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ROSE-BELFORD'S  
CANADIAN MONTHLY  
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

The Prologue.

I.

THE resistless influences which are one day to reign supreme over our poor hearts, and to shape the sad short course of our lives, are sometimes of mysteriously remote origin, and find their devious ways to us through the hearts and the lives of strangers.

While the young man whose troubled career it is here proposed to follow was wearing his first jacket, and bowling his first hoop, a domestic misfortune, falling on a household of strangers, was destined nevertheless to have its ultimate influence over his happiness, and to shape the whole aftercourse of his life.

For this reason, some First Words must precede the Story, and must present the brief narrative of what happened in the household of strangers. By what devious ways the event here related affected the chief personage of these pages, as he grew to manhood, it will be the business of the story to

trace, over land and sea, among men and women, in bright days and dull days alike, until the end is reached and the pen (God willing) is put back in the desk.

II.

Old Benjamin Ronald (of the Stationer's Company) took a young wife at the ripe age of fifty, and carried with him into the holy state of matrimony some of the habits of his bachelor life.

As a bachelor, he had never willingly left his shop (situated in that exclusively commercial region of London which is called 'the City') from one year's end to another. As a married man, he persisted in following the same monotonous course; with this one difference, that he now had a woman to follow it with him. 'Travelling by railway,' he explained to his wife, 'will make your head ache—it makes *my* head ache. Travelling by sea will make you sick—it makes *me* sick. If you want change of air, every sort of air is to be found in the

City. If you admire the beauties of Nature, there is Finsbury-square with the beauties of Nature carefully selected and arranged. When we are in London, you (and I) are all right: and when we are out of London, you (and I) are all wrong.' As surely as the autumn holiday season set in, so surely Old Ronald resisted his wife's petition for a change of scene in that form of words. A man habitually fortified behind his own inbred obstinacy and selfishness is for the most part an irresistible power within the limits of his domestic circle. As a rule, patient Mrs. Ronald yielded; and her husband stood revealed to his neighbours in the glorious character of a married man who had his own way.

But in the autumn of 1856, the retribution which sooner or later descends on all despotisms, great and small, overtook the iron rule of Old Ronald, and defeated the domestic tyrant on the battlefield of his own fireside.

The children born of the marriage, two in number, were both daughters. The elder had mortally offended her father by marrying imprudently—in a pecuniary sense. He had declared that she should never enter his house again; and he had mercilessly kept his word. The younger daughter (now eighteen years of age) proved to be also a source of parental inquietude, in another way. She was the passive cause of the revolt which set her father's authority at defiance. For some little time past she had been out of health. After many ineffectual trials of the mild influence of persuasion, her mother's patience at last gave way. Mrs. Ronald insisted—yes, actually insisted—on taking Miss Emma to the seaside.

'What's the matter with you?' Old Ronald asked; detecting something that perplexed him in his wife's look and manner, on the memorable occasion when she asserted a will of her own for the first time in her life.

A man of finer observation would have discovered the signs of no ordinary anxiety and alarm, struggling to show themselves openly in the poor woman's face. Her husband only saw a change that puzzled him. 'Send for Emma,' he said, his natural cunning inspiring him with the idea of confronting the mother and daughter, and of seeing what came of *that*. Emma appeared, plump and short, with large blue eyes, and full pouting lips, and splendid yellow hair: otherwise, miserably pale, languid in her movements, careless in her dress, sullen in her manner. Out of health as her mother said, and as her father saw.

'You can see for yourself,' said Mrs. Ronald, 'that the girl is pining for fresh air. I have heard Ramsgate recommended.'

Old Ronald looked at his daughter. She represented the one tender place in his nature. It was not a large place; but it did exist. And the proof of it is, that he began to yield—with the worst possible grace.

'Well, we will see about it,' he said.

'There is no time to be lost,' Mrs. Ronald persisted. 'I mean to take her to Ramsgate to-morrow.'

Mr. Ronald looked at his wife as a dog looks at the maddened sheep that turns on him. 'You mean?' repeated the stationer. 'Upon my soul—what next! You mean? Where is the money to come from? Answer me that.'

Mrs. Ronald declined to be drawn into a conjugal dispute, in the presence of her daughter. She took Emma's arm, and led her to the door. There she stopped, and spoke. 'I have already told you that the girl is ill,' she said to her husband. 'And I now tell you again that she must have the sea air. For God's sake, don't let us quarrel! I have enough to try me without that.' She closed the door on herself and her daughter, and left her lord and master standing

face to face with the wreck of his own outraged authority.

What further progress was made by the domestic revolt, when the bedroom candles were lit, and the hour of retirement had arrived with the night, is naturally involved in mystery. This alone is certain: On the next morning, the luggage was packed, and the cab was called to the door. Mrs. Ronald spoke her parting words to her husband in private.

'I hope I have not expressed myself too strongly about taking Emma to the seaside,' she said in gentle pleading tones. 'I am anxious about our girl's health. If I have offended you—without meaning it, God knows!—say you forgive me before I go. I have tried honestly, dear, to be a good wife to you. And you have always trusted me, haven't you? And you trust me still—I am sure you trust me still.'

She took his lean, cold hand, and pressed it fervently: her eyes rested on him with a strange mixture of timidity and anxiety. Still in the prime of her life, she preserved the personal attractions—the fair, calm, refined face, the natural grace of look and movement—which had made her marriage to a man old enough to be her father a cause of angry astonishment among all her friends. In the agitation that now possessed her, her colour rose, her eyes brightened; she looked for the moment almost young enough to be Emma's sister. Her husband opened his hard old eyes in surly bewilderment. 'Why need you make this fuss?' he asked. 'I don't understand you.' Mrs. Ronald shrank at those words as if he had struck her. She kissed him in silence, and joined her daughter in the cab.

For the rest of that day, the persons in the stationer's employment had a hard time of it with their master in the shop. Something had upset Old Ronald. He ordered the shutters to be put up earlier that evening than usual. Instead of going to his club

(at the tavern round the corner), he took a long walk in the lonely and lifeless streets of the city by night. There was no disguising it from himself; his wife's behaviour at parting had made him uneasy. He naturally swore at her for taking that liberty, while he lay awake alone in his bed. 'Damn the woman! What does she mean?' The cry of the soul utters itself in various forms of expression. That was the cry of Old Ronald's soul, literally translated.

### III.

The next morning brought him a letter from Ramsgate.

'I write immediately to tell you of our safe arrival. We have found comfortable lodgings (as the address at the head of this letter will inform you) in Albion place. I thank you, and Emma desires to thank you also, for your kindness in providing us with ample means for taking our little trip. It is beautiful weather to-day; the sea is calm, and the pleasure boats are out. We do not, of course, expect to see you here. But if you do, by any chance, overcome your objection to moving out of London, I have a little request to make. Please let me hear of your visit beforehand—so that I may not omit all needful preparations. I know you dislike being troubled with letters (except on business), so I will not write too frequently. Be so good as to take no news for good news, in the intervals. When you have a few minutes to spare, you will write, I hope, and tell me how you and the shop are going on. Emma sends you her love, in which I beg to join.' So the letter was expressed, and so it ended.

'They needn't be afraid of my troubling them. Calm seas and pleasure-boats! Stuff and nonsense! Such was the first impression which his wife's report of herself produced on Old Ronald's mind. After awhile, he looked at the letter again—and

frowned, and reflected. 'Please let me hear of your visit beforehand,' he repeated to himself, as if the request had been, in some incomprehensible way, offensive to him. He opened the drawer of his desk, and threw the letter into it. When business was over for the day, he went to his club at the tavern, and made himself unusually disagreeable to everybody.

A week passed. In the interval, he wrote briefly to his wife. 'I'm all right, and the shop goes on as usual.' He also forwarded one or two letters which came for Mrs. Ronald. No more news reached him from Ramsgate. 'I suppose they're enjoying themselves,' he reflected. The house looks queer without them; I'll go to the club.'

He stayed later than usual, and drank more than usual, that night. It was nearly one in the morning, when he let himself in with his latch-key, and went up-stairs to bed.

Approaching the toilette-table, he found a letter lying on it, addressed to 'Mr. Ronald—private.' It was not in his wife's handwriting; not in any handwriting known to him. The characters sloped the wrong way, and the envelope bore no postmark. He eyed it over and over suspiciously. At last he opened it, and read these lines:

'You are advised by a true friend to lose no time in looking after your wife. There are strange doings at the seaside. If you don't believe me, ask Mrs. Turner, Number 1, Slain's-row, Ramsgate.'

No address, no date, no signature—an anonymous letter, the first he had ever received in the long course of his life.

His hard brain was in no way affected by the liquor that he had drunk. He sat down on his bed, mechanically folding and refolding the letter. The reference to 'Mrs. Turner' produced no impression on him of any sort: no person of that name, common as it was, happened to be numbered on the list of his friends or his customers. But

for one circumstance, he would have thrown the letter aside, in contempt. His memory reverted to his wife's incomprehensible behaviour at parting. Addressing him through that remembrance, the anonymous warning assumed a certain importance to his mind. He went down to his desk, in the back office, and took his wife's letter out of the drawer, and read it through slowly. 'Ha!' he said, pausing as he came across the sentence which requested him to write beforehand, in the unlikely event of his deciding to go to Ramsgate. He thought again of the strangely persistent way in which his wife had dwelt on his trusting her; he recalled her nervous anxious looks, her deepening colour, her agitation at one moment, and then her sudden silence and sudden retreat to the cab. Fed by these irritating influences, the inbred suspicion in his nature began to take fire slowly. She might be innocent enough in asking him to give her notice before he joined her at the seaside—she might naturally be anxious to omit no needful preparation for his comfort. Still, he didn't like it; no, he didn't like it. An appearance as of a slow collapse passed little by little over his rugged wrinkled face. He looked many years older than his age, as he sat at the desk, with the flaring candlelight close in front of him, thinking. The anonymous letter lay before him, side by side with his wife's letter. On a sudden, he lifted his grey head, and clenched his fist, and struck the venomous written warning as if it had been a living thing that could feel. 'Whoever you are,' he said, 'I'll take your advice.'

He never even made the attempt to go to bed that night. His pipe helped him through the comfortless and dreary hours. Once or twice he thought of his daughter. Why had her mother been so anxious about her? Why had her mother taken her to Ramsgate? Perhaps, as a blind—ah, yes, perhaps as a blind! More for the sake of

something to do than for any other reason, he packed a handbag with a few necessaries. As soon as the servant was stirring, he ordered her to make him a cup of strong coffee. After that, it was time to show himself as usual, on the opening of the shop. To his astonishment, he found his clerk taking down the shutters, in place of the porter.

'What does this mean?' he asked, 'Where is Farnaby?'

The clerk looked at his master, and paused aghast, with a shutter in his hands. 'Good Lord! what has come to you,' he cried. 'Are you ill?'

Old Ronald angrily repeated his question: 'Where is Farnaby?'

'I don't know,' was the answer.

'You don't know? Have you been up to his bedroom?'

'Yes.'

'Well?'

'Well, he isn't in his bedroom. And, what's more, his bed hasn't been slept in last night. Farnaby's off, sir—nobody knows where.'

Old Ronald dropped heavily into the nearest chair. This second mystery, following on the mystery of the anonymous letter, staggered him. But his business instincts were still in good working order. He held out his keys to the clerk. 'Get the petty cash-book,' he said, 'and see if the money is all right.'

The clerk received the keys under protest. *That's* not the right reading of the riddle,' he remarked.

'Do as I tell you!'

The clerk opened the money-drawer under the counter; counted the pounds, shillings and pence paid by chance customers up to the closing of the shop on the previous evening; compared the result with the petty cash-book, and answered, 'Right to a halfpenny.'

Satisfied so far, Old Ronald condescended to approach the speculative side of the subject, with the assistance of his subordinate. 'If what you said just now means anything,' he resumed,

'it means that you suspect the reason why Farnaby has left my service. Let's hear it.'

'You know that I never liked John Farnaby,' the clerk began. 'An active young fellow and a clever young fellow, I grant you. But a bad servant for all that. False, Mr. Ronald—false to the marrow of his bones.'

Mr. Ronald's patience began to give way. 'Come to the facts,' he growled. 'Why has Farnaby gone off without a word to anybody? Do you know that?'

'I know no more than you do,' the clerk answered coolly. 'Don't fly into a passion. I have got some facts for you, if you will only give me time. Turn them over in your own mind, and see what they come to. Three days ago I was short of postage-stamps, and I went to the office. Farnaby was there, waiting at the desk where they pay the post-office orders. There must have been ten or a dozen people with letters, orders, and what not between him and me. I got behind him quietly, and looked over his shoulder. I saw the clerk give him the money for his post-office order. Five pounds in gold, which I reckoned as they lay on the counter, and a bank-note besides, which he crumpled up in his hand. I can't tell you how much it was for; I only know it *was* a bank-note. Just ask yourself how a porter on twenty shillings a week (with a mother who takes in washing, and a father who takes in drink) comes to have a correspondent who sends him an order for five sovereigns—and a bank-note, value unknown. Say he's turned betting-man in secret. Very good. There's the post-office order, in that case, to show that he's got a run of luck. If he has got a run of luck, tell me this—why does he leave his place like a thief in the night? He's not a slave; he's not even an apprentice. When he thinks he can better himself, he has no earthly need to keep it a secret that he means to leave your service. He may have met with

an accident, to be sure. But that's not *my* belief. I say he's up to some mischief. And now comes the question: What are we to do?'

Mr. Ronald, listening with his head down, and without interposing a word on his own part, made an extraordinary answer. 'Leave it,' he said. Leave it till to-morrow.'

'Why?' the clerk asked, without ceremony.

Mr. Ronald made another extraordinary answer. 'Because I am obliged to go out of town for the day. Look after the business. The ironmonger's man over the way will help you to put up the shutters at night. If anybody inquires for me, say I shall be back to-morrow.' With those parting directions, heedless of the effect that he had produced on the clerk, he looked at his watch and left the shop.

#### IV.

The bell which gave five minutes' notice of the starting of the Ramsgate train had just rung.

While the other travellers were hastening to the platform, two persons stood passively apart as if they had not even yet decided on taking their places in the train. One of the two was a smart young man in a cheap travelling suit; mainly noticeable by his florid complexion, his restless dark eyes, and his profusely curling black hair. The other was a middle-aged woman in frowsy garments; tall and stout, sly and sullen. The smart young man stood behind the uncongential-looking person with whom he had associated himself, using her as a screen to hide him while he watched the travellers on their way to the train. As the bell rang, the woman suddenly faced her companion, and pointed to the railway clock.

'Are you waiting to make up your mind till the train has gone?' she asked.

The young man frowned impa-

tiently. 'I am waiting for a person whom I expect to see,' he answered. 'If the person travels by this train, we shall travel by it. If not, we shall come back here, and look out for the next train, and so on till night-time comes, if it's necessary.'

The woman fixed her small scowling grey eyes on the man as he replied in those terms. 'Look here,' she broke out. 'I like to see my way before me. You're a stranger, young Mister; and it's as likely as not you've given me a false name and address. That don't matter. False names are commoner than true ones, in my line of life. But mind this! I don't stir a step farther till I've got half the money in my hand, and my return-ticket there and back.'

'Hold your tongue!' the man suddenly interposed in a whisper. 'It's all right. I'll get the tickets.'

He looked while he spoke at an elderly traveller, hastening by with his head down, deep in thought, noticing nobody. The traveller was Mr. Ronald. The young man, who had that moment recognised him, was his runaway porter, John Farnaby.

Returning with the tickets, the porter took his repellent travelling companion by the arm, and hurried her along the platform to the train. 'The money!' she whispered, as they took their places. Farnaby handed it to her, ready wrapped up in a morsel of paper. She opened the paper, satisfied herself that no trick had been played her, and leaned back in her corner to go to sleep. The train started. Old Ronald travelled by the second class; his porter and his porter's companion accompanied him secretly by the third.

#### V.

It was still early in the afternoon when Mr. Ronald descended the narrow street which leads from the high land of the South-Eastern Railway-station to the port of Ramsgate. Ask-

ing his way of the first policeman whom he met, he turned to the left, and reached the cliff on which the houses in Albion-place are situated. Farnaby followed him at a discreet distance; and the woman followed Farnaby.

Arrived in sight of the lodging-house, Mr. Ronald paused—partly to recover his breath, partly to compose himself. He was conscious of a change of feeling as he looked up at the windows; his errand suddenly assumed a contemptible aspect in his own eyes. He almost felt ashamed of himself. After nineteen years of undisturbed married life, was it possible that he had doubted his wife—and that at the instigation of a stranger whose name even was unknown to him? 'If she was to step out in the balcony, and see me down here,' he thought, 'what a fool I should look!' He felt half-inclined, at the moment when he lifted the knocker of the door, to put it back again quietly, and return to London. No! it was too late. The maid-servant was hanging up her bird cage in the area of the house; the maid-servant had seen him.

'Does Mrs. Ronald lodge here?' he asked.

The girl lifted her eyebrows and opened her mouth—stared at him in speechless confusion—and disappeared in the kitchen regions. This strange reception of his inquiry irritated him unreasonably. He knocked with the absurd violence of a man who vents his anger on the first convenient thing that he can find. The landlady opened the door, and looked at him in stern and silent surprise.

'Does Mrs. Ronald lodge here?' he repeated.

The landlady answered with some appearance of effort—the effort of a person who was carefully considering her words before she permitted them to pass her lips.

'Mrs. Ronald has taken rooms here. But she has not occupied them yet.'

'Not occupied them yet?' The words bewildered him as if they had been spoken in an unknown tongue. He stood stupidly silent on the doorstep. His anger was gone; an all-mastering fear throbbed heavily at his heart. The landlady looked at him, and said to her secret self: 'Just what I suspected; there *is* something wrong!'

'Perhaps I have not sufficiently explained myself, sir,' she resumed with grave politeness. 'Mrs. Ronald told me that she was staying at Ramsgate with friends. She would move into my house, she said, when her friends left—but they had not quite settled the day yet. She calls here for letters. Indeed, she was here early this morning, to pay the second week's rent. I asked when she thought of moving in. She didn't seem to know; her friends (as I understood) had not made up their minds. I must say I thought it a little odd. Would you like to leave any message?'

He recovered himself sufficiently to speak. 'Can you tell me where her friends live?' he said.

The landlady shook her head. 'No, indeed. I offered to save Mrs. Ronald the trouble of calling here, by sending letters or cards to her present residence. She declined the offer—and she has never mentioned the address. Would you like to come in and rest, sir! I will see that your card is taken care of, if you wish to leave it.'

'Thank you, ma'am—it doesn't matter—good morning.'

The landlady looked after him as he descended the house-steps. 'It's the husband, Peggy,' she said to the servant, waiting inquisitively behind her. 'Poor old gentleman! And such a respectable-looking woman, too!'

Mr. Ronald walked mechanically to the end of the row of houses, and met the wide grand view of sea and sky. There were some seats behind the railing which fenced the edge of



the cliff. He sat down, perfectly stupefied and helpless, on the nearest bench.

At the close of life, the loss of a man's customary nourishment extends its debilitating influence rapidly from his body to his mind. Mr. Ronald had tasted nothing but his cup of coffee since the previous night. His mind began to wander strangely; he was not angry or frightened or distressed. Instead of thinking of what had just happened, he was thinking of his young days when he had been a cricket player. One special game revived in his memory, at which he had been struck on the head by the ball. 'Just the same feeling,' he reflected vacantly, with his hat off, and his hand on his forehead. 'Dazed and giddy—just the same feeling!'

He leaned back on the bench, and fixed his eyes on the sea, and wondered languidly what had come to him. Farnaby and the woman, still following, waited round the corner where they could just keep him in view.

The blue lustre of the sky was without a cloud; the sunny sea leapt under the fresh westerly breeze. From the beach, the cries of children at play, the shouts of donkey-boys driving their poor beasts, the distant notes of brass instruments playing a waltz, and the mellow music of the small waves breaking on the sand, rose joyously together on the fragrant air. On the next bench, a dirty old boatman was prosing to a stupid old visitor. Mr. Ronald listened, with a sense of vacant content in the mere act of listening. The boatman's words found their way to his ears like the other sounds that were abroad in the air. 'Yes; them's the Goodwin Sands, where you see the light-ship. And that steamer there, towing a vessel into the harbour, that's the Ramsgate Tug. Do you know what I should like to see? I should like to see the Ramsgate Tug blow up. Why? I'll tell you why. I belong to Broadstairs; I don't belong to Ramsgate.

Very well. I'm idling here, as you may see, without one copper piece in my pocket to rub against another. What trade do I belong to? I don't belong to no trade; I belong to a boat. The boat's rotting at Broadstairs, for want of work. And all along of what? All along of the Tug. The Tug has took the bread out of our mouths; me and my mates. Wait a bit; I'll show you how. What did a ship do, in the good old times, when she got on them sands: Goodwin Sands. Went to pieces, if it come on to blow; or got sucked down little by little when it was fair weather. Now I'm coming to it. What did We do (in the good old times, mind you) when we happened to see that ship in distress? Out with our boat, blow high or blow low, out with our boat. And saved the lives of the crew, did you say? Well, yes; saving the crew was part of the day's work, to be sure; the part we didn't get paid for. We saved *the cargo*, master! and got salvage!! Hundreds of pounds, I tell you, divided amongst us by law!!! Ah, those times are gone! A parcel of sneaks get together, and subscribe to build a Steam-Tug. When a ship gets on the sands now, out goes the Tug, night and day alike, and brings her safe into harbour, and takes the bread out of our mouths. Shameful—that's what I call it—shameful.'

The last words of the boatman's lament fell lower, lower, lower on Mr. Ronald's ears—he lost them altogether—he lost the view of the sea—he lost the sense of the wind blowing over him. Suddenly, he was roused as if from a deep sleep. On one side, the man from Broadstairs was shaking him by the collar. 'I say, Master, cheer up; what's come to you?' On the other side, a compassionate lady was offering her smelling-bottle. 'I am afraid, sir, you have fainted.' He struggled to his feet, and vacantly thanked the lady. The man from Broadstairs—with an eye to salvage—took charge of the human wreck,

and towed him to the nearest public-house. 'A chop and a glass of brandy-and-water,' said this good Samaritan of the nineteenth century. 'That's what you want. I'm peckish myself, and I'll keep you company.'

He was perfectly passive in the hands of any one who would take charge of him; he submitted as if he had been the boatman's dog, and had heard the whistle.

It could only be truly said that he had come to himself, when there had been time enough for him to feel the reanimating influence of the food and drink. Then, he got on his feet, and looked with incredulous wonder at the companion of his meal. The man from Broadstairs opened his greasy lips, and was silenced by the sudden appearance of a gold coin between Mr. Ronald's finger and thumb. 'Don't speak to me; pay the bill, and bring me the change outside.' When the boatman joined him, he was reading a letter; walking to and fro, and speaking at intervals to himself. 'God help me, have I lost my senses? I don't know what to do next.' He referred to the letter again: 'If you don't believe me, ask Mrs. Turner, Number 1, Slains-row, Ramsgate.' He put the letter back in his pocket, and rallied suddenly. 'Slains-row,' he said, turning to the boatman. 'Take me there directly, and keep the change for yourself.'

'The boatman's gratitude was (apparently) beyond expression in words. He slapped his pocket cheerfully, and that was all. Leading the way inland, he went downhill, and uphill again—then turned aside towards the eastern extremity of the town.

Farnaby, still following, with the woman behind him, stopped when the boatman diverged towards the east, and looked up at the name of the street. 'I've got my instructions,' he said; 'I know where he's going. Step out! We'll get there before him, by another way.'

Mr. Ronald and his guide reached

a row of poor little houses, with poor little gardens in front of them and behind them. The back windows looked out on downs and fields lying on either side of the road to Broadstairs. It was a lost and lonely spot. The guide stopped, and put a question with inquisitive respect. 'What number, sir?' Mr. Ronald had sufficiently recovered himself to keep his own counsel. 'That will do,' he said. 'You can leave me.' The boatman waited a moment. Mr. Ronald looked at him. The boatman was slow to understand that his leadership had gone from him. 'You're sure you don't want me any more?' he said. 'Quite sure,' Mr. Ronald answered. The man from Broadstairs retired—with his salvage to comfort him.

Number 1 was at the farther extremity of the row of houses. When Mr. Ronald rang the bell, the spies were already posted. The woman loitered on the road, within view of the door. Farnaby was out of sight, round the corner, watching the house over the low wooden palings of the back garden.

A lazy-looking man in his shirt sleeves, opened the door. 'Mrs. Turner at home?' he repeated. 'Well, she's at home; but she's too busy to see anybody. What's your pleasure?' Mr. Ronald declined to accept excuses or to answer questions. 'I must see Mrs. Turner directly,' he said, 'on important business.' His tone and manner had their effect on the lazy man. 'What name?' he asked. Mr. Ronald declined to mention his name. 'Give my message,' he said. 'I won't detain Mrs. Turner more than a minute.' The man hesitated—and opened the door of the front parlour. An old woman was fast asleep on a ragged little sofa. The man gave up the front parlour, and tried the back parlour next. It was empty. 'Please to wait here,' he said—and went away to deliver his message.

The parlour was a miserably-furnished room. Through the open win-

dow, the patch of back garden was barely visible under fluttering rows of linen hanging out on lines to dry. A pack of dirty cards and some plain needlework, littered the bare little table. A cheap American clock ticked with stern and steady activity on the mantel-piece. The smell of onions was in the air. A torn newspaper, with stains of beer on it, lay on the floor. There was some sinister influence in the place which affected Mr. Ronald painfully. He felt himself trembling, and sat down on one of the rickety chairs. The minutes followed one another wearily. He heard a trampling of feet in the room above—then a door opened and closed—then the rustle of a woman's dress on the stairs. In a moment more, the handle of the parlour door was turned. He rose, in anticipation of Mrs. Turner's appearance. The door opened. He found himself face to face with his wife.

## VI.

John Farnaby, posted at the garden paling, suddenly lifted his head and looked towards the open window of the back parlour. He reflected for a moment—and then joined his female companion on the road in front of the house.

'I want you at the back garden,' he said. 'Come along!'

'How much longer am I to be kept kicking my heels in this wretched hole?' the woman asked sulkily.

'As much longer as I please—if you want to go back to London with the other half of the money.' He showed it to her as he spoke. She followed him without another word.

Arrived at the paling, Farnaby pointed to the window, and to the back garden door, which was left ajar. 'Speak softly,' he whispered. 'Do you hear voices in the house?'

'I don't hear what they're talking about, if that's what you mean?'

'I don't hear either. Now mind

what I tell you—I have reasons of my own for getting a little nearer to that window. Sit down under the paling, so that you can't be seen from the house. If you hear a row, you may take it for granted that I am found out. In that case go back to London by the next train, and meet me at the terminus at two o'clock to-morrow afternoon. If nothing happens, wait where you are till you hear from me or see me again.'

He laid his hand on the low paling, and vaulted over it. The linen hanging up in the garden to dry offered him a means of concealment (if any one happened to look out of the window) of which he skilfully availed himself. The dust-bin was at the side of the house, situated at a right angle to the parlour window. He was safe behind the bin, provided no one appeared on the path which connected the patch of garden at the back with the patch in front. Here, running the risk, he waited and listened.

The first voice that reached his ears was the voice of Mrs. Ronald. She was speaking with a firmness of tone that astonished him.

'Hear me to the end, Benjamin,' she said. 'I have a right to ask as much as that of my husband, and I do ask it. If I had been bent on nothing but saving the reputation of our miserable girl, you would have a right to blame me for keeping you ignorant of the calamity that has fallen on us—'

There the voice of her husband interposed sternly. 'Calamity? Say disgrace, everlasting disgrace.'

Mrs. Ronald did not notice the interruption. Sadly and patiently she went on.

'But I had a harder trial still to face,' she said. 'I had to save her, in spite of herself, from the wretch who has brought this infamy on us. He has acted throughout in cold blood; it is his interest to marry her, and from first to last he has plotted to force the marriage on us. For God's sake don't

speak loud! She is in the room above us; if she hears you it will be the death of her. Don't suppose I am talking at random; I have looked at his letters to her; I have got the confession of the servant girl. Such a confession! Emma is his victim, body and soul. I know it! I know that she sent him money (*my* money) from this place. I know that the servant (at *her* instigation) informed him by telegraph of the birth of the child. Oh, Benjamin, don't curse the poor helpless infant—such a sweet little girl! Don't think of it! don't think of it! Show me the letter that brought you here; I want to see the letter. Ah, I can tell you who wrote it! *He* wrote it. In his own interests; always with his own interests in view. Don't you see it for yourself? If I succeed in keeping this shame and misery a secret from everybody—if I take Emma away, to some place abroad on pretence of her health—there is an end of his hope of becoming your son-in-law; there is an end of his being taken into the business. Yes, he, the low-lived vagabond who puts up the shop-shutters, *he* looks forward to being taken into partnership, and succeeding you when you die! Isn't his object in writing that letter as plain to you now as the heaven above us? His one chance is to set your temper in a flame, to provoke the scandal of a discovery—and to force the marriage on us as the only remedy left. Am I wrong in making any sacrifice, rather than bind our girl for life, our own flesh and blood, to such a man as that? Surely you can feel for me, and forgive me, now. How could I own the truth to you, before I left London, knowing you as I do? How could I expect *you* to be patient, to go into hiding, to pass under a false name—to do all the degrading things that must be done, if we are to keep Emma out of this man's way? No! I know no more than you do where Farnaby is to be found. Hush! there is the door-bell. It's the doctor's time for his visit. I tell

you again I don't know—on my sacred word of honour, I don't know where Farnaby is. Oh, be quiet! be quiet! there's the doctor going upstairs! don't let the doctor hear you!

So far, she had succeeded in composing her husband. But the fury which she had innocently roused in him, in her eagerness to justify herself, now broke beyond all control. 'You lie!' he cried furiously. 'If you know everything else about it, you know where Farnaby is. I'll be the death of him, if I swing for it on the gallows! Where is he? where is he?'

A shriek from the upper room silenced him before Mrs. Ronald could speak again. His daughter had heard him; his daughter had recognised his voice.

A cry of terror from her mother echoed the cry from above; the sound of the opening and closing door followed instantly. Then there was a momentary silence. Then Mrs. Ronald's voice was heard from the upper room calling to the nurse, asleep in the front parlour. The nurse's gruff tones were just audible, answering from the parlour door. There was another interval of silence; broken by another voice—a stranger's voice—speaking at the window, close by.

'Follow me up-stairs, sir, directly,' the voice said in peremptory tones. 'As your daughter's medical attendant, I tell you in the plainest terms that you have seriously frightened her. In her critical condition I decline to answer for her life, unless you make the attempt at least to undo the mischief you have done. Whether you mean it or not, soothe her with kind words; say you have forgiven her. No! I have nothing to do with your domestic troubles; I have only my patient to think of. I don't care what she asks of you, you must give way to her now. If she falls into convulsions, she will die—and her death will be at your door.'

