into her eyes till they sparkled like great sapphires.

'My uncle could not be so absurd, so foolish! It is preposterous; it is not right! Excuse my warmth,' she added, with a nervous laugh, as she met Eric's surprised gaze, 'but anything like coercion in marriage affairs always calls forth my greatest indignation.'

'I am grateful to have an enthusiast on my side,' Eric said, kissing her cheek. She grew deathly white, and turned faint at the caress, but quickly recovering, she said, speaking rapidly,

'You love Rose and she loves you. Nothing must come between you—nothing *shall*. It is my pet scheme, that you and she should be married, and I won't be disappointed. There, now, I have confessed myself that intolerable creature, a match-maker! See, there are the horses. Go, settle it with Rose, and I will manage "mine uncle."' And, with an airy lightness that was too *prononcé* to be natural, if Eric had understood her better, she left him.

'Bless the girl; she has lifted a weight from my heart! Why, father will have to relinquish his "pet scheme" when he finds that his Rare pale Margaret wouldn't have me on any terms.'

He stepped out of the open French window and met Rose on the piazza; she was standing against a pillar switching the climbing vines with her riding-whip, and, with her bright

drooping plumes and glowing face, making a pretty picture in the dark-green setting.

'Has Margaret gone to put on her habit?' she said, colouring vividly as she encountered his glance in which the ardent love which he had been just discussing, beamed without disguise.

'No; Margaret will not ride with us. She wishes to spend the morning with my father.'

'Oh! then we will have to go alone,' said Rose; and having arrived at this logical conclusion, she ran down the garden-path, not so sorry, perhaps, at the loss of Margaret's company as she would have been a few weeks before. She waited at the gate for Eric, and, placing her tiny foot in his hand, sprang lightly into the saddle, and together they cantered merrily away. Rose chatted gaily and incessantly, and the exercise increased her vivacity to a degree that was a little beyond her own control; as they entered a beautifully inviting expanse of country, she touched her horse smartly and went off at a gallop. Eric was startled. He saw that for some reason she was unduly excited, hence his alarm, though he knew her to be an excellent horsewoman under ordinary circumstances.

'Pray, don't do so!' he cried, as he overtook her; 'your horse is very spirited, and you do not know the ground!' She only threw back a saucy glance at him and darted off again.

'Rose, darling—Hear me!—stop—one moment!'—but before he had finished speaking she had lost her seat and was lying motionless on the green sward, while her horse, much surprised at his riderless condition, was snorting inquiringly under a neighbouring tree. In a few moments Eric had leaped from his horse and was kneeling at her side.

'Are you hurt? Oh, Rose, my own sweet love, speak to me! Look at me!'

Rose sat up; her hat had fallen off and her hair hung over her shoulders in dishevelled luxuriance; she tossed it back from her face, which was dyed with blushes, and wore a slightly mortified expression.

'I do not know whether I am hurt or not! I'll tell you presently, when I have recovered that erect posture which nature designed for my species. In the mean time, please to hand me my hat and assist at my toilette!' and she laughed a little constrainedly, then burst into a merry peal at his perplexed look as he obediently did as she had told him.

'Thanks—no, I'm not hurt—only shaken! Shall we remount?'

'Not if you are going to ride so wildly! You might have been killed, and I told you ——'

'There! never mind the rest! We women have the monopoly of that phrase, and you musn't encroach. I'm sufficiently *shaken* for my recklessness without having to be *scolded* too! Besides, it was all your fault!'

'My fault?' said Eric, astounded. 'I know you are clever, and have a creative fancy, but if you succeed in proving that accusation, I will not scold another word!' and as he spoke he drew close to her and threw his arm around the little trembling form. 'Tell me, now—how was it my fault?'

'Why, because you startled me so—by calling—me—darling! And now I've lost my reputation for fine horsemanship, and its all your fault!'

He bent and kissed the pouting lips. 'You must get used to the expression, *my darling*, or your neck will be in constant danger. As for your horsemanship, no one witnessed your downfall but myself, and I vow to keep the secret sacredly on one condition.'

'Name it, Tyrant! I see you are inexorable!'

'Only this—that you will say, "Eric, I love you, and I will be your wife!"'

Rose then hesitated, then murmured the words, and slipped from his encircling arm.

'Come!' she said, 'I am anxious to redeem myself. Let us mount.' And slowly riding, only occasionally speaking, they returned home in a calm state of happiness, which was as near perfection as this world affords.

Rose flew upstairs to Margaret, and Eric went straight to his father's study. They found everything smooth and ready prepared for them. Margaret received Rose's announcement with sympathy and delight, and poured forth expressions of pleasure and congratulation. Mr. Forbes gave his unqualified consent to the marriage.

'It is not just as I had planned, my boy, but since Margaret and you are not for each other, I could not choose a better, sweeter wife for you than our little Rose. You have my approval and blessing. Send Rose to me.' And Eric left him, too happy and well-satisfied to notice the abrupt dismissal, or the weary disappointment in his father's face.

Mr. Forbes had suffered a keen disappointment; more than that—a bitter grief, for he knew Margaret's secret, and his heart ached with love and pity for her. She had gone directly to him upon leaving Eric that morning, and laying her hand upon his arm, 'Uncle,' she had said, in her sweet low tones, a little monotonous from restraint, 'Eric and Rose love one another. You must not oppose their union!' And then, in answer to his impatient gesture of dissent and annoyance, she continued passionately: 'My happiness, my very life depends upon it!' and, sinking on her knees by his side, and clasping his hand, she sobbed, 'Oh, uncle, you who are everything to me—father, mother, all—if you love me, help me now! He loves *her*—not *me*, and they must not know, must not guess, what you have discovered.'

The old man was inexpressibly touched; he had never seen her so

affected before. He lifted her in his arms and soothed her tenderly. 'Be calm, my sweet child! you are acting hastily,' he said, when she was quieter. 'Eric is betrothed to you, and will return to his allegiance when his first fancy for Rose's pretty face has flickered itself out. It is my fondest wish that he should wed you, and he must.'

'Uncle, do not tempt me with that childish bond, which, trivial as it is, Eric would respect if it were insisted on! But what do I say? There is no temptation! What, entrap a man into a marriage against his inclination! Where is your pride, and where, think you, is mine? If your son were to ask me to marry him in deference to your commands alone, I should quietly refuse, but if he asked me out of pity because of my mad love for him, I should *kill* myself, if I did not die of shame.'

Her uncle looked at her, as she stood with flaming eyes and face of marble pallor. 'You are right,' he said at last. 'Forgive me, Margaret, if I sought to sacrifice your woman's dignity to my own selfish wishes. Eric may marry Rose, and you will stay with your old uncle always, and take care of him. Will you not?'

'Always,' she said, softening at once, and kissing his forehead with a quivering lip. 'Always,' and giving him one of her sweet, moonlight smiles, she escaped to her own room.

\* \* \* \*

Rose Trevaile was a lovely bride, and her radiant beauty shone more by contrast, when she stood beside her pale bridesmaid, who, in gauzy draperies of snowy white, bent over her like a gentle lily, arranging and admiring her shimmering robes of creamy silk and lace.

After Eric and Rose had gone, Mr. Forbes feared for the health and strength of his much-loved Margaret, but without cause. She was in every way her old self, only a little more reserved and unfathomable to those who did not comprehend her. And, as years rolled by, and her raven hair whitened, though not with age, there was a saintliness, the sacredness of a great though hidden grief, about Margaret Elliott that caused even the poor and needy, to whom she was a ministering angel, to stand in awe of her, for

'Those who saw her snow-white hair,  
Her dark, sad eyes, so deep with feeling,  
Breathed all at once the chancel air,  
And seemed to hear the organ pealing.'

## SONNET.

(From the Italian of Petrocchi.)

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

I ASKED of TIME, 'Who raised the structure fair  
Which your stern power has crumbled in decay?'  
He answered not, but fiercely turned away,  
And fled on swifter pinions through the air.  
I said to FAME: 'O thou who dost declare  
With lofty voice, the glories of the past,  
Reveal the tale.' Her eyes on earth she cast,  
Confused and sad, and silent in despair.  
Then turned I wondering where, with ruthless stride,  
I saw OBLIVION stalk from stone to stone,  
O'er the fall'n towers: 'O answer me, I cried,  
Dark power! unveil the fact!' But in dread tone  
'Whose it *was* once,' he sullenly replied,  
'I know not—reck not—*now* it is my own.'

## DEPRECIATION OF BANK STOCKS.

BY K. N. M'FEE, B.A., MONTREAL.

THE unprecedented decline in the price of bank stocks during the past year has excited unwonted comment in financial circles, and the discussion has directed the attention of members of Parliament to the imperfection of our banking laws. The opinion is generally expressed that the evils complained of can be remedied by legislation; but there is a great want of concurrence among financial writers as to the causes of the depreciation, and also as to the remedy which should be applied. Some writers hold that the low price of stocks is due to the manipulations of the brokers; others ascribe it to the excess of banking capital in the country; while others consider it as the result of a *pro tanto* depreciation in the actual value of the assets of the banks. The respective merits of these several opinions will be discussed in the following pages.

In reading over the list of shareholders of any of our leading banking institutions one is struck with the number of shares held in trust, and by women and professional men. An attentive examination of these lists shows that more than one half of the shares of our chartered banks are held by non-commercial persons. These shares represent the savings and accumulations of previous years which have been invested in bank stocks as permanent and *bona fide* investments. The dividends on such shares are frequently the sole income of the holders, and are wholly expended for ordinary maintenance. The remaining shares are held by commercial men engaged in active business, and by speculators

whose investments are more or less fluctuating and uncertain.

At particular periods of our commercial history a large and rapid increase has taken place in the banking capital of the country, and it is important to ascertain by which of these two classes of investors the new stock is principally taken. The accumulations of non-commercial holders are regular and constant, and generally do not exceed their dividends. For they are not engaged in any business or speculation by which rapid wealth is acquired. Their purchases of new stock, therefore, will be regular, constant, and limited. But the membership of this class is constantly changing, and the amounts of their investments change likewise. Minors, whose shares are held in trust, become of age and engage in business. Women marry or remarry and transfer their dowers from bank stocks to their husbands' business. Thus there is a continuous flow of capital from active business to permanent investments, and *vice versa*. But the outgoing and incoming streams are nearly equal in volume, so that the change in the individuality of non-commercial investors does not increase bank capital to any extent.

Additions to the number of such investors, however, are generally attended with an augmentation of capital. It is our axiom in political economy, that when one investment gives a larger return than others, capital will be attracted to that which affords the greatest profit. Thus if banks are paying from ten to sixteen per cent.

dividends per annum when money in other investments only yield eight per cent., people will naturally prefer to invest their savings in bank stocks. Capitalists, too, would, in like manner, be induced to withdraw their money from less paying ventures and place it in bank stocks in order to obtain the high dividends. The consequence of so much capital seeking this form of investment would be the establishment of new banks and a large increase of bank stock. This was what took place in the prosperous years between 1870 and 1874. Part of the new stock was subscribed by the non-commercial portion of the community, but the greater portion was taken up by business men. For the former are naturally more conservative and less disposed to speculation than the latter, and they do not so readily change the nature of their investments. Therefore, the increase in bank capital was brought about principally by the commercial class, and in order fully to understand their influence upon the stock market, it is necessary to consider carefully the character of their transactions. This can be done most clearly by an example.

A. is a leading dry-goods merchant, B. is an extensive dealer in hardware, C. is engaged in the wholesale grocery trade and D. is a large manufacturer. In times of commercial prosperity, when goods sold as quickly as they were manufactured or imported, these four merchants accumulated great wealth. A considerable part of their assets consisted in the promissory notes of their customers, some of which they discounted, but the larger portion they were able to hold without discounting. When the banks began paying large dividends, these merchants were carried away in the general excitement about bank stocks, and determined to invest some of their surplus capital in that way. But the premium on existing bank stocks had reached a high figure and the four capitalists considered it would be a paying venture to start a new bank. Each of

them subscribed a large amount of stock and their friends were easily induced to subscribe the balance. By this means the nominal bank capital was increased a million dollars, but not the available capital. For the amounts of these subscriptions were chiefly obtained by discounts from other banks and only a small proportion was actual capital awaiting investment. This increase of capital, therefore, was merely nominal and added nothing to the strength of the banks. It furnished no additional funds with which they could give increased accommodation to their customers, but was simply the withdrawal of money from the banks in one shape to return it to them in another. This is shown by the following table of the position of the various Canadian banks, on the 31st December, in the years mentioned :

Year.	Paid up Capital.	Discounts.	Volume of Trade.
1870. ....	\$32,000,000	\$72,500,000	\$161,000,000
1872. ....	47,000,000	107,000,000	190,000,000
Increase.	15,000,000	34,500,000	29,000,000
1875. ....	61,000,000	126,000,000	198,000,000
Increase.	14,000,000	19,000,000	8,000,000

The discounts increase legitimately and naturally in about the same ratio as the volume of trade, for the larger the trade, the larger must the discounts be to carry it on. Between 1870 and 1872 the increased trade, amounting to twenty per cent., as shown by the imports and exports, would account for the same percentage, or about 15 millions of increased discounts, leaving nearly 20 millions to be accounted for by the 15 millions of increased capital of that year, and by such loans as would result from the competition of the new banks which would not otherwise have been taken. Between 1872 and 1875 the enlarged volume of trade caused an increase of four and a half per cent., or nearly five millions of the increased discounts, leaving a balance of 14 millions which is exactly counterbalanced by the increase of bank capital in that year. The result, therefore, of this period of commercial

prosperity is a large increase in the nominal amount of bank capital, which has been effected by a corresponding increase in the amount of discounts.

In a period of depression the respective influences of these two classes of investors upon bank stocks are somewhat similar. The non-commercial class would not readily part with their stocks at a decline of fifty per cent. so long as they were receiving regular dividends, consequently the break in the stock market was not caused by their pressing sales. The commercial investors, however, are often found to sell out their stock in order to meet their business engagements. The numerous failures, too, which are constantly occurring throw large amounts of stock upon the market, many of the insolvents having been holders of stock. At first, these shares found ready purchasers, but as failure after failure occurred and more stock was constantly offered for sale, the market became literally overstocked, and prices fell. A great diminution of trade followed. The exports and imports fell off twenty five per cent. and now barely exceed those of 1870. The deposits at notice and the circulation, which are the most profitable part of the banking business, and the truest gauge of a country's prosperity, exhibit little change during the present decade. But the paid up capital has nearly doubled and the discounts have increased over fifty per cent. in the same period. Both are now greatly in excess of the requirements of the country, the decrease since the time of greatest inflation being insignificant. There is thus a larger amount of bank stock in the country than there is capital available for such investment. Additional capital may be obtained by attraction from other ventures, but to accomplish this, bank stocks must decline in price sufficiently to make them the most desirable investments. A great decline, however, is not required, for a slight advantage will suffice to change

the flow of capital into any desired channel. If a heavy decline occurred and bank stocks fell below their actual value, a reaction would set in, capital would be attracted to them, and prices would rise in response to the increased demand. The course of the stock market is like the swinging of the pendulum, now on one side, now on the other, and finally becoming stationary at the point in which price and value correspond. The mere excess of bank stocks, therefore, does not account for their low price, and the reduction of the bank capital to the actual requirements of the country by legislation would cause only a slight appreciation in their value, but not sufficient to be of any great benefit to stock-holders.

The surplus bank stock has, however, another bearing on the price of stocks by the opportunity it affords for the speculation of brokers. It is urged that were there no excess of bank capital—'no loose shares knocking about the market'—brokers would be deprived of their principal material for speculation, and of an important agency of influencing the market. But the brokers have no such influence upon stocks as has been attributed to them. They may, by misrepresentation, by insinuations, and by giving currency to false rumours, occasion a temporary decline in some particular stock; but, if there is no valid reason in the position of the bank for such decline, it cannot be maintained. They might, by this means induce permanent investors to sell out this particular stock, but their interest would lead them to persuade their principals to invest in some other stock, and when one broker sells short another buys long, and the efforts of the former to put down prices are counteracted by those of the other to keep them up. Thus the general price of stocks is not permanently affected by the action of the brokers, and restrictive legislation with respect to their business is no

more required than it is with respect to grain and produce brokers.

The result of our inquiry, therefore, is that the market price of bank stocks is generally their actual intrinsic value, based upon a fair valuation of the assets of the banks, and their power of earning dividends. When the stock of one bank sells at a greatly lower price than another it is because the assets of the latter are actually more valuable and profitable than those of the former. The general decline, therefore, in the price of all bank stocks is owing to the depreciation in value of the assets of the banks. These consist principally of promissory notes which they have discounted, and which are more or less valuable according to the ability of the borrowers to retire them upon maturity. That many of these notes are of questionable value is abundantly established by the history of our commerce during the past four years. Previous to that period, the business failures of the community ranged from seven to ten millions of dollars per annum, equal to about six per cent. of the total discount and thirteen per cent. of the paid up bank capital. Since 1874, the failures have averaged more than twenty-five millions of dollars per annum, or about twenty per cent. of the discounts and fifty per cent. of the capital. It cannot be doubted that a large share of the loss resulting after the payment of the dividends of

the insolvent estates had to be borne by the banks, and it is the certainty of this loss, and the uncertainty of the value of the notes now under discount which keeps down the price of bank stocks, and makes capitalists shy of investing in them. If twenty per cent. of the amount now under discount be worthless, the bank capital is reduced forty per cent., for the discounts are twice as large as the capital. It is reasonable to infer, however, that the assets of the banks are now more valuable, proportionally, than they were previous to these failures, for the weak and unreliable firms have been mostly swept away, and those which remain are such as have been able to withstand the storms of the past four years, and like giant oaks of the forest, still continue erect and unassailable in the midst of surrounding disaster. The revival of business, and the restoration of confidence in the solvency and integrity of our commercial men, of which the first beginnings are now manifesting themselves, will bring about a healthy and decided improvement in the price of bank stocks, which no legislation can give. Until such reaction, it is useless to attempt to advance the price of bank stocks by legislation, although more effective measures might be taken for obtaining comprehensive and exact statistics of the actual position of our banks.



## THE PHILOSOPHY OF IMMIGRATION.

BY WM. BROWN, GUELPH.

TO the European during the seventeenth century, the significance of the term 'home,' was limited by an inter-kingdom temporary visiting—in comparatively few cases taking a permanent shape even within their own area. This was prior to 'Murray,' of course, but even his patrons are still unacquainted with home as the heart-throb of one nation towards another, of the daughters towards the mother in all their feelings of childhood, youth, and mature age as implanted in the old nest<sup>a</sup> and since carefully, yea, even religiously taught, amid all the turns and changes in new lands.

All animal life, progressively in nature, is identical as regards growth, superabundance, decay, and death; it is but one plan in the great unity of things; and, in the analogy for our present purpose, the older nations must 'swarm' as effectively, if not as regularly, as the lower orders. This is called 'immigrating,' or going into another country for permanent residence.

We propose briefly to enquire into some of the causes that regulate this phase of human existence, and our readers must understand that the *general* condition of things will be handled, not special ones, unless so named.

The first conception of change is engendered by the individual or corporate want of something essential to his, her, or their view of pleasant existence, or of the knowledge of something that would likely tend to better that existence, whether morally, socially, or commercially.

History supplies a few examples of the religious immigrating element within the present century, where a

minority, being interfered with in their particular worship, have had to remove to a new home in order, primarily, to avoid such persecution, but substantially to improve their social and commercial positions; the one was but the instrument to the others. Had independent wealth, by possession of landed estate, been the original lot of the assembly of individuals having an unity of belief, it is almost certain that under severe pressure the moral something would have gone to the wall. Material wealth may not entirely kill, but it largely deadens what is called the 'martyr spirit.' It was so in the days before Christ, it is so now.

When a community of individuals agrees to establish certain domestic arrangements that have to be recognised by their own public religious forms, but which are at such variance to the social prosperity of the great majority of the state, the preponderating moral sense drives out the anomaly. We have not to seek far for a remarkable case of this; so recent and remarkable, that even immigration and migration are not likely to afford the usual isolation and peace.

The good or bad of those moral and social specialities are not our present theme, interesting though they be.

The pedigree of the general immigrant is not to be sought for among any branch of fanatics—it is as much the outcrop of adversity as of prosperity; not so much the result of driving as of free-will action; more the desire of the speculative, and not so much the condition of 1 Timothy, vi. 8.; not so much the act of the ignorant as of the intellectually advanced; more the spirit of adventure than

that of discontent ; as much the refuge of the thriftless single as of the family provident ; and by all odds will be found clearly traced in man's ambition to own land ; it is, indeed, the charm of being able to call so many acres of this world's surface, ' my property.'

It is more the aim of the moderate in means than he of much money ; not so much the place of the poor man nor the resting place of the rich ; not so much the field of the inactive, as he of restlessness and indecision ; as much the scene of the intellectually ambitious, as that of the sordid and improvident.

Adversity, so called, will ever send her hundreds a year into new homes, more, however, to the good of the individual than of the chosen nation, because more of it arises from habits of speculation and improvidence than from those of steady industry and care ; but if the adversity has been of the nature of things over which we have no control, then the nation will benefit as much as the individual.

Prosperity of the kind that savoureth of sloth or pleasure has its representatives in new lands, and an end invariably unfavourable to both. Yet, if it is of the sort spoken of in ' talent' to be accounted for, the end is clearly a hundred fold for the good of all.

The iron hand of the many-acred man of eviction notoriety has, after all, not sent so many thousands to the lands of unclaimed wild animals and heatherless commons as the silent monitor of self-respect, or the persuasive tongue of the foreign agent.