So, with feebleness and feebleness inter-

ruptions from Mr. Ronald, the doctor spoke. It ended plainly in his being obeyed. The departing footsteps of the men were the next sounds to be heard. After that, there was a pause of silence—a long pause, broken by Mrs. Ronald, calling again from the upper regions. 'Take the child into the back parlour, nurse, and wait till I come to you. It's cooler there, at this time of day.'

The wailing of an infant, and the gruff complaining of the nurse, were the next sounds that reached Farnaby in his hiding-place. The nurse was grumbling to herself over the grievance of having been awakened from her sleep. 'After being up all night, a person wants rest. There's no rest for anybody in this house. My head's as heavy as lead, and every bone in me has got an ache in it.'

Before long, the renewed silence indicated that she had succeeded in hushing the child to sleep. Farnaby forgot the restraints of caution for the first time. His face flushed with excitement; he ventured nearer to the window, in his eagerness to find out what might happen next. After no long interval, the next sound came—a sound of heavy breathing, which told him that the drowsy nurse was falling asleep again. The window-sill was within reach of his hands. He waited until the heavy breathing deepened to snoring. Then he drew himself up by the window-sill, and looked into the room.

The nurse was fast asleep in an arm-chair; and the child was fast asleep on her lap.

He dropped softly to the ground again. Taking off his shoes, and putting them in his pockets, he ascended the two or three steps which led to the half-open back garden door. Arrived in the passage, he could just hear them talking up-stairs. They were no doubt still absorbed in their troubles; he had only the servant to dread. The splashing of water in the kitchen informed him that she was safely occupied in

washing. Slowly and softly, he opened the back parlour door, and stole across the room to the nurse's chair.

One of her hands still rested on the child. The serious risk was the risk of waking her, if he lost his presence of mind and hurried it!

He glanced at the American clock on the mantel-piece. The result relieved him; it was not so late as he had feared. He knelt down to steady himself, as nearly as possible on a level with the nurse's knees. By a hairsbreadth at a time, he got both hands under the child. By a hairsbreadth at a time, he drew the child away from her; leaving her hand resting on her lap by degrees so gradual that the lightest sleeper could not have felt the change. That done (barring accidents), all was done. Keeping the child resting easily on his left arm, he had his right hand free to shut the door again. Arrived at the garden steps a slight change passed over the sleeping infant's face—the delicate little creature shivered as it felt the full flow of the open air. He softly laid over its face a corner of the woollen shawl in which it was wrapped. The child reposed as quietly on his arm as if it had still been on the nurse's lap.

In a minute more he was at the paling. The woman rose to receive him, with the first smile that had crossed her face since they had left London.

'So you've got the baby?' she said.

'Well, you *are* a deep one!'

'Take it,' he answered irritably.

'We haven't a moment to lose.'

Only stopping to put on his shoes, he led the way towards the more central part of the town. The first person he met directed him to the railway station. It was close by. In five minutes more, the woman and the baby were safe in the train to London.

'There's the other half of the money,' he said, handing it to her through the carriage window.

The woman eyed the child in her arms with a frowning expression of doubt. 'All very well as long as it lasts,' she said. 'And what after that?'

'Of course, I shall call and see you,' he answered.

She looked hard at him, and expressed the whole value she set on that assurance in four words. 'Of course you will!'

The train started for London. Farnaby watched it, as it left the platform, with a look of unfeigned relief. 'There!' he thought to himself, 'Emma's reputation is safe enough now! When we are married, we mustn't have a love-child in the way of our prospects in life.'

Leaving the station, he stopped at the refreshment room, and drank a glass of brandy-and-water. 'Something to screw me up,' he thought, 'for what is to come.' What was to come (after he had got rid of the child) had been carefully considered by him, on the journey to Ramsgate. 'Emma's husband-that-is-to-be'—he had reasoned it out—will naturally be the first person Emma wants to see, when the loss of the baby has upset the house. If Old Ronald has a grain of affection left in him, he must let her marry me after *that!*'

Acting on this view of his position, he took the way that led back to Slains-row, and rang the door-bell as became a visitor who had no reasons for concealment now.

The household was doubtless already disorganised by the discovery of the child's disappearance. Neither servant nor landlord was active in answering the bell. Farnaby submitted to be kept waiting with perfect composure. There are occasions on which a handsome man is bound to put his personal advantages to their best use. He took out his pocket-comb, and touched up the arrangement of his whiskers with a skilled and gentle hand. Approaching footsteps made themselves heard along the passage at

last. Farnaby put back his comb, and buttoned his coat briskly. 'Now for it!' he said, as the door was opened at last.

THE END OF THE PROLOGUE.

## The Story.

### CHAPTER I.

SIXTEEN years after the date of Mr. Ronald's disastrous discovery at Ramsgate—that is to say, in the year 1872—the steamship *Aquila* left the port of New York, bound for Liverpool.

It was the month of September. The passenger-list of the *Aquila* had comparatively few names inscribed on it. In the autumn season, the voyage from America to England, but for the remunerative value of the cargo, would prove to be for the most part a profitless voyage to shipowners. The flow of passengers, at that time of year, sets steadily the other way. Americans are returning from Europe to their own country. Tourists have delayed the voyage until the fierce August heat of the United States has subsided, and the delicious Indian Summer is ready to welcome them. At bed and board the passengers by the *Aquila* on her homeward voyage had plenty of room, and the choicest morsels for everybody alike on the well-spread dinner-table.

The wind was favourable, the weather was lovely. Cheerfulness and good-humour pervaded the ship from stem to stern. The courteous captain did the honours of the cabin-table with the air of a gentleman who was receiving friends in his own house. The handsome doctor promenaded the deck arm-in-arm with ladies in course of rapid recovery from the first gastric consequences of travelling by sea. The excellent chief-engineer, musical

in his leisure moments to his fingers' ends, played the fiddle in his cabin, accompanied on the flute by that young Apollo of the Atlantic trade, the steward's mate. Only on the third morning of the voyage was the harmony on board the Aquilla disturbed by a passing moment of discord—due to an unexpected addition to the ranks of the passengers, in the shape of a lost bird!

It was merely a weary little land-bird (blown out of its course, as the learned in such matters supposed); and it perched on one of the yards to rest and recover itself after its long flight.

The instant the creature was discovered, the insatiate Anglo-Saxon delight in killing birds, from the majestic eagle to the contemptible sparrow, displayed itself in its full frenzy. The crew ran about the decks, the passengers rushed into their cabins, eager to seize the first gun and to have the first shot. An old quarter-master of the Aquilla was the enviable man, who first found the means of destruction ready to his hand. He lifted the gun to his shoulder, he had his finger on the trigger, when he was suddenly pounced upon by one of the passengers—a young, slim, sunburnt, active man—who snatched away the gun, discharged it over the side of the vessel, and turned furiously on the quarter-master. 'You wretch! would you kill the poor weary bird that trusts our hospitality, and only asks us to give it a rest? That little harmless thing is as much one of God's creatures as you are. I'm ashamed of you—I'm horrified at you—you've got bird-murder in your face; I hate the sight of you!'

The quarter-master—a large, grave, fat man, slow alike in his bodily and his mental movements—listened to this extraordinary remonstrance with a fixed stare of amazement, and an open mouth, from which the unspat tobacco juice trickled in little brown streams. When the impetuous young

gentleman paused (not for want of words, merely for want of breath), the quarter-master turned about, and addressed himself to the audience gathered round. 'Gentlemen,' he said, with a Roman brevity, 'this young fellow is mad.'

The captain's voice checked the general outbreak of laughter. 'That will do, quarter-master. Let it be understood that nobody is to shoot the bird—and let me suggest to *you*, sir, that you might have expressed your humane sentiments quite as effectually in less violent language.'

Addressed in those terms, the impetuous young man burst into another fit of excitement. 'You're quite right, sir! I deserve every word you have said to me; I feel I have disgraced myself.' He ran after the quarter-master, and seized him by both hands. 'I beg your pardon; I beg your pardon with all my heart. You would have served me right if you had thrown me overboard after the language I used to you. Pray excuse my quick temper; pray forgive me. What do you say? "Let bygones be bygones!" That's a capital way of putting it. You're a thorough good fellow. If I can ever be of the smallest use to you (there's my card and address in London) let me know it; I entreat you let me know it.' He returned in a violent hurry to the captain. 'I've made it up with the quarter-master, sir. He forgives me; he bears no malice. Allow me to congratulate you on having such a good Christian in your ship. I wish I was like him! Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, for the disturbance I have made. It shan't happen again—I promise you that.'

The male travellers in general looked at each other, and seemed to agree with the quarter-master's opinion of their fellow-passenger. The women, touched by his evident sincerity, and charmed with his handsome, blushing, eager face, agreed that he was quite right to save the poor bird, and that it

would be all the better for the weaker part of creation generally if other men were more like him. While the various opinions were still in course of expression, the sound of the luncheon bell cleared the deck of the passengers, with two exceptions. One was the impetuous young man. The other was a middle-aged traveller, with a grizzled beard and a penetrating eye, who had silently observed the proceedings, and who now took the opportunity of introducing himself to the hero of the moment.

'Are you not going to take any luncheon?' he asked.

'No, sir. Among the people I have lived with we don't eat at intervals of three or four hours, all day long.'

'Will you excuse me,' pursued the other, 'if I own I should like to know *what* people you have been living with? My name is Hethcote; I was associated, at one time of my life, with a college devoted to the training of young men. From what I have seen and heard this morning, I fancy you have not been educated on any of the recognised systems that are popular at the present day. Am I right?'

The excitable young man suddenly became the picture of resignation, and answered in a formula of words as if he was repeating a lesson.

'I am Claude-Amelius-Goldenheart. Aged twenty-one. Son, and only child, of the late Claude Goldenheart, of Shedfield Heath, Buckinghamshire, England. I have been brought up by the Primitive Christian Socialists, at Tadmor Community, State of Illinois. I have inherited an income of five hundred a year. And I am now, with the approval of the Community, going to London to see life.'

Mr. Hethcote received this copious flow of information, in some doubt whether he had been made the victim of coarse raillery, or whether he had merely heard a quaint statement of facts. Claude-Amelius-Goldenheart saw that he had produced an unfavourable impression, and hastened to set himself right.

vourable impression, and hastened to set himself right.

'Excuse me, sir,' he said, 'I am not making game of you, as you seem to suppose. We are taught to be courteous to everybody, in our Community. The truth is, there seems to be something odd about me (I'm sure I don't know what), which makes people whom I meet on my travels curious to know who I am. If you'll please to remember, it's a long way from Illinois to New York, and curious strangers are not scarce on the journey. When one is obliged to keep on saying the same thing over and over again, a form saves a deal of trouble. I have made a form for myself—which is respectfully at the disposal of any person who does me the honour to wish for my acquaintance. Will that do, sir? Very well, then, shake hands, to show you're satisfied.'

Mr. Hethcote shook hands, more than satisfied. He found it impossible to resist the bright honest brown eyes, the simple winning cordial manner of the young fellow with the quaint formula and the strange name. 'Come, Mr. Goldenheart,' he said, leading the way to a seat on deck, 'let us sit down comfortably, and have a talk.'

'Anything you like, sir—but don't call me Mr. Goldenheart.'

'Why not?'

'Well, it sounds formal. And, besides, you're old enough to be my father; it's *my* duty to call *you* Mister—or Sir, as we say to our elders at Tadmor. I have left all my friends behind me at the Community—and I feel lonely out here on this big ocean, among strangers. Do me a kindness, sir. Call me by my Christian name; and give me a friendly slap on the back if you find we get along smoothly in the course of the day.'

'Which of your names shall it be?' Mr. Hethcote asked, humouring this odd lad. 'Claude?'

'No. Not Claude. The Primitive



Christians said Claude was a finicking French name. Call me Amelius, and I shall begin to feel at home again. If you're in a hurry, cut it down to three letters (as they did at Tadmor), and call me Mel.'

'Very good,' said Mr. Hethcote. 'Now, my friend Amelius (or Mel), I am going to speak out plainly, as you do. The Primitive Christian Socialists must have great confidence in their system of education, to turn you adrift in the world without a companion to look after you.'

'You've hit it, sir,' Amelius answered coolly. 'They have unlimited confidence in their system of education. And I'm a proof of it.'

'You have relations in London, I suppose?' Mr. Hethcote proceeded.

For the first time the face of Amelius showed a shadow of sadness on it.

'I have relations,' he said. 'But I have promised never to claim kindred with them. "They are hard and worldly; and they will make you hard and worldly, too." That's what my father said to me on his death-bed.' He took off his hat when he mentioned his father's death, and came to a sudden pause—with his head bent down, like a man absorbed in thought. In less than a minute he put on his hat again, and looked up with his bright winning smile. 'We say a little prayer for the loved ones who are gone, when we speak of them,' he explained. 'But we don't say it out

loud, for fear of seeming to parade our religious convictions. We hate cant in our Community.'

'I cordially agree with the Community, Amelius. But, my good fellow, have you really no friend to welcome you, when you get to London?'

Amelius lifted his hand mysteriously. 'Wait a little!' he said—and took a letter from the breast-pocket of his coat. Mr. Hethcote, watching him, observed that he looked at the address with an expression of unfeigned pride and pleasure.

'One of our brethren at the Community has given me this,' he announced. 'It's a letter of introduction, sir, to a remarkable man—a man who is an example to all the rest of us. He has risen, by dint of integrity and perseverance, from the position of a poor porter in a shop to be one of the most respected mercantile characters in the City of London.'

With this exordium, Amelius handed his letter to Mr. Hethcote. It was addressed as follows:—

*To John Farnaby, Esquire,*

*Messrs. Ronald and Farnaby,*

*Stationers,*

*Allergate Street, London.*

*(To be continued.)*

## THE REALITY AND MISSION OF IDEAL CHARACTERS.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

IN face of all the religious and moral arguments and opposition arrayed against it for many generations, not only the secular but the religious literature of the present day proves incontrovertibly that the imagination was never before stimulated to such exuberant production. The very religious press, that twenty-five years ago denounced 'works of fiction' as demoralising and dangerous to the moral health of the community, now not only countenance but publish such works as a special attraction to win new subscribers, and to gratify the old with additional entertainment. Nor are these romances or fictitious tales copied second-handed from novels or popular magazines, but are secured original from the authors at the regular price per line or page such writers receive for their productions. Indeed, 'the original story' or romance has become as common to many of our religious newspapers as the regular *feuilleton* to Paris journals. Perhaps it would not exaggerate the fact to say, that four-fifths of the Sunday School books published in America are pure fictions, and many of them of an order of imagination which would not 'pass muster' in professedly secular literature.

Still there would seem to be as many honest and intelligent minds as ever that deprecate and denounce these works of fiction, irrespective of their teaching. They belittle that faculty of the mind that produces these works by calling it fancy, and its exercise as a trivial and deteriorating employment of the intellect. They complain

that these productions of the fancy create an imaginary world, and fill it with unreal beings and experiences, and thus unfit the readers of them for the serious and inevitable realities of life which they must encounter. The only alternative to be deduced from their arguments is this, that we must satisfy the need and pursuit of the mind for high ideals of human character without travelling outside the record of verified history or rigid fact. This bold alternative would, to a certain degree, destroy the best half of the world, past, present and to come. It would fetter to the earth the noblest, the most creative faculty of the human mind. It would paralyse the wings of faith, so that it could not lift the soul an inch above the low level of human life. It would paralyse the fingers of faith, so that it could not feel the pulse of the great realities of the invisible world. It would blind the vision of faith, so that it could not discern between the glorious gates of the New Jerusalem and the black portals of everlasting night and annihilation. It would send the soul through its pilgrimage on earth with its eyes and ears so full of the dust and dirt of these battles in flesh and blood, that it could see none of the thrilling beatitudes that John saw, nor hear any of the songs he heard in his apocalypse.

Let us go to a higher authority and example than the unconsidered impression of these unthoughtful minds for a truer conception of what this creative faculty of the human mind was to do and be for the material well-being and spiritual life and destiny of

mankind. See how God, who gave it, educated, fostered and strengthened it for four thousand years before even his favoured and peculiar people could grasp the great fact of the immortality of the soul. Not until this creative faculty of the mind had been trained to the power of erecting vivid images in the invisible world, did the Saviour of mankind come in due time to bring life and immortality to light beyond the grave. That due time was the space of four thousand years; and if he had come one year sooner he would have been one year too early for the capacity of the human mind to comprehend and realise his great revelation.

What was Christ's view and example in regard to this great faculty of idealism? Why, he created a hundred-fold more fictitious personages and events than Dickens, or Thackeray, or any other novelist ever did. We read that he seldom spoke to the people except in parables. And what were his parables? They were *ideals*, that were more vivid than the abstract *reals* of actual, human life. They were fictions that were more truthful than facts and more instructive. They were fictitious transactions, experiences, and actors; but every one of them had a true human basis, or possibility of fact which carried its instruction to the listener's mind with the double force of truth. Take, for example, the Prodigal Son. Historically he was a fiction. But to the universal and everlasting conscience and experience of mankind, there has not been a human son born into this world for two thousand years endowed with such immortal life and power as that young man. He will live forever. He will give power,

'As long as the heart has passions,  
As long as life has woes.'

He will travel down all the ages, and, in loving sympathy and companionship with the saddest experiences of human nature, he will stand at every door and lair of sin and misery

and shame; he will stand there as he stood in his rags, hunger and contrition among the swine, and say to the fallen, with his broken voice and falling tears: 'I will arise and go unto my father and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.'

The good Samaritan historically was as fictitious a being as the Prodigal Son. But what one man has lived on the earth since he was introduced to the world who has been worth to it the value of that ideal character? What one mere human being has worn actual flesh and blood for the last two thousand years, who lives with such intense vitality in the best memories, life, impulse and action of this living generation as that ideal of a good neighbour? What brightest star in our heavens above would we hold at higher worth than the light of his example? Forever and forever, as long as men shall fall among the thieves that beset the narrow turnings of life, or into the more perilous ambush of their own appetites and passions, so long the good Samaritan will seek for them with his lantern in one hand, and his cruet of oil in the other, and pour the healing sympathy of his loving heart into their wounded spirits; so long will he walk the thorny and stony paths of poverty, sin and guilt; and, with a hand and voice soft and tender with God's love, raise the fallen, bind up their wounds, and bring them back to the bosom of the great salvation.

Take away these ideals from the world and what should we have left? How could humanity have ever been lifted above any level on which it groped unless it could have taken hold of something let down to it from above? And what was that something? It was the divine gift of this very creative faculty of the mind, which people nick-name imagination. Where would civilization have been

to-day had it not been for these ideals which imagination, if you please, has embodied in sculpture, painting, architecture, and even in the commonest of industrial arts? There was a time in the history of Greece when its early settlers almost worshipped a benefactor who first taught them to build huts and wear clothes, instead of living in caves and eating acorns like wild beasts. What force, then, was it that gave the steady continuity of progress from that first hut of wattles on Grecian soil to the magnificent Pantheon of Athens? It was this very God-given faculty of the mind to build ideals on the low and narrow basis of actual fact. For every ideal must have at least a feeble real for its point of departure, otherwise it loses the vitality of truth, it makes a clean severance from human experience, and conveys no available instruction to the mind.

What this idealism has done in sculpture, painting and architecture for human forms and habitations, it has done a hundred times more decisively in the construction of human characters. Every mountain we see at twenty miles distance wears the face our idealism has given to it. All its bald and ragged rocks, its rough ravines, and river sides, are smoothed over with the blue of the intervening distance, until it looks like a great pillow of velvet, so soft that the cheek of the sky seems to indent it. Just so with the structures of human life. There is not a historical character one hundred years old that has not been smoothed over, softened, refined and purified by our idealism. Take, for instance, the most impressive and valuable character to mankind that the Old Testament has handed down to us, the King and poet David. How the blue of twenty-five centuries has smoothed the rough crevices and wide discrepancies of his actual human life! He never stands before us in his bald, historic reality. We have created him a new and immortal being,

as a companion and counsellor in all our experiences of trial, temptation, sin, joy and sorrow. We have taken the living breath of his beautiful and tender psalms of life, and breathed it back into a human ideal, which we call David. This ideal is not an image of wood or stone. It is not the being which the painter, the sculptor or the poet creates. It is a being warm with all the pulses of human life and sympathy, whose eyes beam upon our tired souls with sweetness and light; who prays for us and with us, in temptation and affliction; who sings for us and with us, our songs of joy and thanksgiving; whose tears mingle with ours, and are as wet as ours, when we weep, with a face as low as his, for one as dear to us as his Absalom or the little infant of his affection, was to him. Suppose, now, some malignant power *could* and *should* demolish this ideal David, and put the real, historical David, in all the baldness of his actual life, before us. Suppose this living personation of his psalms should vanish from our sight; that the being we had created out of his own thoughts should disappear like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving behind only the bare fact on which it was built. Why, the loss to the Christian world would be greater than the loss of a dozen of the brightest stars that shine in the heavens above.

What our idealism has done to David, it has done to all the historical beings who have ever lived and left their impress on the world. This creative faculty peoples both earth and heaven with ideals. There is no height in the universe which it does not reach and crown with its impersonated conceptions. It mounts on the ladder of St. John's vision to its uppermost round. It sees all we saw; it hears all we heard. It fills heaven with its living, vivid ideals. What are the productions of all the fiction writers of the world compared with the ideals which any dozen children of ten years

among us have created? Why the boldest of us all would hardly dare to mount the heights of their young and honest conceptions. Suppose, for instance, we could see with their eyes the ideals of the historical God of the Universe, as He sees them; that we could, as it were, photograph their impersonations of His being; the humanity they make Him wear; the throne they seat Him upon; the crown they place on His head; the robes they clothe Him with; His heaven, His angels, the Saviour at His side, and the Spirits of the just made perfect in the forms they give them. If we could see all these embodiments of their conceptions we should get a clearer view of the faculty and mission of idealism in the highest realm of spiritual life, as well as in that general progress and well-being of mankind, which we call civilization.

But this creative faculty of the mind does something more than people the past and the future with its impersonations. It fills this living present with its human ideals, which are as dear to us as 'the immediate jewels' of our souls; dearer far than the bare human realities that belong to our actual companionship. How cold and cruel would fall the hand upon our hearts and homes that should drive out of our Eden the beloved ideals that walk with us among its flowers, and even taste with us the forbidden fruit of its tree of knowledge of good and evil! Why, everyday ideals marry and are given in marriage to each other in our midst. The happiest homes on earth are the homes of living ideals; the homes of husbands and wives, parents and children, radiant with the idealism which one gives to the other. There is many a poor woman, pinched and pale with poverty, who can say, and does say, to her half-crippled, homely and fretful husband:

'Although you are nothing to the world,  
You are all the world to me.'

The very term we use to designate

the qualities of the highest beings of our faith and worship illustrates this idealism. We speak of the *attributes* of such a being. These are the dispositions, the faculties, the heart and mind which we attribute to one; the qualities *we* believe him to possess, and which make up his character to our honest apprehension. It is one of the happiest faculties of the human mind that we can attribute these qualities, even to those nearest and dearest to us; that, while they walk by our side through life, we can robe their real beings with the soft velvet of our idealism, hiding all the unwelcome discrepancies and unpleasant features of bare fact which we do not *wish* to see. Not one of the Christian graces acts without some faculty of the mind put in exercise. And charity, that crowning virtue of them all—'charity that beareth all things, *believeth* all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; charity that suffereth long and is kind, and envieth not, and *thinketh* no evil'—this, the greatest of all the graces that brighten and sweeten the life of human society, acts more through this faculty of idealism than through any other power of the mind. What a wretched aggravation of human beings society would be if they lived and moved together in the bare bones of actual fact, unclothed upon by that soft mantle of our idealism, which is woven in the same loom as Charity's best robe, wherewith she covers such a multitude of sins, blots and specks which would otherwise be seen to the hurt of our social happiness!

We have, then, the clearest testimony that God could give in nature, in revelation, and in the history of mankind, that there is no power of the human mind through which He works so manifestly, so irresistibly for the uplifting and salvation of our race as this very faculty of idealism. Not a family or tribe of mankind has ever made one step of progress in civilization except through the exercise of this faculty. Not an individual soul has

made its pilgrimage on earth and reached the opened gate of the heavenly city without the constant help of this faculty. It is the faculty that creates for the heart, and eye, and ear, and hand of faith, a new heaven and a new earth, and peoples both with ideals which are a hundred times more vivid, tangible, companionable and helpful to it than the best realities that are found in flesh and blood. It would require volumes to record the history of this great faculty; of its training and progress through the ages; of the successive stages by which it has carried mankind forward on the high road of civilization; of the industrial and fine arts it has produced, and of the thousand ways in which it has worked for the glory of God and the good of man. All the mechanical, chemical and electrical forces now in operation for mankind have been developed through this reserved force of the intellect. Their history is the history of idealism brought to bear upon the pure and simple facts of nature.

In all the mythologies and poetical conceptions of Greece, Rome, and other countries in the pagan ages, we see what characters and what characteristics made up the beau-ideals of their conception. They represented and deified the brute forces of humanity, the strength, courage and feats of the warrior. Their highest qualities were the brute-force virtues, which then inspired and filled all that the imagination of society could grasp of good and glory. As these qualities were to that imagination the divinest that man could attain and illustrate, so they supplemented their actual, historical heroes with ideal beings who had exhibited these qualities to a superhuman degree of power and courage. Thus we can trace the progress of the human mind in its conception and estimation of the moral virtues by the character of the ideals it has created. In what are called the classic or heroic ages, these ideals were all of the same cast; they all represented the same

qualities. They were all martial heroes, who fought *with* the gods or *against* them, or were held as divine in their origin and end.

It is a peculiar feature of inspired idealism, or of the fictitious characters wrought under the influence of divine revelation, that they illustrate what we may call the reactive virtues. They exhibit the culture of the human soul; the training and development of its faculties of thought and feeling and moral action to the highest perfection that a poetical imagination can conceive. They erect before us the structure of a human character all glorious with truth and beauty in the highest conceivable perfection, and say to us, 'Behold the man!' Behold the model for your own life and thoughts.

The character of Job will serve us as the highest ideal which the Old Testament History gives us of that great virtue which the soul most needs as the anchor of its immortal hopes. It matters not when or where Job lived, or whether he ever lived at all, as a historical personage. He lives and will live forever, as the good Samaritan or the Prodigal Son lives, with a vitality that broadens and strengthens with the ages. When that grandest and sublimest of human biographies was written, the great virtue his character impersonated was of the most vital value to the human soul. Patience even now, under the unsetting sunlight of a revealed immortality, is one of the greatest virtues a Christian can exercise. Even on the surest anchorage of his hopes, and in the brightest visions of his faith, there is a mystery in some of the sad experiences he is called to endure, which almost drifts him into the gurgling eddies of despair. But in Job we have a human soul tried by every conceivable vicissitude of affliction, with no anchorage within the veil to hold him steady in the flood of his woes; with no ray of revealed immortality to light his faith to a happy world of existence beyond the grave. We see

the quick succession of disasters that fall upon his life; the sweeping visitation of God that crushes all his children to death in a moment; the destruction of all his property; the consuming and loathsome disease that lays him in the dust; and, hardest of all to bear, his fall from the respect of princes to the contempt of beggars. We see how his faith in God is strained to the most desperate treason as the tempest of his afflictions blackens and beats upon him. We wonder if the next surge will part his anchor, and utterly drown him in despair. While mistaken friends reproach him with a concealed hypocrisy that has brought down these judgments upon him; while his broken-spirited wife urges him to merit the afflictions he suffers, 'to curse God and die,' and at the moment when we fear he will do it, we see him lift to heaven those plaintive eyes, half closed with the salt clay his tears have made in the dust; we see him clasp those flayed and swollen hands; we hear that choked and broken voice saying, in the accents of a sick child, *'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'*

Here, then, we have in Job one of the great ideals that God Himself has given to us, in the sublimest language ever written on earth since He wrote with his own fingers on Sinai the first penned syllables of any human tongue. Here we have a human impersonation of Patience, who will live to the last day of our race, and write his name on the last blank leaf of the long history of human affliction.

The psalms and songs of David, and the inspired poetry of the Hebrew prophets, peopled the glorious future they predicted with splendid ideals, and anointed them with holy oil for their missions on the earth. What a halo of glory and heavenly grace David puts around the brow and the kingdom of Solomon, his son and successor! What an ideal of human power and splendour, of kingly might and Hebrew dominion, the prophets

presented to the Jewish mind in their Messiah! And how their whole race to this day cling to that ideal as the unrealised fruition of their great hope of reconstruction and glory as a nation!

Next to the Bible in the production of sublime ideals, I think we must rank the creations of Shakespeare. His idealistic power swept over the whole life and record of nations, clean back to the dawn of Grecian history. His creative genius was not afraid to walk in its might and courage where Horace and Virgil bashful trod. He came; he saw the sublimest ideals they had erected before an admiring world, and he was not afraid to take the originals of their heroes and heroines and impersonate them in loftier conceptions of moral grandeur and beauty. He taught his genius to inhale the true spirit of past ages and nations, and to breathe the breath of each into the great characters he constructed out of its history. He made the heroes of the siege of Troy more Greek in mien, mind, form and stature, than Homer could paint them. He made the grandest of all the Romans walk, speak, feel and act more Roman in spirit and carriage than any historical characters that Roman poets or historians ever described. Like the sun that reveals what lies hidden under the starlight, his genius passed over the great historical characters of twenty centuries, and showed them to the world radiant with qualities that never shone in them before. Half 'the divinity that doth hedge about a king,' kings to-day owe to Shakespeare. He did for them what no other writer who ever lived, did or could do. He idealised them in personations of dignity which they never realised in actual life. Never kings walked and talked on earth with such majesty of deportment and utterance and sentiment as his sovereigns. The crowns he set upon their brows to this very day are brilliant with a lustre that even republics admire.

I think it is safe to say, that no other writer, before or since his day, ever produced so many illustrations and distinctive characters as Shakespeare. Whatever historical basis he had to build upon, every character he constructed was a completely distinct creation. He never reproduced it in another. Then there is hardly a human condition, passion or virtue which he did not embody in some vivid impersonation. Any thoughtful man, walking up and down the gallery of his embodiments, may write the name of its living spirit under every one of them. Who could doubt what to write under his Macbeth, Hamlet, Richard, Lear, Falstaff, Brutus, Shylock, Portia, Jessica, or Juliet? But there is one characteristic common to all his creations. Although he himself belonged to the middle class of English society, he took from it none of his heroes or heroines. These he found alone in royal courts and in noble and gentle blood. But doubtless he had a reason for this predilection which the writers of the present day cannot plead. The England of which he wrote was the England of Norman pride and domination. The half-despised and depressed Saxon masses had not yet developed a middle class of any intellectual or social stature. They only furnished the clowns, cowherds and swineherds and supernumeraries of the drama for Shakespeare and other writers, not only of his age but of later times. He wrote only for the aristocracy—for that was the only class that produced all his great characters, and could appreciate them and reward his genius. But the reading masses of the English-speaking race all round the globe have arisen to the level of his grandest conceptions, to perceive and enjoy their power, truth and beauty. The sun of his genius has been two hundred years in coming to its meridian; and for the first time in all this period, it is now beginning to be seen in all its lustre, even by the working-classes of Christendom. He put

such epigrammatic force into the noblest truths and sentiments of purity and beauty, that we often see them quoted as axioms of Holy Writ; and sometimes persons have ascribed to Shakespeare some apothegm of Job, David, or Isaiah.

Coming down over a space of two hundred years to Sir Walter Scott, we have another circle of brilliant creations, produced by that great novelist. He wrote on the same level as Shakespeare. He wrote of the aristocracy and for the aristocracy, and for that very reason he was all the more popular with classes who love to look to a rank above their own for their ideals of heroic deeds and chivalric virtues. All his life long he fascinated the reading ranks of society with such ideals, whether they were based on historical facts, or were the pure fictions of his genius. In both he favoured the genteel discrepancies of aristocratic life, and softened the aspect of its easy moralities. Making the best of its moral and social habits, he brings out his leading figures with the glamour of a few brilliant vices, as if it would brighten the sheen of their virtues in the eyes of the world. And doubtless he was correct in his appreciation of the tastes of his age and generation. He knew that Leicester and Marmion would be insipid characters without the wine and relish of criminal passion, or moral obliquity. It would be a nice and difficult question to settle, whether vice or virtue supplied the most attractive characteristic of his creations. They presented both in a popular and brilliant aspect, and made both equally genteel and admirable. They entertained the fashionable public of the age with delicious pictures of high life and society. They were a luxury to the parlour and boudoir; but it is very doubtful if they ever stirred a human sympathy to action to soften the rough pathways of poverty and suffering, or moved one to any heroic deeds of charity and benevolence to the



friendless and fallen. We have no reason to believe they ever ameliorated the discipline of a prison or poor-house, or humanised a Draconic law, or generated a helpful influence in behalf of the industrial masses of the people. His characters and their life belonged to another world, to be regarded by the common people as distant and inaccessible objects of admiration, leaving no footprints for their humble feet to follow; no deeds which they could imitate.

A host of other brilliant writers have followed Scott in these upper walks of social life, and hundreds probably will imitate his example for a generation to come. They love to air their genius and build their castles on these serene heights of aristocratic society, and to show the lower world what ideals of romantic chivalry, of love, purity and patriotism royal and noble and gentle blood can only produce. And the fact is worthy of notice, that every one of these writers belongs to the middle class of society, which, they seem to imply, is too poor in manly and womanly virtues to produce even the small and feeble basis of fact for ideals which their genius could make attractive to the reading world. And I think we almost owe it as an act of justice to the titled and hereditary nobility and gentry thus idealised, to remember that they themselves never belauded their own class by claiming the monopoly of such heroes and heroines, or by describing such characters as belonging to their own class alone. Even Disraeli, the author of *Lothair*, was born in the very middle of the middle class, and other writers who preceded him or imitate him in their aristocratic characters, began their literary life on the same level.

We now come to a writer who was to an unexplored world of human life what Columbus was to a new hemisphere of the earth. I say, unexplored, in any honest sense of appreciation. It had been superficially glanced over

to furnish low or comic actors on the stage of exalted characters, as fails to bring out their noble qualities in fuller relief. But Dickens, without previous chart or example to guide him, landed on this half-forgotten shore of human life, and, lighted by his own experience in its hardest and commonest walks, he presented to the world a set of characters out of common men, women and children, which have doubtless made a deeper, a more lasting and healthful impression on the present age than all the ideals taken from the ranks of aristocratic and titled fashion for the last hundred years. There is no miry or thorny by-path of poverty, there is no lane nor alley of hard and suffering life, in which he has not found the material and suggestion for some hero or heroine of minor virtue; some living impersonation of moral courage, faith, patience, gentleness, tenderness, love, or purity. There is no brilliant nor fashionable vice, no form of hypocrisy, or untruthful pretension; there is no iniquity established by a lord; no stingy habit, nor hard-hearted institution; no sham nor shameful inhumanity in private or public life, in school-house, poor-house, or prison-house, which he has not impersonated in his creations and shown to the world in its most repulsive aspects. I think it is not too much to say, that no writer of fiction ever made the public laugh with more healthy laughter, or weep with more healthy tears, than Charles Dickens. For he makes no one laugh at crime, or weep for experiences that are not true and frequent in common life. Thus he has set more of the practical sympathies of benevolence at work than any other novelist, living or dead. It is just as impossible to measure the ameliorating influence he brought to bear upon the spirit and discipline of prisons, poor-houses, schools, law courts, and other institutions in Great Britain, as it is to measure the value of a day's rain in summer on a dusty continent. His ideals met the urgent necessities

of his age and country. He produced them in the right order of succession, and the public recognized in them impersonations of qualities and characters that were true to nature and common to society. His 'Old Curiosity Shop' was full of vivid ideals that seemed strange; but they were actual, living facts merely put under the microscopic power of his genius, which magnified but did not distort them. Hundreds of mothers, on both sides of the Atlantic, recognized the sweet, meek face of his little Nell in the little daughter they had loved and lost. His Quilp was detested, hated, and avoided in every society. Who can tell the worth of his Pecksniff to an age much given to shams and pretentious seeming? Then, what novelist ever lighted the lower walks of common life with such helpful and attainable ideals as his Tom Pinch, Mark Tapley, Daniel Peggotty, his Cheap Jack, Little Dorrit, Barnaby Rudge, and other humble but brave heroes who battled with the hard lots of common men?

Turning to American writers, I think we must admit that no human ideal was ever created on this continent that so impressed the world, and, 'like a blind Samson,' so shook the pillars of our nation as Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom. Millions on both sides of the Atlantic saw him dying under the lash, the lacerated impersonation of the cruelties and degradation which slavery would and did inflict on human beings. For a whole year long, Uncle Tom stood up before every Court in Europe, lifting his black and furrowed visage above all the admired ideals that the novelists of a hundred years had created. There was scarce a reading cottage family in England that did not give him the first place in its tearful sympathy with human suffering. Thus for weeks and months a representative of four millions of African slaves was raised from his low level and placed before half of Christendom in the very front rank of

those ideal beings which the world's best genius has created out of the actual histories of human experience.

It may be said, to the credit of most American writers, that, if they have not followed Dickens on the same plan of human experience, they have not gone abroad to glean for ideals in the glorified preserves of royal or noble blood. They have taken their characters generally from the highest walks of American life, though such walks are frequently so far removed from the observation and experience of common men and women that one may well wonder in what sections of American society they are to be found.

But if *Old England* has given a Shakespeare to the world, to dramatise its grandest histories, and to enrich its foremost nations with the sublime statuary of his great ideals, *New England* has given to a world as wide a Longfellow, as the poet of the human heart and its unwritten and unspoken emotions and experiences. No two poets were ever sundered by such spaces of dissimilarity. No other two ever dropped into the world's mind thoughts so immortal, yet so different in their breathing force and generating life. Dryden supplies the best comparison between the great poet of human history and the world-beloved poet of the human heart:

' Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown;  
He raised a mortal to the skies  
She drew an angel down.'

Certainly no poet ever drew more angels down to the companionship, to the aid and comfort of common men and women, than Longfellow. No one ever idealised the experiences of their hearts and lives so truthfully, tenderly and vividly. There is not a hope or faith that has stayed them in the beating flood of affliction which he has not impersonated in some character, whose face is like the face of a son or daughter at their own fire-side. No other poet, living or dead, has shown us so many angel-beaten paths between the

Here and the Hereafter, and lighted them with so many lamps all the way to the Celestial City. The critics and connoisseurs of scientific poetry tell us he cannot be ranked with the masters of the art, that he lacks nerve and force; that he does not thunder and lighten with mighty thoughts and grand conceptions, half hidden and half revealed. This may be true. There is none of the majestic roll and flow of Tennyson's genius, nor the mystic and misty touch of Browning, nor the wild, weird strength of fancy-mad Swinburne. It is one of his simplest poems, in title, diction, figure and flow. But no other poem ever written has so entered into the very blood and bone of the common reading world as those few words: 'The young man said to the Psalmist.' It is safe to say that no other poem has been committed to memory by so many thousands on both sides of the Atlantic; no other so often quoted or referred to, or made the text or inspiration of so many parallel thoughts; none that is making its way into so many languages. As an illustration of its power to touch the universal heart of mankind with its truth and beauty, a single incident may suffice. A few years ago, it is said, the Secretary of the British Embassy at Peking, translated 'The Psalm of Life' into the common vernacular Chinese, and wrote it on the door-posts of the building. A mandarin of high rank, passing by, stopped to read it. He was struck with its sweetness and beauty even in such a translation, and he put it in the classic language of the country and sent it to Longfellow, written on a splendid Chinese fan.

If this were the only production of the poet, it would enshrine him forever in its own beautiful immortality. It can never die. Its spirit and utterance must run parallel with the attributes of human nature in all the ages to come. It matters not on what level of life, or in what direction a man may shape his pilgrimage on earth, 'The

Psalm of Life' will tune his hope-beats to all the steps of the journey from childhood to old age. Never were simple words voiced with such instrumental music of every cadence and mode of expression. We hear the bugle of faith sound the reveille over a sleeping camp. We feel our own feet beat time to the tread of the march, when the clarion of honest ambition sounds loud and clear over the bright morning of radiant hope. As the day deepens with human experience, we begin to hear the muffled drum 'beating funeral marches to the grave.' We see the obstinate Past and the living Present close in 'the battle of life.' We hear its trumpets and the shout of its heroes. Vivid images and brave voices of cheer thicken as we listen. Every line of the poem impersonates a glorious truth. They are all alive with human blood and breath. First, we have the Psalmist himself, who has drawn out the young man's remonstrance. We know what manner of moralist he is, and what he has been saying to the young man. He is one of the old constitutional croakers, who has made 'Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs' the daily food of his thoughts. His lips are weary with doleful Jeremiahs over the shortness and vanity of life; just as if the Now were the Forever, it would be the best Heaven that God could create for the human soul. With his long, sallow face and warning voice, he has been pouring one of these old ditties of grief into the young man's ears. The young man has heard it before, as he hears it now. The better intuitions of his own heart dictate the reply. See how he turns the old man's mortality argument into stimulus to brave hope, duty and action. See how he makes an honest human life stir the very earth with the footsteps of its heroic endeavour, singing its songs by night, and beating its foes by day. See how he calls to young and old to fill the heart with a great purpose, and bear it into the

strife with a faith and courage that shall never wane nor waver. Mark how every succeeding verse of the poem echoes with the voices of cheer and hope and victory that come up to us out of the conflict.

Some clever critics have almost reproached Longfellow, for singing so much in the minor mode of pathos; as if he would dim the eyes of the reader to his lack of power by filling them with the dew of sympathy with some sad experience or emotion. They have even had the heart to insinuate that there was a method in assuming this pathetic mood. But all his poems prove that this tender sentiment of sympathy is the spontaneous and vital breath of his intense humanity. It pervades all his works like a living spirit. You may feel its pulse in every line. How tenderly it breathes in *Evangeline*, in *Hiawatha*, in his poems on *Slavery*, 'The Footsteps of Angels,' 'The Bridge,' 'The Goblet of Life,' 'The Reaper and the Flowers.' Take his 'Resignation,' for example, and ask the thousands of bereaved parents on both sides of the Atlantic, who have dried their eyes over that poem while sitting silent under the shadow of the great affliction, whether they can believe that the spirit it breathes was a mere simulated sentiment of a poet, whose heart had never been touched with the sorrow he describes. It is the poet himself who stands in the doorway of his own darkened home, and, with his back to the outside world, folds the hand of his weeping wife in his own, and speaks to her of the dear one gone to a brighter life, leaving fresh footprints all the way to the heavenly city. How beautifully and tenderly he unfolds the unbroken continuity of existence and growth, transforming death and all the accessories of the tomb into the dawning light and welcome home of the life immortal! What poem in the English language of the same length is so full of varied and vivid idealism? Mark the succession of images that

runs through every verse; all combining their significance in the concluding sentiment.

What his glorious apostrophe to 'The Ship of State' is to American patriots, 'The Village Blacksmith' is to the great masses of the boundless commonwealth of labour, who read or hear its brave words of hope and cheer. I have heard it sung to thousands of them in England, and they would burst out in an expression of enthusiasm that shook the building before the line was finished. They were sweat-faced men 'with large and sinewy hands,' who had but dim perception of artistic music, but the words of the poet were more than music to their souls; and when he drew the picture of the patient, brave, hopeful, self-reliant, and self-standing Blacksmith, they hailed him as their highest beautiful ideal of manly dignity and heroism. Notice how the whole description of this valiant artisan shapes itself into the great moral contained in the last verse.

No other living or modern poet has written on so many different subjects as Longfellow. What 'distinct voices seemed to say' to him in his woodland dreams, he has obeyed from his first to his last song. 'All forms of sorrow and delight' he has sung as no other poet ever sang them. He could find in the humble life of French peasantry in Nova Scotia a heroine in Kirtle, whose beautiful graces will give her name a place in the heart of the world which Homer's Helen, Dante's Beatrice, or Tennyson's Guinevere will never hold nor attain. He did not need to set heaven ablaze with war and make its golden streets resound with the tread of mailed seraphs. He did not need to imitate the profane audacity of Milton, and put the unsanctified speech of human thoughts into the holy lips of God. He did not need to dramatise heaven and hell, to interchange their history, and alternate their *dramatis personæ* on the same theatrical stage. No, he found

in the battle of common life heroes and heroines more indigenous to humanity, whose faith, purity, truth, courage and victories will ever be dearer and nearer and more helpful to the great, every-day world of living men and women than all the artistic characters in the *Paradise Lost*, or *Mort d'Arthur*.

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WILD ROSES.

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

O'ER the wild rose-bush  
 Humming-birds hover,  
 Butterflies poise on the trembling leaves ;  
 Delicate petals,  
 Parting, discover  
 Yellow-thighed honey bees, —dainty thieves.

By the wild rose-bush  
 Stands a fair maiden,  
 Loving the flowers with rapturous eyes ;  
 Humming-birds vanish,  
 Bees, honey-laden,  
 Dart away swiftly, forsaking their prize.

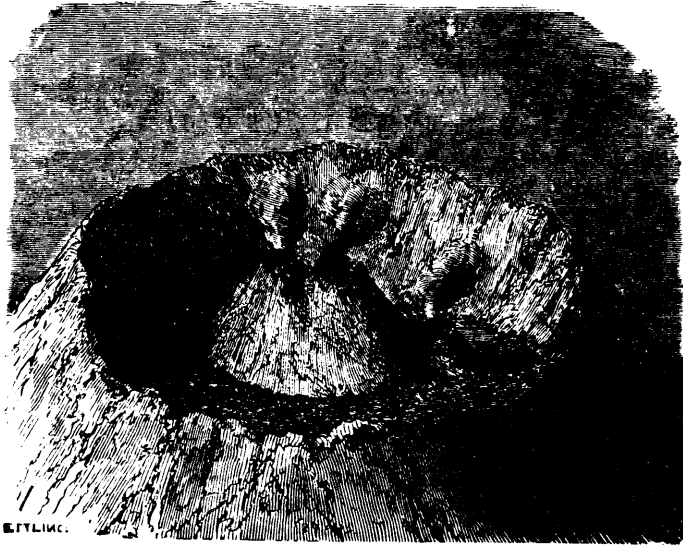
Down the lone wood-path,  
 Where the lane closes,  
 Arched o'er by maples, joyous with song,  
 Comes the fair maiden  
 Blooming with roses :  
 Bright blooming roses to maidens belong.

## SOMETHING MORE ABOUT VOLCANOES.

BY E. C. BRUCE.

IN the blazing chimneys of a blast-furnace at night we have a very striking spectacle, familiar as it is. By day, the incandescent gases that form the waving red flag of the iron-master are less visible, but great volumes of smoke float abroad over a blackened country, where many forms of vegetation are blighted, grass is smothered and the trunks of trees don a dingy cloak. It is an artificial volcano on a small scale, with several craters, an attendant desert corresponding to that which surrounds Hecla, and a steady accumulation on the soil of the products of combustion. We approach the cupola amid the deafening clank of trip-hammers and whirl of fly-wheels in no feeble mimicry of the groans of the Titans under Ossa or Enceladus under Etna. The heat grows more and more oppressive as we draw toward the centre of activity. Presently, an opening is formed, and a white-hot torrent of slag, or lava, pours slowly forth. This cools so rapidly that the gases imprisoned within its substance have not time to escape. They thus give the hardened mass, generally, a cellular or porous structure and a comparatively low specific gravity. On the surface a crust forms immediately, and you may soon walk upon it without prejudice to your shoes, as the Vesuvian tourists traverse the still-moving lava and light their way with torches improvised by thrusting their walking-sticks into the crevices. Altogether, the rehearsal of the phenomena of an eruption is, as far as it goes, exact. It would be more so were a mound of earth and rock heaped up around the furnace

and its vent, while unlimited fuel continued to be supplied at the buried base. Dump into the chimney a quantity of material like that which surrounds it, add some barrels of water, and hurry out of the way. A violent ejection of lava in a vertical direction will take the place of the sluggish lateral flow we have witnessed. Cooled still more quickly by its more rapid passage through the atmosphere, it becomes more porous and lighter. It may resemble pumice. But there can be no such variety of mineral forms as that yielded by volcanoes. Lime, iron and clay, as a rule, comprise the contents of the furnace, with but a trifle of the characteristic element of sulphur, with which smelters of iron have as little to do as possible. The subterranean laboratory is infinite in its resources, and they appear in all the combinations heat can produce. The crystalline marble of the statuary, the granite of the builder, the gold-bearing quartz that enriches states, and the gem that glitters on the brow of beauty are but a few of the fruits of the same alembic. The lava itself varies greatly in the density of its structure, as, to a less extent, does its relative of the iron-furnace. Its gradations in this respect lie between basalt, or the almost equally hard paving-stones of Pompeii, and the delicate floating fibres scattered by Mauna Loa over the island at its base, and termed by the natives the hair of their ancient goddess Pelé. The latter substance is the result of a current of cold air passing sharply across the surface of an outpour of lava, and has been recently reproduced artificially



CRATER OF VESUVIUS IN 1845.

at the great iron-works of Essen. It resembles spun glass, and may, like it, be used as a textile. Pumice, which is lighter than water, and in great eruptions has been known to cover square miles of sea, is a more familiar form.

Man has naturally been always curious about the chimneys of his spherical dwelling-place. He is fond of observing them from below, and, when he can, from above. Vesuvius is one of the stock shows of Italy, like the Apollo and the Coliseum. Two generations ago 'its blaze' was 'a usual sight to gaping tourists from its hackneyed height.' It is still more so now, the telegraph enabling lovers of the marvellous to stay at home till the last moment, and traverse Europe between the last preliminary throes and the actual outbreak. After the construction of a few more railways on the west coast of South America we shall, on our side of the Atlantic, be able to make pleasure excursions at short notice to Sangay, Sorata and Antuco, each of which in round numbers exceed in altitude by fifty percent, Vesuvius piled on Etna.

Free from danger, seated in a region where the fire-mountain and the mastodon seem equally extinct, let us take a peep into these fiery secrets of the under-world. We have the advantage over the jackdaw studying the hole in the millstone, in that our view is not met by utter darkness. We climb, for example, with Spallanzani and his successors to the top of Stromboli. A third of the way down the mountain-side, opposite to that by which we ascended, we see the bowl of white-hot broth that has been full and bubbling without the slightest intermission for at least twenty-three centuries. At intervals more or less regular it boils over with a splutter that shakes the earth and sends a spray of incandescent rocks into the sea, which grumbles the while like a blacksmith's water-barrel when he cools a bar of iron from the anvil. Or, turning our backs on this very moderate specimen of a volcanic vent, we step to the Sandwich Islands and skirt the six square miles of molten lava at Kilauea, the lower and secondary crater of Mauna Loa. It would melt down two Strombolis, and the five hundred feet through

which it rises and falls would scarce be so increased, by the throwing of them into the basin, as to cause the overflow which has long been looked for in vain. Vaster still, though not at present occupied by lava, is the cavity of Dasar in Java. Standing on its brim, three hundred feet high, one can scarcely perceive a horseman in the middle, and to traverse its utterly barren expanse, deep with cinders, is a fatiguing march. There are, moreover, craters within craters, like a cup and saucer, the cup reversed and a hole in its bottom. This is a common form, the interior cone being composed of the later ejections, and changing shape and dimensions with

the fluctuations in the activity of the volcano. Etna and Vesuvius vary their profile in a course of years by the growth and decrease of this mound. It sometimes rises several hundred feet above the level of the wall of the main crater, and its disappearance correspondingly reduces the apparent height of the mountain.

The size of the crater does not bear any fixed relation to that of the volcano to which it belongs. The diameter of the summit-basin of Volcano, one of the Lipari Islands, which has the honour of having contributed the generic name, is, for instance, three thousand feet, the mountain rising but twelve hundred feet above the sea; while



STROMBOLI.

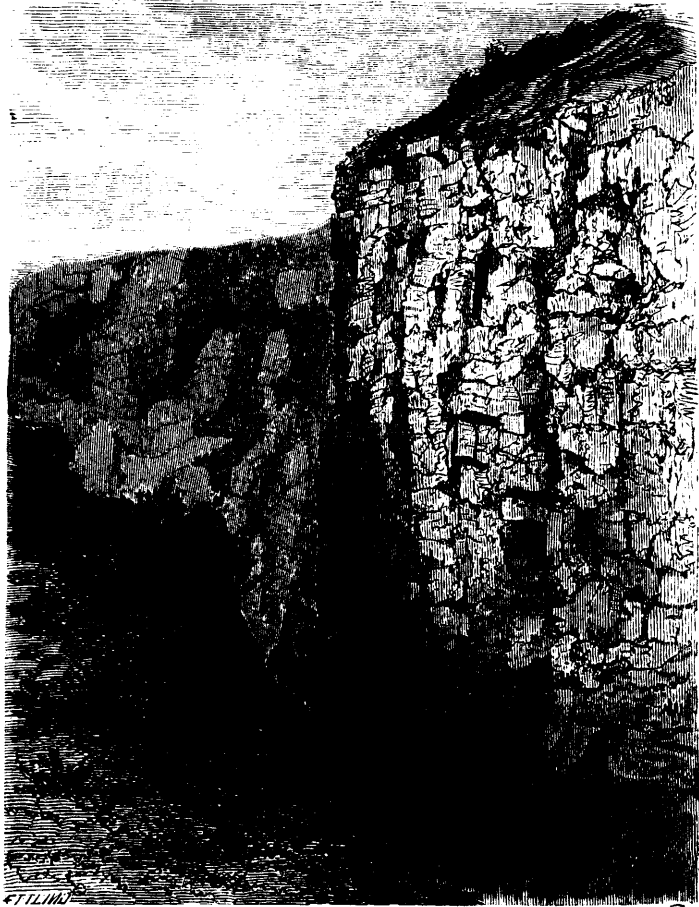
Etna, with an elevation of nearly eleven thousand feet, has a crater but half as large. Etna, in turn, excels in this feature the Peak of Teneriffe, which is fourteen hundred feet higher, and has emitted from its narrow mouth the substance of the whole island upon which in one sense it stands and which in another it composes.

Some mountains have a plurality of

craters. Colima, in Mexico, projects smoke and lava simultaneously from two; the volcano of the Isle de Bourbon has three, erected upon cones of considerable magnitude; and the Gunung Salam of Java is provided with six.

Again, not only do mountains which possess craters, or even a relay of them, frequently neglect to use them in their





WARLS OF THE CRATER OF KILAUEA.

moments of frenzy, and branch off, like some human spouters, into side-issues, but there are volcanoes devoid of terminal craters altogether. Among those is Antisana, nineteen thousand feet high. Nor can Ararat be said to possess one. This famous hill, 17,210 feet above the sea and 14,000 above the surrounding plain, only took its place in the ranks of active volcanoes in 1840, after a silence running back beyond the event which gives it celebrity. The eruption of that year is unfortunately less minutely chronicled than the voyage of the ark, but it ap-

pears to have proceeded from an opening in the flank of the mountain.

As water is so important an agent in the production of volcanic throes, it is looked to by those who have an immediate and fearful interest in the matter to give warning of an approaching convulsion. The wells, they say, sink and the springs disappear, as the departure of the savages from the vicinity of the settlements used to be token to our frontiers-men an Indian war. The element, so powerful as a friend and an enemy, begins its attack by drawing in its pickets. The time



MOUNT BOURBON.

for preparation may be a few hours or it may be some days, but when the wells change level it has come. So it was at Naples in 1779, 1806 and 1822. At the same time, the sign is not infallible, nor does it always manifest itself when an eruption is at hand. A cause for the frequent occurrence of the phenomenon is easy to suggest. The expulsion of an enormous volume of matter, solid or gaseous, must pro-

duce a vacuum, and any surface fluid within reach will be absorbed to fill it. An infusion of the water with clay, scoriæ or other matter by the direct action of the expulsive force, changing its colour to white, red or black, admits of as ready an explanation. When such portents are followed closely by a preliminary growl from the awakening monster, the crisis cannot be far off. The move-

ments of the imprisoned gases which thus make themselves felt may or may not be attended by marked tremors of the surface. Generally, they are comparatively slight, and are confined to the immediate neighbourhood.

The sympathy of ocean is sometimes as early in showing itself. Earthquakes are commonly accompanied by an agitation of the sea, but it sometimes occurs at the moment of an eruption. This happened at the destruction of Herculaneum, and at the outbreak of the mountain in 1775. A few hours before the latter eruption, with no perceptible movement of the land the waves fled from the Neapolitan coast so suddenly and so far that the inhabitants thought the bottom of the sea had fallen through at some remote point.

The dwellers in volcanic lands do not always wait for any of these warnings. Observation and experience seem to have provided them with a special sense they cannot define, and not possessed by strangers. In 1835, for example, Vesuvius gave forth none of the recognized notes of danger, yet those who had spent their lives at its base were conscious of an approaching crisis. The air, they said, was heavy and oppressive—very calm, though not warmer than usual. May this sensation, frequently noted, on like occasions elsewhere be due to a discharge of carbonic acid gas, rolling down the sides of the mountain, and mingling with the atmosphere before it separates and sinks?

This gas, combined with sulphurous and hydrochloric gas, and with steam, exists abundantly in the vertical jet of smoke and cinders thrown out at the moment of eruption—Pliny's 'pine tree.' This column, the vanguard of the Plutonic invasion, is driven through the before unbroken crust of the crater with immense force. Comparatively light as it is, it rises to a height of hundreds, and even thousands, of yards before dispersing horizontally. Far above it rise the more solid matters of ejection, especially the hollow globes of incandescent and viscous lava, which, as they cool, derive a spherical form from rotation. A sheaf of these balls of fire was seen one hundred and eighty miles at sea when the eruption of Kotlugaia occurred in 1860—an angle implying an elevation of twenty-four thousand feet, or near-



SMOKE COLUMN.

ly five miles. They were heard to burst at a distance of a hundred miles.

The column of smoke by day becomes one of fire by night. This is due to the reflection from the molten lava which boils beneath and is hurled aloft in fragments. Lightning is also produced, visible by day, when a high electrical tension is reached; and thunder from above mingles with that below. The emission of actual flame from the crater has been a disputed



LAVA-JET, MAUNA LOA.

point. Spallanzani, Gay-Lussac, Poulett-Scrope, Brongniart and Waltershausen, after observation during long periods of volcanoes in every part of the world, united in declaring that they never detected it. They denied the presence of hydrogen or other inflammable gas. Bunzen and Fouque, however, detected hydrogen in eruptions on the islands of Iceland, Santorin and Lanzerote. Sir H. Davy, Elie de Beaumont and Pilla avow that

they distinctly saw flames issue from Vesuvius and Etna; and the later observations of Abich seem to establish the existence of flame. It is, however, not conspicuous enough to be notable among the luminous effects of eruptions. Practically, as applied to volcanoes, the word remains a *façon de parler*.

The eight yards of ashes and rapilli enveloping Pompeii cease to surprise in face of more modern illustrations of the mass of these substances sometimes ejected. That thrown out by Hecla in 1766 covered a breadth of a hundred and fifty miles. The cinders from Timboro, half a century later, were carried nearly nine hundred miles.

The cinders, when they fall, are rarely dry, although incandescent at the time of discharge. They absorb water from the volumes of steam which pass out simultaneously. We have here an explanation of the casts of the human form found at Pompeii and perpetuated by means of plaster. The victims were enveloped in a paste which hardened ere decomposition set in, and attained, under pressure, a consistency capable of resisting the force of the gases resulting from that process.

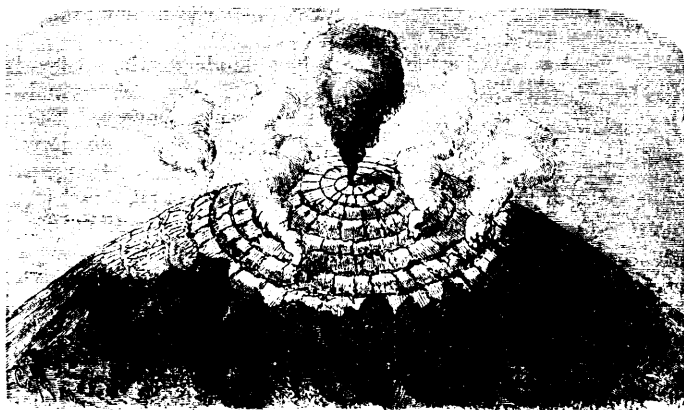
In chemical composition volcanic ashes vary. Vauquelin's analysis of some from Etna shows, in large proportion, silica, sulphate of lime, sulphuret of iron and alumina; and, in smaller, magnesia, carbon, copper and sulphur. Volcanic soils are, as a rule, noted for their fertility. Gypsum and potash abound in them. The latter is a chief ingredient in granite, which is lava cooled under pressure.

All grades of projectiles are used by the subterranean artillery. The sand and rapilli discharged with the ashes correspond to drop-shot. The bombs, already mentioned, are of dimensions as various as those employed by military engineers. They are alleged to differ in size according to the elevation of the mountains from which they are

fired. A howitzer like Stromboli carries shells of a few inches in diameter, while such Rodman monsters as Cotopaxi bombard heaven and earth with hollow shot of two or three yards calibre. They leave the crater with about the same velocity imparted by gunpowder—from twelve to fifteen hundred feet per second.

A curious fact has been noted in connection with the formation of lava. Many of the minerals composing it give no evidence of having undergone complete fusion. Crystals of augite are expelled by Stromboli; and in the lavas of other volcanoes occur other

crystalline substances easily fusible, and yet unchanged by their incandescent matrix. The large crystals of feldspar found in porphyritic granite, with the sharp mechanical separation of the other constituents of that rock, are additional illustrations. Dolomieu undertakes to explain this by supposing that the volcanic heat insinuates itself between the molecules of crystals like water among the particles of the salts which it dissolves, the one like the other leaving the original forms intact when it disappears. The same philosopher takes sulphur to be the flux that imparts fluidity to granite.