While probably not by thousands, our subject can count by hundreds, at least, those who directly purchase land ' with the expectation of a contingent advance in value, and a consequent sale at a profit,' both by non residence and actual personal holding. There is, however, certainly more of this than the other extreme, of being content with food and raiment, which, while it does exist as a sparse fact in

most new countries, is by no means the spirit that governs the condition.

Neither are the wholly ignorant to be found among the builders of a young progressive nation where every faculty, mental and physical, may at any time be called into requisition to meet special exigencies for self or others, or for both. Division of labour, even of the mental order, is necessarily long in an embryotic state, where full maturity of most things must wait the progress of their neighbours in order to form a sufficient advance guard, safe to cope with older and similar national developments elsewhere ; so then, but for the larger stream of men above the average of their fellows intellectually, either at home or abroad, the world would never have mapped the present United States of America, and some British Colonies—and thus it shall ever be.

Still further, aside from the mere followers of Nimrod and Walton, there is a strong power of fascination, approaching to adventure, in any of the ordinary pursuits of life, when that pursuit changes its sphere of action to the extent implied in our subject. Herein, indeed, must be sought a good deal of the first spirit of colonization when the ideal had stronger power on men's minds, and when conditions attendant upon realization demanded greater sacrifice of life and property than now. It must be remembered, however, that the item of discontent had, or has, little or no share in these restlessnesses ; airyness is not usually associated with bad humour or sulks, and hence immigration thus classed is no patron of babyhood habits.

Were we unable to chronicle the next piece of our philosophy, we would not have much of a leading chapter in the history of all new countries. The ways of the thriftless single are indeed wonderful and hard ! many take the form, if not the reality, of actual homelessness :—

'Round the wide world in banishment we roam'

He is not difficult to find—the itinerant clerk, third-class bar-room server, agricultural annoyance, and general loafer. The machinery of sound immigration is being now and again temporarily deranged by the accumulation of such froth, yet it needs no strong wind to clear off, though some time to re-lubricate. The counterpoise of this brings, with industry, a wife and numerous family, able and willing to help, ready to suffer, keen to realize, and safe at holding; the chief aim *land*, the one grasp, *area*; the great idea, *ploughable* surface; the grand plan fields upon *fields*; the dream, bursting barns and fat cattle, and the one passion, *land*.

But immigration has bearings of another order, as practical and important as those sketched.

Wealth at home seldom seeks wealth abroad, because well-to-do loves to let well alone. The substantial backing of any new country, that is its agriculture, is due no thanks to the moneyed immigrant. Not many graves of the old country wealthy are to be seen in colonial cemeteries. It is not the practice of affluent humanity to delight in subduing nature and aiming at the two blades of grass; neither are the poor ones of us in this work, by reason partly of this very distinction, and also of a sort of inherent beggarliness. The world has to look to the moderate in means for mastering of difficulties and making progress. This unsatisfied ambition, and large family, makes the right stuff in framing the wealth of new nations. Not that we overlook the fact of much of this ambition being spurious as regards constancy under the difficulties, and of the indecision, when associated with other lines of life that at the time seem more remunerative and agreeable.

So then, immigration with inaction means more than failure—it means death; this is true to all measures of the purse, and is particularly so for the heavy one. How rare to find, say

in farming, a case of success by starting with large means and *no physical daily self-application*. It may seem a paradox, yet it is a singular truth that when the average man begins on an average subject with \$30 per acre, his success is more certain than if he had had \$100 per acre.

In case the positions thus far propounded should be set down as the vulgar muscular type of our nature and existence, we are willing to allow another one.

The intellectual field in new countries is as prolific as it is dangerous, and probably as satisfying as it is uncertain. The church, the law, medicine, education, engineering and surveying, and, shall we add, politics, may even be taken as within the range of our imported intellect. Thus then, prolific enough, but our observation and experience put them down as a dangerous element in the economy of immigration. Youth being more assimilable than two-score, there is, to some extent, room for the learned professions, but, as a whole, new blood is not needed, and if needed at all should be far above the average of the resident stock; for here permit this estimate, namely, that the average ability of any one calling or profession in Europe is not equal to the same thing on the American continent. This follows from our previous arguments, though, of course, it is not admitting there is superior ability.

The philosophy of immigration is, therefore, a deep study in political economy. To know what is wanted, how it should be got, and to what extent encouraged. These agriculturally embrace several careful considerations; not only a thorough knowledge of the country as adapted to cultivation of crops or grazing, but such questions as these:—Are free grants of lands advisable? What should guide settlement duties? Where should help in immigration come from? What works should precede settlement? The regulation of area per capita, and

the thorough work of European agencies.

We have no hesitation in asserting that prosperity in immigration is at times dangerous to national steadiness. All fevers are dangerous, and judging from the past any rush for land should be guarded against in wise legislation. It is quite easy to note impolitic liberalism in much of American rural economy during the last twenty years. The want of steadiness has made as many reverses as equal the extra temperature by the fever, at the same time that the subject has become weakened in constitution, naturally following the effects of the disease. It would have been better had more conservatism been displayed in some national enterprises, the while that conservatism is inimical to wide progress.

We have already seen what is wanted, let us show how it should be got: In this it will be well, meantime, to limit our observations to what we feel most intimate with, that is, with reference to Canada and Britain.

A fever of far more national value and significance than any gold digging one is at present rampant in every Province of the Dominion; that fever is land—land in Manitoba. Of all things that have impressed us most in the history of Canada, during the last twenty years, none has been so strange as the *apparent discovery* of new parts good for settlement. Decade after decade can show its fever page in respect to centres of agricultural attraction, where thousands upon thousands have and are now being drawn towards either ruin, independence, or fortune. Previous to any of these swarmings, little really was known of much north of latitude forty-five degrees in Ontario, and of that west of Lake Superior. To have suggested to the majority of Canadians, even ten years ago, that such fields were worth inspection for their second and third sons, would have been risking one's friendship for life, irrespective of the question of insanity. To them, therefore, the established

fact of arable wealth existing elsewhere than in old Ontario is indeed a discovery. The result is something new in our history—a migration from the old to the new Provinces. The significance of this is worth comment, and should be carefully weighed by our legislators. The case here is not one of immigration proper but a rising of the young yeomanry of Ontario, who, reasoning from our previous philosophy, must be cream and not froth. This fact at once establishes other two, *i.e.*, that no such movement would hold as it is doing unless with substantial backing of encouragement by advice and money from the old folks, and that Manitoba must be standing the test of the shrewd, practical, far-seeing, and experienced Canadian farmer.

There are advantages and dangers in this question. The advantages are a showing to the world that where Canadians lead, others may safely follow, or are sure to find a good subject, at least not misapplied, in farming practices as so notably mark many immigrants. These influences will be very valuable.

The dangers are, (1) a prejudicial thinning of Ontario youth, which may take a military or strictly commercial bearing for the Dominion, and (2) the speculative object only, and not the view of a permanent residence in the new Province. It is just quite possible that very many of our farmers' sons are being sent west to select their 160 acres of free grant and to purchase as much more of the best in adjoining, or other parts, as individual means will afford, and, after having performed the necessary improvements to secure the patent, return home, and use the square mile as a 'spec.' To our thinking the latter is the bigger danger of any—speaking for the Dominion's and Manitoba's rapid settlement and increase of value.

We must not in this omit reference to a point which also seriously affects older Canadian farms. Is the present

exodus necessary by reason of want of room in Ontario? We answer yes and no. Our opinion goes upon the belief that in Canadian practice there is too much greed for surface, and too little looking to model, farming. An average Ontario family of three sons, two daughters, and parents, with their 200 acres, are independent even with one-fourth uncultivated. One of the sons does not follow the plough, the two others would prefer it; sub-division of the farm is not common and not advisable, so it is arranged that the elder looks to continuing in the homestead and the younger to be assisted in securing new land, or a neighbouring farm. But the sons of the pioneers are not necessarily pioneers. Were they so, or were they willing to take cheap land to be improved, there is plenty of it still in old Ontario. We do not say that the battle of the axe is a neglected accomplishment among our young men, or that they want in enterprise; but we do assert that their better circumstances do not call out the spirit of their fathers, except where conditions are similar to their own up-bringing. There must be good clay loam, beech and maple, few stones and little swamp. These young men will e'en now rough it readily enough, but they cannot face stone and water. Though a very parental government has given most liberal facilities for drainage, comparatively few swamps are being reclaimed. Young or old, Canadians are not ditchers nor dry-stone dykers by choice, though well aware that swamps overlies as good soil as ever grew sheaf of grain. There is room enough, therefore, but not of the sort wanted by farmers' sons, and hence the present migration upon the discovery of easier conditions in the west.

There are, then, two existing barriers to the speedy improvement of all lands in Ontario: one, the contentment of well-to-do fathers after the hardships and success in establishing 150 ploughable from the 200; the

other, the non-anxiety of the sons to follow anything outside parental example.

Happily, however, for the progress of Canada, her own lands are providing a remedy—good, certain, and substantial, if slow and patchy.

The present condition of British agriculture seemed to be beyond the ken of most of their best thinkers. From the Prime Minister's bullion opinion down to ploughman's debates, few have struck at any of the roots of the whole matter. Thomas Brassey, M.P., is perhaps the largest employer of labour in the world, and one of the most practical and careful statesmen of the present day. At a recent lecture before a Philosophical Institution he said, 'As agriculture became less profitable, the farmers would grow less tolerant of a protective system maintained at their expense for the benefit of a comparatively limited number of wealthy persons.' He added: 'The advantages of Australia and Canada as fields for immigration were yet for millions; the British capitalist seeking investments for their resources would best promote their own interests, and what was far more important, the interests of the country, by fostering colonial enterprise. We, as a nation, could not hope to concentrate within the narrow limits of the United Kingdom the productive industry of the world; other lands must be found for the growth and expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race.'

This reasoning is as sound as the British Constitution itself.

There is no disproving that Britain is fearfully over-populated; that her agriculture is not improving either productively, commercially as a subject, or by cropping treaty between proprietor and tenant. The old land loves her non-agrarian position too well to be in a hurry to disentail and throw open 160 or 200 acre lots to the highest bidders. Radicals may rave and incite, but long the day ere new proprietors cultivate their own hold-

ings, or the other fifth of the kingdom is offered to the plough. The patience and submission of John Bull, farmer, is truly admirable! Is the lion cowed? We think not, but he is certainly well caged, and seems to have no proper appreciation of liberty. We have now been able to put this extraordinary contradiction of boldness and resignation into calm language, and now few words will suffice. Love of country is good, but submission to loss of independence is not good; neither is a standing still, nor an undue love of ease. The farmers of Britain are not taking the only effective means of improving their condition in these times of pressure. They will succeed in abolishing hypothec and the law of distress to a certain extent; rents may then be reduced, and liberty in cropping become modified, but all combined will never ease the ship. Neither is it to be expected that landed proprietors will concede many of their hereditary privileges, and in many cases it would not be desirable; but they must be brought to feel that farmers are not serfs, and the only plan is to bid the old home good-bye. Farmers of Britain, be assured that so long as you *talk* only, and do not *act*, so long will few important concessions be made you. You were never good at combination, even

in the way of promoting the science and practice of your noble profession; and now whether by combination or self action, a very large number of you must quit possession ere the remainder be guaranteed the privileges of a progressive civilized country. It must be no threat; there should be no cringing, no compunction at tearing asunder of old associations and habits, and no crying after the flesh-pots—up! and make the sacrifice, if sacrifice it be.

There are 73 counties in England and Scotland; let one farmer from each leave every year for three years, and the remainder will have no difficulty in guiding the plough as they choose.

And now for the concluding part of our philosophy: Canada is making special arrangements for the reception of British farmers. Besides farmers' sons, many Ontario farmers themselves are taking the Manitoba fever, so that openings on easy terms, and of the stamp as like as possible to their own, will be inviting to those British farmers who have 'spunk' enough to try. Show but the disposition, and the Ontario Government will send unprejudiced evidence for your guidance. She has no objections to an importation that would represent \$1,000,000 per annum.

---

## DESPONDENCY.

(From MATTHEW ARNOLD'S *Poems*.)

THE thoughts that rain their steady glow  
 Like stars on life's cold sea,  
 Which others know, or say they know—  
 They never shone for me.

Thoughts light, like gleams, my spirit's sky,  
 But they will not remain;  
 They light me once, they hurry by;  
 And never come again.

## UNDER ONE ROOF:

## AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE NEW ARRIVAL.

LIFE, even in this world, has its compensations; if a dull man bores and bores his company like the *Teredo navalis* till all hands are ready to sink, a bright and genial fellow will irradiate it; if the one is as a dead fly in the ointment of the apothecary, the other is like the quince in the apple-pie; its savour and fragrance permeate the whole dish, and rescue it from vapidty. Of the inmates of Halcombe Hall, as we have seen, there were several who were just now not having a very cheerful time of it. Evelyn, at once menaced and importuned, was compelled to nurse the wrath which certainly did not require to be 'kept warm.' George Gresham felt his footing dangerous, and that unfathomable gulfs were being dug for him by the hand of his enemy. And to poor little Frankie the figure of pitiless John Groad always presented itself pointing to the gallows tree. These were not festive social elements, and if a Bore had been introduced into the house upon the top of it all, existence at Halcombe would have been well nigh intolerable. Fortunately the new arrival, Mr. Frederic Mayne, was of quite a different species from the *Teredo*; instead of sinking ships he buoyed them. Even vessels of heavy burthen—conversationally speaking, mere colliers—would become almost volatile when he attached himself to their side; his

spirits were such that they could have raised wrecks. The mariner's calling has a tendency to make men dull, but though Mayne loved the sea, and almost lived upon it, it had not depressed him; if it had not been for his marine tastes, his companionship, perhaps, would have been too much of a good thing; like that gay and thoughtless gentleman who had to be sandwiched between two clergymen before he was fit for general society.

His life had been remarkable, a cadet of an ancient and wealthy race, he had never envied his elder brother the fortune that was in store for him, nor indeed wasted a thought about it; and cutting short a scholarless but not unexciting school time, had entered the navy under respectable auspices; his friends had consented to it, in preference to the only alternative he had proposed to himself, which was that of running away to sea. The inconveniences, not to say hardships, of this mode of life had not dismayed him as they dismay so many lads with similar aspirations, because all its disagreeables were mitigated by his overpowering sense of humour. Nevertheless this faculty was the cause of his abandoning a career in which, if opportunity had been granted him, he would perhaps have been another Dundonald, if not a Nelson.

His captain was stingy and punctilious; and as the senior officer on his station these qualities became notorious. He was studiously careful not to be entrapped into hospitalities. On one occasion the 'young gentlemen'

were ordered for 'signal practice,' which, as every one knows, consists in combinations of flags. The first combination which occurred to Mr. Frederic Mayne was this: 'Captain Blank invites all the Captains on the station to dinner.'

There were seven of them, and they came in full regimentals, each in his gig, at six o'clock, to find Captain Blank just sitting down to a small piece of pickled pork. Their host, who had no sense of humour, had a keen perception of ridicule, and he made things so unpleasant for Mr. Mayne that he eventually had to leave the ship. His elder brother, however, had the good feeling to decease at this critical epoch, and the midshipman became his own master, and the master of an immense income. Yielding for once to the advice of friends, he hereupon went to the University, where he fell in with George Gresham, and on obtaining his degree returned to his first love the sea, and bought a yacht. His native assurance (which was, however, far from impudence), joined to the confidence generally inspired by a great income, gave a rare intrepidity to the expression of his views, and, what was still rarer in so young a man, his views were mostly sound ones. Underneath his light and genial manner there was a substratum of good sense and good feelings, which made honest folks like Frederic Mayne the more they knew of him. On the other hand it must be confessed that folks who did not act upon the square had reason to complain of his manners. He had a natural antipathy to a rogue such as is seldom felt in these days, and still more seldom expressed. When other people would cautiously hint that Jones the Duke, or Jones the Dustman (for it was all one to the ex-midshipman), was 'shakey,' Mayne would state quite plainly, 'Jones is a scoundrel.' And all the Joneses (who are a numerous race) resented this.

If the midshipman had continued in his profession he would have found

'between decks' inconvenient as he grew up, for he was very tall. His complexion was difficult, save for a metaphysician, to speak of, because he had none; his face was bronzed by wind and weather, and the salt foam; but if you could have got down to it, it would probably have been a fair one. His hair was light brown, and curled over his forehead like a boy's; his eyes were blue and laughing—but with a spice of mischief in them that redeemed their expression from that of mere good nature.

His meeting with his old college friend at Archester was most cordial, and he had not been five minutes in the break before he had made friends with everybody. His manners had that charm of naturalness which dispenses with the formulas of introduction, and which, if they were but general, would save years of human life now wasted in the conventional twaddle that is considered necessary to first acquaintanceship. Before she got home even Lady Arden had acknowledged to herself that Mr. Frederic Mayne was 'an acquisition,' a compliment she generally reserved for persons of title who came to settle in the neighbourhood. Milly was fairly enchanted with him, and would have shown her approbation openly, but for the wicked raillery in which George had indulged at breakfast time. The new arrival had said something to interest or amuse every member of the party, not exclusive of little Frankie, to whom he told a dreadful ghost story, of how he was visited by a short but expansive being all in white. 'And what do you think it was?' he inquired after the thrilling narrative.

'Well, I dare say it was only a nightmare,' said Frankie, made sceptical by the other's laughing eye.

'A very good shot, my boy. It was not a nightmare, however, but something very like it; it was a clothes-horse.'

You would never have guessed, had



you seen the party drive up the avenue, laughing and chatting, that they had a stranger among them.

Sir Robert, as his custom was, stood at the door to welcome the visitor, and on him, too, by a few genuine expressions of admiration of the picturesqueness of the Hall, and its situation, the new arrival made a most favourable impression. A desert island—he did not add with Rabelais (on account of the ladies) ‘with somebody kicking you behind’—was said to be welcome, observed the guest to a storm-tossed mariner like himself, how much more must be the fairyland of Halcombe.

If his eye wandered unconsciously to Millicent, as if to include in his admiration the elves themselves, Lady Arden forgave it; for the maternal heart is placable towards young gentlemen with five thousand a year.

Evelyn’s calm cold looks—for he took the pain in them for coldness—surprised him even more than her beauty; he had a vague impression that she was engaged to his friend, and, therefore, perhaps, expected a somewhat warmer greeting.

Mr. Ferdinand Walcot did not put in an appearance—which was no matter of disappointment. Mayne had heard all about him from Gresham, and not only quite understood that he should meet with no cordial reception from the ruling spirit of the Hall, but was quite prepared to do battle with him, if occasion offered. He was ‘a warm friend,’ and though it could not be added with justice, ‘a bitter enemy,’ he was wont to take up his friends’ quarrels with considerable alacrity.

Under these circumstances it was rather curious that on the first occasion when Mr. Walcot and Mr. Mayne did meet—which was at the dinner-table that evening—they should find themselves on the same side in a certain argument.

Sir Robert, for a wonder, had happened to notice the depression of Frank’s spirits, and when the ladies

had withdrawn, remarked upon it to his brother-in-law.

‘I believe you were right in the matter of the lad’s going to school, Ferdinand, after all,’ he said. ‘He seems to me to want tone.’

‘Frank’s nature is peculiar,’ returned Walcot, who had, as we know, altered his views about Frank’s going to school; ‘his case is one, perhaps, in which the mother must be said to be the best judge, and I remember Lady Arden took a decided view.’

‘Still a public school, as everybody says, when “tone” in a boy seems to be wanting,’ pursued Sir Robert, with hesitation—‘Eh, what do *you* say, Mr. Mayne?’

‘Well, sir, it depends upon whether the school has got the tone to give him. All I can say is, mine had not, and it was a public one.’

‘You hear that, Arden,’ observed Mr. Walcot; ‘you and I are only theorising about this matter, as we were both brought up under home influences; but this gentleman speaks from personal experience.’

‘And I am sorry to say from anything but a pleasant one,’ laughed Mr. Mayne. ‘The Public School interest is a very powerful one, and, therefore, many things are tolerated in it, which would otherwise be scouted, just as happens on a smaller scale in the City.’

‘But the public feeling of a public school is good, Mayne,’ observed Gresham.

‘It may be so, or not; it depends generally upon the character of one or two leading boys, and even upon the traditions they leave behind them.’

‘The masters, however, are chosen with great care, I understand, and from the cream of their respective Universities,’ remarked Sir Robert.

‘Well, sir, the cream goes mainly to make the butter for the Professors,’ answered Mayne; ‘the masters, however, are well enough as a general rule, though I happened to fall in with a precious bad specimen. When I write my book called “Scoundrels I

Have Met," he will occupy a prominent place in it.'

'It is not usual to find scoundrels among the scholars who form our Public School Masters,' remarked Mr. Walcot, with a glance at his brother-in-law.

'Of course not; if it were so very common, I would not trouble you with the details, but as it is they are curious. The man's name I have in my mind was Horner. He had his particular "favourites" among the boys, and, what was worse, his particular "aversions." He used to tamper with the marks in the class-book—just as the villain in "Never Too Late to Mend" altered the figures in the cranks. I remember a sharp, bright-eyed little fellow of the name of Archer (very like your stepson Frank, Sir Robert, which, perhaps, reminded me of the occurrence) being persecuted by this man in the most wicked manner. He told lie after lie to get him flogged, and used the Head Master, who was a great stickler for discipline and authority, as a catspaw to carry out his baseness generally. The boy's character was utterly warped by him. The harm that scoundrel had in his power to do was incalculable, and he did his worst.'