LAVA-BED, MOUNT BOURBON.

Others maintain that sulphur is by no means an invariable component, and that another flux must be sought. This they conceive to be found in water, abundant in all lava when erupted, escaping in the shape of steam when it cools freely in the open air, and absorbed by crystallization when the cooling occurs quickly or under pressure. The most remarkable and conspicuous effect in the latter case is the formation of basalt. Of this rock we shall have more to say in noticing pre-historic volcanoes, for it is so rarely associated with recent eruptions that its igneous origin was, down to the present century, warmly disputed. It exists, however, at the base of Etna,

and in excavations made through the lavas upon its side. A prismatic formation of the same character is found in the crater of Vulcano. The prisms, usually hexagonal, but exhibiting many other polygons, are erected perpendicularly to the plane of refrigeration. They are therefore inclined at every angle. They are, according to the thickness of the bed, of all lengths, from an inch to nearly four hundred feet. One island of the Cyclops, and the Basaltic island, Trezza, display the columns in every position.

Chili is exceptionally rich—if such a term can be applied to so unpleasant a kind of wealth—in volcanoes. Her limits include the loftiest in the world.



THE GUNUNG SUMBING.

Aconcagua and Tupungato rise to the heights respectively of 23,100 and 22,000 feet. The former rears its central cone in the midst of twelve others, the baker's dozen playing together with perfect unanimity, and not by turns, as usually happens with neighbouring vents. Antuco, of nearly the same height, has been more thoroughly explored, owing to its greater accessibility. Far exceeding Cotopaxi, and still more Teneriffe, in elevation, it joins them in the exceptional sharpness of its apex among the volcanoes of the globe. It rises by three stages or stories. The lowest is composed of the prevailing rocks of the Andes, and swells from the foot-hills of the coast with a comparatively moderate slope, which increases to a grade of fifteen or twenty degrees on the main cone. The upper portion of this, for twelve hundred feet, is white with perpetual snow, and is terminated by a circular

platform or ledge around the base of the smaller cone, which ascends with the still sharper inclination of thirty to thirty-five degrees, thus giving a beautifully-curved profile to the whole mountain. The crater is elliptical in form, not more than two hundred yards in its longest dimension. It never sends out lava, that substance finding egress from crevices a long way below, but is in the habit of projecting heavy stones to a height so great that they have been known to fall among passing caravans twelve leagues off. Such is the statement of M. Pöppig, based upon local accounts. A steady column of smoke rises from two thousand to three thousand feet above the summit. White steam blends sometimes with the smoke, and, rising to a vast height, separates itself and floats off in a broad cloud. Before this has been absorbed by the atmosphere or the distance, another and an-

other will take shape and follow in its wake, all visible at once. Slowly they drift together and coalesce, and a rain-cloud gladdens the green valleys far below.

A phenomenon wholly peculiar to the Chilian volcanoes has been noted by a number of scientific voyagers. This is a glow, like broad flashes of lightning, which in the nights of summer crowns the summits and brightens the whole sky. It is neither preceded nor followed by storms, and its electric nature is doubted. Perhaps the extreme rarefaction of the atmosphere at a height so far above the other volcanoes of the globe permits the inflamed gases to traverse a wider space

before extinction, and to be more distinctly visible.

The simile 'kindling fire through ice like Hecla's flame' loses its point when we recall the buried deposits of ice found on Etna and many other volcanoes. An overlay of loose and porous rocks—bad conductors of heat as volcanic rocks generally are—produces these natural, or unnatural, refrigerators. We have already had occasion to note the singular alternation of alliance and antagonism between fire and water, resulting in the most violent repulsion and the most intimate combination. Nowhere is the association more striking or multiform than in Iceland. There, the two ele-



THE FRIAR'S PEAK.

ments have separate sets of craters. The Geysers have ceased to be unique since the discovery of fountains resembling them in California, in New Zealand and on the head waters of the Missouri, but for magnitude and beauty they remain unrivalled. In their structure and methods of action we see something regular, finished and

artistic. They rank with the symmetrical crystal, the calyx of a flower and the perfect level of the sea among the workmanlike, as opposed to the accidental and amorphous shapes of creation. The funnel of a volcano, when inactive, cannot be probed by the eye. Heaps of scoræ or indurated lava conceal the opening, and we can



HECLA.

only speculate as to whether it is capped with a vaulted coverlid or corked with a long core that penetrates to the internal fires. At the Great Geyser, on the contrary, you stand upon a regularly-formed mound some eighty feet across and of slight elevation. At your feet opens a circular basin of half that diameter and eight or ten feet deep, coated with silicious concretions like moss encrusted with silver. In the centre of this cavity you see, when the perfectly-transparent water is at rest, a cylin-

drical canal, ten feet across at its mouth and gradually narrowing as its enameled tube sinks out of sight. The water, when in repose, fills the basin to the brim, and the fiercest and loftiest jets cause but little of it to flow down the sides of the mound. These explosions are preceded by sounds like distant cannon. Large bubbles rise to the surface, which grows convex, and the boiling column shoots to a height of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet.

The Strocker (Churn) has formed no



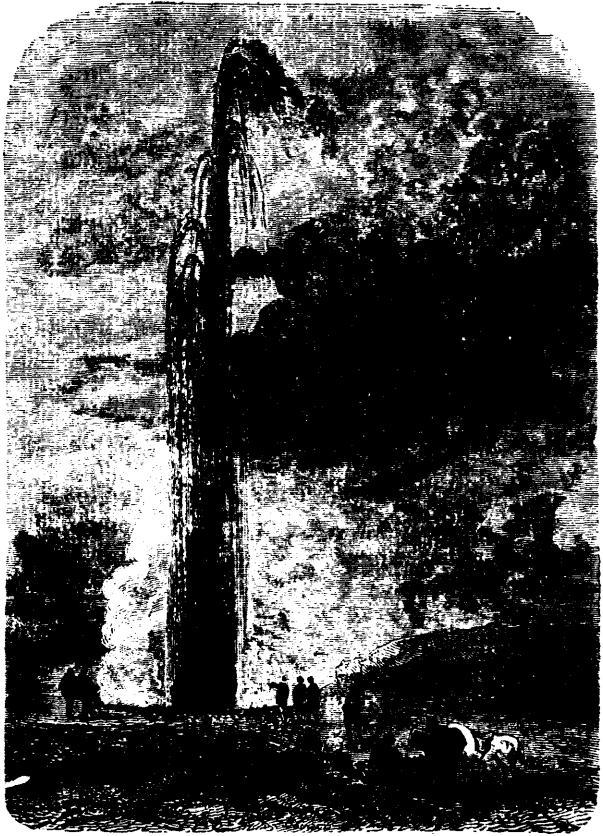
FORMATION OF A GEYSER.



mound, but rises from a slight depression in the plain. Its water, of a yellowish tint though perfectly clear, sometimes sinks twenty or thirty feet below the orifice. This is five feet in diameter. The tube, perfectly round, dwindles as it descends. Its jets attain even a greater height than those of its neighbour, and are longer sustained. Henderson reports having seen one rise for three-quarters of an hour continuously to an elevation at some moments of two hundred feet. Ohlsen saw the column maintained at a fourth less than that height for a period more than twice as long.

The Strocker is modern, having been an inconsiderable hot spring eighty years ago, when the third and oldest of the stormy trinity, the Old Geyser, was silenced. A convulsion of the soil swept off thirty or forty feet of the low hill on which it rose. The canals which fed the fountain were thus brought to light. The Geyser of history dwindled to a couple of basins, the larger perhaps fifteen feet across. The water stands at the same level in both. At the bottom two channels are seen to pass into a sort of cave, clouds of steam from which reveal the boiler that fed the ancient fountain.

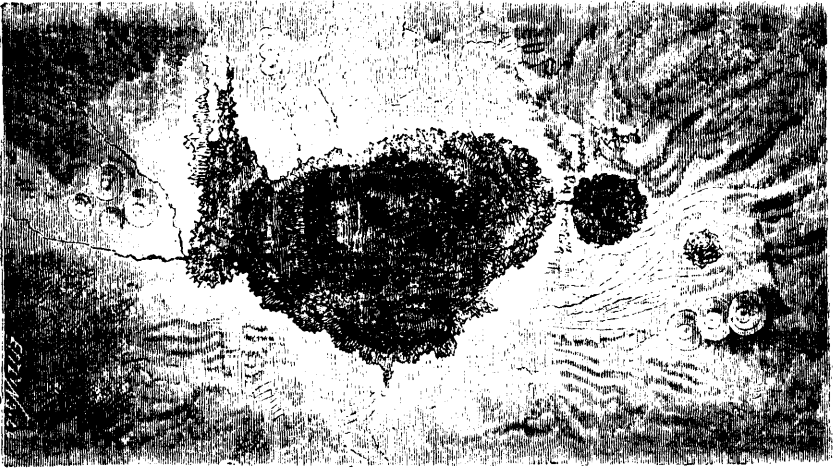
An idea of the Geyser apparatus may be gathered from the accompanying cut. The jets are due to a reciprocation of pressure between water



THE STROCKER.

and steam in an underground reservoir. Heat is supplied by volcanic fires far above the boiling point. When the steam reaches a sufficient pressure, its expansion drives out the water; the weight of which, in returning at a reduced temperature, combines with the lowered heat to compress the steam until it can muster strength for a new effort. Water in the liquid and water in the vaporized state have by turns the mastery. The vertical pipes are never empty, so that the pressure of the water is constant, and the steam can gain only temporary and partial relief.

The solfataras, illustrated by that of Pozzuoli near Naples, have a closer



TERMINAL CRATER OF MAUNA LOA.

connection with existing volcanoes. They represent an earlier stage on the road to extinction marked out by the other classes of foci we have just named. That of Pozzuoli, like everything else on the shores of the marvellous bay, has been exhaustively studied. Geologists are a unit in pronouncing it a half-dead volcano. The monster's rocky ribs have almost ceased to heave, his bronchial tubes are clogged, and his parting sighs are dense with sul-

phur. The sympathizing sages who watch his last moments detect from year to year his failing strength. But he is very likely to outlive them. The process of dissolution with so vast a body is slow. It may be preceded by intervals of coma covering four or five centuries, and the vital fires may then again flicker up into convulsions. The Titans measure their threescore and ten not by years, but by æons, and their dying hours by ages.

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• THE HADJI SAID.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

THE Hadji said, "If o'er my tomb  
Should grasses wave and roses bloom,  
And if with tears the spot should be  
Sometimes bedewed for love of me,  
My rest would be a blissful rest,  
And I would count the Hadji blest."

No roses deck the Hadji's grave—  
He sleeps beside a foreign wave—  
And never woman's eye grows dim,  
In that strange land at thought of him;  
And yet, no doubt, the Hadji's rest  
Is quite as sweet as if his breast  
Were by a million roses prest,  
And woman made his grave her quest.

## THE POLITICAL DESTINY OF CANADA.

BY SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.

IT would be uncourteous in me, not to notice the 'Remarks' of Mr. Goldwin Smith on the criticisms which I ventured to submit in the columns of the 'CANADIAN MONTHLY,' on the article from his pen which appeared in the April number of the London *Fortnightly Review*, entitled 'The Political Destiny of Canada.' I regret very much that Mr. Goldwin Smith should be of opinion that in that, or in any other article that I have written, I have applauded abuse that 'a lover of honourable controversy would disdain,' or that I have appealed to prejudice, or made use of taunts. Though I cannot admit that I am liable to such imputations, I am quite ready to withdraw, and apologize for every expression that I have used, to which exception may be taken. I own that I hardly see how the charge of disloyalty, applied to those who advocate the disruption of the subsisting connection with the mother country, can be refuted. Mr. Goldwin Smith has explained his views on this subject with sufficient precision. He is of opinion that 'the only possible basis of government here is the national will; the only security for social order is the recognized justice and expediency of institutions.' . . . 'Here, apart from any republican cant, we must be loyal to the people to whom by right of labour this Continent belongs.' Might not the very same remarks be made with equal correctness regarding Her Majesty's subjects in the United Kingdom, and in other dependencies of the Empire? I believe that the national will is the basis of our monarchy, and that the British people de-

sire to preserve a Constitution, which secures all the liberty that a free people can desire, without impairing the stable authority of an hereditary monarchy. Mr. Goldwin Smith complains of the imputation of disloyalty, and declares that he is 'not so irrational as to be an enemy to monarchy in the abstract,' but 'that hereditary government belongs to the old world,' and that if we rely on the hereditary principle as our safeguard against the dangers of democracy here, 'we shall be leaning on a bruised reed, and building on a frail foundation.' The learned Essayist, who is fond of making 'forecasts,' informs us that 'even in the old world, at least in the more civilized part of it, the hereditary principle appears to have arrived at its last stage of existence,' and yet I am charged with 'invidious exaggeration,' because I have imputed to him that he 'incessantly sneered at monarchical institutions.' In deprecating such speculations as to the future, as those in which Mr. Goldwin Smith has indulged, I stated that I was not presumptuous enough to declare that the subsisting connection 'must be perpetual,' in noticing which statement Mr. Smith adds that I was not presumptuous enough to declare that I thought it 'likely to be perpetual,' or that 'it is not sure to come to an end.' I thought that I had sufficiently indicated my own conviction in the concluding sentence of my remarks: 'I do not believe in the probability of a complete change of allegiance being brought about in any other way than as the result of a civil war, a calamity so fearful that it will not be hazarded,

unless some serious misunderstanding should arise between the two Governments, and I cannot conceive that any such contingency is at all probable.' All that I meant to convey by the remark, which has been criticized, is that I am not so presumptuous as to make 'forecasts' regarding the permanency of the political institutions of any empire, monarchy, or republic, and I am the less inclined to do so, when I find it admitted that revolutions often come at last 'like a thief in the night.' If Mr. Goldwin Smith be convinced that 'the hereditary principle appears to have arrived at its last stage of existence in the old world,' and that 'the elective presidency of the United States is a questionable reproduction of the monarchy of the old world,' and that 'an Executive Council elected with a proper system of rotation by the legislature would probably be the better plan,' I confess that it strikes me that he can have very little confidence in the stability of political institutions of any description. I had been under the erroneous impression that Mr. Goldwin Smith was an admirer of the institutions of the Republic, in which, in his opinion, it is our manifest destiny to be absorbed. I find that I was altogether mistaken, and that he has actually devised an improved system of government for the United States as well as for Canada. The 'elective presidency' should be abolished, and an 'Executive Council elected with a proper system of rotation.' The idea of an Executive Council elected by rotation has, at least, the merit of novelty, but as I own that I fail to comprehend the precise meaning of the Essayist, I shall not venture to discuss the proposition, but shall confine myself to the remark that before making further efforts to persuade the Canadian people to exchange their institutions for those which are confessedly defective, it might be desirable that Mr. Goldwin Smith should devote his energies to procuring that reform in the Consti-

tution of the United States which he has recommended, but which I apprehend is not likely to be adopted.

After a careful perusal of Mr. Goldwin Smith's remarks on my former article, I find myself unable to withdraw, or even to modify my charge, that in his original essay in the *Fortnightly Review* there were 'grave errors of fact.' I can draw no other conclusion than what I have already stated, that the direct aim of the author was to create dissatisfaction in the minds of the Canadian people with the Imperial Government, and to convince them that the subsisting connection was prejudicial to Canada. The errors which I pointed out were grave errors, and cannot be treated as 'relating to secondary points, and to matters less of positive fact than of impression.' Mr. Goldwin Smith charges me with having misconstrued him, as he did not cite the Intercolonial and Pacific Railways as instances of the interference of the Colonial Office with our public works, but as 'instances of the influence of the Imperial connection in prompting us to undertakings from which, if we were guided only by our own interests and our own councils, wisdom might teach us to abstain.' The precise words in the original article on the subject of the Intercolonial Railway were 'into which Canada has been led by Imperial influence, and which, after costing more than four millions sterling, will, as some leading Canadian men of business think, hardly pay for the grease upon the wheels.' My reply to the allegation that Canada was induced to construct the Intercolonial Railway by Imperial influence shall be brief, but, I trust, conclusive. The following is the text of the preamble to the clause in the 'British North America Act' relating to that work:— 'Inasmuch as the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have joined in a declaration that the construction of the Intercolonial Railway is essential to the consolidation of

the Union of British North America, and to the assent thereto of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and have consequently agreed that provision should be made for its immediate construction by the Government of Canada, therefore,' &c., &c. What is said of the Pacific Railway, and of the indemnity for the non-performance of the treaty is, that they 'are too likely, in the opinion of many, to furnish another illustration of the expensiveness of the Imperial connection.' In reply to my distinct and positive assertion that the Imperial Government was in no sense whatever responsible for either of the public works in question, Mr. Goldwin Smith rejoins: 'The Imperial character of the two works will scarcely be disputed when each has received an Imperial guarantee,' and he adds that 'both of them are rather political and military than commercial.' So, in the opinion of Mr. Goldwin Smith, it is consistent with propriety and fairness to represent to the Canadian people that they have been 'led by Imperial influence' to undertake what he represents as unnecessary public works, because, at the urgent solicitation of the Canadian Government, the Imperial Government had the generosity to give it a guarantee, and thus to enable it to raise money on more advantageous terms than it could otherwise have done. I may observe, with regard to the Pacific Railway that it is not strictly correct to describe the Imperial guarantee as given to that work. There is no ground for supposing that an application for a guarantee for that work on its merits would have been granted. The guarantee was given expressly on two grounds, 1st, on the condition that Canada abandoned her claim to a guarantee promised some years previously for the erection of fortifications, and, 2nd, as a compensation for losses incurred by Canada in repelling the Fenian invasions. It was my duty to state the case, in 1872, in my budget speech. The Canadian

Government felt strongly that it was entitled to compensation for its losses owing to the Fenian raids, and the Imperial Government, there is reason to believe, shared that opinion. It was, however, found impossible to obtain redress from the United States, and even if England had admitted her own liability—a very improbable contingency—it would have been a matter of considerable difficulty, and would have involved a great deal of expense and irritation to have established a fixed amount of compensation in money. It happened that, at the very time, when the sanction of the Treaty of Washington was under consideration, Canada, without any consultation with the Imperial Government, agreed with British Columbia to construct the Pacific Railway, and as that work was likely to require a large expenditure it was suggested by the Canadian Government that an Imperial guarantee for part of it would be a satisfactory equivalent for the Fenian compensation claim and the fortification guarantee. I submit that the foregoing statement of facts is a complete refutation of Mr. Goldwin Smith's charge against the Imperial Government with reference to the Pacific Railway.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has referred in the following words to another instance of the disastrous results of British connection. 'The annexation of Manitoba and of British Columbia to Canada—with which the latter, at all events, has no geographical connection—is by some thought to have been a disastrous, by all allowed to have been a most critical, step. It was taken under the auspices of the late Lord Lytton, a brilliant and prolific novelist, brought into the Government to make set speeches.' I pointed out, in my former article, that Lord Lytton was in no sense responsible for either of the measures referred to, and Mr. Goldwin Smith admits in his rejoinder that his expression 'was perhaps not so precise

as it ought to have been, but I meant to refer to the origin, not to the legislative consummation, of the scheme.' What Mr. Goldwin Smith clearly meant, both first and last, was to fasten upon the Imperial Government the responsibility for two measures, which 'some,' including, it is to be inferred, himself, are of opinion were 'disastrous' to Canada, while all admit them to have been 'critical.' I affirm that in both cases the charge is without even the shadow of foundation. Lord Lytton is no more responsible for either of those measures than Mr. Goldwin Smith himself. The Imperial Government, at the solicitation of Canada, lent its valuable assistance in obtaining the surrender of its territorial rights in the North-West from the Hudson's Bay Co. Lord Lytton was Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1858-9, eight years before the enactment of the British North America Act, which contained a provision for the admission of the Colony of British Columbia into the Confederation on such terms and conditions as might be agreed to by the respective Legislatures. After Confederation some three years elapsed before the commencement of negotiations, and it was actually eleven years after Lord Lytton had ceased to be Secretary of State, before those negotiations took place, which resulted in an agreement, which, having been approved of by the respective parties, was, in accordance with addresses from the Senate and House of Commons of Canada and the Legislative Council of British Columbia, confirmed by an order of the Queen in Council. My chief object being to establish the unfairness of Mr. Goldwin Smith's charges against the Imperial Government, I am not called on to defend the policy of the Canadian Government and Parliament. It is sufficient that they alone are responsible to the Canadian people, and that if their policy has been a disastrous one, the *onus* does not lie on British Connection. I

may, however, remark that if I entertained Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion that the manifest destiny of Canada is absorption in the United States, I might possibly concur in his opinion that British Columbia had been acquired at too great a cost to the older Provinces. Holding a different opinion, I maintain that it was sound policy to consolidate the British possessions in North America under one Government. I shall content myself with simply expressing my dissent from Mr. Goldwin Smith's allegation that Colonial Secretaries are 'called upon without knowledge or with only the knowledge picked up from Under Secretaries or Colonial frequenters of the office, to decide upon measures vital to the welfare of young nations. I assume, of course, that Canada is one of the 'young nations,' otherwise the remark would have no bearing on the subject, and Canada has had nothing to complain of for many years in the conduct of Imperial Secretaries of State. I had specified in my former article three inconsistencies which I thought might fairly be imputed to Mr. Goldwin Smith. The first had reference to his statement regarding the government of dependencies. In dealing with these statements which, in his rejoinder, he designates as 'three distinct statements,' I must observe that they were all made in support of the proposition that the subsisting connection between Great Britain and Canada is disadvantageous to the latter. It is for Mr. Goldwin Smith to explain his object in dwelling at some length in his original article on the 'tutelage of the Mother Country.' I have carefully read his original remarks, and I can draw no other inference from them than that they were intended to support his charge against the Imperial Government of 'blundering, jobbery and mischief of all kinds.' I thought and continue to think that there is a manifest inconsistency between that portion of his article, and another part,

in which, in a wholly different connection but still with the same object in view, he accounts for Canada not having yet thrown off her allegiance like the American dependencies of Spain, Portugal, France and Holland on the ground 'of the reduction of Imperial Supremacy to a form'—Mr. Goldwin Smith's articles are an impeachment of the Imperial Government and yet he admits that 'self-government is independence; perfect self-government is perfect independence, and all the questions that arise between Ottawa and Downing St., including the recent question about appeals are successively settled in favour of self-government.' I do not imagine that there would be any difference of opinion among Canadians as to the correctness of the 'three distinct statements,' 1st, that 'political tutelage, while it was really exercised, was an evil.' 2nd, that 'to exercise it now would be absurd,' and 3rd, that 'through successive concessions to the principle of self-government political tutelage has been tending to extinction.' I would myself go further, and in accordance with Mr. Goldwin Smith's own language, would maintain that it is extinct. I must add that I have a right to complain of the allegation that 'each of these statements is unpalatable to Sir Francis Hincks.' It happens, owing to my having survived nearly all of my contemporaries, who were engaged with me in the old conflicts of the past, that there is no man now living, who took as prominent a part, as I did, in putting an end to that political tutelage, which I am charged with favouring, and yet elsewhere Mr. Goldwin Smith remarks that 'it is trying to patience to see men who have spent half their public lives in reducing the power of the Crown to a shadow turn round and denounce us as traitors, because we cannot take the shadow for a substance.' If I am one of those pointed at, as I can scarcely doubt, I deny that I have desired to reduce the power of the Crown or of its repre-

sentative, to a shadow. I believe it to be most desirable in the interest of the Canadian people that the Governor-General should exercise precisely the same constitutional prerogatives as the Sovereign. The second inconsistency that I charged against Mr. Goldwin Smith was that he maintained that there were 'no questions great enough to divide parties in Canada, while he mentioned in his article questions quite important enough 'to form dividing lines.' His rejoinder is that 'Protection can hardly be called a political question at all,' because in Canada as in the United States 'the line of division between Protectionists and Free Traders crosses the line of division between political parties,' the meaning of which must be that there are some stronger lines of division between parties than Free Trade and Protection. This, if true, certainly does not strengthen Mr. Goldwin Smith's position that there are no questions on which parties can be formed. I know no difference between parliamentary and party government, and, therefore, I cannot admit that it is unfair to substitute one term for the other. If there were no political question of sufficient importance to divide parties there would be a difference of opinion in the House of Commons as to the best men to be charged with the administration of the government. Mr. Goldwin Smith is of opinion that the English system can have no place in Canada because 'a balance of power between estates is impossible where there is no estate but the Commons,' and again 'reason enough for the existence of party is supplied by the conflict still undecided between aristocracy and democracy.' I consider such views quite incorrect. The English system is not a balance of power between estates, but just what our own is, an administration enjoying the confidence of the representative branch of the legislature. Again, the contest in England is not, as more than once alleged by Mr. Goldwin Smith, a conflict between ar-

istocracy and democracy. Even before the passage of the first reform bill such a representation would not have been correct, but in the present state of the parliamentary representation it conveys an utterly false impression. Parties in England are not divided into aristocrats and democrats, but each of the great parties embraces aristocrats and members of the middle and industrial classes. Several leaders of what is termed the aristocratic class, notably the Premier and the Lord Chancellor, are men who have sprung from the people, and who owe their peerages to their own abilities, while the leader of the opposition is a member of the aristocratic family of Cavendish and heir apparent to the Duke of Devonshire.

But Mr. Goldwin Smith has himself declared in his original article that 'England is the vast and motley mass of voters including, since the Conservative Reform bill, the most uneducated populace of the towns, people who in politics do not know their right hand from their left; who cannot tell the name of the leader of their own party; who vote for blue or yellow, and are led by senseless local cries, by bribery or by beer.' The object of this not very flattering description of the English electors was to convince the people of Canada that the representatives of such people, as those described, were not well fitted to govern them, but in his later essay he maintains that the English system is a balance of power between estates, and that party is a conflict between aristocracy and democracy. Because I have admitted the absolute necessity of party under a system of parliamentary government, Mr. Goldwin Smith asks me 'why I pride myself upon being unconnected with either party, after having tried both, if party in this country is a good thing.' In another page he describes me as "a Conservative and a Free Trader" I can reply without any difficulty. I presume that there is some period of life and some length of ser-

vice which entitle a man to claim exemption from further duty. After a public service of nearly forty years I ventured to think that I might claim such exemption; but I do not feel it incumbent on me to bind myself to a party, whose policy I have no means of influencing. Mr. Goldwin Smith and I are at direct issue on the subject of parties, or, as he chooses to style them, adopting the more offensive designation, 'factions.' I believe that both parties are desirous of promoting the best interests of Canada, not less certainly than the Nationalists or Canada First party, if that party be still in existence. I never could discover the *raison d'être* of that party because I have never had reason to doubt that the interest of Canada was the paramount object of all those who have taken part in our public affairs. I believe in the applicability of Lord John Russell's defence of party which Mr. Goldwin Smith considers to be wholly inapplicable to Canada, though not to a country in which parties have a meaning. 'Political divisions and contested elections are the workshop of national liberty and national prosperity.' My third charge of inconsistency had reference to the account given by Mr. Goldwin Smith of the different sentiments of different sections of the population, national and religious. In considering this subject, the object of the author must be kept steadily in view. He declared that 'in attempting to cast the political horoscope of Canada,' in other words to establish his position that annexation to the United States was her manifest destiny, 'the first thing to be remembered is that Canada was a colony, not of England, but France.' 'The people (or rather the French Canadians) are governed by the priest with the occasional assistance of the notary.' There is 'unabated antagonism between the two races and the two religions.' The Jesuits are in the ascendancy, and it is by no means certain that they will not prefer a junction with their main army



in the United States. After thus disposing of the estimated million of French Canadians, 400,000 Irish Catholics are thrown into the scale and 1,400,000 deducted from the total population of four millions 'to reduce to reality the pictures of universal devotion to England and English interests which are presented by the speeches of official persons.' I ventured to point out what seemed an inconsistency between these statements and a subsequent one, when in enumerating the secondary forces which make in favour of the present connection, Mr. Goldwin Smith led off with 'the reactionary tendencies of the priesthood which rules French Canada.' I am now told that there is no inconsistency in saying that 'the priesthood of Quebec is opposed to union with the States from motives of sacerdotal Conservatism, and, at the same time, that the French population of the Province is not devoted to England and English interests.' I am not anxious to press the charge of inconsistency but I would be glad to learn, what I have failed to gather from the rejoinder, whether the French Canadian and the Irish population of Quebec is or is not, in Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion, favourable to union with the United States. That is the practical question, and I have myself no hesitation in affirming that there is no class of our mixed population more averse to the absorption of Canada in the United States than the French Canadians.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has evidently misunderstood my remarks on the subject of 'erroneous reasoning.' This may be my own fault, but if so, further explanation is the more necessary. I disclaim applying the term 'erroneous reasoning' to the expression of opinions in which I do not concur. I had special reference to the conclusions drawn from the alleged operations of the great and secondary forces. The first of the great forces is 'distance'; and it is argued that 'political insti-

tutions must after all bear some relation to nature and to practical convenience. Few have fought against geography and prevailed.' In further illustration it is said that distance 'can hardly be much shortened for the purposes of representative government.' I stated that I failed to comprehend this objection and that no inconvenience had yet been felt owing to our distance from England. I find nothing in the rejoinder to explain what is meant by 'purposes of representative government.' The second of the great forces is 'divergence of interest,' and was mainly supported by allegations that Great Britain had neglected the interests of Canada and yielded to the demands of the United States, when treaties were negotiated. I pointed out, in my former article, that as a rule all treaties are attacked by the Opposition of the day; and I am informed in the rejoinder, that in the case of the Oregon Treaty it was not from the opposition in England but from the Canadians that the complaints came. The Canadians, I admit, would have preferred getting more territory, but there is no reason to doubt that the British diplomatists did all in their power to protect the national interests. It would most assuredly have been against the interests of Canada for Great Britain to have gone to war with the United States, as it is implied she would have done, had her own interests been at stake, on any of the questions which were solved by the treaties complained of. Mr. Goldwin Smith appears to me to be inconsistent on the subject of war. He complains of treaties, by which there have been surrenders of territory, for the sake of peace, and yet he expresses great apprehension as to Canada being involved in war owing to the influence of the aristocracy, which has 'twice within two years brought Canada to the verge of war.' War, he says, is not only 'the game of aristocracies' but 'their natural policy,' while 'the England of the people will never

get us into any war at all.' Reference is made elsewhere to the war against the French Republic, the war of 1812 with the United States, and the Lorch war with China, which 'was voted unjust by the House of Commons.' I admit that the wars referred to 'are not regarded by all Englishmen as just,' but I believe that the wars with France towards the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century were deemed by the great majority of the nation necessary for its self-preservation. The war of 1812 was declared, not by England, but by the United States, and was strongly opposed by the most enlightened portion of the population of that country, notably by that of New England. The war with China, though 'voted unjust by the House of Commons,' was approved of by the nation on a dissolution, on which occasion Mr. Bright was rejected by Manchester. What strikes me as extraordinary is, that while throughout the article Mr. Goldwin Smith exhibits a decided leaning in favour of the peace-at-any-price party, he should, nevertheless, endeavour to make Canadians dissatisfied with treaties, by which, in order to preserve peace, territory was surrendered, to which Great Britain and Canada believed they had a good title. I may remark that these treaties were based upon mutual concessions of claims, and that the United States, it may fairly be supposed, believed their case to be as good as Great Britain and Canada believed theirs to be. Under this head of 'divergence of interest,' reference is made to the 'economic interests' of Canada, a subject which I shall notice elsewhere.

The third great force, 'more momentous than even the divergence of interest, is the divergence of political character.' It is alleged that there is an antagonism between the aristocracy, hierarchy, and militarism of old-world England and democratic Canada. We are reminded that, nearly a century ago, Mr. Pitt contemplated establishing a Canadian peerage, and that he did lay

the foundation of an endowed Church; but 'no peerage ever saw the light in Canada;' 'the Church lands have been secularized, the University once confined to Anglicanism has been thrown open.' Unfortunately for the argument, the chief difficulty in the way of carrying into effect the wishes of the people, both in regard to the Clergy Reserves and the University endowment, arose, not in aristocratic England, but in democratic Canada. In a pamphlet which I published some years ago, I stated that from the year 1828 'the responsible advisers of the Crown in England seem to have been desirous of complying with the clearly expressed wishes of the Canadian people.' . . . 'In 1831, Secretary Lord Goderich not only declared the entire concurrence of His Majesty's Government in the views of the Assembly, but sent to the Lieutenant-Governor a draft message and draft bill, which latter he suggested should be introduced by the Attorney-General.' The object of that bill was to reinvest the Reserves in the Crown, discharged of all trusts, a simple but effectual measure of secularization. The opposition of powerful parties in Canada was too great for the Secretary of State. Mr. Goldwin Smith is of opinion that 'to keep the same political roof over the heads of British aristocracy and Canadian democracy would be an undertaking only one degree less hopeless than to keep the same political roof over the heads of slavery and aristocracy.' If this is sound reasoning, I fail to comprehend the meaning of the term. What analogy, I would ask, is there between a State with a large slave population, governed by the owners of those slaves, and Canada, enjoying, to use Mr. Goldwin Smith's own words, 'perfect self-government,' the people exercising all the rights of freemen, with a liberal elective franchise and vote by ballot?

The fourth great force, 'sure in the end to be attractive and not repulsive,' is the identity of race, language,

and general institutions in the United States for the British population, and for the French portion its connection with the Catholic Church of the States. The same reference is made under this head to 'Economic influences,' as under the second head. I had admitted that 'if it were practicable the abolition of the frontier custom-houses would be beneficial to both countries,' as would be acknowledged by any one who has travelled on the European continent and experienced the much greater inconvenience to which people are subjected at the custom-houses there. I did not feel it necessary to discuss the subject in connection with Mr. Goldwin Smith's article, although I might have pointed out the unfairness of the statement that Canada is excluded from the United States market 'as a dependency of England.' She is excluded simply because she is not an integral part of the United States. If Canada were united to the Republic, she would doubtless have certain commercial advantages, which would be more than counterbalanced by her having to submit to the tariff of the United States, the most oppressive in the civilized world. I am told that I have covered my retreat by 'an irrelevant appeal to the prejudice against American character and institutions.' I did not say a word against American character, nor did I make any appeal to prejudice, but I stated that 'hitherto the effect of discussing measures of commercial policy with the United States has not been either to induce Canadians to admire the institutions of their neighbours or to be attracted towards them in any way.' I confess to having a decided preference for the British system of government, which Canada enjoys, over that of the United States; but I think that the weakness of the latter is particularly felt in negotiations with Foreign Powers. My remark was, in my judgment, perfectly relevant to the subject under discussion.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is unable to dis-

cover any force whatever in what I termed 'the greatest force of all,' viz.: 'the reluctance of the people of any country to engage in revolutionary proceedings;' and in answer to my statement, that I was unaware of any political revolution involving a change of allegiance having taken place without a civil war, he rejoins that 'the history of Europe is full of changes of allegiance without civil war by cession, exchange, purchase, marriage of heiresses, division of inheritance. In our own time Neufchatel, the Ionian Islands, Savoy, Nice, Alaska, the Transvaal and Cyprus have changed their allegiance without civil war.' Mr. Goldwin Smith has convinced me that he is unable to refute my assertion. Not a single case that he has mentioned bears the slightest analogy to that of Canada, nor is there any reason among those that he has assigned that is possible in our case, unless, in making his forecast of the future, he should predict that Great Britain is likely to cede Canada to the United States for a money or other consideration. In such a contingency, I might concede that resistance on the part of Canada would be vain, but I do not believe that even Mr. Goldwin Smith imagines such a mode of annexation probable. I willingly concede, likewise, what Mr. Goldwin Smith seems to think a strong point in favour of his position, viz., that England, in case of a quarrel with Canada, would not resort to coercive measures, such as she did adopt in the case of the United States. I had no reference whatever to English coercion, and I do not think I could better illustrate my argument than by citing the case of the revolution of the United States, which Mr. Goldwin Smith says I had in my mind, though he evidently thought it right to warn me not 'to overlook the teachings of experience.' Unfortunately I am at issue with Mr. Goldwin Smith as to facts. He alleges that his great forces, viz., 'distance, divergence of political character, and

divergence of interest, operating in the past, have led, in the case of the United States, to a complete political separation from the mother country.' Elsewhere he alleges that 'the American colonies were ripe for independence,' and that 'to keep a full-grown community in the leading strings of dependence was a struggle against nature.' I deny the correctness of these statements. The American colonies preserved their loyalty unimpaired until, owing to what is now universally admitted to have been a gross blunder, they were taxed by a Parliament in which they were unrepresented. The cry was raised 'taxation without representation is tyranny,' and resistance to taxation was met by the cry of rebellion, and, although with great reluctance on the part of the Colonists, hostilities were commenced. Admitting, as I do, that all speculations on the subject are unprofitable, I have no doubt in my own mind that, if the mother country had acted towards the old colonies as she has been acting towards her dependencies in modern times, there would have been no separation without civil war. No one can judge by the feelings of American citizens in our time of what they would have been, if no cause of complaint had been given. The revolutionary war of course caused intense bitterness of feeling, and before that had time to subside the war of 1812 renewed it, and in later times the irritation has been intensified by the events consequent on the civil war. It is impossible to form an idea of what the feeling would have been under wholly different circumstances. Mr. Goldwin Smith imputes to me an opinion that it is 'contrary to principle to allow a British colony to take out its freedom as a nation, without bloodshed.' This is not a fair way of putting the case. My contention is, first, that we have our freedom, 'perfect independence,' in Mr. Goldwin Smith's own words, and, secondly, that the Canadian people do not de-

sire change, and that those who prefer republican institutions will find it more profitable to emigrate to the other side of the lines, than to resort to force to compel their neighbours to adopt their principles. Mr. Goldwin Smith is candid enough to declare that 'there is not a man in the Dominion to whom, individually, it matters less what course political events may take than it does to me.' This reminds me of the old fable of the fox that, having lost his tail, wished to persuade other foxes to part with that appendage. Those who feel no interest whatever in the country are scarcely likely to be the best advisers of others. I reiterate my assertion that I am unaware of any case in which a political revolution has taken place without civil war, and I regard the reference to such cases as the Ionian Islands, Alaska and Cyprus as trifling with the subject. With regard to the 'secondary forces,' to his enumeration of which Mr. Goldwin Smith says that I take no serious exception, I may remark that I could take no exception to an admission that nearly all the elements of our population were Conservative as to the connection. Finding that the French Canadians, United Empire Loyalists, English immigrants, Anglican Church, Orangemen, those hostile to the Americans, and the politicians were all specified, I saw no reason why the Scotch should not be added to the list, being of opinion that they are just as loyal as the English; but I did not mean to imply that they desired to act separately. I have a few remarks to offer in reply to the rejoinder to the introductory remarks in my former article with reference to a sermon preached in Montreal on St. George's Day, by a much respected clergyman of the Church of England. Admitting, as he could not fail to do, that the preacher is personally entitled to the highest respect, Mr. Goldwin Smith takes exception to my statement that he is fairly entitled to be considered

impartial, and he makes a general charge against the clergy of the Church of England, of having taken an active part in all 'the great attempts to overthrow English liberty.' In Canada 'it longs to bring back the new world under salutary bondage to the old world.' This is not the only place in which the Essayist has imputed a political bias to the clergy of the Church of England. Admitting, as I do, that in the earlier part of the present century, the clergy of the Church of England took a considerable interest in party politics owing to the questions of the Clergy Reserves, Rectories, and University endowment, having been those on which political parties were divided, I am bound to state that in the present day, as far as my observation extends, there is no body of clergy in the Dominion that abstains more scrupulously from taking part in political controversies than the Anglican.

It is hardly necessary for me to say much regarding Orangeism. Believing that that organization has no *raison d'être* in Canada, I lament its existence, but I cannot ignore the fact that it does exist; and although I am not so sanguine as Mr. Goldwin Smith that it is likely to become extinct either in Ireland or Canada, I feel assured that those who hold the sentiments of the members of the order, will be found ranged on the side of British Connection, should an emergency arise.

Mr. Goldwin Smith in his rejoinder to my criticism, on his remarks on the faineancy of the Earl of Dufferin, says that 'he did not arraign the decision of the Governor-General in the case of the Pacific Railway investigation,' and that therefore, I need not have introduced that topic. What Mr. Goldwin Smith alleged in his first paper, and repeats in his rejoinder was, that the Governor-General's decision 'amounted to a total abnegation of real power, in other words to a declaration of faineancy.' His object clearly was to establish the de-

fective character of our constitutional system. There were wide differences of opinion as to Lord Dufferin's conduct, during what may be termed the crisis of 1873. It would be most unprofitable to discuss the subject on its merits, and especially, as the point in controversy with Mr. Goldwin Smith, is not whether Lord Dufferin was right or wrong in his decision, but whether he had formed any opinion at all, or acted as a mere *faineant*. It is incomprehensible to me, how any one can read Lord Dufferin's despatches of 15th and 18th August, 1873, and arrive at any other conclusion than that he had given a careful consideration to the question before him for solution, and that he had acted in accordance with his deliberate judgment. That evidently was the opinion of Her Majesty's Government, which informed him in reply that 'they fully approve your having acted in these matters in accordance with Constitutional usage.'

I dissent altogether from Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion as to aristocratic influence, and especially as to any idea being entertained of fostering aristocratic sentiment, since the Conservative reaction in England. Mr. Goldwin Smith alleges that there has been 'a sudden lavishness' after a period of parsimony, in the distribution of titles. I fail to comprehend this assertion. It has been the practice of the Imperial Government to reward meritorious public services by titles of distinction. Such services as the promotion of Confederation, the settlement of the Fishery question, and the defence of the country in the case of the Fenian invasion, were deemed public services of a meritorious character, and have been rewarded from time to time during the last twelve years; but Mr. Goldwin Smith seems to think that they have been the result of some secret policy hostile to the Canadian democracy.

I am not aware that I have charged Mr. Goldwin Smith with having solicited the co-operation of members of

the House of Commons in support of his views, and I certainly did not mean to do so. My reference was to his writings, and I can hardly be mistaken as to his advocacy of nationalism, until he became convinced that it was 'a lost cause.' He has since arrived at the conclusion that union with the United States is 'morally certain;' but he does not intend to take any active part in promoting it; indeed he admits that when at one time inclined to enter public life, 'I found party politics in the way and at once gave up the idea.' Elsewhere he admits that the party leaders have such an influence over public opinion, that there would be no possibility of a 'self-nominated candidate,' being permitted to go before the people 'with an issue of his own.' The inference which will, I think, be generally drawn is, that public opinion is set very strongly against the issue, which Mr. Goldwin Smith has attempted to raise, and which he has endeavoured to persuade the people of Canada is 'morally certain of accomplishment.'

Mr. Goldwin Smith has not only done me the honour, which I highly appreciate, of publishing my article along with his own, but has likewise published articles written by the Right Hon. Robert Lowe and Lord Blachford. Mr. Lowe is of opinion that such colonies as Canada are a burthen to the Mother Country, and it may be inferred that he would not object to their separation and independence. I am by no means certain that those Englishmen who concur in Mr. Lowe's views, would be equally satisfied with the annexation of Canada to the United States. In an article to which Mr. Goldwin Smith has referred, which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, I expressed an opinion, which I hold very strongly, that the inevitable consequence of the disruption of the connection with Great Britain would be union, on some terms, with the United States. Those particular remarks

were copied, as I did not fail to notice, by some United States papers, unaccompanied by what I urged in support of the existing connection. I concur with Mr. Lowe in his opinion that the self-governing colonies have by far the best of the bargain, although I do not believe that Great Britain, while saving those colonies a vast deal of expense, is put to much, if any, on their account. If Great Britain, under the influence of opinions similar to those of Mr. Lowe, were voluntarily to dissolve the connection we should necessarily have to submit; but I cannot discover the least indication that such opinions are likely to prevail. As I have more than once pointed out with reference to Canadian nationalism and schemes of annexation, the true test of public opinion is the action of the representatives of the people in Parliament, and so long as the advocates of such measures confine themselves to essays in periodicals, I shall feel no uneasiness on the subject. Lord Blachford's article was written in condemnation of the Pan-Britannic system, regarding which Mr. Goldwin Smith's views are in unison with his Lordship's and my own. Lord Blachford, I am persuaded, is not in favour of any change in the subsisting relations, but having to deal with the argument that Imperial federation was the best remedy for an alleged unsatisfactory Colonial system, he accepted the alternative that the 'Colonies must become independent nations.' I have no idea that he would contemplate with satisfaction the annexation of Canada to the United States. Mr. Goldwin Smith, in reference to my former article observes, that his readers 'will see at the same time what points and arguments he has passed over in silence, and thus measure the strength of his resolution to deal fully and fairly with the whole question.' I venture to claim from the readers of these remarks, the credit of having tried at least to deal fully and fairly

with all the points and arguments in Mr. Goldwin Smith's papers, that I thought deserving of reply. If I have passed over any in silence, it has been from my inability to appreciate them, and I have not been informed what they are. I am, however, quite ready

to express my entire concurrence in all that Mr. Goldwin Smith has said regarding the value of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, which I have always regarded as a thoroughly independent and valuable organ of public opinion.

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*From the French of Boufflers.*

L'AMOUR.

BY W. P. DOLE.

“**L**OVE'S an elf full of deceit,”  
 My mother often says to me,  
 “Although he looks so mild and sweet,  
 Worse than a viper foul is he!”  
 But for myself I fain would know  
 Of what great ill a child can do,  
 A shepherdess should fearful be.

I yesterday saw Colin go  
 To Amoret, and in her ear,  
 Speaking in tones all soft and low,  
 And with a manner quite sincere,  
 Praise of a charming god told he :—  
 It was the very deity,  
 Of whom my mother has such fear !

All my doubts, then, to remove,—  
 This mystery that plagues me so,—  
 I'll go with Luke in search of Love,  
 And will not let my mother know :  
 Even should he wicked wiles employ,  
 We shall be two against one boy,  
 What harm to us, pray, can he do ?

## UNDER ONE ROOF:

## AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

## CHAPTER VII.

## ON THE REEF.

AS to the locality in which the *Rhineland* was now situated, the Captain himself had only an approximate idea of it, while the majority of the passengers only knew that they were in the Bristol Channel.

The American, whose name was Pearce, and who preferred, as it afterward appeared to be called 'Commodore,' being appealed to (by reason of his knowing looks) upon this subject, grimly replied that he did not know in what portion of the Channel they were, but that in his opinion the question would soon be solved; the expression he used was, 'I guess it won't be long before we're at the bottom of it.' To do him justice, he only gave this answer to the men; to the women he always expressed himself hopefully. He said that there was a mighty difference between being drowned and having the starch taken out of their collars—which had happened to the poor creatures already. It was known, of course, by this time to himself and every seaman on board, that the ship was driving on shore, and that the question of safety for every soul on board depended on what sort of shore it was.

While he was making this very observation in Gresham's ear the ship suddenly struck with tremendous violence, though against no visible object, and like a dreadful echo a shriek of horror burst from every part of the ship. Many of those still below were

killed at once by their heads being dashed against the sides, and even the roof of the cabin, many on deck were flung into the sea. It was the very crisis of horror and despair.

'To the fore-top for your lives,' exclaimed Pearce to the two young people.

'Go, Mr. Gresham, go,' cried Elise, 'you have already done your best for me. I cannot climb the shrouds.'

'It is probable you never tried,' observed the American, drily. Gresham's only reply was to lift her in his arms, and aided by Pearce and her own exertions, they managed to make their way through the terrified crowd to the fore-castle; the crew had already fled there, and were running up the rigging in swarms. The top was occupied at once by as many as it would hold. With the help of the two men, however, Elise climbed to the very foot of it, and out of the reach of the waves that now swept the ship from stem to stern.

'There is a woman here,' said Gresham to those above; 'is there not a man among you who will give up his place?'

There was no answer except from the American from below. 'No they won't, I bet. They will never oblige a lady even by so much as a seat in a car. You are better where you are, Miss,' he added, in a lower tone, 'if your young man will only lash you to the rigging.'

For this purpose Gresham had nothing but a handkerchief, supplemented by the strength of his own arms.

'I can hold you on till daylight,



Elise,' he whispered, 'and longer; while I have life I will keep life in you.'

'Next to God, I trust in you,' answered she, simply. It was fortunate that she had more than one friend, for though every inch above them was occupied by clinging limbs, the wretched people below endeavoured to make their way up, and even to climb over their very bodies. The horrors of their situation, rocked by every blow of the sea, and drenched with its spray, was aggravated by the pitiful cries which burst from those around them. From the broken skylight above the cabin miserable groans still issued, and now and then a sharp shriek of agony: 'My child, my little one, is drowned!' was one of them, which went to Elise's heart. For the most part they were cries wrung by necessity from human throats, but now and then there was an ejaculation of frenzied terror. For instance, a young fellow immediately below the American suddenly exclaimed that the ship was breaking to pieces.

'Let it break,' answered the Yankee, contemptuously, '*you'll* keep whole enough, I'll warrant.'

It was curious to observe what an effect this one man's coolness and quaint good sense had upon those around him, notwithstanding the peril and misery of their position. That they were on a rock, and a hidden one, was all of which the best-informed were conscious. The force of the wave that had just thrown them upon it had been such as to carry the whole vessel on to the reef; otherwise, had part only been driven on to it, and part left on a lower level exposed to the breach of the sea, the ship would have been torn asunder in a few minutes. Thanks to the lowness of the tide, the masts and rigging stood out of water, and were only washed to any height by some exceptionally huge wave, but in the mean time it was only too plain that the ship's timbers were giving way under the reiterated blows of the

sea. The wind was as keen as it was furious, and the cold soon began to tell upon these poor creatures, many of whom had rushed from below but scantily clad. Only a few women besides Elise Hurt had obtained a footing on the shrouds at all, and one by one, overcome by fatigue and fear, these relaxed their hold of the ropes, and were whirled away into the raging deep, as often as not in silence. The two men bade Elise shut her eyes, under pretence of her thus obtaining a little rest, but in reality to prevent her witnessing these distressing scenes. More than once, however, a man came tumbling down from the foretop or the shrouds more immediately above them, and that so close as to imperil her own safety in his descent into his watery tomb. The cold had benumbed the hands of these poor fellows, and they had become too weak from exhaustion and hunger to retain their position.

And here it was that the forethought of the American stood Gresham and his companion in good stead. Not only did the young fellow insist upon her partaking of the viands with which he had filled his pockets, but also administered, under Mr. Pearce's directions, an amount of brandy which, in other circumstances, would have had a most unpleasant effect upon any young lady's organization.

"The blood is the life," says the Scripture,' were Mr. Pearce's words; 'and the brandy is the blood upon this occasion—you needn't be afraid of taking too much, ma'am.'

Elise, though very unwillingly, being astemperate as all German maidens are, took what was given her: which, after all, was not so very much, for what with the swaying of the mast, and the numbness of Gresham's hands, much of the liquor missed the mouth it was aimed at. Nor was it only the young man's hands that were numb, for his feet had become like marble; and, in compliance with his request, Elise, more than once, had to stamp upon them to restore their circulation. That

she herself was exempt from this inconvenience of course proved the care that the other took of her, in which it must be acknowledged that he was greatly assisted by Mr. Pearce.

It was strange to see how during those weary hours these three were drawn together—almost as much mentally as physically—by the circumstances of that supreme occasion. Each spoke to the other of himself and of his private affairs with a frankness and confidence that they could not have used after six weeks of ordinary intercourse.

‘If you get to land, Mr. Gresham,’ said Elise, ‘send a few words of tender farewell for me to my good aunt;’ and she gave him her address with methodical exactness.

‘If I live, Elise, *you* will live,’ returned the young fellow, simply. ‘It would be no self-sacrifice to perish in trying to save you, since life without you would not be worth having.’

He spoke with earnestness as well as fervour, and was quite unconscious of any extravagance of expression. In such sublime moments the emotions become, as it were, condensed: his whole previous existence appeared divided into two parts; during one part he had known Elise Hurt; during the other he had not known her. And the former part monopolized his thoughts.

‘Do not talk so,’ answered the girl, reprovingly; ‘for in my case there is but one person to mourn me; and my good aunt, I am thankful to think, has others to love her. But you—you yourself told me that you have dear friends and relatives——’

‘One relative—a very kind one,’ interrupted the young fellow; ‘and some dear friends certainly.’

He hesitated a moment; should he tell her something he had in his mind, or should he not? The waves were beating against the doomed vessel more frantically, it seemed, than ever. The tide was rising. No, it was not worth while. ‘You, Elise,

are more than all to me,’ he added, simply.

Presently Gresham, turning to the American, begged him to send the girl’s message to her aunt, in case he should be the sole survivor of the three.

‘Oh, yes,’ he answered; ‘and do you remember, for my sake, the address of Henry Pearce, at the “Figure Head” Hotel, Charing Cross.’

Gresham smiled sadly; for small as either of their chances of life were, *his* chance—bound up as it was with that of the girl—was surely the smaller.

‘That is your brother, I suppose?’ he answered.

‘No, *sir*; it is myself,’ replied the other, coolly. ‘The “Figure Head” is always my address in London town, in case you should want a skipper for a yacht. My friends call me Commodore. I’ve got my certificates——’

Here a great wave filled his mouth with salt water, and blinded all three of them with its spray. Two more wretched creatures were thrown from their hold by the shock of it, and were carried away in its whirl. These had occupied positions above ‘the tops,’ and were worn out with hunger as much as fatigue; those, on the other hand, in Gresham’s vicinity, had been supplied, at Elise’s entreaty, with the remainder of his provisions.

‘It is no use keeping them for me, love,’ she had whispered; ‘for death will come to me before hunger returns.’

Her logic was unanswerable; it was plain that the vessel could now only hold together for a very short time.

Presently ‘the dawn, the dawn!’ she moaned in German.

‘What is it?’ inquired the American, anxiously. ‘Her strength is failing. Give her more brandy.’

Before Gresham could explain, some one cried out, ‘The land, the land!’ And in a moment the coast line became distinct against the sky.

‘Great Heaven! it is Halcombe Point!’ exclaimed Gresham.

'It is something to know your bearings,' observed the American. 'What sort of landing do you give to strangers hereabouts?'

'It is a rock-bound shore,' answered Gresham, gravely. 'The ship must be on the Lancet Reef,' he murmured. 'There are people on the pier. Sir Robert —'

"Sir Robert," and "Halcombe," ejaculated Elise. 'Is it Sir Robert Arden of Halcombe Hall of whom you speak?'

'Yes, dearest; do you know anything of him?'

'It was to his house I was going as governess.'

'And I am his nephew,' said Gresham. The coincidence, strange as it was, did not strike him so forcibly as might be expected; those words of his companion, 'I was going,' speaking of herself in the past tense, had saddened him too much to admit of wonder.

'Hold on all,' cried the American, in a sharp, clear voice. 'I see a boat coming—a life-boat.'

It was well that he had given his warning before he gave his news; for the excitement which his good tidings communicated to the poor wretches about him passed the bounds of reason. Even as it was, it was with difficulty that some could be persuaded not to cast themselves into the sea to meet the coming succour.

What an an apt term is that of Life-boat! How nobly does the god-child prove its right to the name that has been given to it! What an ark of safety does it appear to those for whom the depths of ocean rage and roar—thanks to it—in vain! In no other visible form do Human Endeavour and Divine Intention combine so sublimely. Consider, too, the comparative humility—nay, to all appearance, the inadequacy—of the means of salvation. The 'Commodore's' keen eyes and technical knowledge had at once caused him to recognize the nature of the help that was ap-

proaching them, but to the ordinary observer it looked scarcely help at all, but merely more of wreck and ruin. Was it possible that that frail undecked boat, now tossed on the foam of some mighty wave, now lost in the trough of the sea, not urged by its rowers at all, but flying before the fury of the gale, could be Rescue—Life? To those on shore it seemed so at all events; for though the sound of their cheering could not reach the ears for which they were intended, the poor shipwrecked creatures could see flags waving from the little pier and from the windows of the mill in token of joyful sympathy. Notwithstanding their evil plight, this moral support—the sympathy of their fellow creatures—had an inspiring effect; they felt, as it were, that the great heart of humanity was beating high for them. They were not cut off, these things seemed to assure them, from the sunshine, yet.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A RECOGNITION.

JOHN DYNELEY had not spared Sir Robert's bay mare upon his way to Archester; it was not his way to push a willing horse to the full extent of its powers, but human life was in the balance that night, and he had not spared the spur. He was a heavy man for so speedy a journey, but his weight had this advantage, that it steadied the gallant bay, against whom such a wind was blowing, broadside on, as had never swept Halcombe Moor within the memory of man. The curate, however, paid little heed to the gale; he was recalling to his inward gaze the bright look of approval that had lit up Evy Nicoll's face when he had asked her stepfather for the use of his mare; that would have been reward enough, if he had needed any, for the discomforts of his ride, of which in truth he recked but little. He was a man to whom wind and rain, and

heat and cold, were indifferent, a man of thews and sinews, as well as of girth and inches, and with a great heart in his great body. His intelligence was not remarkable, but he had plenty of common sense, which, however inconvenient to a theologian, is to a working clergyman the most valuable of all senses. And yet at this moment he was doing a very foolish thing, for what could be more contrary to common sense than to cherish so tenderly that last look of Evelyn Nicoll, whom he knew to be as good as engaged to another man?

Common report had given her to Sir Robert's nephew, George Gresham, and while she had taken no pains to contradict it, her mother had, by implication, corroborated it. Indeed, it was understood that George was shortly expected at the Hall, for the very purpose of making himself better known to his future bride before the knot should be tied between them.

Still, as Evelyn had never with her own lips confirmed the general opinion, the curate gave himself the benefit (as he fondly imagined it to be) of the doubt, and persuaded himself that he was doing no harm in thus secretly worshipping his idol.

He was far too modest a man to suppose that his passion was returned; he was not half rich enough for her, he knew, nor half good enough for her, he thought—though in that last idea in my judgment he was mistaken—and she was altogether, he confessed, out of his reach. If he did entertain a hope that he should ever win her, it was one of the very vaguest kind; but now and then he could not avoid giving himself up to it. In his saner moments he foresaw that he must be content with honouring and admiring her as the wife of another, and would think himself happy if, under such circumstances, the opportunity might be afforded him of doing her some self-sacrificing service.

Such men there are in this nine-

teenth century, by contrast with whose natures all that has been recorded of the so-called 'Ages of Chivalry' grows pale and dim. One other mistress he had who was not denied to him, Work, and his devotion to her was incessant. Some fools thought less of his labour in the Lord's Vineyard because he went about it as often as not with a short pipe in his mouth; he was labouring in it now (or words have lost their meaning), and though his pipe, by reason of the gale, was an impossibility, his attire was far from what is generally associated with the ecclesiastical calling. He wore a dark peajacket, with waistcoat and trousers of the same thick material; and his black cravat was knotted instead of being tied in the orthodox way.

Thus he rode at the bay's best speed along the sandy roads, making occasional short cuts (not free from rabbit holes) across the heathery moor, till the lights of Archester gleamed before him.

Without drawing rein for an instant he galloped down the stony street to the little pier, which he knew on such a night would have its complement of seafaring men, watching their old enemy the storm, and in a few words explained his errand.

'A ship on the Lancet, opposite Halcombe Point, and the lifeboat wanted; ten pounds a head from Sir Robert to each man that pulls an oar in her.'

It would doubtless have 'looked better in print' had he appealed only to these brave men's sense of duty, and it would have been sufficient, for the mariners of Archester were never backward in risking limb and life for their fellow-creatures; but, on the principle of 'surplusage being no error,' the curate addressed them as we have described. Moreover, it saved time, and time—a few minutes more or less—was of immense importance to all those upon that cruel reef (which, however, had thus far been the cause of their preservation). Time had be-

come, indeed, the alternative of Eternity with them.

A rush was at once made for the boat-shed where the cork-jackets and all other things were kept; and in an incredibly short space of time eight men were ready for this perilous enterprise. There are two things which expedite human action above all other motive powers; namely, the opposing elements of Fire and Water. The celerity with which a fire engine is got ready and started is the greatest triumph of human forethought and agility. Next to that is the quickness with which a lifeboat is got under weigh. From the shed at Archester were two 'slips,' one on either side, so that the boat could be launched to north or south, according to the quarter from which the wind was blowing; the men were in their places, and a score of eager pairs of hands were on her stern and sides ready to run the *Swiftsure* (contraction of Swift and Sure, I wonder?) off the track on which she stood, when the coxswain suddenly roared, 'Stop!'

There was a man missing; only seven being in the boat beside the coxswain. From the list of the crew hard by (for everything was at hand in that place) he began to read out the names of those absent; 'George Parfitt?' 'Here,' answered a ready voice. 'You are not George.'

'No; he is ill a-bed, but I am his brother.'

'A bold fellow, no doubt; but hardly strong enough for the tight job before us.' 'Henry Absolon.'

'Gone to Mirton,' was the reply.

'Hullo, sir, this is quite irregular.' This to Dyneley, who had slipped on a cork-jacket and sou'wester cap, and jumped into the boat.

'No matter, coxswain, I am as strong as any of you, and can pull as good an oar. There is not a moment to lose, I tell you—push off.'

There was a burst of cheering, which, however, in no way impeded the exertions of those who thus in-

dulged their feelings, for at the same moment the boat began rapidly to move down the slope.