'I suppose he was not very fond of you,' suggested Mr. Walcot, drily.

'Perhaps not; but he never tried his tricks on me; his mind though malevolent was judicious. I should probably have blown him up with gunpowder. As it was it was lucky for him I had no quarrel with him on my own account. I remember meeting him in a London street after I had joined the Navy, and feeling the greatest inclination to pitch into him for his vile treatment of poor Archer; but he had his cheek muffled in a handkerchief, and looked so seedy that I let him alone. "Ah, Mr. Mayne," he said, pretending to be pleased to see me, "How are you?" Then thinking I was going to inquire after his health (which I wasn't), he continued, "I'm unfortunately just going to the dentist's."'

"I'm glad to hear it," said I, "and hope it will be a double one."

Gresham burst out laughing, and even Sir Robert smiled; but it was in a very grave voice that Mr. Walcot observed, 'Such conduct in a very young man was, perhaps, excusable, but you will surely not now contend, Mr. Mayne, that it was right or kind.'

'My dear sir,' answered Mayne, 'I do not "contend" about the matter; few actions of mine have given me more entire satisfaction than that retort. He understood by it at once all that I had in my mind. If people were always "kind" as you term it to the cruel and unjust, those persons would have it all their own way, and would never mend. It is our Christian duty to mend them.'

'That is a new reading of the New Testament, indeed,' observed Mr. Walcot.

'Still, my dear Ferdinand,' observed Sir Robert, 'it must be remembered that Mr. Mayne was not avenging his own wrongs in expressing that somewhat ill-natured wish.'

'That is true. He has indicated, however, what he would have done to Mr. Horner if he had given *him* annoyance; he would have blown him up with gunpowder.'

Logically Mr. Walcot had clearly the best of it; but other elements besides logic go to form social opinion; and this observation apparently so conclusive of Mr. Mayne's revengeful and truculent disposition was received with a shout of laughter, in which the accused person joined as heartily as the rest. Almost for the first time that well-tempered and incisive weapon, Mr. Ferdinand Walcot's tongue, failed him. So far from being shocked at Mr. Frederic Mayne's opinions, it was clear that Sir Robert was rather pleased with him than otherwise. His hatred of tyranny and sympathy with the oppressed, though manifested only in a schoolboy, had struck an answering cord within him.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## IN THE ARBOUR.

READER, do you know what it is to live in the country all the live-long year? If not, never jeer at your country cousins, for you know not what they suffer. You go to the Lakes, perhaps, in the summer, or to the seaside in the autumn, and when winter comes you return to London and live snug. You have no conception, perhaps, except from pictures (which always fall short of the reality), of the melancholy events that take place in agricultural localities after what is called the fall of the leaf. In the first place the arrangements for lighting are very imperfect, so that you can only see your way about for a few hours; and in those, if you have no passion for destroying life with dog or gun, there is very little to be done. The great object of the simple folks one meets seems to be to keep themselves warm; and when they can do it, which is not often, they are very pleased. 'We are quite in a glow,' they say. This reminds one of a very early age of civilization, when 'Ha, ha! I have seen the fire; I am warm,' would be uttered in a voice of triumph. In the country, in the winter time, it is *always* wet under foot, either with damp or with snow, and it is generally wet overhead. 'We are quite dry,' exclaim the inhabitants in the winter, when they are fortunate enough to return so from their melancholy walks.

It was not winter yet at Halcombe, but the state of things I have described was beginning. At 4 p.m., everybody was at home who could *get* home, and darkness reigned for the next sixteen hours. Under such circumstances even moderately agreeable guests in a country house are invaluable.

'Country hospitality' in winter is proverbial, and no wonder.

You may therefore imagine what a godsend was Mr. Frederic Mayne, who

had a smile or a story, or a sea song for every one, just as they pleased. His spirits were inexhaustible, and were applied judiciously; milk (with a dash of rum in it) for babies, and milk punch, not too strong but stiffish, for the grown males. He took Frankie under his special protection, perhaps because he reminded him of young Archer.

'You mope,' he said. 'You do not enjoy life as it is your duty to do. What's the matter?'

The tears were very near Frank's eyes; but he only said 'Nothing,' with a look over his shoulder which was not lost upon his interlocutor.

'Somebody has bullied this child,' thought he to himself. 'It must be' (I am sorry to repeat such a word, but it was not uttered aloud, remember), 'it must be that brute Walcot.'

Mr. Mayne was apt to jump to conclusions, and occasionally, as must needs happen, found firm ground.

'My dear Frank, you want bracing; you never seem to me to be doing anything.'

'What *can* a boy do?' said Frankie, despairingly.

'Well, that depends. I knew a boy—or, at least, I knew his son afterwards—who did this pretty thing. He was a poor boy, who worked on a pilot boat at Bambridge during our war with France. She was off the coast, on the look-out for ships, when a French lugger privateer hove in sight, with twelve oars on each side. That was not the sort of ship the pilot boat was on the look out for, and her crew got into their coble to row to land, but the boy James Wallis—a name it is worth while for any boy to remember—declined to go; he said he would 'take his chance,' only he gave them his watch and the few shillings he had, to take to his brother. The Frenchman came up, lowered his main topsail and lug sails, and tried to grapple, but the boy put the helm down, and went about, though they fired at him with their small arms

pretty handsomely. This little game compelled the Frenchman to make sail and tack, but Wallis—being very clever at it—tacked and weathered him. He was fired at continually at thirty yards' distance, but yet he contrived to repeat the manœuvre *eighteen times*, when a fresh breeze sprung up, and he showed them a clean pair of heels, and got safe to Bambridge. That's what a boy can do, my lad.'

Frank's cheeks were crimson with excitement, and his eyes glistened with pleasure.

'I wish I had been that boy, Mr. Mayne.'

'Quite right; so do I. He was as big a man as the other Wallace, though he was but sixteen. Well, we can all do something; only we must never be afraid; and we never need be so unless we have done something to be ashamed of?'

'Ah!' said Frankie, with a sigh that was almost a groan.

'Hullo! What have you done to be ashamed of?'

'Oh, nothing—at least—' and driven into a corner the child told his new friend, not about his little 'attempted murder' case, but about meeting the giant. 'Everybody thinks I have told a lie about it, Mr. Mayne, and yet it was all true.'

'Very good. I have seen several giants myself, though never one with six legs. When did it happen?'

And Frankie told him the exact date.

Later in the day, Mr. Mayne had a little private talk with Lady Arden; as it was private it cannot be repeated; indeed the rapturous manner in which her ladyship took his hand when it was over, could hardly be dwelt upon by a sober writer who has always the proprieties in his mind's eye.

'You have a kind heart, Mr. Mayne,' were the words with which that interview ended; 'and I am deeply obliged to you.'

Evelyn Nicoll was a puzzle to Mr. Mayne. All women were so, more or

less; he did not pretend to understand a sex which says 'No,' when it means 'Yes,' and can shed tears by a mere effort of the will. What was unknown to him, however, this modest young fellow always respected, and when in addition we take into account the claim to courtesy and honour that women have on every chivalrous nature, it may be imagined what a fool they had made of Mr. Frederic Mayne in his time. If he found a young person faithless—and it required the strongest evidence to convince him that such a thing could be—he sighed and bade her adieu by no means in anger; and at once transferred his allegiance and credulity elsewhere.

He had always some divinity in earthly shape whom he worshipped till he found out that her feet were of clay; but his last ideal had just gone off (in honourable marriage be it understood, though a wholly unworthy person) with a French Marquis, and for the moment Mr. Mayne was without a beloved object. It had struck him at first sight that if Evelyn Nicoll had not been bespoken by his friend she would have been the very one to be his own heart's queen; and though honour erased the thought as soon as formed, his devotion, in platonic shape, remained. It grieved him to see one so young and beautiful so silent and depressed. And, like a doctor who loves his calling for its own sake, despising fees and even 'the etiquette of the profession,' which at least requires one to be called in, he sought about for the cause of her calamity, in hopes to cure it. The result of his investigations, which were carried on without subtlety, though with infinite precaution, was most deplorable.

He was from his marine habits an early riser—for folks at sea, though there is nothing whatever to do upon it, rise with the albatross, or other bird that answers to the matutinal lark on land—and let us hope are as happy as the days are long. He got up at Halcombe before the housemaids, and was

wont to unfasten the front door with his own hands, and wander about the solitary grounds like a ghost who had broken his leave of absence and despised the summons of cock-crow. There was a curlew with one clipped wing in the garden whose friendship he cultivated extremely; and, after some conversation with him, he would climb the windy down and listen to the battle of the waves on the sea shore. Then he would come back at an hour that was still early, and, if possible, administer 'cold pig,' or some other irritant, to his friend Gresham, to persuade him to get up and be in time for breakfast.

He was returning from the shore one morning, when the young lady we have spoken of, who had risen half out of her grave, attracted his attention in the churchyard; and he stopped a moment, as he well might, to examine the simplicity of her demeanour. As he did so, certain sounds came to his ear, brought by the wind over the high wall, on the other side of which was the garden terrace: it was a conversation between two persons whose voices, though one of them was familiar enough to him, he did not recognise, the reason of which was that the language the speaker used was German, a tongue with which he himself was tolerably acquainted, thanks to repeated visits to the Continent.

'No, I am not happy, dear,' were the first words that reached his ears; 'but the reason is not what you ascribe it to. I am quite content to wait for you; if I should win you after all, I should think myself well repaid for waiting. But I do not like this life of duplicity. Every kindness of Lady Arden's cuts me to the heart.'

'Tut—tut. If one must hold a candle to the devil sometimes, how much more necessary is it in our case to keep him in the dark. My enemy—our enemy—suspects us as it is; and as for Evelyn, you know as well as I do—'

Here Mayne, who felt that he had

heard more than enough, gave a loud hem, and there was a scuttling of feet, as if he had started fifty rabbits on dry leaves. Then very slowly, to give time for the couple to escape, and also because his thoughts were grave and serious—he moved towards the door in the wall and opened it. The terrace was deserted as he had foreseen, and showed no trace of its recent tenants; but he had little doubt that they had been George Gresham and Miss Hurt. As to the former, indeed, he was quite sure, as soon as he heard the word 'Evelyn' fall from his lips, and why should they have conversed in German had Gresham's companion been any other than the German governess? It was a great blow to Mayne, for he had a particular dislike to underhand tricks and ways, and he had hitherto imagined his friend to be equally frank; yet here he was making love to another woman under the very roof of his intended bride! It was no wonder that poor Evelyn was so quiet and silent; her woman's instinct had no doubt warned her that she had lost her lover's allegiance, though she might little suspect with whom he had played the traitor. For there was one thing, quite independent of the few passages of conversation that had met his ear, which convinced Mayne that the matter was serious; that his friend was not merely amusing himself with a little flirtation, which, however reprehensible, might be condoned or pardoned. And this was the early hour of the morning. Mayne was quite sure from what he knew of Gresham, that nothing short of the most serious entanglement of the affections could have persuaded his friend to get up so long before breakfast time.

One half of the terrace—the more remote one from the Hall—was bordered by a tall hedge of yew; the other was open to the view, and terminated in an arbour, walled with fir-cones, the favourite resort just now for the unhappy Frank, who preferred sitting there alone with a 'story book

to running the risk of meeting his late antagonist Jem Groad. It was obvious that the interview of the two young people had taken place in the hidden part of the terrace, and that they had 'gone off' R. C.' (but without the necessity of a stage direction) that is to say, by the way that led to the stables, in order to escape observation. It was, therefore, without the least suspicion that he could be intruding on any one's privacy that Frederic Mayne took his way to the Arbour in order to sit down there over a pipe to meditate upon what course of action he should pursue in the circumstances which had been thus brought under his notice. From one point of view, of course, it was not his business; but on the other hand, he felt strongly tempted to give his friend a 'piece of his mind,' not so much perhaps as regarded his little indiscretion with the governess, as his infidelity to Evelyn. He thought that young lady's case excessively hard.

As he passed by the half-closed door he heard—well, it was not a sneeze such as men sneeze; a violent ebullition of frenzied sound, which shakes the sneezer all about him—but a delicate Tishaw; a very duodecimo of a sneeze, and even that cut short as it were by a certain sharp compulsion. It was to the observing ear the sneeze of a lady who was extremely anxious not to sneeze. Perhaps it was the pungency of the fir-cones, perhaps it was the misty atmosphere that hangs about all arbours, but whatever it was she couldn't help it. Any other sound coming from any arbour at that hour—for no one patronises these retreats till the sun has rendered them attractive—Mayne would have put down to beast or bird; but a sneeze, and especially a tishaw (which only an Italian greyhound can imitate, and there was none such at Halcombe) is eminently human. Some people in Mayne's position would have passed on, and pretended not to hear it; but we venture to think very few people.

There are doubtless some Sir Peter

Teazles in the world who would have resisted the temptation to see what the pretty milliner was like who was behind the screen; but, as the song says, 'That's not you nor me.' The majority even of male mortals have some curiosity, and in Mayne's case was it not his duty if Miss Elise Hurt had taken refuge in that arbour to address to her a few words of remonstrance respecting her 'goings on' with Mr. George Gresham. Perhaps she did not quite understand that he was an engaged man. At all events he felt he *must* know who the lady was. He was quite certain that he was not intruding upon a loving pair—unless, indeed, there were two pairs of turtle doves on the terrace that morning, which was unlikely, because he had heard the male bird take flight in the opposite direction; indeed he had thought both had gone that way, but it now seemed that he was mistaken; one had fled towards the stables, the other into the arbour. As there was no egress from the latter place except on to the gravel walk before him, he felt secure of the fugitive, and actually stopped to light his pipe. Under the veil of tobacco he could enter the arbour without suggesting to the fair being within that he had heard that 'Tishaw!' he had come to smoke, and nothing (he had made up his mind) was more likely to astonish him than to find Miss Elise Hurt there. As he pushed open the half-closed door, he heard something retreating before him with a sweeping sound, never yet made by man. Then a pair of black eyes flashed upon him in the semi-darkness, and a gentle voice in accents of alarm inquired, 'Who is it!'

'It is I, madam, Frederic Mayne.'

If his accents were not those of alarm, they were pregnant with surprise; he had meant to imitate astonishment at the discovery of the German governess, but he was very genuinely astonished at discovering another young person altogether. She

had a diminutive, but very graceful shape; a face of considerable beauty and full of expression—just now it wore the timidity of bashful terror, and a voice, as we have hinted, exquisitely tender. There was a strange contrast, moreover, between the colour of her eyes and of her hair, the former being black as jet, and the latter a light brown, which marred her beauty, and produced an almost grotesque effect, and then she wore a dress of some bright green material exacerbated by cherry-coloured trimmings. It was not Cinderella in her kitchen dress, but Cinderella in her Sunday best, when her cousin, the Life-guardsmen came to court her. No lady, however poor, could willingly have put on such an attire.

‘I am very sorry,’ said she; ‘I am afraid I have no business here. You won’t say that you found me here, will you, sir?’

‘Well, really—no, of course I won’t, if you don’t wish it. But who are you?’

‘I am the young ladies’ maid, sir, and thinking no one belonging to the family would be about so early, I thought I would have a walk in the garden. And finding this bootiful arbour, I just set down in it.’

‘But it strikes me as very damp and cold,’ remonstrated Mr. Mayne.

‘Yes, sir, but then I dote on arbours. To have tea in an arbour; oh, Lor!—’

This was not an exclamation of delight; it was one of horror, which immediately communicated itself to Mr. Frederic Mayne, for it was caused by the sound of approaching footsteps. To be found in the arbour with the young ladies’ maid of the house where one is staying is a position from which the mind of man—even the *mens conscia recti*—shudders to contemplate.

In one stride Mr. Mayne gained the gravel walk, and in his next, which he took mechanically, he almost fell into the arms of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot.

## CHAPTER XX.

## ANOTHER BIRD CAUGHT.

‘YOU are an early riser, Mr. Mayne,’ was Mr. Walcot’s grave salutation.

‘Yes,’ stammered the other, ‘I am.’

If his own reputation only had been at stake he would have felt only a slight embarrassment; he would certainly not have stooped to concealment; but his chivalric nature led him astray for once—as chivalric natures sometimes do. He shrank from discovery, for the sake of the young ladies’ maid, and wished to shield her, if he could. It was certain by Mr. Walcot’s face, that he suspected nothing.

‘I like my pipe before breakfast,’ continued Mr. Mayne, leading the way on to the terrace, and intending to get his companion behind the yew-tree wall, that the young person in green and red might make her escape; ‘and I love the morning air.’

‘And you find it fresher in the arbour, do you?’ inquired Mr. Walcot.

The observation was a somewhat contemptuous one; but Mr. Mayne didn’t mind that, if he could only get the man away; and he was coming, thank goodness! though at a very moderate pace.

‘Well, I have been walking a good deal—one’s old quarter-deck habits, you know—and felt a little tired; so I sat down. What a lovely garden you have here; even at this late time of the year, when the cold and damp —’

He might have said ‘induces sneezing;’ for at that moment the ‘tishaw, tishaw!’ broke forth from the arbour behind them. Mr. Frederic Mayne turned scarlet.

‘It seems you had a companion in your solitude,’ observed Mr. Walcot dryly.

‘No, indeed, I hadn’t—at least—I

do assure you, upon my honour, this was exactly how it happened: I heard that very sneeze precisely from that very place; and curiosity induced me to open the door.'

'And take a seat,' observed Mr. Walcot, with the air of one who supplies an hiatus in a narrative.

'Did I say I took a seat? If so, it was an exaggeration; the young woman herself will bear me witness that I was not in her company more than a minute.'

'Time flies when we are happily employed,' remarked Mr. Walcot sententially. 'But if I may ask the question—and I think I am justified in so doing, as an intimate friend of Sir Robert Arden and his family—who *was* the "young woman," as you call her? of course, I can see her for myself—but ———'

'Upon my word and honour! Mr. Walcot, I don't know who she is,' interrupted the other earnestly. 'I never set eyes on her, except within the last five minutes; but I believe—I entreat you not to speak about it, for her sake; though she was no more to blame than I am——'

'Very likely,' put in Mr. Walcot, dryly; 'still there was blame somewhere, as you admit.'

'No, I don't. I only admit that the circumstances are embarrassing—nay, if you will have it so, suspicious. You are taking an honourable course in letting the poor girl make her escape, for of course she would be overwhelmed with confusion; but the whole affair was the result of the purest accident.'

Poor Mr. Mayne had never felt such a fool before, and at the same time suffered such humiliation. To have to ask a favour of this man, whom he disliked, was most distressing to him; but to get an innocent girl into trouble was still more abhorrent to his feelings.

'The purest accident,' observed Mr. Walcot, quietly, 'is an expression of some significance, for though there are

many accidents, there are few pure ones. You have not yet favoured me with the information as to who the "poor girl" is.'

'I tell you I don't know,' answered Mr. Mayne, with irritation. 'I only know she is the maid to the young ladies.'

'Oh, indeed!'

Never were two words uttered with greater stress and point.

'Of course I feel the full absurdity of my position; but once more I give you my honour as a gentleman that the girl is not to blame.'

'In cases of this kind, Mr. Mayne, a man's honour—at least some great authorities have said so—is bound at all hazards to defend the lady.'

'You do not believe my word then?'

'Tush, tush, sir. These matters are made no better by a quarrel. I think it hardly consistent with my duty to be silent on this matter; it is not the first time that you have left this house at untimely hours—nay, I impute nothing, but merely state how it strikes a disinterested mind. Your "quarter-deck habits" may, as you say, induce morning walks, but landsmen have no very high opinion of them. However, Sir Robert Arden's health is in such an unsatisfactory state that I shall tell him nothing of this at present. I do not pledge myself to perpetual silence on the matter, but shall be guided by circumstances—Good morning, sir.' With these words Mr. Walcot opened the door in the wall that led into the stable yard, closed it sharply behind him, and even slid the bolt to prevent his late companion following him.

No insult could be more complete, and yet there was nothing for it but to bear it. No bird was ever more completely in the toils of the Halcombe fowler than was Mr. Frederic Mayne.

His first impulse was to go straight to Lady Arden, and explain the circumstances of the case; but the very best that could happen to him would, he felt, be an overwhelming storm of



ridicule, which would not even be confined to the members of the family, but would extend to the servants' hall. On the other hand, if Walcot should keep his word, and be silent for the time, every moment would be of advantage to him (Frederic Mayne), for slander stale is feeble compared with slander fresh; and in this case it might well be ascribed to personal animosity. His proper course would naturally have been to confide in Gresham, but he shrank from this because just now he felt by no means so friendly towards him as of yore, by reason of his treachery to Evelyn. Moreover, he was by no means sure but that the object of Gresham's tender affection on the terrace had been the very cause of his own calamitous condition, namely, the young ladies' maid herself. It was true he had overheard the happy pair (whoever they were), speaking in the German tongue, and therefore his suspicions had at once attached themselves to the governess. But if it were she to whom Gresham had been paying court, how came the young ladies' maid in the arbour, within a few yards of the lovers? His head seemed to go round and round as he sought to unravel these mysteries, and he decided, at all events, to do nothing until he could consider the whole matter more calmly.