'Steady, steady.' The moment she touched the sea it seemed to every man that he was under water. Never since the gallant *Swiftsure* had been built had she put out in the teeth of such a storm, the wind beat almost dead against the land, and strove with frantic screams and fiendish fury (the Prince of the Powers of the air being in command that night in person) to dash the boat back on the rocky shore. 'She never, never,' shrieked the frantic blast, 'shall ride the main this night to rob the hungry waves of their human prey.'

Thrice the *Swiftsure* was cast a score of yards up the strand, then withdrawn like a plaything which a child throws from it only to pursue and clutch again, but the fourth time the oar-blades and the strong arms that use them are plied to such good purpose that she is flung back no more.

'Steady, men, steady,' cries the coxswain, for rowing against a moving mountain range renders time more difficult to keep than between Barnes and Putney; 'once round the Point the wind will do our work for us.'

This was satisfactory so far as it went, but made it clear to every man (if he had not known it before) that the return to Archester *against* the wind would be a physical impossibility. After performing their perilous mission, should that be practicable, they would have to go on to Mirton Harbour (twenty miles away) if they should reach harbour at all, since to try Halcombe Point would be to go to pieces.

Such things are trifles to the heroes who man our lifeboats, and we ashore think still less of them, but supposing even the case of a country doctor robbed of his night's rest by a summons to a sick bed, and compelled to ride twenty miles in a storm which did not admit of his return, we should

call it a hard one; add to this utmost fatigue of body and extreme peril of life, and give the laurel where it is due.

Once round the Point the *Swiftsure* flew before the wind, as though, instead of being a bare boat, she were a racing cutter. She was following, in fact, the very route of the *Rhineland*, only the sea had a very different customer to deal with. The waves filled her again and again, but her escape pipes freed her from the deluge as quickly as it was poured in; they threw her on her side, but she made light of that, and even had they thrown her over she would have righted again in half a second—though, unhappily empty.

Thus hurried along at headlong speed it was no wonder that, in a shorter time than it had taken the mare and her rider to cross the Moor, the one man in the boat to whom the use of his eyes was not denied—for the eight rowers, we may be sure, cast no look behind them—exclaimed, 'There she is, boys.'

And there she was; half of her—the stern part—now covered by the rising waves, and the other half, now hid, now seen, with a bare mast sticking out of it, covered with human beings, like bees in swarm. The sea was running like a mill race, and the sharp reef beneath it.

'I doubt if we can get nigh her,' ejaculated the coxswain.

'There are women on board,' observed Number Six, who was the curate.

'Never fear, Master Dyneley, but we'll do what man can do to save 'em,' was the reply, not without a certain haughtiness in its tone. The waves and winds could be discounted, as it were, as a source of peril, but whether there was water enough above the rock to float the lifeboat to leeward of the wreck, was an experiment not to be reckoned upon, but only tried. If they shot by her, it was plain they could not put back again in the teeth

of such a gale, ere the flowing tide should engulf the last spar of the *Rhineland*.

'Steady; be ready to ship oars and out with the grappling irons.' The next minute they were under her quarter, and had made fast to it.

'The women first,' cried the coxswain, in a voice of thunder. There were but three women left, and none of these could move across the rocking deck without men to help them. The first two were carried, rather than led, and lifted into the *Swiftsure*; the third, Elise, used her own limbs, though stiff and cramped, upheld on either side by the American and Gresham.

All sat where they were placed, without a word, as though astounded (as they well might be) at their own deliverance. The wreck was clear of all save one man, who clung to the mast apparently stupefied.

'Quick, quick,' exclaimed half-a-dozen voices. He never moved.

'Are we all to be drowned for one fool?' ejaculated the coxswain, passionately. 'Cast off, boys.'

'One moment, sirree,' cried the clear shrill voice of the American. He leapt back on the wreck, seized the still hesitating man round the waist, and fairly threw him among the rest.

'It's the poor Capen, Coxen; he don't like to leave his ship,' said he apologetically. 'I've felt the same myself—especially when I've had a share in her.'

As the boat once more flew before the wind its occupants could see a little group upon the quay of Halcombe, whose joy appeared only second to their own. These persons, of course, knew not how many of the crew had succumbed to the waves, or to the fatigues and privations of the night; they only saw that every soul upon the wreck had been taken off; and were in comparative safety. They were well aware that on their cruel shore no boat could land in such a sea, but to many of the poor shivering crea-

tures on board the *Swiftsure* it seemed strange enough that they should be turning their backs on these hospitable and friendly people.

Gresham, of course, knew why they didn't land at 'The Point,' and secretly he was not displeased that the attempt could not be made. He recognized female forms upon the quay, and guessed, rightly enough, their identity; and he had good—or at least sufficient—reason to congratulate himself that the *Swiftsure* was making for Mirton. He was now turning over in his mind whether it would not be better to wait a day or two before presenting himself to his friends at home, and to let it be imagined that he had not taken passage in the ill-fated *Rhine-land* at all.

The accommodation on board life-boats is in extent considerable, but it is not of a select or private character. Rescued folks settle down where they can, and are seldom found to complain of their quarters. The craft is broad of beam, and there is room for passengers, even in the very centre of it, without interfering with the rowers. Here sat Elise Hurt, exhausted but grateful, with the same loving arms supporting her that had made her hold secure upon the shrouds.

'I owe my life to you,' were the first words she murmured in his ear.

'Nay, darling, the Commodore, as he calls himself' (he had once commanded, as it turned out, a certain flotilla of trading vessels to the West Indies) 'did his part; it was he, for example, who called my attention to the victualling department—I have still a little brandy left, by-the-bye.'

'Not for me,' she said, putting aside the flask; 'I feel I shall live now. Is it not strange, George, that wet and cold as I am, in this open boat, and with only a plank between us and death, I am happier than I have ever been?'

'It is not strange,' answered the young man tenderly. 'It is because you love.'

'Ah, yes,' she sighed.

'Why do you sigh, darling?'

'Because this may be the last hour in which I may say, "I love." Out yonder—with the waves yawning for us, I told you the secrets of my heart; there seemed no harm in it, and it was very sweet to tell them. But now we are no longer two fellow-creatures awaiting the same doom; I am again a penniless girl, and you—you are Sir Robert Arden's nephew.'

'Well, and what then,' said Gresham, lightly, but there was a look of trouble in his face that accorded ill with his jesting tone.

'I know not what then,' she answered. 'You know best how it will fare with us. But I have always heard that the rich English are very proud. There will be a great gulf fixed between you, Sir Robert's nephew, and me, the governess of his children.'

'They are not his children,' replied Gresham; 'they are the children of his wife by her first marriage.'

'Indeed? Then you are his own kith and kin, and they are not. His very heir, perhaps?'

'Perhaps; though I have never thought of that. When one has a benefactor so kind as he has been, one does not speculate upon his death.'

'I hope not, dear. Pray do not be annoyed with me——' for there had been a certain irritation in his tone; 'I only wish to look matters in the face. As it seems to me you are bound, above all things, to obey this good uncle's wishes; and especially never to act counter to them. Is it likely, think you, that he will wish you to marry me?'

'My dear Elise, I thought that those who love were given to building dream castles for love to live in; whereas you build only obstacles to love. It will be time enough to combat opposition when it has arisen. There will, of course, be objections to our union, some even that have not entered into your apprehensions; but we

must trust to time and happy chance. My uncle is very peculiar : a man of impulse and sentiment ; by no means the hard, conventional man of the world you have probably pictured to yourself. But, no doubt, we must be prudent. It will not be necessary to tell the good folks at Halcombe all that we have said to one another. Nor even need you repeat the conviction you expressed just now that I was the happy means of saving your life last night ; it is an exaggeration to start with, and to proclaim such a fact would be very injudicious. People would think that gratitude might cause you to overrate my deserts—do you understand, darling ?

‘I do not like concealments,’ answered Elise, gravely. ‘Besides, to dwell under the same roof with you, and never to be able to speak to you, nor look towards you, as I should wish to speak and look—No, Mr. Gresham, I could not do it.’

‘What? You call me Mr. Gresham because you have no longer need of my loving service? That is ungenerous, Elise.’

‘You do not think so—you *can* not think so,’ answered the girl impetuously ; ‘it gives me ten times the pain to address a cold word to you than it gives you to hear it. But it is better to say “Farewell” now—cruel as it seems to part—than later on.’

‘We will never part, Elise ; I swear it.’

‘Hush, hush!’ for in his vehemence he had raised his voice, so that if those next to him had not been sunk in their own thoughts they might have heard him, despite the roar of the wind and the rush of the wave. ‘God has been very good to us ; do not call Him to witness to aught that does not lie in the path of duty. I fear—I fear that your love for me runs counter to it.’

‘Do not fear, Elise,’ he answered gravely ; ‘Love and Duty can never be in opposition to one another. Only, as I have said, we must expect obstacles. The course of *true* love never does run smooth, you know.’

Elise was silenced, if not convinced ; it was difficult, no doubt, to compel herself to picture mischances, not only to her own happiness, but to that of her preserver.

Presently they came in sight of Mirton, a picturesque village, built in zig-zag up steep cliffs ; but with a good harbour and breakwater. Once within shelter of the latter the mountain waves lost their crests, the gale thundered harmless above their heads. With a few more strokes of the oar they reached the side of the little jetty where a few men were gathered together in the grey dawn.

Gresham and the Commodore assisted Elise to land, and were escorting her up the winding street to the little inn, when they were overtaken by one of the crew, who seemed about to address them.

‘I will see you in five minutes, my good fellow,’ said Gresham. ‘For the brave work you and your mates have performed to night, no reward can be sufficient, but—What? Dyneley?’

‘Yes, it is I,’ answered the curate, removing his sou’-wester. ‘I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw you step into the boat ; and when I felt sure of your identity I had no breath for even a word of recognition.’

Then Gresham remembered that the features of this man had seemed somewhat familiar to him ; he had had other things to think about, or else there had been plenty of opportunities of observing him, for he had sat cheek-by-jowl with ‘Number Six’ for the last two hours.

(To be continued.)



## A PLEA FOR THE MILITIA.

BY TWO MILITIAMEN.

AS Canadians, we are proud of our nationality. Our *amor patriæ* is not on the surface, and possibly requires the positive stimulus of a 'Trent Difficulty,' or the negative influence of a *Times* article, before its latent depths are stirred. But the national feeling exists. We are justly proud of our position as the first colony of the Empire, and of our commercial rank among the nations of the world. It is our boast that we have a commercial marine only surpassed in numbers and tonnage by four of the leading nations of the earth. We have a territory richer in vegetable and mineral wealth, and larger in area, than any of the kingdoms of Europe. We have a hardy and intelligent population, and the freest institutions on the face of the globe. How should we maintain those rights, protect our liberties, and retain our possessions, were Great Britain's naval and military assistance withheld or withdrawn? We have no navy to protect our ships; we have developed no sufficient military organization to

stand the crucial test of war; we have no manufactories for warlike material, and no internal resources for their immediate creation. We have not even arms and ammunition enough to supply a single army corps in the field and to organize its reserve, should hostilities commence now. Nothing could be done, therefore, without Britain's aid, save to submit peacefully to the first power that attempted forcible annexation.

Now, is this a condition that should be acquiesced in by a free people, accustomed to the exercise of the fullest civil and religious liberty? The merchant who will not insure his life against accident, or his property against fire, is blameworthy, should he suffer loss by these means. The nation which declines or neglects to protect its liberties in not providing for their defence by all means within its power, is equally reprehensible.

Contrast our position with that of some of the smaller European Powers:—

	Dominion of Canada.	Netherlands.	Switzerland.	Sweden.	Norway.	Denmark.	Greece.
Population .....	3,727,000	3,967,263	2,669,147	4,383,291	1,817,237	1,910,400	1,457,844
Area .....	3,580,310 sq. m.	13,680 sq. m.	15,991 sq. m.	171,750 sq. m.	122,280 sq. m.	15,504 sq. m.	19,941 sq. m.
Revenue .....	£4,500,000	£3,042,556	£1,580,640	£4,340,000	£2,177,200	£2,584,300	£1,336,971
Expenditure for military purposes ..	£290,000	£1,541,999	£586,287	£925,000		£1,114,000	£336,757
Army .....	none	61,947 men	84,369 } *50,069 }	7,885 131	12,750 peace 18,000 war	37,000	14,061
Navy { Ships ..	none	67	none	394	20	33	14
{ Guns ..		705		156		291	
{ Men ..		9,200 men		4,693	2,393	1,125	653
Militia .....	43,729	100,323 men	65,981	{ 29,940* 94,950 13,166	62,000*	32,393	24,000
			* Reserve.	* 3 classes.	* Reserve.		

From these figures it appears that, with a population almost equal, and a revenue half as large as the Netherlands, we spend less than one-seventh as much for military and naval purposes, and train for such services less than one-fourth the number of men. We have no ships of war; she has sixty-seven, some of first-class power; and yet her mercantile marine only numbers 1,835 vessels, of 526,527 tonnage, while we have 6,952 vessels, of 1,205,565 tons burden! Denmark, with about half our population and revenue, trains annually double the number of men that we do, and has a small and well appointed navy.

Another striking comparison may be made in the amount paid for military purpose per head of population annually in different countries. For example, in Great Britain the people are taxed \$6.86 per head per annum, in France \$4.50 per head, in Prussia \$2.20 per head, and in the United States (exclusive of the cost of the State Militia) \$1.39 per head, while in Canada we only burden ourselves with the trifling tax of 14 cents per head of our population for militia purposes. Certainly no Canadian would object to that tax being doubled or quadrupled.

It is not necessary to force these comparisons to an application. There are many circumstances which prevent a comparison with the states of Europe. It is merely to point the fact, that other nations having small populations and resources, do more to ensure their national rights and liberties than we do. And it is beyond the power of the most prophetic soul to say that our rights and liberties may not be invaded.

The question is, how are our means of defence to be developed at the least cost to a young and struggling people, both in the matter of money, and of time? There is only one way by which a defensive organization can be maintained, adequately and inexpensively, and that is by means of a militia. But many of our fellow-citizens are

accustomed to ask the question, 'Why expend money to support a militia that in peace is not required, and in war would be inadequate as a protection against invasion?' Let our history answer this question.

Barely twelve years after the struggle which terminated in the cession of Canada to the British, the arms of the rebellious American colonies were directed against Canada. At that time there were only about 500 British troops in the colony, but General Carleton embodied some 1,800 militia and garrisoned Quebec, defeating the attempt of the enemy to carry the fortress by storm on the 30th December, 1775, and holding it until the arrival of British reinforcements on the 6th May, 1776. All the country, west of Quebec, had been overrun by the Americans, and had not the militia proved loyal, in spite of the temptations offered them by the various proclamations of the American Generals, it is probable that, at the present time, Canada would have been one of the States of the Union. This time, therefore, the steady valour and loyalty of the Canadian militia, preserved Canada to the British Crown.

In 1812 the Americans attacked Canada with two corps, numbering 13,300 men. The British troops in the Province were but 4,500 strong, nearly 3,000 of whom were in garrison at Quebec and Montreal, only 1,500 being in Upper Canada. From the capture of Michilimacinae, the first blow of the campaign, down to its close, the militia took their share in every military operation. Of the force that captured Detroit with its garrison of 2,500 men, scarcely 300 were regular troops. Brock had but 1,200 men to oppose 6,300 Americans on the Niagara frontier, and more than half were militia; yet he confronted the enemy, and in the gallant action in which he lost his life, left an imperishable record of the steady valour with which Canadians can defend their country. At that time the population

of Upper Canada, capable of bearing arms, did not exceed 10,000 men, yet the Province supplied 5,455 officers and men as its contingent for service during the war.

In 1813, Canada was menaced by three separate armies, numbering over 30,000 men. The British force consisted of 13,000 regulars, and 15,000 militia, scattered over a frontier a thousand miles long. The Americans overran Upper Canada for a while, but by the end of the campaign had been driven across the border. At Chateauguay, Col. de Salaberry showed of what stuff our militia was made. The American force consisted of 7,000 infantry, 10 guns, and 250 cavalry. The Canadian force, under de Salaberry, was about 1,000 strong—nearly half of whom took no part in the battle—and yet he totally defeated and drove back a force eight times his strength. Of this action, General Sir James Carmichael Smyth says: 'The affair upon the Chateauguay River is remarkable as having been fought, on the British side, almost entirely by Canadians. The Republicans were repulsed by a very inferior number of Canadian militia, and of troops raised in Canada, thus affording a practical proof of the good disposition of the Canadians, and the possibility, to say nothing of the policy, of improving the Canadian militia, so as to be fully equal in discipline and instruction to any American troops that may be brought against them at any future opportunity.' He also says, 'Not a single Canadian militiaman was known to desert to the enemy, during the three years the war continued.' At the end of the war, the Americans had gained no foothold upon Canadian territory, and were forced to postpone that conquest of Canada, originally undertaken as 'a military promenade.' Yet at that time the entire population of Canada did not exceed 300,000, while that of the United States was over 8,000,000,—an odds of 27 to 1 against us. For the second time,

therefore, the efforts of the Canadian militia largely contributed to the preservation of Canada to the Crown.

During 1837, in Upper Canada alone, with a population of 450,000, there were 40,000 militia enrolled, in the expectation of a war being provoked by the action of the too active sympathisers with the Rebels. Of this number there were 16 battalions and 35 companies of cavalry, artillery, and riflemen, placed on active service, several of whom did military duty for some years afterward.

In 1862, when the 'Trent difficulty' rendered a war with the United States a matter of extreme probability, the alacrity with which the Canadian militia sprung to arms, resolving to abide by all consequences rather than that their dearly loved flag should be insulted with impunity, no doubt had its influence in securing the submission and apology that was made by the American Government.

In 1865, it became necessary, in order to restrain the Southerners resident in Canada from making our territory a basis for warlike operations, to place corps of observation at certain points on the frontier. These battalions were formed from the *élite* of our militia and they became, after a few months' duty, equal to any soldiery in the world. How could we at that time have sustained our International obligations, had we no militia?

From 1866 to 1870 came the Fenian raids. How serious would these small matters have become had we not had our militia ready to repel such attacks! Those who now cavil at the expense, and argue against the necessity of the Force, were in those days the first to recognize their usefulness, and to seek to place the militia between themselves and the enemy. In twenty-four hours from the call for active service, 33,754 militiamen had come forward, upwards of 8,000 in excess of the quota allowed by the Militia Act, and 13,000 more than had been on the

strength of companies in the preceding year.

In 1869, our militia took a part in the expedition to Red River, and, by their soldierlike qualities and cheerful endurance, won such high consideration from their gallant commander that in the wilds of Ashanti he wished for those two corps of Canadian militiamen, when the picked regiments of Imperial troops were at his disposal.

Since 1870, have not the Guibord riots and the 12th of July outrages in Montreal; the Grand Trunk riot at Belleville and elsewhere on the line; the pilgrimage riots in Toronto, and half a dozen other occasions in which military aid has been invoked to enforce the civil power, proved sufficiently the imperative necessity for the maintenance in our midst of a body of armed and disciplined militia, who regard their duty as soldiers first, and their prejudices and feelings last?

Suppose that we take it for granted that a militia is a necessary adjunct to Government, even in a country where the people have an hereditary respect for the majesty of the law. Upon what principle, and what detail, shall we render that constitutional force at once inexpensive and efficient? There are three ways afforded us by precedent. First, the old feudal system, making the land, through its owners, responsible for the forthcoming of a certain force. This was the system in Canada prior to the conquest, and which, singularly enough, was engrafted upon British law by the Quebec Act. Second—the *ballot*, which is the law of this country, though suspended in its operation by the present system of voluntary enlistment.

The nearest approach to our system as defined by law, is that in force in Denmark, which is based upon the liability of all able-bodied men to serve, but adopts the ballot as a practice. Let us glance at its working and results.

Every male subject, at the age of 22, has to assemble in his military district for the purpose of conscription. They are then sorted for the various arms—the smallest or weakest never being called upon for duty in time of peace, and the physically incapable being rejected altogether. About 40 per company are selected for active service, and are, to all intents and purposes, regular soldiers for sixteen months, and after that time are incorporated with those men of their year, not called upon for service, as a *reserve*, to be called upon in case of need. These reserves are formed into battalions, of which it will be seen forty per cent are drilled men. When a man has been in the reserve for ten years, he goes into the *second reserve*, and is not called upon for duty, unless the first reserve is drained by war. Officers obtain commissions only upon examination, and are promoted by seniority,—promotions in the Artillery and Engineers being based upon the number of marks gained by those who are entitled to compete, and appointments being made to the Staff from those who pass the best examinations. In some cases, however, these promotions are made by merit. Non-commissioned officers above the rank of corporals enlist for eight years, after which time they are entirely exempt from military service. Corporals are selected from among the recruits of the year, and are kept on duty for two years, by which time the new non-commissioned officers are fairly able for duty.

The Danish army is composed of:

Cavalry—1 Regiment Life Guards.

“ 1 “ Hussars.

“ 4 “ Dragoons.

Artillery—30 Batteries (8 guns each.)

Engineers—18 Companies.

Infantry—1 Battalion Life Guards.

“ 22 Battalions (4 Companies each.)

Or a total of 37,000 of all ranks.

The *third* system is that wherein the

entire male population takes it in turn to serve, as in Switzerland, a country which has for centuries presented the edifying spectacle of a nation determined to be independent, but never to interfere with its neighbours—an example it would be well for us to follow.

With exception of the clergy and certain civil functionaries, every Swiss is a soldier. From the age of 19 to that of 44 he may be at any time called upon for military service. But practically a man passes into the reserve or *Landwehr*, at about 28 to 30, serving his time in the *élite* or first line, before that age. As soon as a youth attains the age of 19 he is attached to a battalion in his canton and there undergoes 28 days' drill for the first year, and eight days' drill in the succeeding years. If he is suitable he is placed in the engineers or artillery, and then undergoes 42 days' training for the first and 14 days in the succeeding years. Riflemen are trained for 35 days the first, and 14 the following years.

Staff officers are obliged to pass through the military school at Thun, as are also the officers of engineers and artillery. Regimental staff officers also pass examinations on promotion. The military college at Thun is self-sustaining.

The *élite* or first line, numbers 84,369 of all ranks, the *reserve* or second line 50,069, of all ranks, and the *Landwehr* or third line, 65,981 of all ranks; the first two (in round numbers 140,000 men) being armed and equipped.

Thus we see what can be accomplished in the way of defensive organization, by smaller nations, with lesser revenues than our own. What are we to do towards the same end? No hurried extension of our present system is necessary or would be prudent. Armies are not made in a day, nor can a military system be perfected in a year. *But the framework must be built in time of peace, upon such solid foundations that*

*it will neither shrink nor give way under the pressure of war.* Therefore we appeal to our legislators, and to our countrymen at large, to give the matter serious and instant consideration. To have an efficient militia, sufficient funds must be provided to carry on the work regularly. It will not do to spend two millions in one year, and half a million in the next. The vote should be a standing sum, and not subject to legislative caprice, or cheese-paring administration. Let the country decide, once for all, what it can afford to spend annually for defensive purposes, and then hold those persons responsible for its proper expenditure, who are also responsible for the efficiency of the Force.

It is difficult to understand on what grounds the successive Governments have been so parsimonious in reference to militia expenditure. There is no item in the Public Accounts less grudging by the masses of the people than that devoted to the support of the militia; there is no outlay that is distributed so evenly over the country—and there is little doubt but that any Government would be liberally supported in a generous policy towards the force.

Members of Parliament have said that the country would not submit to an increased expenditure for militia purposes. This is either founded on ignorance of the real feelings of the Canadian people, or is but a shallow pretence. Have we not seen year after year Municipal Councils all over the country voting large sums to their local volunteer corps to supplement the Government Grants? Do not the Municipalities meet the Government half way and build handsome drill sheds, of which they pay a large portion of the cost? The municipal bodies are not bound to expend these sums, it is no part of their duty any more than that they should give grants to the customs and the post office, or for the erection of light-houses. This liberality is the most conclusive proof that

the people are even more advanced than their rulers, and that they feel that Parliament and Government do not do their full duty in reference to the defensive organization of the State. It is absurd for our legislators to excuse themselves from not voting sufficient sums to the militia on the ground that popular feeling is against it. There is no doubt that the people will stand by the Parliament in any steps taken in this direction.

The drill pay given to the militia finds its way into every nook of the Dominion—on almost every concession and side line can be found one or more members of the force—while every town and almost every village is the headquarters of a company, in which the inhabitants take a deep interest, of whose appearance they are proud, and in which their finest young men are enrolled. Our politicians have never yet fully appreciated how deep a hold the militia organization has taken upon the hearts of the people of this country. It is the most popular organization, and it has the advantage of being neither religious, sectarian or political, but purely national and patriotic. It is the only common ground upon which all can unite—where Catholic and Protestant, Conservative and Liberal, can vie with each other in giving our Dominion that military strength which is so important an element of national greatness.

For these reasons our statesmen should devote special pains to foster in every way an organization which tends to weld the nation together, to cultivate a national and patriotic spirit, and to make the whole nation defensively warlike, and confident in the future of the State.

Unfortunately our politicians look at questions solely from party standpoints, and are little influenced by national considerations; consequently when the expenditure is to be reduced the first thing to suffer is the militia. The reduction does not affect the staff

—which is maintained at the same strength, although the force is reduced by one-half—but the whole burden falls upon the men of the force, their numbers are cut down, their pay reduced, their camps dispensed with, and the *morale* of the force thereby greatly diminished, and the efficiency seriously impaired.

Is this reduction necessary? Is it advisable even upon purely financial grounds? It must not be overlooked that we are contending against the reduction of drill pay, etc., for the active force only, for there has been little or no reduction in the cost of the machinery by which the force is governed. Now, the drill pay of officers and men goes directly into the hands of the tax-payers themselves. There is scarcely a family in Canada that has not some relative in the force, and the trifling sums paid in this way go back into the country households, and in many and many a township is the only Government money ever seen, and is, in fact, the only return they ever seem to get for their taxes. There may be a fallacy in this, but they believe it, notwithstanding.

It is sometimes urged that the labour is lost to the country while the men are at drill. This may be right in theory, but it is a mistake in reality. The drills are performed at night, or in the month of June—between haying and harvest—and practically do not cause one grain of wheat less to be sown, or one bushel less to be reaped, while the country has the added strength of a trained and effective military organization.

Some argue that the militia force is not as efficient as a regular army would be, and that, therefore, the money spent upon the organization is wasted. Granted that a regular force would be more efficient, but a Canadian regular army would needs be very small and disproportionately costly. The Mounted Police, 300 in number, cost for last year \$305,749.05. The annual drill pay for the whole number of militia

trained last year was \$124,267.95, or little more than a third of the cost of the Mounted Police. Again A and B Batteries Dominion Artillery, about 250 men, cost \$109,691.35, or  $\frac{1}{12}$  as much as the entire militia were paid for drill. Will any one in his senses claim that there would be as much military strength in a regular force of 250 or 300 men, as in a militia numbering 45,000?

It is also a mistake to consider that the whole value of the present force consists in the high state of drill in which it is, or should be kept. If we have not absolute efficiency, we have, as a starting point, the organization, the arms, and the equipment—the officers fairly efficient, and the rough edge taken off the men. War would not probably come at a day's notice, and every day after our men were mobilized, they would gain in steadiness. Had we not our present organization, or were it abolished for ten years, six months of the greatest efforts would not do as much to bring the force to an efficient state, as six weeks would do under the present circumstances.

A great advantage is also realized in the military spirit created in the country. At present almost every young man serves for a longer or shorter period in the ranks of the militia. Many people think that, because they leave the force before they are thoroughly efficient as soldiers, their service is wasted and their training useless. There can be no greater mistake. When a lad of 18 or 20 has donned the uniform and shouldered the rifle, and drilled even for one year, a great deal has been done. The idea that he is a Canadian—that he may some day be called upon to defend his country—has entered his mind, and as long as he lives thereafter he will be a better citizen. Twenty years after, if war should break out, his first thought would be 'My country is in danger, I must shoulder my rifle again and go to the front;' while, if he had never

been in the force, he would probably say, 'There will be war, and I am afraid our militia will have more than they can do to defend the country,' but he will not think of enlisting to help them. Perhaps, like a craven, he might say, 'The odds are too great, we should not provoke the enemy by resistance.' From this point of view alone, the militia organization is of immense service to the country.

Canadians have the historical reputation of being defensively the most warlike people in the world, and it should be the part of our legislators to cultivate and encourage that feeling. Like Switzerland, we will never be aggressive, but who shall say that we may not have to fight desperately for our separate existence as a nation in the future, as we have done in the past. Already the muttered thunder from the East has reached our ears—why may not the gathering storm reach and devastate our shores? Can we reconcile it with our duty as loyal subjects and good citizens, that we should neglect those measures which may be necessary in order to preserve our national existence; or are we to be 'like dumb driven cattle' instead of 'heroes in the strife?' When the exigency arises it will be too late for precautionary measures. It is necessary to prepare for war in time of peace.

But it is to be feared that persuasions and warnings alike fall upon heedless ears. Because the militia force is not a political organization; because they have wisely and rightly held aloof from politics, they are ignored by our politicians. But though abstaining from taking an active part in politics, the militia has, and can exercise, an important influence in elections. In 1872, Sir George Cartier, the then Minister of Militia, was defeated in Montreal, because the volunteers and their friends voted 'en masse' against him. In this last election the general dissatisfaction of the Force was doubtless one of the causes of the striking defeat of the

Mackenzie Government. Let us then appeal, upon purely selfish grounds, for the influence and support of our members of Parliament, in order that the Government of the day may treat liberally the most popular and influential of our national organizations.

To the people we must also appeal, to conquer that apathy with which they have viewed our past struggles for existence. Do they realize that if the present Force is discouraged to death, the law provides for the establishment of the ballot, and that employers, instead of employés, may be forced into the ranks? Do they realize that each young man who goes out to drill, in every year, sacrifices from \$8 to \$10 for their direct benefit, and without reaping any specific advantage therefor? Do they realize the protection that the presence of the Force affords their property and their

lives? What would have stayed the pilgrimage riots in Toronto save the presence of an armed force? What would have stayed the sacking of Montreal, had no volunteers been at hand on the 12th July?

Our desires are most reasonable. We only ask that the provisions of the Militia Law should be slightly amended and rigidly enforced, and that a little more money should be spent in the annual training of the men. All that is wanted, in addition, is that the Canadian people should take a living interest and pride in their citizen soldiery; encourage them by precept and example, and stimulate, rather than retard, their efforts to fulfil their duty. Give the militiaman the *locus standi* that he deserves to have in the community, and the community will reap the reward in the hour of danger.

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## ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BY WALTER TOWNSENT.

THERE is an Eastern fable which tells how a Sage, being divinely allowed the choice between great fame during life and oblivion afterwards on the one hand, and on the other, neglect whilst living, but after death undying glory throughout all ages, chose the former. When asked why he should have chosen the least worthy reward, the Sage replied, that no considerations of vain-glory had influenced him; 'but,' said he, 'by choosing the first, I cannot help but gain the second also, at least so far as I can myself enjoy it; and for this reason, that, as I shall continually hear all men

praising me and declaring my precepts to be immortal, I shall end by believing them, although I have myself heard the voice of Heaven declare the contrary.' Robert Southey can lay claim to the same enjoyment of undying fame as that which the Eastern Sage promised himself. During his lifetime he was assured by the almost unanimous voice of intellectual contemporaries that his name would descend to future ages linked with those of Milton and Shakespeare, and not any one of those who told him so believed it half so thoroughly as did Robert Southey himself. There is indeed just this dif



ference between Southey and the subject of the Eastern fable, viz., that Southey did not *end* by believing in his own immortality, but began life with so blind and unwavering a conviction that his name was destined to live for ever, that he himself persuaded more people of the certainty of it than ever attempted to do the like by him. He appealed with triumphant confidence to the verdict of posterity, on all and every occasion. If a critic humbly suggested the possibility of his verse containing defects, or his metre being ill-chosen, Southey informed him that he did not write for the ignorant living, but for a posterity which 'sooner or later pronounces unerringly upon the merits of the case.\* With a simplicity that, to us who know what the real result has been, is at times almost touching, Southey continually hints that great and deserved as was the applause he met with in life, he regarded it as but a drop in the ocean of a glory which was to last as long as the English language. Well is it for the worthy Doctor that he obtained so liberal a share of actual tangible praise whilst still alive to enjoy it, for we fear that his confident visions of immortality are already, less than forty years after his death, proven to be, in very truth,

'Such stuff as dreams are made of.'

His great poems, '*Madoc*,' '*Thalaba*,' '*The Curse of Kehama*,' and those others which he was pleased to dignify with the name of Epic, remain to testify by their portentous length to the magnitude of his failure. These are the works which Southey's contemporaries assured him would 'form an epoch in the literary history of his country, convey to himself 'a name perdurable on earth,' and to the age in which he lived a character that need not fear comparison with that of any by which it has been preceded.† How have these prophecies been ful-

filled? How many readers are there who would, in our day, think of looking for anything higher in these poems, than the interest which belongs to them by reason of their plots? And even in this last and lowest respect, if we must judge by the absolute neglect into which they have fallen, we fear that these—the most ambitious efforts of Southey, by which he felt assured he had gained a place amongst the immortals—are but of little use in keeping his name alive for even a generation after his death. Remembering that many powerful intellects set great store by these productions, when they first saw the light of day, critics have read and re-read them, thinking perhaps at times that the want of perception must lie in their own natures, but they have again and again returned baffled from the charge, and have at last owned themselves defeated by the invincibility of commonplace and dulness. There are few poets who have had the good fortune to enjoy during life such fame as fell to Southey's lot, and there are few whose works have so soon fallen into utter neglect. The reaction, after the manner of all reactions, has, perhaps, been too violent, and although the poems which were for long adjudged his greatest can never successfully lay claim to immortality, Southey has left behind him work which entitles him to a place among English poets, even if a lower one than he aspired to.

Robert Southey was born at Bristol in the year 1774, four years after Wordsworth, and in his fourteenth year he was sent to Westminster School, where he remained more than three years. He must, therefore, have very nearly reached the natural close of his school career, when he had the misfortune to be expelled for setting on foot a publication called *The Flagellant*, containing sarcastic allusions to the well-known power of the Head Master, Dr. Vincent, for wielding the birch. In the following year he proceeded to Oxford, and, as was natural

\* Preface to '*Madoc*.' Vol. V., Author's Ed.  
 † Quarterly Review. Vol. XIII., 1815.

in those days to a youth with poetic fervour and generous aspirations, he allied himself with the little knot of extreme democrats, of whom Coleridge was one. This band of enthusiasts headed by Coleridge, Southey and Lovell, proposed to emigrate to the New World, and found what they called a Pantisocracy, an ideal state of society, in which every one was to be industrious, virtuous and happy ; but, alas ! a hard-hearted public obstinately refused to contribute its money, to regenerate society and the scheme was suffered to languish and die for want of funds. It was probably owing to the same cause that Southey's University career abruptly closed in the second year of his residence, and he began that uphill struggle with the world by which he finally gained honour and competence. It has only been necessary very briefly to trace the outline of Southey's life up to this point, in order to show clearly what were the beliefs and opinions which animated him in youth, and to contrast them with the widely different beliefs and opinions which regulated his conduct in after-life. The world has always been inclined to look uncharitably on one who changes his creed in politics or religion. Even those whose ranks he seeks to enter, while welcoming him outwardly with open arms, cannot resist an undefinable feeling that it would have been nobler and better for him to have remained true to his first principles. However far above suspicion may be the sincerity of his motives, the mere fact that he has abandoned his old beliefs, never ceases to be cast up as in some sort a reproach to him. But his honesty needs to be very clearly demonstrated before the world will believe in it ; the impulse of the great majority of people is to impute unworthy and interested motives for any revolution in creed or politics. The want of charity, the rashness of accusation, the wicked slanders which beset one who has been courageous en-

ough openly to declare his change of front, are deplorable. The principle of holding a man innocent unless he be proved guilty is reversed, and the convert must unmistakably prove his innocence or suffer universal condemnation. The monstrous injustice of this needs no demonstration ; indeed it refutes itself, because it is so certain that obloquy will follow conversion, that corrupt temptation can rarely succeed except where the reward is so large as to be easily apparent ; so that if it be not apparent it is almost safe to conclude that it does not exist, and in such a case nothing but the highest honesty and fortitude can enable a man to face the inevitable storm of reproach, which is the lot of the deserter. That a man should hold the same set of opinions at forty years of age, as at twenty, is no cause for pride or boastfulness on his part ; it shows that he was either preternaturally old in his youth, or that he has reached maturity without profiting by the lessons of experience. No one can justly blame Southey for his abandonment of the beliefs which inspired his youth. It is only just to assume that his convictions were sincere and his motives honest, and although he undoubtedly profited in a worldly sense by the changes it would be monstrous to allege that he was in the slightest degree actuated by any such expectation. Southey, however, unfortunately for his reputation, was not content with the simple adoption of a new set of opinions. He threw himself at the feet of those whom he had previously cursed as despots, and beslavered them with sickening adulation ; where he might with propriety have become a follower, he deliberately chose to be a lackey. This violent abasement it was that drew upon him the indignation of those whose ranks he had left, and against whom he turned with virulent hatred ; and this it was that barbed the arrows of Byron's scorn :

' He had written praises of a regicide ;  
 He had written praises of all kings whatever ;  
 He had written for republics far and wide,  
 And then against them litterer than ever.  
 For pantisocracy he once had cried  
 Aloud—a scheme less moral than 'twas clever ;  
 Then grew a hearty anti-Jacobin  
 Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his  
 skin.

Coleridge and Wordsworth underwent exactly the same political metamorphosis as Southey, but they never awakened, because they never deserved, one-tenth part of the animosity with which Southey was justly regarded. In 1794, when Southey quitted Oxford, he was filled with the enthusiasm for liberty which the events of the French Revolution had engendered in every noble and unprejudiced mind. With the exception of a volume of short verses, published in conjunction with his friend Lovell, his earliest work was a tragedy, entitled '*Wat Tyler*,' written for the express purpose of proving how desirable are liberty, communism and perfect equality, and how absolutely necessary it is to the happiness of mankind that domineering priests and despots should disappear from the earth. This production is chiefly characterized by baldness of diction and poverty of thought, but the nobility of its purpose gave it a temporary success. Southey, however, soon disowned all that it contained of good, and in republishing it at the close of his life did not attempt to correct, nor even to offer any apology for, its youthful crudeness ; he apparently thought the treatment perfect, but the conception odious, and the reason he gives for according it a place among his works is that 'it seemed proper that a production, which will be specially noticed whenever the author shall be delivered over to the biographers, should be included here.' In 1795, Southey's opinions remained unchanged, and in this year he published '*Joan of Arc*,' his first considerable poem, the subject of which had been suggested to him by Coleridge, and the poem written two years before its publication. Al-

though '*Joan of Arc*' was completed before Southey attained his twentieth year, it approaches as nearly to true epic poetry as any one of his more mature and more pretentious production. One reason for this is to be found in the fact that, unlike '*Thalaba*,' '*The Curse of Kehama*' et hoc genus omne, its subject is really susceptible of epic treatment, and in the hands of an ardent lover of patriotic liberty could not fail to be ennobling, at least in conception, however faulty might be the poetical execution. As a poem '*Joan of Arc*' contained a full share of those faults and excellencies natural to Southey, which will be spoken of later on ; at present we are only concerned with its political aspect. Writing in 1837, Southey himself says that 'the chief cause of its favourable reception was, that it was written in a republican spirit,' and there can be little doubt of the strict truth of this. In the first edition of the poem, the Maid of Orleans is conducted in a vision to the realms of eternal woe, and beholds there all the great conquerors of the earth who, during their lives, deluged the earth with blood, and as she gazed upon them :

' A deep and hollow voice from one went forth ;  
 Lo ! I am here,  
 The hero conqueror of Agincourt,  
 Henry of England ! . . . Wretched that I am !  
 I might have reign'd in happiness and peace,  
 My coffers full, my subjects undisturb'd,  
 And Plenty and Prosperity had loved  
 To dwell amongst them ; but in evil hour,  
 Seeing the realm of France, by faction torn,  
 I thought in pride of heart that it would fall  
 An easy prey. I persecuted those  
 Who taught new doctrines, though they taught the  
 truth ;  
 And when I heard of thousands by the sword  
 Cut off, or blasted by the pestilence,  
 I calmly counted up my proper gains,  
 And sent new herds to slaughter. Temperate  
 Myself, no blood that mutinied, no vice  
 Tainting my private life, I sent abroad  
 Murder and Rape.'

The picture thus given of George III. was sufficiently obvious, as it was substantially true, and in the next and all subsequent editions the whole of the vision of Joan was expunged, on the plea that supernatural machinery

was out of place in such a poem.\* And now let us turn from this picture of George III. to the one presented to us by Southey in 'The Vision of Judgment,' and on comparing them the most ardent lover of royalty will own that if the first be harsh and unjust, the second is absolutely indefensible, either on the score of taste, or of truth. In the address dedicating 'The Vision of Judgment' to George IV., Southey calls it 'a tribute to the sacred memory of our late revered Sovereign,' and proceeds to eulogize the House of Brunswick in the most fulsome terms, concluding with the astounding remark that, 'The brightest portion of British history will be that which records the improvements, the works, and the achievements of the Georgian Age.' Such a preface fitly prepares us for the poem itself, which is a vision vouchsafed to the poet of the reception which George III's soul met with after death at the tribunal of Heaven, where his accusers are called forth to testify against him, only to be utterly and completely confounded. We will not touch upon the wretched taste which could justify, to a poet's mind, such a semi-blasphemous conception, but will merely set forth Southey's mode of dealing with his self-chosen subject. The powers of Hell are first called upon to bring forward any accusation they may have against the Monarch, and

'Forth from the lurid cloud a Demon came at the summons;  
It was the Spirit by which his righteous reign had been troubled.'

This portentous demon is exceedingly

\* Southey's pusillanimous withdrawal of these verses may have stimulated Landor to revive the description of the Monarch more pointedly, in the following lines, which occur in *Gebir*, published in 1802:

"Iberia bore him but the breed accurst  
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east,"  
"He was a warrior then, nor fear'd the gods?"  
"Gebir, he feared the demons, not the gods  
Though them indeed his daily face adored:  
And was no warrior, yet the thousand lives  
Squandered, as stones to exercise a sling,  
And the tame cruelty, and cold caprice,  
Oh madness of mankind! address'd, adored!"

shadowy in outline, and it is difficult at first to understand whom or what he represents, but the lines which inform us that he was graced with

'Numberless faces,  
Numberless bestial ears erect to all rumours, and restless,  
And with numberless mouths which were fill'd with lies as with arrows.'

give the first clue, and when he calls as witnesses Wilkes and Junius, we become quite certain that the terrible fiend is the personification of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition in the House of Commons. It is hardly necessary to say that Wilkes and Junius are represented as damned spirits who have been allowed a short respite from torment, in order to attend this trial; but all the canons of decency, not to mention good taste, are so consistently violated in the poem, that we may pass over this breach of them as trifling. These diabolical witnesses having fled in silence and dismay (can it be that the good Southey dared not let them speak?), the spirit of George Washington, of all possible spirits in Heaven or Hell, appears to speak a good word for his ancient foe, and he does it by means of the following extraordinary utterance:

'Thou too didst act with upright heart, as befitted a Sovereign  
True to his sacred trust, to his crown, his kingdom and people.  
Heaven in these things fulfill'd its wise, though inscrutable purpose,  
While we work'd its will, doing each in his place as became him.'

This idea of a partnership between Washington and George III., in which both were working for a common end, would be intensely ludicrous, were it not that we lose sight of the comic side of the picture in sorrow that so good and true a man as Southey, should have forgotten his better nature and debased himself so utterly. It is impossible to continue further in the description of this poem, without incurring grave risk of reflecting some of the unctuous profanity into which Southey allowed his ultra-loyalty to betray him. Suffice it to say that

George III. is supposed to be received into the region of bliss, and that he meets there amongst others, Richard I., Charles I., and the Black Prince, the last named being rather a curious *protégé* for the author of '*Joan of Arc.*' It may be supposed, however, that Henry V. himself would also have been there, but that the author, some twenty years before, had disposed of him otherwise; we cannot imagine any more valid excuse for his exclusion from such a company. In the course of the poem George IV., that heartless, polished, padded ruffian, is thus alluded to :

Right in his father's steps hath the Regent trod,  
 was the answer :  
 Firm hath he proved and wise, at a time when  
 weakness or error  
 Would have sunk us in shame, and to ruin have  
 hurried us headlong,  
 True to himself hath he been, and Heaven has re-  
 warded his counsels.'

The two points on which Southey enraged his former party, and even disgusted the most sensible of his friends, were adulation of George IV., whose vices were notorious, and enthusiastic, loud-mouthed approbation of the wars with France, even to the extent of justifying them in their inception. The lapse of nearly two generations has enabled a calm verdict to be rendered on the conduct of England towards France at the close of the eighteenth century, and there are few men now living, no matter what their politics, who will deny that, by her action at that time, England, in common with the rest of Europe incurred a grave responsibility, and brought evil forces into play which are only now exhausting themselves. The first interference with the affairs of a friendly nation rendered possible the career of the first Buonaparte; this led to a second interference, which was absolutely necessary for the safety of Europe, and the settlement then arrived at rendered possible, nay, almost inevitable, the twenty years of Imperialism which emasculated France, and from which she is but now recovering. Southey, however, cannot be

blamed for not anticipating the events and the verdict of history : the spirits who were strong enough to foresee, and bold enough to denounce the consequences of England's conduct, were few indeed, and they met with but little honour during life. But Southey is to be blamed for flattering a vicious Prince : he himself, a man of purest morals and most exalted social virtue, must, in this instance at least, have consciously degraded what should have been to him a sacred art. It is not to be supposed, however, that the sins of '*The Vision of Judgment*' passed unpunished in Southey's lifetime. He was ill-advised enough to publish a Preface to the poem, in which he inveighed against what he called the 'Satanic' school of poetry, and actually had the hardihood to call upon the law to devise means of suppressing those 'men of diseased hearts and depraved imaginations.' It is not very clear that he wished to denounce any one outside of Lord Byron and the Edinburgh Reviewers, who had vexed his soul by their criticisms, but his reference to the first named was so evident that Byron took up the cudgels and administered such a castigation as poet never received before. There is no finer example of mocking, withering sarcasm in any language than Byron's *Vision of Judgment*; the contemptuous, biting preface, would alone annihilate most men, and the pungent wit and exquisite ridicule of the poem itself, must have made even Southey, the impervious egotist, wince and tremble. He felt himself unable to cope with such a giant as Byron, and took his well-merited punishment in silence.

Southey had accepted the office of Laureate in 1813, after it had been offered to, and declined by, Sir Walter Scott. It is stated in Lockhart's Life of Scott, that Southey attached as a condition of his acceptance, that he should not be called upon for any of those formal odes on the occasions of Royal birthdays, &c., which had ren-

dered the name of his predecessor Pye so notorious and so ridiculous. Southey, however, expressly denies that he made any such stipulation, informing us on the contrary, that immediately after his appointment the New Year's Ode was called for and duly furnished, and that he continued to prepare odes for any occasion on which he thought they might be demanded. It is certain, therefore, that the disuse of the custom was the gradual work of time, and was not accelerated by any special action on Southey's part. It is hardly fair to criticise seriously performances written to order, such as the '*Carmen Triumphale*' or the '*Carmen Nuptiale*;' they drew down upon the poet great and deserved ridicule during his lifetime, and they are certainly not worth dilating upon after his death. It is only necessary to mention them in discussing Southey's political conduct, because of the proof they afford, that the violence of his recantation from his early opinions, prevented him from rescuing the office of Laureate from the degradation into which it had fallen under the wretched Pye. It has remained for Mr. Tennyson to demonstrate, that a great poet may hold the office without sacrifice of his dignity as a man, or risk of his reputation as a poet. We have said enough to show that although Southey's change of opinion was undoubtedly natural, thoroughly sincere, inspired by high motives and firm conviction, the actions which resulted from it were unworthy of so good a man, and laid him open, not only to the aspersions of his contemporaries, but to the just reproach of posterity. An ardent loyalist may become a sincere republican without of necessity being a regicide, but, reversing the cases, this latter was the part which Southey deliberately chose to play. It is not that he changed his opinions—had he been from his youth upwards an enthusiastic defender of Church and King his course would be no less blameworthy—nor is

it necessary to enquire whether his earlier or his later beliefs are the best for the general adoption of mankind; the fault with which he is charged lies altogether outside the discussion of such questions; it consists in the proven fact that he flattered and fawned upon his Royal friends, and vilified and traduced his own quondam allies; and this must for ever remain a dark spot on an otherwise bright escutcheon.

To turn from Southey's political career to his social life, is to emerge from a heated, unhealthy atmosphere into pure air, and bright, health-giving sunshine. In every relation of life, as husband, father, friend, he was alike admirable and above reproach. He was severely moral without being ascetic; nobly generous without being profuse; tender-hearted as a woman without a woman's weakness; ingenuous as a child without a child's ignorance; a charming companion, a faithful friend and a tender lover; he was incapable of envy, and wilful injustice was impossible to him. We have noticed the chief incidents of Southey's youth, as the best stand-point from which to point out his faults as a politician: but in order to illustrate fully his virtues as a private citizen, we should have to refer to nearly every action of a long and meritorious life. Fortunately such a task is not only impossible, but quite unnecessary to our present purpose; the main excellencies of Southey as a man are so patent, that a brief reference to the leading events of his career, will afford ample evidence of their existence. The year following his final leave-taking of the University, Southey accompanied his uncle Dr. Herbert to Lisbon. Before he left England he married Miss Edith Fricker, of Bristol, whose two sisters had previously been united, the one to Coleridge, and the other to Southey's friend, Lovell. His stay in Portugal was not a long one, but he wisely applied himself vigorously to the study of Spanish and Portuguese,

and to his knowledge of these languages we owe nearly all of the least unworthy part of his poetry. During his absence his brother-in-law Lovell died, and Southey's conduct to his widow is one of the noblest episodes of a noble life. Immediately upon his return to England, although he himself at the time was so poor that he could not claim the wife from whom he had parted at the church-door, Southey busied himself in the attempt to obtain a provision for Mrs. Lovell. As soon as he had a home of his own, he generously invited her to share it, and together with her son she became an honoured inmate of the celebrated Greta Hall. For some time Southey's ultimate career was uncertain; he tried the law, but threw it up in less than a year, and again visited Portugal; on his return he made a trial of official life, being appointed Private Secretary to Mr. Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, but his unbusinesslike habits rendered him totally unfit for the post, and he wisely anticipated dismissal by resignation. During the whole of this time, however, he had been most industrious as an author, and had met with more than average success, as far as reputation went, although the pecuniary results of his labours had not been very encouraging. However, he determined in spite of all discouragements, to devote himself wholly to the life of a student and a poet, and to win by industry, competence in the only career for which he was fitted. Before his short trial of official life, Southey had visited Coleridge at Greta Hall, and in 1803 he joined his brother-poet as a permanent occupant of the house, and thus had the good fortune to be classed among the Lake Poets. Here the two families, Mrs. Lovell and her son being regarded as part of Southey's, lived amicably together, and here it was that Southey formed his library, that noble collection of books which was his chief pride, and the supreme de-

light of his life. Southey loved books with that rare love, which distinguishes them as in some sort personal friends, not to be lightly thrown aside or disregarded, even when all possible good has been extracted from them. He agreed with Charles Lamb in thinking, that every book has an individuality of its own, and that its outward clothing should be, in some sort, appropriate; and that, where a book is at once both good and rare, 'no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable to honour and keep safe such a jewel.' His books were magnificently bound, and much as he loved, and deeply as he studied, the inside of them, he took a pride in their appearance which bespoke the true book-lover. In this respect he presented a curious contrast with Wordsworth; the books that Wordsworth loved were few in number; his little library was thumbed and tattered and dogs-eared, and he cared nothing for any book, merely as a book, irrespective of the information to be gained from it. In one sense this difference between the two poets was both natural and characteristic. No man owed less to books than Wordsworth; no poet is so entirely indebted to them for his name and fame as Southey. Southey's library has been well called 'his wife,' but it would, perhaps, be more fitting to say that he regarded each book in it with the affection of a father for a child. We can call to mind few more pathetic pictures than that of Southey, old and enfeebled in body, and still more enfeebled in mind, his overwrought intellect having at last fallen in ruins, sitting in his library and taking down one after another his dearly-loved books, gently stroking and patting them, and then hopelessly returning to the shelves the old friends whose voices had become dumb to him for ever. Southey's methodical and intensely industrious habits astonished all who knew him; he made it an absolute rule to get through a certain

amount of work every day, and the quantity he produced is something enormous. His poems alone fill ten large volumes, and in addition he wrote histories, biographies and articles without number for the Quarterly, and other reviews. His enemies accused him of being a mere machine, warranted, if properly wound up and set going, to produce a ready-made article after any pattern required; and the sneer certainly had a groundwork of truth. Southey himself asserted, that between the ages of twenty and twenty-five he burnt more poetry than he published during his whole life, a fact which, some people would say, should not be lost sight of in summing up his meritorious deeds. If he had burnt a little more it would, perhaps, have been better for his reputation, and more gratifying to his critics. Nevertheless, the untiring energy and unflagging industry with which Southey struggled for competence for his family, and glory for himself, compel our admiration. The writings by which he made money were his prose works. As an instance, we may mention, that for a review of Nelson in the Quarterly, subsequently expanded into the famous *Life*, he received £150. He regarded such work as mere drudgery, and never allowed it to interfere with his incessant toil in the nobler field of poetry. It may be his lot, however, to depend largely for fame upon the works that he despised, and if this be so, his industry and the integrity which inspired it will not have been without their reward.

For many years Southey lived a happy, and, except in a literary sense, uneventful life at Keswick. With Wordsworth he maintained a pleasant intercourse, although it was of the calm and equable sort which springs rather from close acquaintanceship than from any strong mutual attraction. Indeed their habits were so dissimilar, that it required many years to bring about anything like intimacy

between them. Wordsworth, the peripatetic philosopher, living so much in the open air, seeking no inspiration from books, and happily relieved from the necessity of any uncongenial literary toil, found it hard to sympathize fully with Southey, who rarely stirred outside his library, who was forced to write on any and every subject, if thereby he could earn money, and who had moreover little foibles and prejudices inconceivable to Wordsworth. A jesting remark of Southey's happily illustrates their dissimilarities in taste and character; he said that to allow Wordsworth access to his library was like 'letting a bear into a tulip garden.' But it is probable that the radical cause which prevented an immediate friendship between the two men, was their intense, overpowering egotism; Wordsworth could brook no one, who claimed equality, near his throne, and Southey had a full share of the same feeling.

The saddest event of Southey's life, and one which displays prominently the sweetness of his nature, and the depth of his affections, was the loss of his son Herbert. He said, in speaking of it, that for him earth had henceforth no joys to offer; and it is certain that a shadow was cast over his life which was not dispelled on this side of the grave. Among Southey's published works are some fragmentary thoughts occasioned by his son's death, of no great value in a literary sense, but touching from their simplicity, and from the depth of affliction which inspired them. He tells us how his

' Playful thoughts  
Turn'd now to gall and esel.'

And with a mournful reference to the shrinking pain he never ceased to feel at any mention of his dead son, he declared

That name  
In sacred silence buried, which was still  
At morn and eve the never wearying theme  
Of dear discourse.'

It is not necessary to dwell longer on



Southey's private life. He never sought what is conventionally known as 'society,' although he gained the reputation among such men as Wordsworth, Coleridge and De Quincey of a brilliant conversationalist, of the incisive, arbitrary kind; a style which must have been peculiarly telling when contrasted with Coleridge's eloquent and mystical verbosity. In 1837 his peaceful, studious life was rudely shaken by the death of his wife, the cherished and faithful companion of forty years, helper in all his struggles and proud sharer in all his prosperity. Her loss was somewhat compensated for, however, by his second marriage with Caroline Bowles, the poetess, who consented to comfort his declining years, and alleviate the distress of a solitary old age. Her affectionate ministrations were soon painfully needed; the inexpressibly sad end was approaching when that intellect, so long the pride of its possessor and the boast of his companions, lapsed into childishness and the oblivion of imbecility. Over such a scene it is better to draw the veil; when a life, upon the whole, noble in aspiration and successful in attainment, closes in a darkness worse than death, we can but bow our heads and, echoing Southey's own words, acknowledge that, in such a case,

\*The Grave is the House of Hope.\*

It remains now to discuss Southey's merits as a poet, and it is only fair at the outset to point out, that it is not altogether easy for this generation to mete out full justice to a poet who was so unduly eulogized during his lifetime. The revulsion from extreme laudation to utter neglect has been rapid, and perhaps not unnatural, but the very violence of the revulsion may well incline us to doubt whether, to its fullest extent, it has been deserved. The causes which combined to render possible the attainment by Southey of great reputation are not far to seek. We may each have our own opinion as to the intellectual superiority or in-

feriority of the last generation and this one, but we must all agree that Southey's age was far more indulgent than our own. It was an age of revival, and an age of intellectual giants; as was inevitable in such a case, in the wake of the giants followed innumerable pigmies, each with his or her circle of adorers sounding loud praises. The critical acumen of an age that could endure, much more idolize, Mrs. Hannah More, Miss Seward, Bloomfield, Montgomery, and many still more despicable versifiers, cannot have been very great, and it is not surprising to find that Southey, who was himself by no means one of the pigmies, compelled an adulation out of all proportion to his deserts. When dwarfs were mistaken for giants, it is not wonderful that an honest man of regulation height should have had several inches added to his stature. The association of Southey's name with those of Coleridge and Wordsworth, and the position he fortuitously gained among the Lake Poets, had also much to do with the recognition he received as being himself one of the truly great. But above any and all of these reasons must be reckoned the force of his own character, and his firm and invulnerable belief in himself. It is often said that the world appraises a man at the value he sets on himself, and Southey is a remarkable instance of this; he was so thoroughly sincere and single-minded, and possessed, moreover, of talents that so nearly approached genius, that those around him could not help thinking that he must know best, and that if he thought so himself he really must be the greatest poet of his age. It is difficult to read Southey without entering in our minds a silent, sometimes an indignant, protest against the judgment of his contemporaries, but although this of necessity renders us critical, it need not make us unjust, nor blind us to whatever of real merit is to be found in his poetry.

It was recognized by unprejudiced

critics\* even in Southey's lifetime, that the fundamental fault of his poetry lies in what, for want of a better word, must be called its 'childishness.' His great epic attempts are based on fables, much more fitted for the nursery than for the delectation of thinking men and women. They are filled with 'bogies,' such as malicious nurses delight to terrify children with; they describe scenes in heaven, and earth, and hell with a gaudy brilliancy, or a murky darkness, which alternately recall to mind the transformation scene, and the demon's haunt in a Christmas pantomime. Such was the framework he chose for his most ambitious attempts; and he displays the same unfortunate predilection for the infantine in all his poetry, either in design or in manner of execution. His ballads are almost all intended to be horrible—and if they had a little more humour, would often attain to the grotesquely horrible, but—and herein lies the gist of the matter—Southey wrote them soberly and seriously, without a thought that they could possibly be viewed from a humorous side. Payne Collier once, in all honesty of mind, spoke of the 'Old Woman of Berkeley,' as a mock-ballad, and Southey, furiously indignant, replied, that 'certainly this was never suspected by the author or any of his friends. It obtained a very different character in Russia, where, having been translated and published it was prohibited for this singular reason, that children were said to be frightened by it.† The ballad in question may certainly be well adapted to terrify children, but its effect on any reader who has attained a less sensitive age, would, we think, approach more nearly to the ridiculous than to the horrible. It is a veritable nursery tale, fit to be classed with the black man who comes down the

chimney to carry off naughty children. Nor is it the sole example of Southey's power in this respect. Most of his ballads are of this description, and were it not for his scathing rebuke to Mr. Payne Collier, we should have unhesitatingly classed many of them as 'mock-ballads.' The childishness which Wordsworth assumed from affectation or from revolt against the worship of Dryden and Pope, was, we think, almost natural to Southey. He never touches in any serious way, upon the vast problem of life; he seems afraid to contaminate his pages with any story of moving passion, or of erring human nature; the affections he delineates are those of parent for child, or of sister for brother; beyond this his simplicity apparently dare not betray him. And if this be universally so in the structure of his poems, what wonder that in the execution he sometimes degenerates into a childishness which outdoes Wordsworth at his worst? The exquisite simplicity of perfect finish and harmony, is one of the rarest, as it is one of the highest attributes of a poet. In our own day Mr. Matthew Arnold has shown us how delightful is the simplicity of perfection, but to compare with such simplicity as his, the following lines taken at random from 'All for Love,' an important poem of Southey's, seems almost a mockery:

'And he had heard a waking voice,  
Which said it so must be,  
Pronouncing upon Cyra's name  
A holiest eulogy.

'Her shall her husband praise, and her  
Her children blest shall call;  
Many daughters have done virtuously  
But thine excelleth them all!'

When Southey, in what is meant to be the most impressive passage in a lengthy poem, puts such sad stuff as this into the mouth of an angel from heaven, we feel that the last depth of inanity has been reached, and we are not surprised that he should sometimes cause his merely mortal characters to utter still more pitiable com-

\*This view is admirably sustained in an article in the Edinburgh Review. Vol. 17. 1810.  
†Preface to Southey's works. Vol. VI., Author's Ed.

monplace. Southey's ballads and lyric poems are full of examples of the puerile affectation into which, in common with many greater poets of his age, he was led by the desire to be, above all things, natural. We can discover neither poetry, nature, nor art in such verses as the following, from the ballad of *St. Michael's Chair*:

'Up the tower Rebecca ran,  
Round and round and round :  
'Twas a giddy sight to stand a-top  
And look upon the ground.