In the meantime Mr. Ferdinand Walcot was revolving in his mind, on the other side of the wall, what steps, if any, *he* should take in the affair, which (however, much it might have shocked him on moral grounds) had certainly happened most advantageously to his own interests. He had got Mr. Frederic Mayne upon the hip; and whether he should give him the *coup de grace*—that is to say his *congé*—upon the spot, or not, was what occupied his thoughts. That he could do it, was quite certain—and we may as

well say at once that he had very good reasons for his confidence; but would it not be more judicious to let him be for the present? To have Mr. Mayne at the Hall in an independent state, as the friend of his foe, and with an evidently hostile disposition to himself was a very different thing to having him there, as would now be the case, under his thumb. Frank, Evelyn, Gresham, Mayne, were all more or less in his power, or had at all events good reason to stand in fear of him, and this was a situation which the master of it greatly appreciated. Mr. Walcot regarded them much as a first-rate whip regards his four-in-hand; he enjoyed driving them none the less that some of the steeds were spirited and ready to kick over the traces. His safest plan would without doubt have been to get rid of the one that had last been broken in—if he could be said to be broken in—but there were advantages to be gained by retaining him for the present, independent of the pleasure of making him feel the curb.

The stable-yard opened into the back premises of the house, and those again, as we have said, on to the rose garden in front of Sir Robert's study. It was thither that Mr. Walcot was bound, and during the small space of time it took him to traverse this space, he decided upon the course to be adopted. His mind was eminently practical—which generally means a mind absolutely free from imagination; there was not only no wavering in its resolves, but no wandering from the point—none of those digressions in which even the most logical are prone to indulge. There was no 'shilly shally,' 'willy nilly,' about it. These short and sharp decisions save time, which is money, which is everything. Occasionally, however, (which is fortunate for the rest of the world) the practical mind decides wrongly.

## CHAPTER XXI.

TO THE TOP OF HIS BENT.

WE have said that Mr. Ferdinand Walcot was rapid in his thoughts and actions; his movements, too, had all the quickness of a cat, and its gait. He had not slammed that garden door in Mr. Mayne's face—he was quite incapable of such an action; he had only closed it suddenly and very softly, and then slid in the bolt. When he had thus secured himself, no triumph lit up his intelligent countenance more than shines upon the engine driver's who has just shunted a cattle-truck on to a siding. His face, on the contrary, became immediately more grave and thoughtful than it had been while he was conversing with his late companion, and especially it lost its cynical expression. By the time he had reached the door that opened on the rose garden his features had assumed a certain sympathetic air which well became them. He opened and closed this door with the caution of an Eastern slave, and his feet fell on the shaven lawn on which he now found himself without a sound. They led him thus to the window of Sir Robert's study, where he stood awhile in silence as if awaiting some summons from within, which was not, however, forthcoming. He could see the tenant of the apartment seated at his desk, with his head leaning on his hands; his eyes were fixed upon some white object close before them, apparently a letter, by which his attention was entirely absorbed.

At a light touch of Walcot's finger on the window-pane, however, Sir Robert started up. At first his face expressed astonishment—nay, apprehension: but on recognising his visitor it at once assumed an air of satisfaction. He hurried quickly to the glass door which opened on the rose-garden, and admitted him.

'I am glad you are come, Ferdi-

nand. I would have sent to fetch you, but that I shrank from employing vulgar hands, even as accessories. I—— such a manifestation has been vouchsafed me!'

'What—have you seen anything?'

'No—at least I have not seen my darling; but I have had word from her.'

'Indeed. She has spoken to you then?'

'No, not so. Look at this, Ferdinand.'

He held tightly in his trembling hand, as though it were something too precious to extend to another, a slip of paper, with a word or two of writing on it. 'See, read it.'

Walcot read the inscription, which consisted of but three words, 'I am here.'

'Well, well,' cried the other impatiently; 'do you recognise it?' His pale face was flushed, his eyes shone with eager fire.

'I see, of course, that it is Madeline's writing—or an imitation of it.'

'Ah! That was just what I thought to myself as soon as I could think of anything save the communication itself,' returned Sir Robert, with a strange look of triumph. "My cautious Ferdinand," said I, "will be sure to say an 'imitation.'"

'Of course I was,' returned the other, quietly. 'It is an idea that must have occurred to anybody. If I had my doubts about your really hearing Madeline's voice the other night—although I grant you have convinced me of that—how much more should I doubt such evidence as this? Three little words—a mere tyro with his fingers who had ever seen a scrap of her handwriting could cheat the eye so far.'

'He would not cheat *my* eyes,' answered Sir Robert, gravely; 'but no matter. Listen. My darling Madeline and I never had so much as one word of disagreement throughout our married life. We talked of this one day, and I said it was a thing impos-

sible to last ; it must needs be that we should sometimes differ. "We may differ, darling," was her reply, "but there will be no words. I shall simply let you know that I am cross." (Think of Madeline being cross!) Accordingly, when she was opposed to any view of mine, which happened once or twice only, and always upon some trivial matter, she would playfully write her name on a slip of paper, with a certain sign upon it, and place it on my desk, where I found *this*.'

'And what was the sign!' inquired Walcot, smiling.

'In the corner of the paper was a X. It signified "Madeline is cross." Now, in order to put her communication out of the possibility of doubt as to its genuineness, she has made the private sign in this case.'

'I see,' said Walcot, examining the paper with scrupulous care, and speaking very gravely.

'You have no doubts now, Ferdinand?'

'No, I have no doubts.'

'What then? Your brow is clouded; is there anything in this that augurs ill?'

'Nothing more than what is expressed. I don't understand your logic, Arden. Why should Madeline seek to prove her own identity? It seems to me that she has simply expressed displeasure.'

'Great Heaven, I never thought of that! My Madeline displeased with me! Oh, this is terrible! What word, or thought, or deed of mine can have vexed her?'

Mr. Walcot shrugged his shoulders.

'My dear Arden, my best services, as you know, are always at your disposal; but I am not omnipotent or omniscient. The question you ask me is one which only yourself can answer.'

'I can *not*, Ferdinand. My mind is unconscious of offence. If I had doubted of her presence, of her living interest in me, of her continued love

—but I never did, from the first moment that she reached her sweet hand down from Heaven to comfort me. It was *you* who doubted.'

'I know it, I grant it,' answered Walcot, coldly. 'It was my duty—on your account—to doubt, while doubt was possible.'

'Then what is she vexed about with *me*,' exclaimed Sir Robert, vehemently. 'What lightest thought of mine has wronged her?'

'It can be no light thing that causes one of the immortals to express displeasure,' answered Walcot, gravely. 'Look into your own heart, Arden; it is not for man to read it; though it seems *she* has done so.'

'Ah, I have it,' cried Sir Robert; 'it is my will! That is the only thing of any importance in which I have been of late engaged. She must be dissatisfied with the conditions of my will.'

'I should say "Impossible,"' said Walcot, thoughtfully, 'except that such manifestations as these have nought to do with possibilities. It is, at all events, to the last degree unlikely. Why should one so pure and self-forgetful, even when in the flesh, take, as a spirit, any heed of such gross matters? No, it cannot be. Yet, as you say, she is displeased.'

It was not Sir Robert who had said so; but as that gentleman was convinced that such was the case, it was immaterial. It was a habit of Mr. Walcot's, doubtless induced by modesty, to attribute his own sagacious suggestions to others, and especially in the case of his brother-in-law.

'She is not solicitous on her own account, of course,' said Sir Robert, musing; 'it can matter to her nothing personally as to how I dispose of my property. Still she may be thinking of one dear and near to her—and yet I did not forget you, Ferdinand,' he added plaintively.

'I beg, Arden, that you will not allude to such a subject,' replied Mr. Walcot, with some trace of irritation;

'in the first place even putting the matter on its lowest grounds, it can never concern me as your legatee, for I am persuaded you will long outlive me; and, secondly, I do not choose to pry and peer into such intentions as you speak of. Even by the conventions of the world, it is agreed that they should be of a private nature; and, to my mind, any reference to them is most painful.'

'But why refuse me your assistance, your advice, Ferdinand?' answered the other, imploringly.

'Because I have none to give you. You will act, of course—if I know you—as your conscience dictates. You will not, I am sure, be swayed in such a matter by vulgar considerations—or associations—of any kind.'

'By associations do you mean the relations which I have formed by my second marriage, as apart from George, for instance?'

'I must really decline to answer that question, Arden; I cannot venture to indicate your duty in a matter so delicate. Your own feelings are the best guide.'

'Of that I am somewhat doubtful, Ferdinand; it is just there that I do not feel sure of myself, that I require a helping hand. If Madeline is vexed with what I have done, will she not point out what is amiss, think you? Or even may she not be mistaken, and, in that case, how am I to set myself right with her?'

Mr. Walcot shook his head. 'These immortal beings are not subject to error, Arden, like us poor creatures.'

'But it is intolerable to picture my darling as displeased with me. How can I tell her that I am unconscious of offence, that I am eager, above all things, to obey her wishes? If I write to her as she has done to me—'

Again Mr. Walcot shook his head.

'The spirit of the departed cannot be communicated with through such material means; but they occasionally vouchsafe their visible presence to those who sincerely and reverentially

desire it. I do not know whether that is your case.'

'Nor do I know myself, Ferdinand. There was a time—quite lately—when I thought I could not have borne to look upon her. But now—now that I have seen her handwriting, as well as heard her voice, what was once too awful has grown more familiar. Can mere desire on my part, think you, bring about this miracle?'

'I am not sure.'

'But are there no means by which our volition can be supplemented? It is written that wicked spirits could be so compelled by spells and charms; may not good ones by some act of love and faith be similarly attracted earthward?'

'Hush, speak not of compulsion. You may even now be wounding ears of which you little guess. There *are* means such as you speak of; but whether they may prove efficacious or not does not rest with me.'

'What are they?' enquired Sir Robert, in a hushed and awe-struck tone. 'Tell me, Ferdinand; I entreat you, tell me.'

'They are various, my dear friend, and vary with the circumstances. I can only say that in respect to one of them you are favourably situated, since you are in possession of that piece of paper.'

'How so?' enquired the other, so breathless with excitement that his words were scarcely audible.

'Thus: if you hold in your hand a scrap of handwriting of the spirit you wish to see—provided it contains his or her autograph—and call her by her name three times at midnight, it is said—for I have no personal knowledge of the matter—that she will appear before you.'

'She will appear before me?' repeated Sir Robert, softly.

'I do not guarantee it, of course,' observed Walcot, gravely. 'I may even have been indiscreet in saying this; do not blame me if I arouse false hopes. You have compelled me.'

'I understand, my friend, and shall in no case blame you,' answered Sir Robert. 'You have laid me under one obligation the more, Ferdinand—that is all.'

'I am not aware of that, Arden,' returned the other earnestly: 'I almost regret that I was not more reticent. You are neither strong nor well, and, as it is, the strain upon your spiritual nature is telling upon you. I fear, supposing that this privilege is granted to you, that the sudden shock—though it may have nought but bliss in it—may do you mischief.'

'What! My Madeline do me a mischief? No, Ferdinand. It is true my health has suffered of late. I know what you would prescribe—"Travel; a complete change;" and perhaps I may some day take your advice. But at present I can think of nothing—nothing but my lost darling. I have thanked Heaven before now that I had more concern with the dead than with the living—by which I meant communion only; the echo of thought to thought. But now, if I indeed should see her—Oh! Ferdinand, the thought unmans me quite.'

'Because, as I say again, you are not yourself, Arden. How often have you and I—speaking of man's last hours, when he stands upon the verge of spirit life—agreed that his utterances are valueless; that he is physically too prostrated to bear a sound mind within him? And is not *your* case—ailing and nerve-stricken—yet standing, perchance, on the brink of some supreme revelation, a parallel one? Can you honestly say that you feel equal to such an occasion? Is your logical faculty fit to grapple with what may, indeed, be great spiritual truths, but may also be delusions?'

'Delusions!' exclaimed Sir Robert. 'You have yourself acknowledged that every possibility of delusion has been

eliminated. No; it is possible I may be fated to be tried beyond my strength. But what alternative is offered to me? Can I leave Halcombe—a spot become sacred to me, since my lost Madeline has designed to visit it—without affording the opportunity which, perchance, she seeks of holding speech with me?'

'Well, well, perhaps, you are right, Arden,' returned the other, slowly. 'But at least you do not give yourself up a prey to morbid hopes—hopes which nine men out of ten, we know, would designate as those of a madman. I have given you the same advice before, yet I am constrained to repeat it. Play the man, my friend; and above all, be yourself in your associations with those about you. There are strangers coming here to-day, in whose presence, I conjure you, to show no weakness; and with respect to your own belongings, this is still more to be deprecated. Let no one in this house be able to say that Sir Robert Arden was the prey to nervous terrors, before (as is possible) he was called to witness to the truth; before he had the experience of that so-called spiritual manifestation which was (in fact, they will rejoice to say so) the creation of a disordered mind and an enfeebled body. This is not a mere private matter, my friend, affecting your own interests only, however vitally; enormous issues may hang upon it. To you—who knows?—the very "Key of all the Creeds,—the dread Secret of the Ages," may be entrusted.'

Sir Robert shook his head.

'I have no ambition for such greatness, Ferdinand,' he murmured; 'I only wish to see my Madeline. Still, you give me good advice, no doubt. I cannot forget her; no; but while with others, I will strive to remember other matters.'

'Good; there is the breakfast bell. Let us go in.'

(To be continued.)

## THE HOME AND GRAVE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

BY HOWARD J. DUNCAN, WOODSTOCK.

PERHAPS no other part of America has been associated with history and fiction so much as the banks of the Hudson river. Nature seems to have adapted them for such, and to have given such spots and haunts as would tend to confirm any tale be it ever so vague, any adventure be it ever so daring. Besides these, the river has a picturesque and beautiful charm that enchants all who view it, and the numerous costly mansions that nestle on its banks harmonize and contrast finely with the wild and rugged scenery its mountains and hills present. The numerous towns and villages that adorn its banks give it a civilized and inhabited appearance mingling their charm with the primitive beauty and grandeur of the scenery.

With it are treasured some of the noblest and most daring deeds that the revolutionary history of the United States records. Associated with it are some of the most fabulous legends the imagination can invent. The Catskills with their wild and weird haunted appearance first awakened the imagination of Washington Irving who gave the world ere long two of the most charming tales in the Sketch Book; Rip Van Winkle and the Headless Horseman. To Irving was entrusted the description of the beauties of the Hudson, and to him was confided the peopling of its banks with creatures of his rich imagination. 'Twas

' He whose fancy wove a spell  
As lasting as the scene is fair,  
And made the mountain stream and dell  
His own dream life forever share.'

The legendary renown of the Hud-

son is now fully established, the master genius who linked his fame with the rock-ribbed mountains of its banks has invested it with beauties unrevealed before. He opened up a new and untrodden field of literature and removed the differences existing between English and American authors. He is connected indissolubly with the history of American fiction and justly entitled to the pioneership thereof. He gave us the grotesque and humorous phases in the life of the old Knickerbockers, and transplanted us to the banks of the river rendered classic by his genius. He has led us into the halls of the Alhambra to witness the faded and fallen grandeur of decayed royalty and pictured to us the contentment of the poor Irish bard wending his way to some humble cottage 'neath a foreign sky.

Among the old Dutch residences on the banks of the Hudson River is one about thirty miles above the City of New York, between the villages of Irvington and Tarrytown. It was built, we are told, by a sturdy old Dutchman in the beginning of the eighteenth century. This portentous and obese old burgomaster was no less a personage than Mynheer Woolfert Acker, who had served in the Privy Council of the renowned Peter Stuyvesant, but having been kept 'in a constant fume and fret by the perverseness of mankind, hied himself in disgust to the wilderness, built the gabled house, inscribed over the door his favourite Dutch motto "Lust in Rust" (pleasure in quiet), and enjoyed a life of repose and ease, never to be disturbed by wrangles

and broils outside his own metes and bounds.' Notwithstanding the declaration of seclusion made by old Woolfert, we find in a few years he sells the home of 'pleasure in quiet' to a brother Knickerbocker, Jacob Van Tassel, who lived the proverbial life of a Dutchman until the breaking out of the war between Great Britain and the Colonies. The valiant Dutchman espoused the cause of the Colonists, and became one of their most zealous supporters, fortifying his new house to such an extent that it became a stronghold of some considerable importance. History has not recorded the valorous deeds of the gallant Dutchman, but the archives of Tarrytown have rescued a name noted for prowess about the lower part of the Hudson in the days of the Revolutionary War. The cottage remained in the Van Tassel family until 1835, when it was sold to one who has made it famous in story. Washington Irving, the purchaser, had long entertained a filial affection for the weather-beaten cottage that overlooked the placid waters of Tappan Zee. With it was associated some of the happiest dreams of boyhood, and its existence gave rise to some of his choicest literary productions. Beneath its trees he sat when a stripling and conjured up those ideas of Dutch life which are so strikingly portrayed in the inimitable 'History of New York.' The quaint matter-of-fact old stone edifice, which was afterwards the home of his old age, gave rise to one of the finest pictures in 'The Sketch Book.'

Immediately after the purchase, Mr. Irving arranged a plan of architecture for additions in harmony with the Dutch style of the old cottage. His love for the unique in architecture was a whim entertained in foreign travel, which never manifested itself fully until the construction of the additions to the cottage. In a letter shortly after the purchase he says:— 'My idea is to make a little nookery somewhat in the Dutch style, quaint

but unpretending.' It was currently reported at the time of the purchase that Irving had become so enthusiastic over the style of architecture that an architect in Holland had been engaged to plan and superintend the construction of the additions, whereas, in truth, the designer was a young man of Irvington. A stone inscription over the portico records the name of 'George Harvey, Bou<sup>mr</sup>,' the adjunct being an abbreviation of the Dutch word 'boumeester,' which signifies architect. After a six months' superintendence, the humble Dutch cottage swelled to the size of a respectable manor house, ornamented with weather-cocks and spindles in the true Holland style. Mr. Irving's humour prompted him to christen the new house in honour of its first occupant Woolfert Acker, and the name 'Woolfert's Roost' still clings to the cottage, although superseded by the more endearing and poetic name, 'Sunnyside.' The first name given to the cottage became a theme for its christener, who has described it as 'a little old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat. It is said, in fact,' continues Mr. Irving, 'to have been modelled after the cocked hat of Peter the Headstrong, as the Escorial was modelled after the gridiron of the blessed St. Lawrence.' From this description one can easily see the quiet and affectionate humour with which he regarded his new home.

The main or old portion of the stone cottage faces the south. Its walls are half shrouded in English ivy, the first slip of which was given to Mr. Irving by Sir Walter Scott during his second visit at Abbotsford. Mr. Irving extended the main portion of the building to the north, and erected a large and quaint stone kitchen, in the old Dutch style, to the east. A person taking a passing glance at the whole edifice would doubtless form an impression that it was all built in the same year. But the additions lack

the moss-grown and weather-stained appearance that distinguishes the old cottage, although they harmonize with the style of architecture. Before the portico is a small lawn bordered by the carriage way, which winds to the public road, and at the southern extremity of the premises is the handsome little grove of Sunnyside, running in wild luxuriance. Those who have sat beneath its umbrageous trees on a hot and sultry day in July, and listened to the music of its warblers, can fully appreciate the cool sylvan retreat. It begins near the entrance gate, south-west of the cottage, and slopes gradually toward the river. It is a fit haunt for the traditionary Gnomes and Fays who have invested the banks of old Hendrick Hudson's stream with such a fund of legendary lore. Through this little wild wood trickles a small stream, laughing as it leaps over its stony bed or shoots down a declivity over moss-grown trunks, 'widening in and out' over fallen trees until its murmurings are lost in the sportive waves of the Hudson. And here a quarter of a century since, on a fine summer afternoon, the gentle reader might have seen a sprightly old gentleman of three score and ten sitting on a rustic bench 'neath the shade, listening to the singing of the birds and the murmuring of the brook. The little grove was a favourite retreat of Mr. Irving's, and many of his happiest hours in green old age were spent beneath its bowers in company with 'a little golden-haired boy.' His love for the society of children was strong, and many a one, now grown up, can relate with pride the happy days of childhood spent at Sunnyside with the dear old man.

On a bright summer morning in July, a few years ago, I awoke with the same thought that pervaded Irving's mind on his first visit to Abbotsford, 'now I know I'm to be happy. I know I have an unfailing treat before me.' A short sail up the Hudson and I was landed at Yonkers,

only to be transmitted to Irvington, the quiet and handsome retreat of wealthy New Yorkers. I inquired the way to Sunnyside, and, like many who had put the same question, was directed along the railway track on the bank of the Hudson. The distance was short, being only about half a mile from the station, and as I stood on the track before the cottage I recognised it at once. It stands on a bluff overlooking the railway track and meadow land, half hidden by a circlet of oak trees which border the hill top. I wandered along over a marshy piece of land, clambered the hill, and loitered about the northern extremity of the premises. There I stood and watched the panoramic view that lay before me. It was noon-day. Beneath my feet lay Tappan Zee in dull repose, dotted with schooners, whose sails flaunted lazily in search of some passing breeze. Across the river loomed the shrub-fringed Palisades, towering in all the magnificence of massive grandeur and natural ruggedness.

On entering the mansion, I was considerably astonished at its gloomy appearance. The life and soul of the old cottage had fled, and nothing cheery remained save the reminiscences of its late genial occupant. How many times had he stood at that hall-door, and shaking the hand of the literary aspirant, gave him counsel with the accompanying 'God bless you.' Who cannot think kindly of him who was so kind? On the left-hand side of the hall is the dining room. It faces the river, and commands a beautiful view of the opposite shore. Its walls are adorned with three pictures—Daniel Webster, in front as you enter the dining-room; General Washington, near the window looking out on the lawn; and another, which I took for Washington Allston, near the window facing the river. In the centre of the room is the dining-table, around which have sat many of the shining lights of American literature. It was around



this board the Irving family assembled on Christmas day and enjoyed themselves in the true old English style. I could not help calling to mind the beautiful description Irving has given in the 'Sketch Book' of the manner of celebrating the Christmas holiday, and methinks his love of the quaint would prompt him to repeat in old English :

'Lo now is come our joyful'st feast!  
Let every man be jolly;  
Eache roomie with yvie leaves is drest,  
And every post with holly.'

On the right-hand side of the hall is the library. The room is quite small, but described by Mr. Irving as 'a neat and cosey little place.' Its walls are well-nigh hidden with books, and all tastefully arranged and in order. Most of the finely bound volumes are on the east side of the library. In the centre of the room is a plain desk, presented to Mr. Irving by his publishers—Messrs. Putnam—in 1856, and beside it stood the old and easy arm-chair in which he sat while composing most of his last great work, 'The Life of General Washington.'

North of the desk is a small recess with a couch and a bookcase well filled with old annals and statutes of New York. On the east side of the library is a bookcase filled with morocco bound books. Sir Walter Scott's were there side by side with Irving's. The association of their works looked very appropriate, for Irving, in a great measure, owed his fame to the kindness of Scott. Who can help admiring the glorious old minstrel as he limped to the gate of Abbotsford to greet the young American author then almost unknown to the world. He met the young man with open arms and obtained him a purchaser for the 'Sketch Book' which had been unconditionally rejected. From the day of their first meeting Irving's fame as an author was in the ascendant, and ever afterwards he attributed his success to the kindness of the great Scotch bard and novelist. 'He is a theme

on which I love to dwell, everything that comes within his influence seems to catch a beam of that sunshine that plays around his heart.' Thus wrote Irving shortly after four days' visit at Abbotsford. The world has been pleased to associate these two as the representative authors of two great nations, each excelling in his particular branch of authorship, and infusing interest into a class of literature before neglected. The hills and dales of Scotland had little more than a local interest until the pen of Scott wove them with romance and history. And so likewise with the Hudson. Those quiet villages that nestle on the water's edge would have still remained unfamous had not Irving invested them with legendary fame.

Over the mantle-piece in the library hangs a picture of a literary party at Sir Joshua Reynolds,' and before the grate is an easy chair in which Irving sat the last day of his illness. It was here he noted the beauty of the last sunset he ever saw.

After visiting the library I loitered about the green sward under the shade trees near the verandah. Here would the household sit of a summer's eve and listen to the old gentleman as he described the days of boyhood when Paulding Brevoort and himself went yachting on Tappan Sea with the young ladies and chanted some old chorus of gaiety and fun. But, remarks Mr. Irving, 'It is a different yacht and a different generation that have taken up the game, and are now sailing by moonlight and singing on the Tappan Sea.'

I had now visited the home of one of America's greatest authors, and viewed its surroundings with indescribable delight. I had peeped into the cheery study and hospitable dining-room, and saw the retreat in old age of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. My mind had become so possessed by its former characters that I seemed to have had an actual existence among them. As I loitered along the road-

side to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, I could not but reflect on the scenes I had just witnessed. The quaint old cottage and its former occupants furnished an abundance for reflection. I had surveyed the old cottage and compared its appearance a century ago with that of to-day. I had been in the very room in which the pedagogue, Ichabod Crane, had whispered love to the beautiful Katrina Van Tassel, and I was now wandering along the road that poor Ichabod found so foreboding on the dark and eventful night in which he vanished from this earth. I was treading classic ground with mythical characters who had no real existence, and yet they were presented to me in all the charm of reality. He is the true poet who speaks to the heart and raises man's ideas from the hum-drum of everyday life to the beatitude of the imagination.

The way to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery is picturesque, and recalls many wild historic tales of the Revolutionary war. It was also a favourite haunt for many a weird sister in the superstitious days of the early Dutch Governors. A mile or thereabouts from Sunnyside, on a cross road, is a small monument erected in memory of the capture of the brave but unfortunate Major André. From this place we have a beautiful view of the river and the quiet old village of Tarrytown. The road then winds through a most romantic part of the country into 'Sleepy Hollow,' so named for its quietude. On the hill across the valley stands the antique Sleepy Hollow Church, the oldest place of worship in New York State, built about two centuries and a half ago. The brick and most of the material of which it is constructed, was brought from Holland. The architecture of the church is purely Dutch, in style resembling many of the antiquities which will ere long be the only landmarks bearing testimony to the settlement of New York State by that once powerful

and influential people. It was on the bridge at the foot of the hill that the unfortunate Ichabod Crane met the headless Hessian trooper. About fifty yards south of the church is the entrance gate to the cemetery. I walked around the carriage road until I came to a redoubt thrown up a century since by General Washington, where I espied a grey-headed sexton trimming the hedge of a burial plot. I inquired for the grave of Washington Irving and he pointed to a headstone in the plot. It would never strike the eye as being the last resting-place of one whose name absorbs so much of the world's praise, so simple and plain is its appearance. No costly monument records any eulogium, but on the small marble slab is simply inscribed—

' Washington Irving,  
Born April 3rd, 1783.  
Died Nov. 28th, 1859.'

He rests by his mother's side in a spot selected by him some six years before his death. His grave is shaded by a small oak tree. I stood beneath its branches and looked across the valley into the Beekman wood, where he and Paulding sported in early boyhood with gun in hand. On the other side I saw the Hudson and the Catskills—appearing in faded distinctness—which are so closely associated with the story of his own bright life.

After visiting several spots of local importance, I wended my way across the bridge towards Tarrytown, which is now a place of considerable size. As I sauntered along its principal street, the dull quiet of the place brought to my mind the origin of its name, which, 'we are told, was given by the good housewives of the adjacent country from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days.' The old village still bears testimony of its original inhabitants, and the sign-boards are replete with

names that commanded respect and veneration in the famous, but doubtful, council of Peter Stuyvesant. I left Tarrytown as the sun was going down in the horizon. It presented a beautiful and grand sight, tipping the trees with a golden refulgence, and

making old Hendrick Hudson's river sparkle like rubies; and, as the train wheeled around the river bank near Irvington, I took a farewell peep at Sunnyside, almost hidden by the circle of trees.

---

### JUST A TRANSIENT YEAR AGO.

BY R. MARVIN SEATON, TORONTO.

JUST a transient year ago,  
 When the summer sun sank low  
 In a flood of vermil glory,  
 'Neath that venerable tree,  
 Shading deep the velvet lea,  
 Whispered I the old sweet story.

In the solemn hush of night,  
 There beneath the moonbeam's light,  
 We two murmured vows soft spoken;  
 And the tender lips I pressed,  
 Love and constancy confessed,  
 As they gave me back the token.

Now she sleeps, alas! beneath  
 Yonder flower-scented heath—  
 Sloping to the rushing river;  
 And above her forest grave,  
 Palmy grasses softly wave—  
 Sadly bending, mourning ever.

## THE ALLIANCE OF DEMOCRACY AND PROTECTION.

BY JOHN MACLEAN, TORONTO.

THE battle of Protection and Free Trade has been fought out amongst us, and Parliament and people have decided to try what a National Policy will do for Canada. It may be interesting at this time to take a glance at the position of the trade question in other countries, and to inquire whether the present revival of Protectionism, the world over, be a mere surface phenomenon, soon to pass away, or whether it has its motive power in forces deep-seated and enduring, and is therefore likely to be permanent and to govern the commercial future of the civilized world.

Of the fact that a great revival of Protectionism is now going on there can be no doubt; indeed it is not disputed by those who certainly would dispute it if they could. An English journal of recent date puts into a few terse and pithy statements what everybody is saying respecting the 'alarming' advance of Protectionist policy on the continent of Europe. Germany, declared to be England's boldest commercial enemy, is preparing for a policy of high custom-house walls, and is deliberately building up a tariff to keep out English goods. All this she is doing, too, under the lead of the strongest statesman in Europe, the 'man of blood and iron,' who has declared in favour of fostering home industries by keeping out the foreigner. The work that Cobden did in France is nearly undone, and the 'liberal commercial régime' of Napoleon the Third is about to be stamped out. On all sides the spirit of Protection is manifest. Russia, Italy, Austria, Turkey and the minor States, are

looking to heavy duties either to repair their finances or for the avowed purpose of building up home manufactures. This general Protectionist agitation bodes dire evil to England, and meanwhile English statesmen fold their hands and, with impressive dignity, say that they can do nothing—that is, nothing beyond the usual course of diplomatic persuasion. Russia, being in deplorable straits for money, has a plea for high duties, which leaves Free Trade negotiators without an answer. France had the same plea when she raised her duties to pay the German indemnity and other war debt, and she still retains it, and will use it to baffle the impertunity of Free Traders from across the Channel. Other nations have the same contention at hand and ready for use. Austria, Italy, and Spain may all give their enormous and indifferently paid national debts as reasons why they must impose high duties. This is their convenient defence against diplomatic pressure from England; but underneath the forms of international politeness it is well understood, on both sides, that high duties are really sought for purposes of protection even more than for revenue. But it is in France that the chief danger to Free Trade is at present to be observed. She has made haste to 'denounce' all commercial treaties by which she is now bound, and it is strongly suspected that, once free of these fetters to her action, she will be the reverse of hasty in again putting herself under such restraint. The *London Times*, after viewing the alarming rise of Protection in Ger-

many, under the auspices of Bismarck, turns to France, and says that there the same signs of reaction meet the eye. A general tariff of 'a retrograde character' awaits discussion, and the danger of France's going astray will be greater when she has cast off the fetters of commercial treaties. The value of such international obligations to the Free Trade cause is thus stated by the *Times*: 'Inconsistent as treaties may appear to be with the creed of a free-trader, who ought to trust that, like truth, it will prevail against error, they are useful mechanical devices by which countries in danger of backsliding are kept in the right path and are saved from the influences of seductive temporary delusions. They operate very much as taking the pledge does on a man of weak will. The end of the treaty with France may be the beginning of much mischief.' With the close of the current year nearly the whole system of European commercial treaties falls in, and the prospects for their renewal in the interest of Free Trade are not bright. Here is an English opinion of the prospect:—'They (the French) are now engaged, not in the reconstruction of commercial treaties on the old liberal lines, which all practical minds approve, but in the preparation of a general tariff which is to form the basis for further international commercial negotiations. This tariff, when ready, will have to pass the Deputies' and the Senators' Chambers; and it is calculated that it cannot obtain the force of law before October. There will remain, then, three months, when most statesmen are enjoying the rest and pleasures of the recess, to negotiate the new treaties with the Great Powers.'

Nor do commercial treaties seem to be in favour in the new world, any more than in the old. Mr. Cox, a Democratic leader in the American Congress, proclaims the doctrine that such treaties are virtually a surrender

of legislative powers belonging to the representatives of the people, and holds that no more such surrenders should henceforth be made. If Reciprocity be deemed desirable, then he would establish it by the concurrent legislation of two countries, but not by treaty. And he recently introduced *pro forma* and as a trial pattern merely of what might be done, a Bill providing for Reciprocity with Canada, with very low duties on manufactured goods, the same on both sides. How such a measure could be adopted while Canada remains a part of the British Empire, we do not see, and probably Mr. Cox is looking quite another way in proposing it. But his action in the matter, and the prominence given, on both sides of the Atlantic, to the doctrine that commercial treaties are virtually fetters upon the commercial independence of nations, abridging the legislative power of Parliaments, is a sign of the times. In our own country Mr. Tilley, with a statesmanlike understanding of the signs, has taken the initiative towards substituting concurrent legislation for the fetters of treaties. By a short section of the new Customs Act it is provided that American natural products, the same as under the old treaty, are to come free into Canada, by Order-in-Council, whenever it shall please our neighbours to admit similar articles free, into the United States. No more Plenipotentiaries or Commissioners going to Washington; their occupation is forever gone, as far as *commercial* treaty-making is concerned. When our neighbours are ready for such Reciprocity as we approve of, they can get it at once, by an Act of Congress in a dozen lines. Manufactured articles are left out of our standing offer, embodied in section 6, and so complications arising out of our colonial relations with Great Britain—that country of many manufactures—are wholly avoided.

Coleridge has somewhere said, that whereas with the ancient Romans war

was their business, in modern times business is war. Whatever convictions of the truth of this view he may have drawn from the circumstances of his day, a much stronger conviction of its truth is forced upon us by those of our own time. Then Protection was a mass of crudities, undigested and incoherent; now it is in course of development, with scientific aim and purpose, into a system of enlightened national selfishness. In vain are the arguments of Adam Smith, powerful as they were against certain absurdities prevailing in his time, invoked against Protection as it is shaping itself in ours. He denounced Protection of the few at the expense of the many, but what would he have said had he lived to see Protection demanded by the million, and resisted chiefly by a few learned *doctrinaires* and by the narrower interests of mere carrying, buying, and selling, as distinguished from the broader and more popular interests of actual production? We may properly say, 'the narrower interests,' for surely the actual production of commodities is something greater and more important than the mere business of their distribution, however important the latter may be. All Bastiat's verbal cleverness goes for nothing against the verdict of his countrymen; he is answered by simply pointing to Protectionist France in 1879. Coleridge saw no pressure of competition in his time to match the tremendous pressure now felt in all the leading avenues of trade. Therefore we say that his remark on commercial war has immensely greater force now than it had when he made it. It is the progress and development of international commercial war that we are now witnessing—the struggle of Governments to find work for their respective peoples. The war of sword and gun may abate; subjects may gain wisdom enough to put their veto upon the game of kings and statesmen. But the problem of work and bread for the people must remain, and

it must be a fortunate Government that can afford to give to foreigners the work and wages which its own people demand. Most certainly there is no Government of Continental Europe in such position to-day.

If we turn to America what better prospect do we see for the Free Trade cause? In the United States the Morrill tariff, established eighteen years ago, is still the law of the land; such amendments as have been made to it are conceived altogether in the spirit of Protection, with the design of ensuring the permanence of the system, and of strengthening it against attacks on exposed points. A vigorous denouncer of negro slavery has Mr. John Bright been, in his time, but to him, as a Free Trader, it should be a fact of ominous import that in the United States Slavery and Free Trade should have been twin pillars of the same edifice, and that with the fall of the former the latter also came to the ground. But for the Slave Power, indeed, the American people would have declared decisively for Protection long before they did, and the commercial event of Lincoln's time would have come in the time of Harrison or Tyler. That power was a weight lying upon the nation's will, and preventing its natural expression; the weight being removed from the national councils, the popular will asserted itself at once. Vain is it to hope that any future Congress will reverse the verdict, or that the sharp-witted American people will after this deliberately legislate in favour of foreign producers. During these eighteen years Protection has struck its roots deep and wide in the United States, and now it has taken a grip of the country immensely stronger than ever it had before. Protection has caused mills, factories and workshops to start up and enlarge themselves; these, again, have bred a numerous working population, living by manufactures; this population constitutes a voting power, and will vote

to sustain that by which it lives. In a word, Protection has bred Protectionist votes, and these Protectionist votes will perpetuate Protection. It used to be the old story, that Protection lived only within its strongholds in New England and Pennsylvania, and that with the growth and expansion of the great West, which had no interest in manufactures, an overwhelming majority of the whole nation in favour of Free Trade would certainly follow. But this view has been remarkably falsified by the event. It was based upon the assumption that the great West would *continue* to have no interest in manufactures; but just here the Free Trade prophets turned out to be all wrong. The Morrill tariff caused manufactures to spread westward, and now the West as well as the East contributes its material guarantee for the continuation of Protection. Another New England is now rising up west of Lake Michigan, and other Pennsylvanias are being developed in Ohio, Indiana, and Missouri. The Appalachian Mountain region, in the South, as well as that other part of the same chain, called the Alleghanies, in the North, boasts of its metallic treasures; and Georgia competes with Massachusetts in the spinning of cotton yarn. Protection, before deemed to be a growth of the East only, has now spread its roots westward to the Mississippi, and, instead of being relaxed, its hold upon the whole country is every year becoming stronger. Not a few manufacturers merely, but millions of working people, who have votes, are interested in its continuance. The gain by the Democrats of a majority in Congress, for the first time since the outbreak of the war, has raised again the old hopes in the breasts of some, who fancy that the party will surely follow up its traditions of former days, and attempt the gigantic task of undoing the Protectionist legislation of the Republicans. But, though there are some Democratic statesmen who

would willingly break a lance for Free Trade, full well do they understand that the masses of the people, belonging to their own party, will follow them in no such Quixotic assault. Democratic leaders have on this question to step carefully, for fear of their being deserted by the multitude, and left high and dry, without popular support. They may present platform resolutions having a Free Trade sound, and they may even labour hard, in the Committee of Ways and Means, to show that duties which are now sustained at the dizzy height of sixty or seventy per cent., might advantageously be reduced to thirty-five or forty per cent. But mass meetings of Democratic voters, coming grimy and dusty from their crowded workshops, have warned Democratic leaders that, though Free Trade talk may be safe enough, popular rebellion waits upon any actual legislation that would substitute foreign goods largely for those of home production, and throw American workmen idle.

The alliance of Protection with Democracy is a great fact of the day, and points clearly to what the national commercial policy of the future must be. Nobody expects now to see Monarchy or Aristocracy gaining on Democracy in the world; the most devoted Tory that lives understands that political power is passing into the hands of the multitude. Philosophic students of history advise us not to brace ourselves stupidly against the inevitable, but by the extension of popular education, and other fitting means, to qualify the people for the power they are destined to wield. But if the multitude take to Protection, what future can we see for Free Trade in the world? Let Republican France and Republican America answer; and, if that be not enough, look at the advance of Protection in Canada and Australia, under virtual Democracy tempered by Imperial connection. It has been charged against Sir John A. Macdonald that he is not a sincere

Protectionist, and that he adopted a certain cry merely because it was popular. This is a false accusation, for he was Premier in the Government of 1858, when Mr. Cayley, then Inspector-General, introduced and carried the first Protectionist tariff in Canada; and he was still virtually the leader of the Government of Sir George E. Cartier, in 1859, when Inspector-General Galt extended and consolidated the Protectionist work of the year before. Had Sir John, in carrying out Protection, actually 'gone back' on old convictions, he should still be leniently dealt with by those who glorify Sir Robert Peel for having saved his country by turning a political summer-sault on the question of Free Trade. But this aside, cannot Free Traders see what a fatal admission they make when they admit that Protection is *popular*? And cannot they see, further, that the increasing intensity of commercial competition between nations is sure in each and every civilized country to enlist the masses of the people more firmly on the side of Protection, and against the system which would take employment from themselves and hand it over to foreigners? The time is surely coming when to ask the workmen of any civilized country whether they are in favour of Free Trade, will be deemed as absurd as it would now be deemed to ask an

Italian whether he thinks that Venice should be restored to the dominion of Austria, or a Frenchman whether he would be willing to cede the Champagne country to Germany. The popular mind is giving a national interpretation to the Scripture precept (implied) that we are first to provide for those of our own household; and, with Patriotism and Democracy both on its side, Protection will surely carry all before it in the world.

We have, at all events, determined to try what it will do for Canada. The other system *has been* tried, and has proved a very bad failure, though it is still contended that circumstances, and not the system, were to blame. But we do not here enter upon *that* argument; suffice it to say that a change has been decreed by the authority of last resort—the vote of the Canadian people. The prevailing anticipation is that the new policy will attract capital and population into the country, and certainly some cases bearing this out have already occurred. Should more such cases keep coming up, even our Free Traders may take comfort of a substantial kind in the non-fulfilment of their own prophecies. We may at least bespeak for the new system the best of fair play, and we may feel sure that the vast majority of Canadians hope it may prove successful.

WHEN shall Springtime cheer us,  
When, ah when?

When fair June is near us,  
Then, ah then!

Then the trees shall burst in leaf,  
Winter shall forget his grief;  
Winds shall all forget to moan  
In their wild and wintry tone;  
Gentle breezes then shall play  
Thro' the fragrant woods of May;  
Birds shall seek a Northern home,  
Bees and flowers together come:  
When shall Springtime cheer us,  
When, ah when?

When fair June is near us,  
Not till then!

—From 'APPLE BLOSSOMS.'



## RELIGIOUS BELIEF IN COURT.

BY W. B. COOK, TORONTO.

THE quiet surface of society and the even course of judicial procedure is occasionally ruffled by attempts to resuscitate old modes of dealing out justice which have little in common with this age in either thought or feeling. Within a year in Toronto the evidence of four persons—a Jew, a Mahomedan, and two others—have been challenged as incompetent to testify in a court of justice, on the ground of religious opinion. At a recent trial before Chief Justice Moss the evidence of two witnesses was rejected, on the ground that they had not that degree of theological belief which gave value to their oath. In giving judgment on May 12th ult., in a case before the court, the Chief Justice is reported as saying of one witness: ‘I am obliged to reject his evidence; he has not that degree of religious belief which the law renders necessary to competency as a witness.’

The legal doctrine is that no person can be allowed to give evidence in a Court of Justice who does not believe in a God who punishes perjury in this world or the next. As the Mohomedan is permitted to swear on the Koran, the Jew on the Old Testament, we may reasonably infer that the Heathen Chinese, whether Polytheist or Buddhist, would be allowed to testify according to that form most sacred to his conscience.

In Canada, and in every civilized country where the English language is spoken, there is an endless variety of religious belief regarding the supreme power and government of the world, also on the nature and duration of future punishment. The ‘degree of

religious belief’ on these two points being that which qualifies or disqualifies a witness. As legal justice and common justice, or in other words, common morality, are practically interchangeable terms (the legal being based on the moral) what is the social status of a citizen unable to testify; what are the penalties for the expression of obnoxious opinions, socially considered? Are such citizens excluded from civil rights and duties? Can they sit on a jury? Are they excluded from the use of the franchise? If their qualification is challenged, the oath cannot be administered to establish their right to vote. Can they import goods and pass them through the customs, unless they employ some one to swear for them? Can they perform any of the functions of citizens when the oath is administered? If the law will not permit them the privileges of citizenship, is the ordinary citizen expected to be above the sober and solemn wisdom of impartial legal justice? If our behaviour to each other is not superior to the behaviour of the law towards unbelievers, it is equivalent to declaring such persons to be outlaws. But this is not all: if twenty men of good standing in society, or any larger number, who did not possess ‘the degree of religious belief’ entitling them to give evidence in a court of justice, were eye witnesses to the assassination of the Chief Justice and the proof of the fact depended on their evidence, their oaths would be valueless, and the punishment intended for the unfortunate unbeliever would fall on society.

The grossest outrage may be com-

mitted by the greatest rascal, and society may have neither defence nor protection. The late J. S. Mill says: 'the assumption on which this is grounded is that the oath is worthless of a person who does not believe in a future state; a proposition which betokens much ignorance of history in those who assent to it (since it is historically true that a large proportion of infidels, in all ages, have been persons of distinguished integrity and honour); and would be maintained by no one who had the smallest conception how many of the persons in the greatest repute with the world, both for virtue and attainments, are well known, at least to their intimates, to be unbelievers.' A man who does not accept the doctrine of future punishment may be the only witness to rails being torn up which caused the death of many persons and the destruction of much property, or he may be the only witness to a brutal murder which has shocked the moral sense of the whole community. When placed in a witness box to testify to the fact, he candidly admits that he does not possess the 'degree of religious belief' which the law demands, but believes that a respect for *truth* is the cement which holds society together, and asserts that the penalties for perjury are wise and just. So far, however, from being considered a credible witness, and his evidence taken as to the facts within his knowledge, his mouth is closed, justice is defeated, and the enemies of good society are let loose again to repeat their misdeeds in possibly more aggravated forms. To make the matter more absurd, and justice a mockery, an ordinary trustworthy citizen is denied the privilege granted to a criminal. A whiskey informer's oath would pass unchallenged after repeated convictions for perjury, while a well-intentioned heretic, whose word would be taken by all who knew him, notwithstanding his obnoxious opinions, would be put out of court as unqualified to testify. On

this point J. S. Mill says: 'under pretence that atheists must be liars, the law admits the testimony of all who are willing to lie, and rejects only those who brave the obloquy of publicly confessing a detested creed rather than affirm a falsehood. A law thus self-convicted of absurdity, so far as regards its professed purpose, can be kept in force only as a badge of hatred, a relic of persecution; a persecution, too, having the peculiarity that the qualification for undergoing it is the being clearly proved not to deserve it.'

The subterfuges which this law permits are of serious moment. Any person, by assuming the position of an unbeliever, may shield a criminal and defeat the ends of justice. There is no means of ascertaining whether belief or unbelief is real or pretended. If there was, there is no law against a change of mind. Hence, a man may give evidence in one case and refuse it in another without risk of punishment, as it is impossible to prove that a man has not altered his opinion on the question of God and a future life.

The difficulties and dangers prophesied as sure to follow any alteration in the administration of the oath in England prevented any amendment worthy of the name for 113 years. After a severe and protracted struggle, quakers were allowed to affirm; afterwards other religious bodies who conscientiously objected to swear were permitted the same privilege. When it was found that none of the disastrous results which were so confidently predicted, followed, those outside the pale of Christianity were also permitted to make affirmation; and, as the confidence of man in man widened, individual and collective justice was found to be placed on sounder principles.

Notwithstanding the number of alterations and amendments on the Oath Question which have taken place in England between 1813 and 1875, Canada, a province of that nation, is

still under the intolerant statutes of George 3rd, 1792, excepting in a few cases regarding rectories which were amended when the English Church was disestablished here. Those who doubt this may consult the summing up of the late Chief Justice Harrison in *Pringle v. Napanee*, at Osgoode Hall, June 29th, 1878. The case will be found in Queen's Bench Reports, No. 6, vol. 43; but particularly on page 294. In citing decisions and opinions of eminent judges, the Chief Justice quoted 9 and 10 Will. III. ch. 32, intitled, 'An Act for the more effectual suppression of blasphemy and profaneness reciting "That if any person or persons, having been educated in, or at any time having made profession of the Christian Religion, shall by writing, printing, teaching or advized speaking, deny any one of the persons of the Holy Trinity to be God, or assert or maintain that there are more Gods than one, or deny the Christian Religion to be true, or the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be of Divine authority, and shall be thereof convicted by oath of two or more credible witnesses, such person or persons for the first offence shall be adjudged, and *incapable*, and *disabled in law* to all *intents* and *purposes whatsoever*, &c., &c., and if a second time convicted, shall thenceforth be *disabled to sue, prosecute, plead or use any action*, &c., and shall suffer imprisonment for the space of three years without bail or mainprize," &c. This Act,

with its penalties, was in force in the mother country till the 21st July, 1813, when the 53 Geo. III., ch. 160, sec. 2, was passed repealing its provisions "so far as the same relate to persons denying as therein mentioned respecting the Holy Trinity." But as the Act was held to be merely an affirmation of the Common Law of England, the effect of its partial repeal has been held to be merely a repeal of its penalties; *Rex v. Waddington, &c.* *It would appear to be in force in this colony with all the penalties, notwithstanding the repeal of the penalties in England.*" (See report cited.) As every city has many good citizens who neither feel nor believe as their forefathers did in 1792, it is worthy of our consideration, whether it might not be for the *general good*, that the law, as in England, should be so altered that every sane citizen should be allowed to testify by affirmation, subject of course to all the penalties of perjury for swearing falsely on oath.

The mother country has adopted this with beneficial results. No one there can shirk the responsibilities of a citizen by withholding his evidence where it is important, nor be subject to the insults of Counsel or the derision of the Court, for affirming in preference to swearing. The temptation to rob, or to defraud those who cannot legally prosecute is, in England, a thing of the past, and justice demands the same legal protection for every colonial citizen.

## ROUND THE TABLE.

ALL the Court circles and courtly newspapers of Europe are felicitating the Czar at his 'providential escape' from the hand of the assassin, and execrating the villain who would have slain the father of his people. It may offend some guests at the table round which we sit, but for the life of me I cannot refrain from uttering my feeble disavowal of such sentiments. If ever assassination were permissible or laudable, it is so at Russia in this year of grace. The father of his people keeps his children under his paternal (but not the less iron-shod) heel. If they show signs of the slightest intelligent sympathy with ideas of liberty (God help them! they can hardly so much as dream of such a subject with impunity) presto! they are under surveillance, dogged, trapped, arrested on suspicion, goaded into some trifling overt sign of discontent, thrown into a prison whose only portal opens to the route of Siberia. His fatherly care does not always please these children, who being men in years, and feeling that their nation, too, is no longer in its infancy, consider their Czar a trifle over careful over their well-being. Sometimes they are rash and criminal enough to approach their great father and king with a prayer or petition, begging to be allowed a voice in the disposition of their own affairs. It is only the younger and better educated men who rise to this height of wicked audacity, and they do not as a rule get a chance to repeat the crime. At other times when a knot of these desperate men have been simmering in gaol for several years, guilty of the unpardonable offence of thinking for themselves and bidding others to do likewise, and when they have planned

an escape from their kind father and have undermined his strong walls and are about to be free, the Czar places shepherds at the outlet to stop his straying sheep, grim Corydons with muskets for crooks and bayonets for pipes, and the Imperial father kills those children of his with as little compunction as Corydon feels when he kills his Sunday's mutton. With knout, and sabre, and musket shot, with banishment and proscription, with the fetter, chain, and ball, on body and mind alike, with the forced labour of the unhealthy mine, with the barely-masked mockery of justice dealt out by military tribunals, the Czar murders the flower of his people. Other nations are sorry for it, would gladly see it stopped; will do nothing, say nothing to stop it, nay, feel at heart a selfish pleasure that Russia is thus flinging away her chances in the great race, is thus sinking herself in the depths of a self-inflicted barbarism. But let one of the down-trodden men turn on the oppressor with knife or pistol, and how the *Te Deums* burst forth if hand or heart fail him!

I fully agree, my humanitarian friend, with your hatred for assassination. It is un-English, you say. Quite true, but it does not become more moral when practised on an extensive scale with a large army of officers and officials for performers and the state prisons of Russia for the theatre. Let assassination and capital punishment be abolished together by all means, but—as was well said—let *messieurs les assassins* commence the innovation, and above all let their Emperor, Alexander, set the example.

BARRIE.

—Lady artists play a distinguished part in this year's Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists. Two pictures, by the Princess Louise, head the catalogue and fairly challenge attention. Her Royal Highness makes her first public appearance in Toronto, as an artist in the rooms of the Society, and can afford to be judged by her work, independent of any claims to indulgence as a lady, or as the daughter of our sovereign. She exhibits two pictures, 'A Study of a Female Head,' and 'A Study of Peaches.' We commend these pictures, or rather sketches in oil,—for they have the appearance of having been 'blocked in' at one sitting,—to the attention of our amateurs: to artists they commend themselves. They have just these qualities which in amateur work are generally wanting, decision, force and expression. In the female head there is no attempt at finish, but the character is given; you feel that there is an individual soul looking out from the face, this is the first and highest characteristic of true portraiture, and it is the rarest.

The 'study of peaches' is evidently a sketch from nature, rapid and masterly. The drawing is free, bold and again *expressive*. Notice the poise of the leaves, their foreshortening and force of light and shade. There are no pretty meaningless flourishes or blotches (called suggestive, because they suggest nothing), but in every line and tint there is intention, purpose—see that peach, the rich *dark* side showing in full light and the light yellow side in shadow; note how by presentation of true colour the dark side of fruit expresses sunlight, and the light side expresses shade. We see some admirable and highly-finished fruit-pieces on the walls, but nothing so graphic and true as this sketch—an opinion in which nine-tenths of the public, who look first for finish will not concur, but which the few, who really see nature and care for truth, will recognise as being correct.

Close to the 'peaches' is a picture of a fair girl with a kitten in her arms; beside her is a table on which is a saucer of steaming bread and milk, which the struggling kitten devours with greedy eyes; the whole picture says, without looking at the title in the catalogue, 'Patience Puss, too hot.' Here again is expression, with admirable drawing, delicate colour and high finish. We do not need to look at the name of the artist to know that it is Mrs. Schreiber's, and to recognise those qualities which give such value to her teaching in the school of art. Another of her pictures, further on, and entitled 'A box on the Ear,' is better still, but as the artists have secured it for the Ontario collection, there will be opportunities enough to enjoy it by the sight of the eye, which is better than the hearing of the ear.

#### ART.

—It is curious to notice with what tenacity we cling to shreds and patches of superstition long after we have learned to boast of our deliverance from such a degrading thralldom. A not inapt illustration of this occurred the other day, when one of our best Judges felt bound to reject evidence which was tendered in a case of some literary interest, on the ground that the witness did not possess the amount of religious belief required by law to warrant its acceptance. I am not at all impugning the correctness of the law thus laid down, but I should like to expose its fallacy. Blindness itself cannot refuse to see that the number of intelligent, educated men of good morals and well conducted lives, who refuse to believe in a future state of existence or a superintending Providence, is on the increase. I am not discussing the religious aspect of this vital question, nor giving any opinion whether it is a thing to be glad or sorry at; but, I ask, is this growing and already important class to be kept under a stigma and a ban, and to be denied

the privileges of citizenship even in the smallest particular? Such conduct, disguise it as we may, is but persecution after all, and, like all persecution, is apt to recoil upon those who inflict it. Who knows but *your* dearest interests, my fellow-guest—you who feel inclined to uphold the present law in all its bare absurdity—may not depend some day on the testimony of such a man as I have described? You may be accused of the foulest crime, charged with the grossest fraud, attacked by the vilest extortioner, and the only man who could expose the conspiracy against you may perchance be your moral, respectable neighbour, who lives much like other men, except that he does not attend church or chapel. The basest hypocrite may 'kiss the book' against you—a priest-ridden slave, who believes his next absolution will wipe away his premeditated perjury, may appear in the box to condemn you—even the degraded being who holds belief in transmigration of souls will pass the test, and his word be thrown into the opposing balance. But the most intelligent, straightforward atheist who, while denying Our Saviour, does his best to carry out His moral precepts and imitate His blameless life—he may not be heard!

By all means keep the temporal punishments for perjury; even relax, if you will, those restrictions by which a conviction for that crime is rendered almost unattainable, but if a witness refuses to pledge his faith in a future state of rewards and punishments, let him be asked no more than this—'Do you believe it wrong to tell an untruth, will you, do you now, promise to tell the truth between these parties?'

A kindred subject suggests itself to me. I mean the decision of our Court of Queen's Bench in *Pringle v. Town of Napanee*, in which it was held that Christianity was part of the law of the land, and consequently that a town council that had let their hall to a lecturer, could refuse him the right he had bar-

gained and paid for, on discovering that he intended to deliver a free-thinking discourse. This appears to me a contradiction in terms. Can that be law which cannot be enforced in its entirety? The dicta and statutes, to the contrary, were framed in the spirit of the 'good old times' when the Church could enforce its claims with the Statute *de hæretico comburendo* and a net-work of Courts of Conscience; when its hierarchy were barons of the realm, and heresy was practically unknown. Thanks to the long struggle of our fathers against an infallible Church, Church Catholic or Church Anglican, those days are past. We are content to live in one empire, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Mussulmen, Buddhists and even the despised Atheist all abiding under the same laws. Parsee youths study at English Universities. Jews have sat, since 1858, in the House of Commons, and have adorned the English judicial bench. Surely it is time that all this childishness were swept away and town councils left to protect themselves in their bargains without calling in the aid of a foreign, obsolete and barbarous law to excuse them from an intentional breach of a deliberate contract.

F. R.

—That the clash of moods known as good-humour and peevishness, merriment and 'the blues,' lies at the root of much of society's wretchedness will be readily conceded to the writer of the note on 'Moods' in last month's 'Round the Table.' It may be true that family harmony and fireside happiness are not dollars and cents; but the abundance or scarcity of the latter has a vast deal to do with the presence or absence of the former, so far as these are influenced by the mood of paterfamilias. A good day's business, or a series of 'bad debts,' will often make in his case all the difference between a cheery home circle or an atmosphere for the evening of sul- lenness and gloom.

'To make a happy fireside clime  
For weans and wife,  
That's the true pathos and sublime  
Of human life.'

Such homely felicity is often unconsciously reached when the rosy light of unembarrassed success tinges all a man's surroundings with brightness. But wife and weans are generally the first to suffer when business difficulties obscure his sky, and when mental worry has 'unstrung his nerves of finer fibres.'

That the recent, and indeed the present, condition of the financial and commercial world has occasioned sombre moods in many fathers of families whose merchandise, like Antonio's, ordinarily made them not sad, needs not occasion surprise. Reverses of fortune have been many and startling amongst us in the past five years. And who shall tell the aggregate of the household miseries brought about by these? Not alone the change of home and station, stepping down from affluence to almost indigence, which is one of the hardest trials for human nature to bear. But the lesser worries, not the less truly miseries, of growing impecuniosity, the frettings over expenses, the repinings for accustomed luxuries which the ruin that impends must surely deny,—these may, to a philosophic mind, appear unworthy causes of distress, nevertheless, they are very common ones.

It may be interesting to see how far such reverses are the fruit of wrong methods and false economy, and also to ask whether the last estate, humbler though it be, of many who suffer these vicissitudes, is not better than the first, so far as rational and sober enjoyment is concerned.

Let no one take offence when we say that we are an extravagant people; 'vainly expensive, wasteful, profuse,' such is the definition of the word. It is a prevailing fault of this continent, and we are no worse in that respect than our American neighbours, if we are as bad as they. In our domestic economy we waste at a rate that would

drive a Frenchman crazed; in business matters we dissipate profits in expenses that would bankrupt a German; in our charities, in our civic matters, in our very amusements, we are prodigal of money to a degree that frightens the Scotch and even the English.

This extravagance is at the bottom of much of the dejection under which commercial men and matters are labouring the world over. Overproduction, to fill wants created by an artificial and wasteful mode of life, has been succeeded by glut and stagnation. Then the mercantile host and the mercantile machinery are, in this country at any rate, too great for the trade to be done. As an American humorist said of us, referring to Dunder's conundrum: 'It is a case of the tail wagging the dog, and the dog is getting fatigued.'

If the dictum of Swift be accurate, that economy is the parent of liberty and ease, then the freedom and comfort of the present generation must be the offspring of the economy of our forefathers, for assuredly economy such as ours of the present day is barren. 'Give us the luxuries of life and we will dispense with its necessities' had become the cry of the age. True it may be that in some quiet farm houses, and in not a few frugal families, prudence, and the sense of fitness, have been able to preserve the even tenor of their lives and of their expenditures, unvexed by a desire for dainties beyond their means. But the idea is wide-spread upon this continent of the inalienable right of every body to eat, drink, wear the like articles, and to engage in the pursuit of happiness by the like expensive modes with any one else, no matter what that one's station or his income. If Fitz Herbert, who inherits ancestral blocks and marries money, takes his bride to Quebec and Cape May for a wedding trip, returning *via* New York (Brevoort House or Fifth Avenue understood), Smifkins must take his Susan a similar round, doing the 'swell'

places with equal expense if less elegance, and regardless of the bills he owes his livery man or his washerwoman, whom he avows his inability to pay because of this very marriage jaunt.

It is no uncommon experience, we are told, of those unpleasant and unpopular functionaries whose business it is to take possession of one's effects when one is no longer solvent, to find that the sum of the debts due by small tradesmen or retail shopkeepers to picture dealers, booksellers, jewellers, and wine merchants, form a rather surprising proportion of the total of their obligations. Even the farmer, that bone and sinewy personage, whose interest has been studied, whose prosperity promised, and whose vote cajoled by Grit and Tory alike, has succumbed to the prevailing rage for finery. The story is told of one, who, when his land was being sold under mortgage, and his creditor wonderingly asked how he came to have spent \$600 for a Chickering upright piano, instead of paying his debt, answered: 'Well, my gurl went to the 'Cademy a hull year, an' she can whip the Squire's daughter all round the stump singin' and playin', an' I jest thought she was entitled to a first-rate pianny a durned sight more'n that high flyer of a girl that hadn't no voice at all.' The question whether he could afford the instrument seemed never to have entered his mind.

We cannot go back to the simplicity of the good old days, as some would have us; the conditions of modern life are too much changed by recent discovery and invention. Nor, is it in every sense desirable that we

should, for there are many ways in which 'life has been made easier' of late years, and that not in the sense with which Mr. Craggs found fault—the reaper, the thresher, the sewing machine, the street car, the locomotive, are real blessings. As for the genuinely rich amongst us, save for the force of their example, it does not matter how freely they spend their money or their time. Or rather, indeed, as Geo. Wm. Curtis lately said, 'Mockery as it may seem, we doubt if, in such a straightened period, the rich can spend too much, can burn their candle at both ends too fast, for when the rich cease spending great enterprises languish and die, and with them those whom these influences keep at work.'

Still, a little more consistency and wholesome self-denial in the use of our modern privileges, would tend in a marked degree to the financial comfort, and the rational happiness as well, of our middle class. 'We carry happiness into our condition, but must not hope to find it there,' says the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' whose contented man's sentiment was:

I only ask that fortune send,  
A little more than I shall spend.

There was political and social economy, as well as deep morality, in the advice of that man of experience in difficulties, Mr. Micawber, when he stated that if your expenditure exceed your income by even over one-eighth of one per cent.—to translate from his florid language into the phrase of 'the street'—the result is misery, 'and in short you are floored.'

ALEX.



## BOOK REVIEWS.

*Ocean Wonders, a Companion for the Seaside.* By WILLIAM E. DAMON. New York: D. Appleton & Company; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

This is a very readable book on an extremely interesting subject. Put into the hands of the holiday school-boy, who is about to inhale his first sniff of sea air at some of the Gulf watering places, it may be the means of exciting him to habits of enquiry and research that would otherwise have remained latent, and may even prove the slight but effectual cause of development of some future Gosse.

Mr. Damon has found, in a rather extended experience, that kindred works written by English naturalists are hardly adapted for use in the different climate and amidst the varying forms of life that obtain on the east coast of the United States.

The present work may be said to be open, in some measure, to a similar objection here, for the marine animals, fishes and plants which he describes so graphically are chiefly those of the New York coast, varied by the addition of the group which is found on the rocky shores of the Bermudas. Yet even with this drawback Mr. Damon gives us much material of considerable assistance to the amateur, and notably the very practical and sensible chapter on the constructing, stocking, and management, of fresh and salt water aquaria. We must also have a good word for the freedom of conceit which appears in this book. If Mr. Damon does not know the scientific name of such or such a plant or crustacean, he simply says so, describes it and passes on. Readers of books of popularised information will agree with us that this is a feature as pleasant as it is rarely met with.

The book is profusely illustrated, but the cuts are by no means of equal merit. They vary from that of the Sea-Anemones on page 8, which is about as bad as it well can be, to some of the drawings of fishes and shells, which are clear

and effective and occasionally very forcible in their execution. The plate showing the curious "lasso cells" of some of the *Actinia*, with their wonderful arrangement of noose and coiled filament, is delicately executed. It is, we suppose, to save work for the engraver that this and similar plates appear in the form of white lines on a black ground, but this is to be regretted both on account of the heavy and unsightly appearance it gives to the page, and also because of the smaller amount of detail of which it is susceptible.

While referring to this page (12) we would draw attention to the fact that the name of the sub-kingdom to which these anemones belong is spelt *Calenterata*, not *Colenterata*.

*The Fairy Land of Science*, illustrated; By ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY. New York, D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson. 1879.

When we mention that Miss Buckley occupied for some time the enviable post of secretary to the late Sir Charles Lyell, our readers will be prepared to hear that this little work shows a very intimate acquaintance with modern science. But while the author, no doubt, owes her knowledge in no small degree to her scientific surroundings, her power of easy and graphic explanation is altogether her own. It would perhaps be almost as difficult for some of the great scientists whose discoveries Miss Buckley lays under contribution, to adapt their teaching to a child's understanding, as it would be for the lady to make such researches for herself into the mysteries of nature. There is however a very noticeable and marked improvement in the style of writing employed by scientific men now-a-days over the stilted and elaborately ill-constructed sentences which were too often the literary garb that clothed the thoughts of great philosophers in the last century; and if our Huxleys and Tyndalls continue to improve at the same

rate as heretofore, and our children develop a correspondingly increased aptitude for Natural Science, the two movements will before long render the services of such an interpreter as Miss Buckley quite unnecessary. In the meantime, however, parents and teachers desiring to foster a turn for this study, can do no better than use this book.

There are but few blemishes to point out. Olive oil is hardly used for so common a purpose as being burned in lamps, as we are assured is the case, (p. 47)—and our author is in error when she says, alluding to the old iron mills in Sussex, that the 'whole country' (? county) is full of 'iron-stone.' There is, of course, no iron ore in Sussex. It was taken there in the crude state at great expense and from long distances, the attraction being the cheapness of the charcoal used in the smelting process and afforded by the vast forests of the Weald. As early as the reign of Elizabeth, the supply of wood was falling off—as we find an Act of Parliament passed then to provide for the preservation of the timber in the Weald, and 'amendment of the highways, decayed by carriages to and from the iron mills there.' The measure was either taken too late, or was not enforced, at any rate the Weald has nothing now left but its name and some profusely timbered old dwelling-houses, to remind us of the days when an unbroken stretch of wood extended from the hills of Surrey to the high-swelling chalk downs that line the Sussex coast.

The illustrations, too, are good of their kind and carefully selected. The book as a whole is one to be recommended, and older heads than those to whom it is addressed may in its pages renew and refresh their acquaintance with scientific truths with both pleasure and profit.

—  
*Thomas Carlyle: His Life—His Books—His Theories.* By ALFRED H. GUERNSEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

This little book—forming one of *Appleton's New Handy Volume Series*—is one of a kind which gives its compiler very little trouble, yet affords a good deal of pleasure to its readers. It does not aim at being a biography, nor even a complete monograph, after the fashion of Mr. Morley's admirable 'English

Men of Letters Series;' or, if it does, its aim is not accomplished. It consists merely of a number of more or less typical citations from Carlyle's writings, strung together in chronological order and connected by a slender thread of running comment, with a few odd dates and facts concerning Carlyle's life. Any intelligent reader of Carlyle might have put it together, and any reader of Carlyle will enjoy it. Those who are strangers to his works may glean from it such knowledge of what manner of man he is as may serve well enough for the purposes of everyday conversation. It is to be hoped that it will lead them to make his acquaintance at first hand, but it is doubtful whether that is either the real object or the actual tendency of books of this kind. The vast number of them which have of late been flowing from the press suggests a very different conclusion. They indicate the existence of a large and growing class who prefer to have a scrappy half-knowledge of many authors rather than a thorough acquaintance with a few, and attempts to meet the requirements of this class are less commendable than they are remunerative. It is, no doubt, true enough that the leisure for reading is becoming every day a rarer luxury for most people, while the amount of reading matter is increasing with appalling rapidity; nor is it other than a good sign that fewer and fewer persons are content to remain in entire ignorance of our standard literature. But it is not true that such time as busy folk can spare for reading is best employed in picking up crumbs of information concerning many writers from extracts, and taking second-hand views of their lives, their books, and their theories. If, for every volume which packs a great writer into a sort of pemmican that may be swallowed at one or two sittings, they would read and properly digest one volume of the author's own, it would occupy but little more time, while it would be far more mentally nutritious.

Readers, however, who prefer, nevertheless, to take in as much as possible of a man and his writings at one *coup d'œil*, will find Mr. Guernsey's book admirably suited to their purpose, as far as Carlyle is concerned. Its numerous extracts are, on the whole, happily chosen, although it is hard to see why a work so typical and so well-beloved of all its readers as

that on 'Heroes and Hero-Worship' should be represented by only twelve lines, when we are treated to copious excerpts from some of Carlyle's least worthy work, such as the pessimistic Jeremiads of the latter-day pamphlets and the splenetic bullying of 'black Quashee' in the 'Nigger Question.' In dealing with the 'Frederick the Great,' too, Mr. Guernsey seems to have forgotten that his subject is Carlyle, and not the 'Seven Years' War,'—of which latter he gives a sketch, embellished with two long extracts from Macaulay—and from Carlyle only one. The running commentary is lively, full of anecdote, and might be made into a very readable magazine article. In its present shape it is too suggestive of having been run in merely to fill up the crevices between the extracts. Mr. Guernsey is by no means a blind worshipper of Carlyle; on the contrary, he criticizes him very sharply now and then; and is especially fond of placing 'in all the irony of juxtaposition' his manifold inconsistencies and self-contradictions. We quote part of the concluding passage of Mr. Guernsey's book :

... this intensity and on-sidedness gave form and colour to everything which he (Carlyle) essayed in the domain of ethical and political disquisition. The one view which he was taking was the only one which could be taken. He saw that Weakness was an evil; and so deified absolute Force. He saw that Loquacity was a vice; and so Silence was the highest virtue. He saw that Democracy was not a perfect form of government, and could find no safety but in despotism. . . . In fine: Leaving out of view his unquestionable merits as a historian and a biographer, and giving all due weight to the innumerable detached ideas of the highest import scattered profusely even through the least worthy, as well as the worthiest of his books, it must be said that as a guide to conduct one through the mazes of speculation and inquiry, there could hardly be a poorer one than Carlyle. His place is that of a stimulator of thought, rather than a leader of it. He has taught us *multa*, not *multum*—Very Many Things, but not Much.

*Victoria Britannia, or Celebrate the Reign*; a plan for celebrating the reign of Queen Victoria, by the inauguration of political changes in the British Constitution. By HOLLIS TRUE, A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, Chicago and New Orleans, 1879.

We have given the title page of this little volume *in extenso*. We would as soon dream of epitomising the performance of Pantaloon in the Christmas theatre, as of abridging aught in this most refreshing piece of nonsense.

Amid the works of dreary pamphleteers and essayists upon constitutional topics, how pleasing it is to light upon the performance of a well-intentioned noodle, who prattles harmlessly as he skims along,—and occasionally, like Silas Wegg, 'drops into poetry' without extra charge! How rich and buttery his home-made poetry is, one may gather from the concluding verse of his dedication, which is addressed to his wife.

'Prophetic vision of thy royal life  
'Induced thy father's father to end the strife  
'About thy name—thou'rt called Victoria—  
'Thou art not Queen—Thou art a queenly Wife.  
'YOUR AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND.'

From which we gather some important biographical facts as to Mrs. Hollis True. First that there was a battle-royal between her father and mother over her yet unchosen name. Secondly that her grandfather, perhaps presuming on his functions as god-parent or otherwise, cut the Gordian knot, and floored both the disputants by insisting on calling her Victoria;—thirdly, that he did this knowing (prophetically) that she would in due time reign, lord it or (in the vernacular, which the old man probably affected) boss it over Mr. Hollis True (then unknown to the family); and fourthly, we gather that Mrs. True's subsequent life has been so extremely 'royal,' that it was necessary for her 'affectionate husband' to remind her occasionally, 'Thou art not Queen,' lest she should forget that, after all, she and our gracious Sovereign were not *quite* identical.

Mr. True is emphatically a modest man. He does not aim too high. His object is merely to 'incorporate certain political changes' (of a very sweeping nature) in the British Government. He has given the subject 'probably more consideration than any other man living,' and though its difficulties are great, yet 'it is not *entirely* above the range of human thought to originate, or beyond human skill to control.' And yet after Mr. True has mastered this topic, which he himself tells us above is partly beyond human skill to control and so on, he has self command enough to reassure us and bid us not to be alarmed, for his sugges-

tions are not couched in 'a dictatorial spirit!' Heaven preserve us! What would have become of the poor old Constitution, if Mr. True had abused his vast powers and issued his ideas, not in the shape of this neatly bound little book, but as a dictatorial fiat?

For he would have a little local Parliament on St. Stephen's Green, called 'The Britain Minor Parliament' probably another at Edinburgh, and yet another at Westminster. Once a year, perhaps at longer intervals, our Senate and Commons would flit over to London, whither too would flit Little Britain Parliament, Scotch Parliament, and all the host of them, the air fairly darkening with the swarms of Colonial Legislatures winging their way to the great, imperial 'Britannia Parliament.' Our honourable Senators would take a congenial place among the barons of England, who will be delighted, Mr. Hollis True says, to receive them. The others must e'en content themselves by sitting and deliberating with the Lower House. The whole body will decide matters of Imperial policy—questions of peace or war, tariffs and taxations, and all the higher branches of legislation. Then, and not till then, will Britannia (which is to be the new name of the United Empire) be an unit and work with all her force for noble aims.

Certainly there is one slight objection (among others) that Mr. True has not got over. If the Federation Parliament is to decide upon matters of peace or war, in other words national life and death, it has got to be always at hand. In an emergency a ministry could not wait even for the valuable advice of the members from our Maritime Provinces, let alone those who hail from British Columbia or New Zealand. If the Colonial M. P's. were not assembled, the local English Parliament would, in any outburst of public feeling, break through all the gossamer regulations that serve to confine it to parochial matters, and would commit the Empire by its action. Representing the greatest amount of taxpayers it would have a certain right to do this. But, doing it, the whole fabric of Imperial self-government would be destroyed.

If Mr. True says, let the Colonial M. P's. reside permanently in England, the second state of the unfortunate Constitution would be worse than the first.

Our best merchants, lawyers, doctors and farmers could not afford to live at London, and even if they did, how could they remain Canadians? Either they would sink into a class of mere political agents and office-seekers, or else entering into active business life to preserve their independence, they would become insular-Englishmen in habit, manners and interests, and the bubble of Colonial representation would, either way, be pricked.

But enough of this. Let us cease arguing with Pantaloon, and have an honest laugh at him. See him as he wags his knowing old head and proffers us his aid to disclose to us the nefarious designs of our neighbours, the United States, on our cherished independence!

The New York *Herald* blabbed it to him, and he will pass on the particulars of the fearful plot to us. Whisper—Niagara is to become the great permanent seat of summer fashion for both communities. What! don't you see the danger yet? 'Tis as clear as the Horse-shoe Falls, that this will bring about a political union in double-quick time. Lord Dufferin was probably in the plot when he proposed to make an International Park there. Only think now! the Niagara hackman serves as an irritating substance in an open wound, and prevents the two great Anglo-Saxon races from healing up together into one! It is a grand, a proud position for the hackman.

There is another really fine idea in this book. We can hardly fathom it. Mr. True is speaking of the old stage coach days, and he says that then 'every man was his own post-office.' It is a magnificent idea, grand in the gloomy indefiniteness of its outline. But we don't think it was quite original. It can probably be traced back to Toots, who wrote familiar letters from royal and distinguished personages with his own hand, directed them to himself, at Doctor Blimburs, posted them to himself by dropping them into his own pockets, and (we suppose) at mail-time turned letter-carrier and delivered them to himself with great gusto.

The people in every part of the Empire 'might with a large degree of comfort and profit' quoth Mr. True, "assume the name of Britannians." It is true the word has two syllables the advantage over Britons, and is free from

the objections insuperable from old associations; but this is all the comfort or profit we can find in it. The notion, however, is so inspiriting to our author, that he bursts into unpremeditated verse :

'Forty-six millions of Britanniens are we,  
'Though scattered the world over—still Britons  
we'll be,  
'For Britannia we love thee, we'll heed no alarms,  
'Thou hast prairies and forests and orchards and  
farms.'

By the way those last two lines have a somewhat 'cupboard-love' twang about them, Mr. True. And your sacrificing Britanniens in the second line to the exigencies of the metre, has been unrewarded by the Gods, for your line still limps wofully. Once more

'We're forty-six millions of Britanniens—all told—  
'Each soul is immortal, and cannot be valued at  
forty-six millions in gold.'

—there's richness for you! With such a plum rolling under the tongue it were well to leave off. Certainly it would be hard to beat the auriferous weight of these two lines, and the only approach we ever saw to it was a sonnet written by a (remarkably) neglected London poet which, if we remember aright, ended thus

'So sank great Sol down to his western fold  
'Like to a golden tiger striped with gold!'

*Mixed Essays*, by MATTHEW ARNOLD.  
New York, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto,  
Willing & Williamson.

We are a little disappointed with these nine essays, which, as the title of the book hints, are of a disconnected nature. The author, indeed, claims for them in his preface 'a unity of tendency,' but we fail to discover it, except in so far as the formation of a correct opinion in such differing subjects as literature and politics may be considered to be an onward step in civilization.

At the outset, Mr. Arnold delivers himself of a stately platitude: 'Civilization is the humanization of man in society' (p. vi). To paraphrase this, then, civilization is the humanization of human beings. Unless humanization means more than is conveyed by its root 'human,' the sentence is meaningless. If it means more, then the sentence is incomplete in not showing *what more* it does

mean. Mr. Arnold seems to see his fault when he goes on to say that civilization is a state of life 'worthy to be called human, and corresponding to man's true aspirations and powers.'

We can move towards this ideal life along several differing lines, but perfection in all is needed (as Mr. Arnold has told us before) to enable us to lay claim to true civilization. Liberty, or the power of expansion, is not enough by itself; conduct, science, beauty, manners, none of these alone are enough; no two or more of them together suffice, if one of these elements is missing. All must co-operate in the beautiful and perfect life we yet hope to attain to.

Regarding the English nation as having made sufficient progress in Expansion (or as it is generally called political, religious and social freedom), Mr. Arnold directs his heavy artillery at our deficiencies in conduct, beauty and manners.

Our Philistinism is his text, and he has true things to say about it, but his zeal for his doctrine leads him, as we shall show, to some curious conclusions.

The first essay is upon Democracy, and is addressed to the task of showing how, in order to avoid the risk of English institutions being Americanized, greater power and scope of action should be given to the State. The same idea is worked out, as far as concerns education, in the paper on the French Lycées. But in spite of Mr. Arnold's often ingenious arguments, we fail to be convinced that centralization will supply a high standard to elevate the masses. We do not think, in the first place, that his statement on p. 4, that the aversion to an imposing executive power is an aristocratical feeling, holds good in every instance. In the France of Louis XIV., where it afforded wide field for their enrolment and aggrandisement, it certainly encountered no such opposition. Nor is the present distrust of a paternal government, to our mind, based so much as our author thinks on a mistaken feeling of the nonconformist middle classes as to the religious meddlings of a powerful State authority. It stands on higher grounds than these. If we were asked to indicate in the narrow limits of a review what these grounds are, we should shortly say that it rests on the conviction that a ministry too often represents and exaggerates the worst and most foolish phases of public opinion, and seldom, or never, embodies those ideas which are the true, the pro-

gressive spirit of the age. A spasm of folly, like Jingoism, will carry a government with it; and to enlarge the powers of the State would be to make such a movement overpowering, and to double the disgrace of our awakening. Wider scope, more implicit reliance, in the powers of the ministry would, if they had been accorded, have delayed the ballot, free-trade, reform, and religious emancipation, and possibly have imperilled the existence of our institutions. A more centralized power would be more eagerly coveted, more violently sought after, and more easily abused. To some small pertinacious, uninfluential body, calling itself the Temperance or the Orange vote, or we know not what, how large and what perilous concessions would be made to purchase the precarious support that would enable an unscrupulous Premier to retain so important a post. Even in the province of health, where most can be said in favour of compulsion and centralized authority what care should be exercised! Knowing the wisdom, in such technical subjects as chemistry and therapeutics, of the average M.P. and his average constituent, can we not see a *wrong* system being forced upon us for two, three, or even four years after its fallacy has been exposed?

Passing by the papers on Equality and the Irish University Question, we approach the literary essays. One of these is merely a review of Mr. Stopford Brooke's 'Primer of English Literature,' a good book itself, and which has elicited a fairly good review from Mr. Arnold. But that there was any need to reprint it, with its suggestions of an elision of a page here and two pages there, and the gratuitous proposal to omit all English writers after Scott, appears to us sufficiently absurd. It is only the reviews of men like Macaulay which we care to see reproduced.

Mentioning Macaulay leads us on to notice the attack on that writer contained in the essay called 'A French Critic on Milton.' Nearly half of this essay is finished before we come to a word about the French critic—it is the unadulterated Arnold himself. For Macaulay he shows no liking, attacking him indeed in a style which, in any other man, we should say savoured more of 'Philistinism' than of 'sweetness and light.' Several of the passages in the celebrated essay on Mil-

ton appear, in fact, to be 'lucubrations,' having no 'distinct and substantial meaning.' It passes our comprehension how this has so long been undiscovered, seeing that our critic admits Macaulay's style to be admirably clear, so that one would think the want of meaning would lie, as it were, on the surface, and be easily detected.

But Macaulay admired Milton too much and, what is worse, has egged on and encouraged others in the same bad course. *Hinc illæ lachrimæ.* For Milton was a Puritan, and the men who sorted the Stuarts, and especially he who wrote the *Areopagitica*, having no fear of Master Matthew Arnold before their eyes, did not think enough of the civilization of beauty and manners, rather neglected it in fact for such trifles as freedom of speech and action. This tinges all they did. It is the touch of Arimanes that spoils the commonwealth, and marred the *Paradise Lost* as a poem. Milton's prose is shockingly abusive and personal. Mr. Arnold looks with regretful preference at the gentlemanly behaviour and good taste of the Cavaliers. And yet, at another page, he gives us a sample of the 'slanging back' that royalist scribes treated the grand old republican to; and those who know the controversies of those days will agree that the only conclusion to be drawn from them is that both sides were extremely rude, and that Milton, being a man of genius, wrote better and more stinging abuse than his opponents, besides using stronger arguments couched in better language.

About the same time, the French were cultivating conduct, manners and beauty at the expense of 'Expansion,' and with curious results. By the time of the Restoration, they had nothing but their manners, their science, and some empty victories to congratulate themselves upon, and those manners had to be dropped, *re infectâ*, in crossing the deep waters of their great Revolution.

Of course it is very natural for Mr. Arnold to prefer the handsome Cavaliers with their cultivated taste for claret and Vandykes (claret, be it understood, in the ascendant), with their love-locks, masques and perfumes, to the whining Roundhead with his dubious nasal psalmody. But even on the score of good manners, there may be some question whether the Puritan did not bear away

the palm. For there is a fine breeding which is not superficial, and is far more valuable than outward graces of manner; it is the breeding of men, who, though they spoke through their noses and cut their hair ungracefully short, yet refrained from those habits of slitting the noses and cutting off the ears of their enemies—which were persistently practised by the Cavalier apostles of 'sweetness and light.'

*Supernatural Religion: An Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation.* Complete in Two Volumes (pp. viii—1115). Sixth Edition, carefully revised. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company, 1879.

As anything like a full and complete review of this bulky and erudite work is manifestly impracticable within the space at our command, it will be necessary to give the reader some general idea of its scope and purpose, and then to select one or more prominent features in it for illustrative criticism. The first part, in six chapters, relates to the general subject of Miracles, covering much the same ground, and expanding the positions assumed in his *Essay on Miracles*, by Hume, and by Prof. Baden Powell in his contribution to *Essays and Reviews*. There is nothing absolutely new in the work before us, under this head, except the learning and research employed to enforce the old theses of sceptical rationalism. The propositions laid down by the Scottish philosopher were briefly these: That it is not contrary to experience that testimony, however honestly given, should be false; but it is contrary to universal experience that miracles—that is interferences with the uniform order of nature—should be true; consequently no amount of testimony can prove a miracle so as to overcome its antecedent improbability. The author of *Supernatural Religion* occupies precisely the same ground with Hume; but he has all the advantages in his favour of later scientific knowledge and trenchant literary criticism. The uniformity of nature has received fresh form and emphasis during the last thirty years, and this fact alone, supplemented by the destructive distillation of the sacred writings in German alembics, has given new vigour to the school of doubt. We

do not propose to enter upon this branch of the subject because it would lead us too far from what is pre-eminently the distinctive feature of the work under consideration. Still it may not be amiss to suggest a few general reflections upon the primary argument. The first point which strikes one is the very important question involved in the phrase 'universal experience.' Our author certainly cannot mean by it the experience of all ages, or even of all competent observers in any one age, if we except the last eight or ten centuries of the Christian era. So far from contending that miracles were contradictory to 'universal experience' in Apostolic times, he is at considerable pains to prove that they were looked upon as so certainly matters of fact as to surprise no one. If the works of Jesus did not at once convince the unbelieving Jew, it was not because he disputed the reality of the miracles, but because, being matters at that day of 'universal experience,' they were not striking and exceptional enough to form a stable basis for belief in the Saviour's divine mission. It is therefore conceded that, during the life of Christ, 'universal experience' attested precisely the reverse of Hume's postulate. Is it fair to project the experiences of the eighteenth or nineteenth century into the first, and characterize it as universal, simply because it was Hume's and is ours? The more reasonable method would certainly seem to be that which treats any particular age in the light of its own experience, and declines to gauge its marvels or even its credulity by modern standards. The ridicule cast upon Jewish superstition may have some justification; but surely the men of early times were far more competent to judge of phenomena passing before them than we can be after a lapse of nearly two millenniums, with only a fragmentary and uncritical record of the facts before us. There is another consideration of no little importance in this connection. The mental and spiritual life of the world has had its epochs, like the material earth upon which we live and move. The anthropomorphic views of Deity in patriarchal times, subjected now to much uncalled-for ridicule of an irreverent sort, formed an early link in the spiritual progress of the race, to be followed out not merely in Scripture, but in the poetry and philosophy of India,

Greece and Rome. It does certainly appear strange that notwithstanding the universal application of development to an extent which seems somewhat like a craze, writers will persist in applying nineteenth century criticism to facts or statements recorded in the first Christian age. And this is the more remarkable, because long before Mr. Darwin formulated his theory of species, evolution was applied to religion, notably in that treatise edited by Lessing, on the 'Education of the Race,' which was rather feebly reproduced by Dr. Temple, now Bishop of Exeter, in the first of the '*Essays and Reviews*.' Instead of wondering that miracles ceased to be performed, as reason assumed the reins snatched from the wavering grasp of imagination, we ought to expect from analogy that miracles would be real and potent in that stage of human progress where they filled a fitting and salutary place in the Divine order. Let the collected books, which together form what we have learned to call 'The Book,' have had what origin they may, they certainly represent the development of religion in humanity as clearly and as orderly in progress, as the material story registered in the stony work of nature lying in ponderous tomes beneath our feet. Throughout the New Testament, and it seems to us one of the clearest proofs of the Divine mission of Christ, there are constant references to the blind backwardness of the past, and the lamentable unpreparedness of the present. From the Sermon on the Mount, until the last recorded utterance of the Saviour, we detect an under-current of grief at the need for signs and wonders—the necessity for appeals to a morbid love of the marvellous, rather than to a rational recognition of Divine truth for its own sake. Whence came that ineffable disdain for wonder-working, which runs subtilely, yet distinctly, through the record of that unique and marvellous career, unless from above? Nor is it only in the recorded words of the Master that we trace the same reluctant concession to the needs of imperfect spiritual development. As He is represented (John xvi. 12.) as telling His disciples of many things He had to say to them, they were still unable to bear, with the promise of the Spirit to guide them step by step into higher truths, not yet comprehensible; so St. Paul, whose allusion to

'milk for babes' need hardly be recalled, but for the striking illustration it gives of what may be termed the undercurrent of the Gospel: 'And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ. I have fed you with milk, and not with meat; for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able.' (1 Cor. iii. 1, 2.) Christ and the great Apostle of the Gentiles recognised fully the conditions of success with the age in which they lived, and the great superiority of the Saviour over His disciples is shown not less in the absence of dogmatism and the ever-living presence of Divine tenderness to the superstitious fetters which bound the reason in swaddling-clothes, than in the higher and more salient features of His life and teaching. It was the age of miracles, and they were deemed, at all events, the inevitable concomitants of authoritative teaching; and so, though not always taken to be conclusive proofs, they were necessary adjuncts to the work which Jesus had to do. With Him, it was, as we have said, a yielding to human weakness and imperfect development, against which He, ever and anon, rebelled in spirit. Knowing what was in man, our Lord knew the conditions of the undertaking before Him, and He performed miracles merely because they were necessary to that initial success in an imaginative age, by means of which alone faith could pass through the mists of credulity and superstition until it firmly grasped the hand of reason in the ages yet to come. It was a step, in fact, in the spiritual education of the race, now no longer required, but none the less salutary and requisite at so early a stage in human progress. At all events, it seems irrational now to appraise the value of New Testament miracles by the light of modern science or the testimony of modern experience. The wonders of healing mercy wrought by our Lord in an age of miracles must be judged by the standard of that time, and not by any light, or any supposed deduction from experience in ages so far removed from the feelings, the sympathies, the prejudices or the demands which faith made upon spiritual claims to authority in those simple times when the sacred feet of Jesus trod the streets of Jerusalem, and were nailed to the cross of Calvary



In the second part of the work, an exhaustive criticism of the first three or Synoptic Gospels, as they are usually termed, appears. The writer's object is to show from the 'silence' of all the early writings of the Church, that these Gospels, at least in their present form, were unknown before the end of the first century, or perhaps well on in the early part of the second. Considering that this portion of *Supernatural Religion* occupies no less than three hundred and fifty pages, closely printed, it will manifestly be out of the question to attempt a comprehensive survey of what consists in great part of verbal or textual comparisons between primitive Christian literature and the passages in the Gospels to which reference is apparently made. Still some idea of the scope of the work may be given by particular examples. First of all, however, it may be well to offer a few preliminary observations, suggested by an attentive perusal of this part. It appears to us that the author has overlooked some important facts, which should receive due weight in a judicial view of the question. In order to establish the fact that there are many other Gospels of equal authority with those which remain, the notable words are quoted from the prologue of the Third Gospel in the received Canon: 'Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us,' &c., 'it seemed good to me also' to write out in order the sacred narrative for the benefit of Theophilus. (Luke i, 1-4.) Now whilst we freely admit that the words of the Evangelist exclude all notion of verbal or even plenary inspiration in any sense, because no writer consciously under the direct and unerring guidance of the Divine Spirit could have used such language, it is not difficult to gather much more from this opening dedication than our author cares to find there. The writer of the Gospel, whether St. Luke or another, does not write to correct, but merely to confirm by repetition the facts 'even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eye-witnesses, and ministers of the word.' And the reason why he added another to the many Gospels, was not because they erred by excess or defect, but that 'having had a perfect understanding of all things from the first,' he might cor-

roborate the universally received account of the Lord's life, ministry, death and resurrection, as it was obtained from 'eye witnesses.' It requires but a very slight reference to the state of that age, to see the eminent propriety of such a course. Where a particular Gospel had gained special authority or currency as that according to the Hebrews is said to have secured amongst the Ebionites, copies would, of course, be made in the painfully slow and laborious way necessary before the invention of printing. But where a disciple had peculiar facilities for learning the facts from 'eye-witnesses,' instead of copying other narratives, he would naturally compile one himself; and thus each original Gospel would form the fruitful nucleus from which in time a progeny of copies would issue. Thus every fresh manuscript would be an independent means of propagating the story and the faith transmitted from the Apostles. Now that there should be omissions in some of these accounts supplied in others, is very natural. We may even go further, and concede the probability that in Oriental versions of the history there would be much imaginative colouring; and such appears to have been the case with the Ebionitish Gospel, which, with many others, perished according to the principle of natural selection—'the survival of the fittest.'

Our author, strange to say, takes no account of the marvellous agreement between the Christian writings which quote sayings of our Lord, and the same sayings as they are recorded in our extant Gospels. Considering that in the early centuries, writers were eminently uncritical, and quoted from a variety of accounts written by individuals widely diverse in memory, ability, temperament and methods of treatment, and separated by distance, at a time when steam, electricity and printing were unknown, the concord of tradition and patristic literature with the Gospel story, as it now stands in the New Testament Canon, is one of the most striking proofs that we have in substance now, what the writer of the third Gospel says was 'most surely believed' amongst the contemporaries of the Apostles from the beginning. That there should be some variations in statement was inevitable, considering the circumstances under which the various accounts were com-

piled; but this substantial harmony as to the salient facts and maxims of the Gospel is certainly as noteworthy as it is marked and indisputable. That no particular narrative was held in special reverence, or deemed of paramount authority throughout the churches, when each church or Christian community appealed to the one it happened to possess, was a matter of course, and would sufficiently account for the reference made not so much to books, as directly to sayings or acts of Christ. There is no analogy, it may be remarked, between the case of quotations from the Old Testament and references to the Gospel History. The former had long since been crystallized into permanent form. Wherever there were two or three Jews collected there was a copy of the Law, the Hagiographa and the Prophets, every letter of which was guarded with jealous and almost superstitious care. The stress which the author lays upon this point seems forced, not to say misplaced.

And now let us descend to one or two comparisons instituted in the work before us, selecting the earliest example cited. It is unnecessary to enter into the dispute about the date of Clement of Rome. It may not be amiss, however, to note that our author, as usual, strives to post-date even Clement's First Epistle to Corinthians. Whether the writer were the person of the same name mentioned in one of the canonical Epistles (Philippians iv. 3) or not, there seems to be no reasonable doubt that he was a contemporary of the Apostle Paul; at all events, the two epistles must have been written somewhere between A. D. 75 and A. D. 100. The very fact that they were originally included in the Canon, if it proves nothing else, attests their ancient origin. As it is admitted that Clement's works have suffered from interpolation, the allusion to 'the blessed Judith' after the 'blessed Paul,' although urged by Hitzig and Volkmar, of the Rationalistic school, proves nothing. Now in chap. xiii. of the First Epistle, although, as our author remarks, Clement nowhere refers to our Gospels by name, the substance is there. In *Supernatural Religion*, the passages are presented in parallel columns with the corresponding texts from Matthew and Luke. As the reader may be supposed to be acquainted with the latter, we may briefly cite the words of Clement: 'Especially remembering the words of

the Lord Jesus which he spake teaching gentleness and long-suffering: Be pitiful (or merciful) that ye may be pitied; forgive, that it may be forgiven to you; as ye do, so shall it be done to you; as ye give, so shall it be given to you; as ye judge, so shall it be judged to you; as ye show kindness, shall kindness be shown to you; with what measure ye mete, with the same shall it be measured to you.' Now it is quite true the form of the exhortations differs from that of Matthew or Luke; but there is no discordance in meaning whatever. Clement had probably never seen one of our Gospels, and had learned what he knew of the Sermon of the Mount from other sources. If our author, or the acute German critics, upon whose labours he draws so extensively, could have discovered any material discrepancy, whether dogmatical or historical, something certainly could be made of it. But from Clement down to Eusebius there are substantially the same history, the same moral and doctrinal teaching, the same story of miracle, culminating in the resurrection and ascension of our Lord. As against the theory of verbal inspiration of precisely four Gospels amongst so many, the argument may be conclusive; but as against the universal concord of all the writers, whether they were eye-witnesses, or received the facts at second-hand, it does appear to us that this method of mere textual criticism is futile. The crucial question is, can any material difference of opinion be proved, or even gathered by inference, between those who described the career of Jesus and his teaching during the first three centuries, whether they wrote in Syria, Asia Minor, Africa or Italy? If not, it is surely fair to conclude that the Gospel history is, as it now stands in the New Testament, substantially the same which was 'most surely believed' among Christians in the primitive age of the Saviour, His Apostles, and their early disciples. An objector may certainly be at liberty to protest against hearing any testimony in favour of a supernatural history if he pleases, and there the matter must rest; but to impugn the evident fact that the testimony was given with singular unanimity on all essential points, without urging any proof of material variance, is surely an untenable position. After a careful perusal of *Supernatural Religion*, both in an

earlier edition and now, once more, in its present form, we cannot call to mind a single instance in which the author has adduced one doubt as to the facts recorded in the Gospels, or one serious divergence of opinion in matters of Christian faith and morals, as they were enunciated from the mouth of our Lord himself. It is true that in the Shepherd or Pastor of Hermas, in Papias of Hierapolis, and other writers afflicted with Orientalism, we find marvellous supplementary additions; but nowhere, whether the writers be Syrian, Greek, Alexandrian or Roman, is there any discord as regards the main facts or the cardinal principles of primitive Christianity.

We had intended to refer specially to the Ignatian controversy, but our space will not admit of it. Those who desire to examine it will find all material in these volumes used in connection with Dr. (now Bishop) Lightfoot's papers in the *Contemporary Review* (1875), and in the latest edition of Canon Westcott's 'History of the Canon of the New Testament, during the first Four Centuries.' Any intention of entering into minute criticism of this elaborate work has already been disclaimed; and having thus, by a single example, disclosed the author's method, we must pass to his conclusions so far as the Synoptic Gospels are concerned. Having examined each of the writers, orthodox and heretical, whose works are extant, either in fragmentary or complete form, he thus sums up: 'After having exhausted the literature and the testimony bearing on the point we have not found a single *distinct* trace of any one of those Gospels during the first century and a half after the death of Jesus.' It is admitted that Papias, a very inexact man, and much prone to colouring his facts, states that Matthew wrote a Gospel in Hebrew, which contained the discourses of Jesus; but it is urged that this description does not answer to the extant Gospel which passes under the Evangelist's name, and further, that the latter is an original work written in Greek, and not, by any possibility, a translation from the Hebrew. Papias also declares that Mark 'wrote down from the casual preaching of Peter, the sayings and doings of Jesus, but without orderly arrangement, and our author argues that this could not be our second Gospel. Nearly one hun-

dred and fifty pages (pp. 550-697), are occupied with a searching examination of the fourth Gospel, ascribed to St. John. Here the same plan is followed, but with important modifications, arising from the application of two subsidiary tests. There are other writings, ascribed to the beloved disciple—three Epistles and the Apocalypse. The last, at all events, the author is inclined to admit to be St. John's, and he, therefore, enters upon an elaborate comparison between the language, the prevailing conceptions, the dogmatic views, and the conflicting hopes and aspirations exhibited in the Gospel and the Revelation respectively. He urges, that it is impossible that the same writer, even at widely separated intervals in his career, could have composed both works. His style, no less than the sympathies in them being essentially and irreconcilably diverse. The other test has also much force. The author points out that in the Gospel there are plain misconceptions which could hardly have been possible with a Jew, born and reared in Palestine. There are explanations offered of Jewish customs, not always correct, which the Apostle St. John would not have written; and finally, there is a total discordance in the views John is known to have held in opposition to Paul, but in unison with James and Peter, of which traces are to be found in the Epistles of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and in the introductory chapters of the Apocalypse. The conclusion here is, that 'whilst there is not one particle of evidence during a century and a half after the events recorded in the fourth Gospel, that it was composed by the son of Zebedee, there is, on the contrary, the strongest reason for believing that he did not write it.' This inference we content ourselves with simply stating; to another, for reasons already given, we demur: 'Enough has been said to show that the testimony of the fourth Gospel is of no value towards establishing the truth of miracles and the reality of Divine Revelation.'

The remainder of this work forming the third volume in the English edition, deals with the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles and the Apocalypse, followed by a concluding part devoted specially to the Resurrection and Ascension. So far as the Acts are concerned, it will be necessary to confine this notice to a brief

statement of the ground covered by our author (pp. 709-843.) The external evidence, critically examined in accordance with the plan usually adopted, must, of necessity, be passed over with the remark that, in the reference to Clement of Rome, the parallel passage is not the one already quoted; and it further seems strange that Acts xx. 35 was not cited as proof that the writer, whether Luke or another, did not quote from Clement the phrase—'and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus,' which do occur as we have seen in the latter's Epistle, c. xiii. The passage here placed in juxtaposition to the text of the Acts is in entire concord with it, the only difference being that Clement uses the phrase in an exhortation, and the compiler of the Acts puts them as a maxim uttered by our Lord Himself. So far *Supernatural Religion* traverses the old ground; but henceforth we are bound to admit that he makes out a strong case regarding the Acts of the Apostles. It is admitted that the third Gospel and the Acts bear strong marks of a common origin; as our author says the 'linguistic and other peculiarities which distinguish the Gospel are equally prominent in the Acts.' The theory here advanced is that the book was written as a sort of Eirenicon with a view to reconciling the Jewish and Gentile sections of the Church. There is certainly much to enforce a theory of that sort. The balance is held evenly between Peter and Paul; where one Apostle is represented as performing a miracle, the other is stated elsewhere to have worked one of a similar description. All runs smoothly at the Council of Jerusalem. Peter, in the episode of Cornelius, acknowledges the reception of the Gentiles; Paul, in the way of compromise, goes so far as to circumcise Timothy, and so on. The most serious objection against the Acts is its distinct contradiction of St. Paul's narrative of the events which succeeded his conversion during a long series of years. Here the plain statements of Paul in an Epistle to the Galatians, the authenticity of which is beyond dispute, must outweigh those of the unknown author of the Acts, and they are directly contradictory in all essential particulars. The hostility between the 'pillar' Apostles, as St. Paul somewhat disdainfully calls them in his epistle, and himself, never ceased, so far as we can gather, during the lifetime of the first dis-

putants. Those who, as St. Paul says, 'seemed to be somewhat, whatsoever they were, it maketh no matter to me,' (Gal. ii. 6), 'who seemed to be pillars,' (v. 9), he distinctly mentions by name as James, Cephas (Peter) and John. Now if St. John wrote the Apocalypse, there is abundance of evidence that St. Paul's disregard of the Apostolic school at Jerusalem was returned with interest. To Ephesus it is written, 'I have tried those which say they are Apostles, and are not, and have found them liars;' and to the Church at Smyrna: 'But I have a few things against thee, because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balac to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel, and to eat things sacrificed to idols' (iii. 14). It is contended that these attacks were aimed particularly at St. Paul by the Judaizing section of the Church. In the Clementine Homilies there is a similar assault against the Apostle of the Gentiles 'scarcely disguised.' He is there represented under the name of Simon Magus, and St. Peter follows him from city to city, for the purpose of denouncing and refuting his teaching.' Moreover he is not numbered with the Apostles in the Book of Revelations; they are still only twelve. We may add that our author enters into an elaborate comparison of the speeches placed in the mouths of Stephen, Peter and Paul in the Acts of the Apostles, and claims that they are of the same nature as those we find in Greek and Roman historians, i. e., efforts to reproduce what the writer supposed the speaker likely to say. Stress is particularly laid upon the dissimilarity in views and opinions between the St. Paul of the Acts, and the St. Paul of the Epistles.

The fifth part on the direct evidence for miracles deals with the Epistles and the Book of Revelations. Considerable space is devoted to Paul's treatment of the Charismata, or gifts of tongues, &c., but upon that branch of the subject, the reader must consult the work for himself. The rest of the volume (pp. 971-1079) examines fully all the evidence for the Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus. There is nothing new in the exhibition of disagreements between the Gospel narratives; yet in *Supernatural Religion* it is made with conspicuous lucidity and acuteness. Yet, after all, the supreme fact that the reality of

those stupendous facts was firmly believed by all Christians from the first remains indisputable. That there should be circumstantial variations in the accounts handed down seems not only natural, but inevitable under the circumstances attending their composition. As against the advocates of verbal inspiration, our author's proofs are invincible; but they do not in the slightest degree invalidate the basis of Christianity as an historical religion, still less the inestimable morality and spirituality which form its distinctive and imperishable essence. Those who deny the possibility of a supernatural revelation, no matter what may be the strength of the evidence in its favour—and our author is one of them—need hardly trouble themselves about discrepancies in testimony which they have antecedently resolved to reject at all events. Failure of proof is a matter of little or no consequence, if one is convinced that no proof can avail to prove a given proposition. When the author of *Supernatural Religion* took his stand upon 'universal experience,' there was an end to satisfactory controversy regarding the authorship and contents of the sacred writings. It was natural, therefore, that as he began with Hume, having traversed the circle, he should end where he began with the crucial test of antecedent improbability.

Probably the last task undertaken was the worst. Myths, as Strauss urged, may grow, and if our Gospels were written a century or a century and a half after the events they record, there is abundant scope for the mythical theory; but the words of St. Paul are not so easily got over although our author wrestles with them valiantly. He admits that four of the Epistles attributed to Paul were undoubtedly written by him between twenty and thirty-five years after the crucifixion. These are those addressed to the Romans, the Corinthians, and the Galatians. There is no reasonable doubt that the five following epistles and the first to Timothy are genuine; the other pastorals are

open to some objection, and the letter to the Hebrews was certainly not written by St. Paul. Here then, so far as four Epistles are concerned, we are on secure ground, and from them may be gathered, although differently stated, [the universal belief of the primitive Church that Jesus rose again and ascended from earth to heaven. The Apostle not only "received" it—a word upon which our author dwells somewhat unnecessarily—but asserted vehemently that he had himself seen Jesus in bodily form since His ascension. There is no mistaking the positiveness and force of statements like these: "Last of all He was seen by me also," and again, when he was vindicating his disputed claim to the dignity of the apostleship: "Have I not seen the Lord Jesus?" The fact may be disputed, and may be explained or dissolved into delusion, optical or cerebral; but that the apostle, in common with the evangelists and the entire body of early Christians, believed that Jesus rose from the dead is beyond all question; for we have the undisputed testimony of St. Paul upon that point.

Having thus cursorily glanced at the chief features of this elaborate work, we very sincerely recommend it to careful and earnest perusal. Those who have studied only the orthodox side—the rather feeble apologists of theological colleges—will be astonished to learn how little the real difficulties of the case are exposed by their professorial mentors, or perhaps even known to them. A professor would do more real service to a senior class in divinity, by taking *Supernatural Religion*, even for purposes of refutation, than by the hum-drum system which even yet treats the Scriptures as a book homogenous and complete, beginning with the creation, and ending with a curse upon any one who shall add to or take away, not from the particular "book of this prophecy," but from any of the books found between the two lids of the Bible. The times of such ignorance as this ought at all events to be past and gone for ever.

---

NOTE.—The extended critical notice of the complete edition of *Supernatural Religion* which appears in the preceding pages has taken up the space at our disposal for 'Literary Notes' this month, and unfortunately compelled us to defer notices of other works received which we should have liked to have acknowledged in the present issue.