"A curse on the ringers for rocking  
The tower!" Rebecca cried,  
As over the church battlements  
She strode with a long stride.'

Southey had, moreover, a childish love for the huge and portentous, to which he gave full scope in *The Curse of Kehama* and *Thalaba*. The extraordinary situations and the supernatural agencies of these poems cannot be said to spring from a poetical imagination; they only prove that Southey possessed in an abnormal degree the power of invention which is the essential requisite of a nursery story-teller. Baron Munchausen's veracious history is amusing, and we must confess that the excellent Baron was not deficient in imagination, but it is hardly the kind of imagination upon which a great poet would care to base his reputation.

Southey never allowed any of his ideas to suffer from want of elaboration. He is never content to hint anything; all must be explained in minute, laborious detail, so that a reader is impressed with the belief that the poet attached undue importance to every one of his ideas, and thought nothing which passed through his own mind too trivial to be conveyed to his readers. This of itself challenges criticism; passages whose weakness might, if less obtrusively forced upon us, pass comparatively unnoticed, compel our attention, and force us to take exception to them. Southey has given us a remarkable instance of his proneness to work an idea to death in the elaborate addi-

tions which he made to '*The Devil's Walk*.' This well-known satire was first published in the '*Morning Post*,' and was the joint production of Southey and Coleridge; it originally consisted of seventeen stanzas, and according to Coleridge the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 9th and 16th stanzas only were 'dictated by Mr. Southey.' Southey's account does not openly controvert this, but contradicts it by implication. In the '*Advertisement*' which precedes the poem in the author's edition, Southey presumes that its authorship has been sufficiently authenticated by Coleridge's statement; but in refutation of Porson's claim, he quotes the '*Morning Post*,' without correction, to the effect that the verses were written by Southey and 'subsequently shown to Mr. Coleridge, who, we believe, pointed some of the stanzas, and perhaps added one or two.' This account hardly tallies with that of Coleridge, but the authorship of the verses—they make no pretension to be dignified with the name of poem—is hardly worth disputing; the only line which possesses the merit of having enriched the English language with a proverb was undoubtedly Coleridge's:

'And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin  
Is pride that apes humility.'

We only allude to this satire as illustrating Southey's unfortunate habit of expanding to the fullest extent any idea which he conceived to be worth anything. In his published works, edited by himself, *The Devil's Walk* is lengthened to 308 lines, whereas in Coleridge's version (which we believe to be the original form of publication) it consists of only 69 lines. The value of Southey's additions may be guessed from the following stanza:

'Well pleased wilt thou be at no very far day,  
When the chaldron of mischief boils  
And I bring them forth in battle array

\* This quotation is from Coleridge's version. Southey's reads:

'And he own'd with a grin  
That his favourite sin  
Is pride that apes humility.'

And bid them suspend their broils,  
That they may unite and fall on the prey  
For which we are spreading our toils.  
How the nice boys all will give mouth at the call,  
Hark away ! hark away to the spoils !  
My Maes and my Quacks and my lawless Jacks,  
My Shiels and O'Connells, my pious Mac-Donnells,  
My joke-Smith Sydney, and all of his kidney,  
My Humes and my Broughams,  
My merry old Jerry,  
My Lord Kings and my Doctor Doyles !

The idea of extending what was originally a short, racy, semi-political squib into a long poem would have occurred to few poets but Southey ; the original idea of *The Devil's Walk* was, however, undoubtedly a striking one ; it took the public by storm, and Southey could not resist the temptation of working it threadbare.

As Southey apparently never even attempted to impart a dramatic element to his poetry, it is perhaps hardly fair to say that he failed in this respect ; its utter absence shows that in one direction at least he correctly gauged his own powers. But a poet may be devoid of the dramatic faculty and yet invest with a vivid human interest the characters he portrays ; if he cannot do so, it is obviously rash for him to enter the field of Epic poetry, which should deal with great subjects, great emotions, and great deeds, and deal with them in such a manner that, without being divested of sublimity, they may appeal to the heart as well as to the intellect of mankind. Southey's characters are often so wildly supernatural as to be altogether outside the pale of humanity ; and when clothed in mortal flesh and blood they are tedious and dull, always either impossibly wicked or insipidly perfect. It is difficult to believe that Southey ever drew a tear from any human being. That he cannot stir our emotions is partly owing to the frequency and elaboration of the attempts he makes to do so ; he had not the '*ars celare artem*,' and many of his finest passages leave us perfectly unmoved, the very laboriousness of the effort defeating the end aimed at.

Southey was a great and admirable

master of the English language ; his diction is pure and scholarly, and his choice of words almost invariably felicitous. His powers of description were undoubtedly very great, and had he but kept a tight rein on his unfortunate verbosity, he might perhaps have stood comparison in this respect with most English poets. The following gorgeous passage is from '*Thalaba the Destroyer*,' and is a good example of Southey at his best :

'Here emerald columns o'er the marble courts  
Shed their green rays, as when amid a shower  
The sun shines loveliest on the vernal corn.  
Here Shedad bade the sapphire floor be laid  
As though with feet divine  
To tread on azure light,  
Like the blue pavement of the firmament.  
Here self-suspended hangs in air,  
As its pure substance loathed material touch,  
The living caruncle :  
Sun of the lofty dome,  
Darkness hath no dominion o'er its beams ;  
Intense it glows, an even-flowing spring  
Of radiance like the day-flood in its source.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Therefore at Shedad's voice  
Here tower'd the palm, a silver trunk,  
The fine gold net-work growing out  
Loose from its rugged boughs.  
Tall as the cedar of the mountain, here  
Rose the gold branches, hung with emerald leaves,  
Blossomed with pearls, and rich with ruby fruit.'

In *The Curse of Kehama* the description of Padalon, the Oriental equivalent of Hell, is impressive, because it is not overburdened with images and epithets, as are so many of Southey's descriptive passages. The following lines approach nearly to absolute greatness :

'For other light than that of day there shone  
Upon the travellers entering Padalon.  
They too in darkness enter'd on their way,  
But far before the Car,  
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,  
Fill'd all before them. 'Twas a light which made  
Darkness itself appear  
A thing of comfort, and the sight dismayed,  
Shrunk inward from the molten atmosphere.  
Their way was through the adamant rock  
Which girt the World of Woe ; on either side  
Its massive walls arose, and overhead  
Arch'd the long passage ; onward as they ride  
With stronger glare the light around them spread ;  
And lo ! the regions dread,  
The World of Woe before them, opening wide.  
There rolls the fiery flood,  
Girding the realms of Padalon around.  
A sea of flame it seem'd to be,  
Sea without bound ;  
For neither mortal nor immortal sight  
Could pierce across through that intensest light.  
A single rib of steel,  
Keen as the edge of keenest scimitar,  
Spann'd this wide gulph of fire.'

Southey's nobility of purpose, and delicacy and purity of execution, render his poems (with the exception of his political ones) faultless, as regards good taste and propriety. He may fail to attract, he can never disgust; and if his poetry falls short of the high standard he aimed at, it is more owing to the absence of great qualities, than to the presence of objectionable ones. He did not let his talents lie idle, nor can it be said that he misapplied them; his error was rather that he sought to make too wide a use of them, and that he attempted to climb by plodding industry to heights only accessible to the eagle pinion of genius. Southey's narrative power was also very considerable. Although, as we have said, he was unable to invest his personages with any strong human interest, he manages his narratives with a skill that prevents him, as a rule, from becoming tedious. A reader is never deeply moved or intensely interested, but on the other hand, he is not very often actually bored by even the longest of Southey's poems. If we forget that they are intended as examples of the highest forms of poetry; if we divest them of their pretensions, and take them as they are, then '*The Curse of Kehama*,' '*Thalaba The Destroyer*,' nay, even '*Madoc*,' will be found very tolerable reading for the sake of the stories they contain. As must be the case with the writings of every sincere and whole-hearted man, the character of the author shines through Southey's poems. His egotism, innocent from its very intensity and out-spokenness, his love of home and of his children, his energy, his industry, his ambition, and above all his noble desire to be always on the side of virtue, and in arms against vice, are all conspicuously displayed in his writings. Such poems, if they can never be a great power for good, can never be a power for evil, even in the most innocent or most ignorant hands; and this is praise which many poets far greater than Southey have yearned for in vain. Southey

at the close of his life, said that his chiefest pride and greatest glory was that he had never written a line which, on the score of its morality, he would desire to expunge or to correct. The nobility of this speech lies in its absolute truth.

It is hardly just to close a notice of a poet who is so little read now-a-days, without giving some account of at least one of his more important productions. We shall select one of Southey's epic attempts, which was not, by reason of its subject, and the form of verse employed, predestined from the outset to failure as a great poem. In '*Roderick the last of the Goths*,' Southey chose a theme admirably well suited, in the hands of a great poet, for epic treatment; and in place of the capricious metres, and jingling measures of '*Thalaba*,' or '*The Curse of Kehama*,' he clothed his thoughts in the only fitting garb—blank verse. The story of the king who, by his misdeeds brought the Moors into Spain, is, in every respect tragic. King Roderick by violence offered to the daughter of Count Julian, one of his most powerful nobles, so incensed the Count, that he sought the aid of the Moors to obtain revenge upon the dissolute king, and in a pitched battle, Roderick was defeated and the whole country subjected by the Moors. It is at this point that Southey's poem begins: the King in the moment of defeat, after vainly seeking for death at the hands of the foe, is miraculously converted and changed from a sinner into a very pronounced saint. He escapes from the field of battle, and spends a year in seclusion with a pious hermit, but upon the death of his aged companion, in obedience to an inward voice which he feels to be divine, he returns once more to the world. He finds that his divinely appointed mission is to rid Spain of the Moors, but to humble himself, and remain obscure and unknown. The manner in which Roderick accomplished this end, and finally retired to die in a hermit's cell, forms

the plot of the poem. The great scope for the exercise of tragic power afforded by such a subject is easily apparent, but Southey wilfully throws away one half of his material, and hardly makes the best use of the remainder. He tells the story in the spirit which would have animated an old monkish chronicler : every man who fought on the Christian side is an angel ; every Moor a demon ; Roderick is so impossibly saintly, that we cannot feel either interest in, or sympathy with him ; his mother Rusilla, Count Julian's daughter Florinda, Alphonso, Pelayo, Pedro, in fact all the characters on Roderick's side are endowed with the same perfection, and those on the other have no redeeming trait to enlist our pity or touch our feelings. The result is, that in spite of a great amount of skill in the presentation and working out of the story, the poem as a whole is tame and insipid. There is, besides, a great deal too much praying and 'goody-goody' talk to suit modern notions of what is becoming in a secular poem ; the men are always either praying or cutting Moorish throats ; the women have not even the latter alternative. Nevertheless there are many fine passages in the poem ; the interest, although never absorbing, is kept up to the close, and if there is nothing to make our pulses beat quicker, or our eyes moisten, we can still derive a certain pleasure from the perusal of '*Roderick the last of the Goths.*' The following passage describes Roderick's return to the world after his first retirement :

'The face of human kind so long unseen,  
 Confused him now, and through the streets he went,  
 With hagg'd men, and countenance like one  
 Crazed or bewildered, All who met him turn'd  
 And wonder'd as he pass'd. One stopt him short,  
 Put aims into his hand, and then desired  
 In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man  
 To bless him. With a look of vacancy  
 Roderick received the aims ; his wandering eye  
 Fell on the money, and the fallen King,  
 Seeing his own royal impress on the piece,  
 Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,  
 That seem'd like laughter first, but ended soon  
 In hollow groans suppress'd ; the Mussulman  
 Shrank at the ghastly sound, and magnified  
 The name of Allah as he hasten'd on.  
 A Christian woman spinning at her door

Beheld him, and, with sudden pity touch'd,  
 She laid her spindle by, and running in,  
 Took bread, and following after call'd him back,  
 And placing in his passive hands the loaf,  
 She said, Christ Jesus for his mother's sake  
 Have mercy on thee ! With a look that seem'd  
 Like idiocy he heard her and stood still  
 Staring awhile ; then bursting into tears  
 Wept like a child, and thus relieved his heart  
 Full even to bursting else with swelling thoughts.'

This passage is, in its way, almost perfect, but the common-place of the last line, or rather the last line and a half, jars upon us, and robs the description as a whole of much of its force. It is the worst sort of pleonasm to conclude such a picture by informing us that the king's heart was full, and that his tears relieved it. The future conduct of the Spaniards to the Moors and the expulsion of this unhappy race from Spain is thus alluded to :

'What joy might these prophetic scenes have given ?  
 What ample vengeance on the Mussulman,  
 Driven out with foul defeat, and made to feel  
 In Africa the wrongs he wrought to Spain ;  
 And still pursued by that relentless sword,  
 Even to the farthest orient, where his power  
 Received its mortal wound.'

No poet, least of all an historian as Southey was, should, even in a poem directed against the Moors, have gloried in the foul and treacherously cruel conduct of the Spaniards towards a gallant and highly cultivated race. As a fair example of Southey's method of dealing with the sights and sounds of Nature, the following passage may be quoted :

'The silver cloud diffusing slowly past,  
 And now into its airy elements  
 Resolved is gone ; while through the azure depth  
 Alone in heaven the glorious Moon pursues  
 Her course appointed, with indifferent beams  
 Shining upon the silent hills around.

\* \* \* \* \*

They by the fountain hear the stream below,  
 Whose murmurs, as the wind arose or fell,  
 Fuller or fainter reach the ear attuned.  
 And now the nightingale, not distant far,  
 Began her solitary song ; and pour'd  
 To the cold moon a richer, stronger strain  
 Than that with which the lyric lark salutes  
 The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song  
 Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach  
 The soul, and in mysterious unison  
 Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.'

There are numerous accounts of battles in this poem, whose vigour would be considerably enhanced were they

not quite so wordy ; the best specimen is the last great combat in which Roderick finally breaks the power of the Moors.

‘ Thus he made his way,  
Smiting and slaying through the astonish’d ranks,  
Till he beheld where on a fiery barb,  
Ebba performing well a soldier’s part,  
Dealt to the right and left his deadly blows.  
With mutual rage they met. The renegade  
Displays a scimitar, the splendid gift  
Of Walid from Damascus sent ; its hilt  
Emboss’d with gems, its blade of perfect steel,  
Which, like a mirror sparkling to the sun,  
With dazzling splendour, flashed. The Goth objects  
His shield, and on its rim received the edge  
Driven from its aim aside, and of its force  
Diminish’d. Many a frustrate stroke was dealt  
On either part, and many a foil and thrust  
Aim’d and rebated ; many a deadly blow  
Straight or reverse, delivered and repelled.  
Roderick at length with better speed hath reach’d  
The apostate’s turban, and through all its folds  
The true Cantabrian weapon making way  
Attain’d his forehead. Wretch, the avenger cried,  
It comes from Roderick’s hand ! ’

Elaborate as this is, it fails to stir the blood, for it wants the terse and graphic touches which give to words life and reality ; it is, moreover, too evident an imitation of Milton to possess any potent vitality of its own. We have endeavoured in the above extracts, to show the poet at his best, but it is only just to say that the structure of Southey’s blank verse is not always so good as in the specimens we have cited. Even in important passages meant to impress or affect the reader, his verse is sometimes little else than prose cut into lengths. Take for instance the following speech of Alphonso, newly escaped from bondage, and about to revisit the home of his childhood, and write it without the adventitious aid derived from the division into lines, and see how it reads :

‘ How then,’ exclaimed the boy,  
‘ shall I discharge the burthen of this  
happiness ? How ease my overflowing  
soul ? Oh ! gracious God ! shall I  
behold my mother’s face again ? my  
father’s hall—my native hills and  
vales, and hear the voices of their  
streams again ? ’

Many worse examples might be given, but it would be ungenerous to criticize in a carping spirit, a poem which we have selected as being the

highest of Southey’s efforts in the field in which he fondly hoped to win eternal renown. Judged as a whole, ‘ *Roderick the last of the Goths*, ’ is a more than respectable performance ; great it is not, but it is very far removed from being contemptible.

We have left ourselves little space for any adequate consideration of Southey as a prose writer, but it would be eminently unfair to pass by altogether unnoticed the works upon which his really enduring reputation will probably depend. His historical works, ‘ *The History of Brazil* ’ and ‘ *The History of the Peninsular War*, ’ &c., we shall not speak of, as we have not a thorough personal knowledge of them. His biographies, ‘ *The Life of Wesley* ’ and ‘ *The Life of Nelson*, ’ are, however, widely read, and ‘ *The Doctor* ’ should command a far wider circle of readers than it possesses in the present day. Southey’s prose is pure, lucid, and incisive ; he is eloquent without effort, graphic without being theatrical, and tender without a suspicion of affectation. ‘ *The Life of Nelson* ’ may justly be regarded as the most skilful of all biographies, and second in charm to one alone—Irving’s ‘ *Life of Goldsmith*. ’ Southey’s task was, however, a more arduous one than Irving’s ; to compress into a short compass all the salient acts in a life so active and so full of incident as Nelson’s, would seem, even if done in a perfunctory manner, sufficiently difficult ; but so to compress them as to illustrate fully everything of importance either in the life or the character of the hero, thereby investing the work as a whole with a genuinely deserved air of completeness, would seem well-nigh impossible. But this is what Southey set himself to do, and he has succeeded so thoroughly, that his ‘ *Life of Nelson* ’ will live as one of the most admirable works of its kind in the English language. Brief as is our remaining space, we cannot refrain from quoting an example of Southey’s nervous and beautiful prose :  
‘ The people of England grieved

that funeral ceremonies and public monuments and posthumous rewards were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney corner," to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas: and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves secure as now, when they were no longer in existence. \* \* \* The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory: and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England; a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our

shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and act after them.'

In '*The Doctor*,' Southey made an ambitious attempt to produce, as he himself said, a compound of Tristram Shandy, Rabelais, Montaigne and Burton. There is little of the true Rabelaisian or Shandean humour in the book; in this respect it might be compared to Tristram Shandy on stilts with a gag in his mouth, but there is much of the spirit of Montaigne, and in wealth of quotation it resembles old Burton. We remember coming across '*The Doctor*,' for the first time, at that omnivorous age when we voraciously devour anything and everything in the form of a book, and on that occasion we religiously read through the seven volumes from beginning to end. We cannot say that it is a book which lends itself naturally to such a course, but it is admirably adapted to while away an hour pleasantly, and perhaps profitably. Open it at random, at any page, and we may be sure of some curious information quaintly and agreeably imparted.

We have considered Southey as a man, as a politician, and as a poet; and if we have not been able to afford him a large measure of praise, we have endeavoured at least to do him justice. The decisions of one generation with regard to a poet's merits, are often upset by a succeeding one, and it is within the range of possibilities that Southey may yet in some future age be regarded as a great poet. Meantime, we can only judge him as he appears to ourselves, and we trust we have done so without harshness or prejudice.



## TRIAL BY JURY.

BY D. B. READ, Q. C.

THE trial by jury in criminal cases has, in the mother land, age, added to a long record of instances of defeat of tyranny and oppression, to recommend it. British liberty has always been dear to the British heart. The man or men, king or commoner, who would seek to deprive a British subject of that, his birth-right, would be looked upon as deserving of the severest reprobation. The principle that no man should be subjected to a trial for crime without a finding of twelve of his fellow-men, called a grand jury, that there was something he should be tried for, has always, from the days of 'Magna Charta' to the present time, been treated as one of the safe-guards of 'British liberty.' Not only was a party accused of crime not to be put *on trial* without the sanction of a grand jury, but he could not be convicted of the crime till twelve other of his fellow-subjects pronounced him guilty. The first innovation on the important principle that an accused party should have the benefit of trial by jury was an Act of the Parliament of Canada, passed in the 20th year of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's reign (Consolidated Statutes of Canada, cap. 105), by which jurisdiction was conferred on Recorders of cities, and, by 27 and 28 Vict., cap. 34, extended to police magistrates, to try and summarily convict for certain offences, as larcenies and certain assaults and other misdemeanors specified. If the accused were found guilty, the recorder or police magistrate could sentence him to be imprisoned in the *common jail* for a period not

exceeding *three months*. This Act was extended by the Act of 32 and 33 Victoria, cap. 32, by which, for similar offences as those specified in Consol. Stat. U. C., cap. 105, and in cases of larcenies where the goods stolen did *not exceed \$10* in value, the police magistrate was empowered to try the accused party with his own consent, and if found guilty convict, and a conviction under the Act was to have the same effect as a conviction upon indictment for the same offence would have had. By the 32nd and 33rd Vict., cap. 35 (Dominion), any person committed to jail for trial on a charge of being guilty of any offence for which he might be tried at the Court of General Sessions of the Peace, may, with his own consent, be tried out of Sessions, and convicted and sentenced by the judge. By the Ontario Act of 36 Vict., cap. 8, sec. 57, the Judge of any County Court or the Junior or Deputy Judge thereof authorized to act as Chairman of the General Sessions of the Peace, is constituted a Court of Record for the trial out of Sessions, and without a jury, of any person committed to jail on a charge of being guilty of any offence for which such person may be tried at a Court of General Sessions of the Peace, and for which the person so committed consents to be tried out of Sessions.

The next Act which requires especial notice is an Act of 38 Victoria, cap. 47, entitled 'An Act for the more speedy trial before *Police Magistrates* in the *Province of Ontario* of persons charged with felonies or misdemeanors.' By this Act police magistrates

are empowered, with the consent of the accused parties, accused of *any crime* for which he may be tried by the Court of General Sessions of the Peace, to try such accused parties, and if found guilty by the police magistrate they may be sentenced by him to the same punishment they would have been liable to if tried by the General Sessions. As the General Sessions of the Peace have jurisdiction to try most of the high crimes, except capital felonies, forgery, libel, perjury, it will be seen what immense power is here given to a sole occupant of a judicial bench, the police magistrate, he being entrusted with the same power as a whole Court of General Sessions of the Peace, composed of an experienced judge, county attorney, grand and petty jury. In effect, the police magistrate has jurisdiction to try offences, for which if the prisoner be found guilty, he has power to sentence him to be committed to the Provincial Penitentiary or to the common jail for two years, in the same manner as the General Sessions might do after a conviction obtained after full investigation of the facts by a grand jury and a petty jury and the judicial mind of an experienced judge brought to bear on the question at issue between the Crown and the subject. Every conviction under the Act, it is also declared, shall have the same effect as a conviction upon indictment for the same offence would have had. As if to add a refinement of cruelty, it is enacted that no conviction, sentence, or proceeding under the Act shall be quashed for want of form, and no warrant of commitment upon a conviction shall be held void by reason of any defect therein, if it be therein alleged that the offender has been convicted and there be a good and valid conviction to sustain the same. What a wide departure is this from old established law that any party accused should have the benefit of a trial by his peers! Here neither a grand or petty jury

investigate the charge, but a police magistrate, and he, not necessarily a lawyer or skilled in the law, is made judge of both *Law* and *Fact*. The anterior principle was that the judge should decide the law and the jury pronounce on the fact. By this statute a police magistrate is vested with despotic power without appeal to try both law and fact, and on conviction sentence the prisoner in some cases to imprisonment in the Penitentiary, in others to years' imprisonment in the common jail. Despotic power may well be wielded in uncivilized countries—at Ujiji, in dark Africa, at Unyanyembe, or on the banks of the Nile. but ought not to exist in a free country. The law is founded on the principle that accused parties may not wish to be under accusation for a period of time before they can be brought before the regular tribunal for jury trial, and therefore, may, with their own consent, be tried by this one-man-power, a police magistrate. But when the bailable nature of offences is considered, and when it is further considered that the parties accused of crime brought before a police magistrate are in many cases half idiots, mentally incapable, from drink or nervous incapacity, to determine whether they desire to be tried by a jury or not, with no counsel to advise them, suddenly thrown on their own resources, how idle is it to say that consent or non-consent should have weight in such cases! And what is the delay in such cases to be compared with the danger of absolute injustice being done when a prisoner is tried by a police magistrate who knows he is acting without appeal, and determining the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, when the evidence, if sifted by competent counsel or an intelligent jury, might be the means of shewing the party on trial an innocent man. Not long since a deaf and dumb mute was placed in a police court dock, charged with crime. He was asked

by his worship if he would be tried by him or a jury? Being deaf and dumb, he stood dumb. He had no counsel. A slate was produced and the question asked. A policeman and the magistrate thought the court had got his consent! The consent, such as it was, placed him on trial, and he was convicted by his worship and sent to prison. Of what value was this kind of consent?

This is only one of many instances which might be cited in illustration of this dangerous law. What are called Interim Sessions, trials by a Judge of Sessions without a jury, is something better than a trial by a police magistrate. The Judge of Sessions must be a lawyer at all events—with experience in legal matters. But even such trials are a wide departure from what whilome was considered some security for the subject, namely, that he should have a public trial in a public court, that the public might

see how justice was administered. But here the Interim Sessions is only a public court in name—more of a private court in fact. The court, all told, is generally composed of the Judge, the Crown Attorney, the Clerk, the Sheriff or his Deputy, the counsel for the prisoner (if he have one), and the prisoner in the dock; the audience, sometimes a couple or three small boys who drop in for curiosity. It may be that justice may be well administered in such a court and by such means, but most people consider that an open court is one of the safeguards for the protection of the liberty of the subject. It is to be hoped that our legislators will look to these matters, and that the whole law of consent trials by police magistrates, or at Interim Sessions, will be reviewed and amended—that this ‘Bridge of Sighs’ may be demolished, and more countenance given to the liberty of the subject, and trial by jury.

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## THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

*Authors of ‘Ready Money Mortiboy,’ ‘The Golden Butterfly,’ ‘By Celia’s Arbour,’ etc., etc*

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### CHAPTER XXXV.

‘He’s armed without who’s innocent within.’

THREE days before the wedding, Harry made no sign and sent no message to Alma. But she had faith. It *could* not be that a man like her Harry, backed as he was by Mr. Caledon, would fail her. She was perfectly certain that all would be well, and she waited in impatience, no longer trying to please, and careless about pretending to be a lady.

In fact, the conspirators were not

idle. Tom went to town, in order to obtain what Desdemona called the most important of the properties—the special license. The clergyman was found in an old friend of Tom’s, who consented, on learning the whole circumstances, to perform the ceremony. The plot was, in fact, completely worked out, and, as Desdemona said, nothing remained but to hope that the situations would go off without any hitch.

On Wednesday, things being in this forward state, Desdemona and Tom walked across the park to the game-

keeper's cottage. It was empty, but the door stood open—a proof that the owner was not very far away—and the two entered the little room with its smoked and blackened rafters, which seemed dark after the blinding sunlight, and sat down to await Harry's return.

'This is like plunging into a cave to concert a robbery with a band of brigands,' said Desdemona, taking Harry's wooden arm-chair. 'In fact, I never felt so much like a conspirator before, not even on the stage. And as for the stage, the illusion is all in the front. . . . Tom,' she resumed, after a pause, 'I do not like it at all.'

'Nor do I,' Tom confessed.

'I can see you do not. "How in the looks doth conscious guilt appear." If it were only not for Lord Alwyne and Miranda—'

'It does seem hard,' said Tom, 'that a fellow can't be allowed to make himself a fool in his own way.'

'That is not the way to put it at all,' said Desdemona, rousing herself for an apology. 'Let me put it so that we shall be able to comfort ourselves with noble motives. All wicked people do that you know. Fancy the pious rapture of Guy Fawkes just before he was going to light the match; think of the approval which the conscience of Ravailiac must have bestowed upon him on the king's coach coming in sight. Let us apply the same balms to our own case. People may say—people who don't understand motives—that we two were Alan's most intimate and trusted friends, and that, notwithstanding, we deliberately conspired together to frustrate his most cherished project.'

'I think, Desdemona,' said Tom, 'that you must have learned the art of comforting a sinner from the Book of Job. To be sure, people may say that; but you forget that we haven't been found out yet. And Harry won't tell.'

'It will come out some day,' said

Desdemona, gloomily. 'Crimes like ours always do come out. I shall very likely reveal the secret on my death-bed. That will be a bad job for you. Or else you will go mad with the suspicion that I may some day tell, take me to a secret place in a forest, push me down a deep well, and drop big stones on my head. I shall creep out when you are gone, nothing the worse except for a bump as big as a cricket-ball on my skull, and a broken leg; and I shall creep after you, taking revenge in separate lumps as the opportunity offers. When I have got all the revenge that a Christian woman wants, I shall disclose myself, and you will die—under the lime-light, repentant, slowly, and to the music of the stringed instruments.'

'Thank you,' said Tom. 'Now, tell me, please, how we ought to put it to ourselves.'

'Thus,' said the actress. 'This extravagance of Alan affects others beside himself. The result of the step he proposes would be so disastrous that at any cost it must be prevented. He does not know the girl whom he is going to marry; he has conceived an entirely wrong impression of her character. His father, my old friend—'

'And mine,' said Tom, feeling comfort in that reflection.

'Will be deeply grateful to us. Miranda will be grateful. After a time, Alan will be grateful; and as for the rest of the world, why—*il y a des reproches qui l'ouent*.'

'Yes—and Harry? Do you think he will be grateful after a time, too?' asked Tom. 'You see, Desdemona, your estimate of the young lady's character is not a high one.'

'Grateful? Well, in a way. The man's in love with her. He does not, in his heart, believe that she is a bit better than the majority of women in her class. But just now it is good for him to think so. Depend upon it, Tom, it is not a bad thing for a man to find out that his wife is no better

a human creature than himself, probably not so good.'

'Desdemona,' said Tom, 'don't be hard on your sex.'

'I am not,' she replied; 'I am only just. Do you think Nelly an angel?'

'Yes,' he said stoutly, 'I do, and I don't want any other kind of angel. People my paradise with one angel, and let her be Nelly, with all her moods and wilfulness, just as she is, I shall be satisfied.'

'You are a good fellow, Tom, and you deserve her. Pity that, while you were about it, you could not have made that little document in your pocket a transferable ticket. We might then, at the very last moment, change the names from Harry and Alma to Tom and Nell.'

He shook his head sadly.

'The good old days!' she lamented. 'Oh for a postchaise and four, and Gretna Green! or for a Fleet parson! What opportunities our ancestors had!'

'You can get a special license now,' said Tom, 'costs five guineas—that is what I've got for Harry.'

'It is the one thing they have left us. Then, Tom, if you do not immediately—but here comes the third conspirator.'

Tom explained to Harry that he had gone to London in order to obtain, through certain legal persons, a document which made it possible for him and Alma to get married to each other. And then he handed him the precious epistle.

'And with this bit o' paper,' said Harry, doubtfully, 'it is lawful for Alma and me to marry?'

He turned it all ways to catch the light, and blushed to think of the solicitude of the greatest persons in the realms after his welfare.

'And now,' said Desdemona, 'when shall we marry them?'

'The sooner the better,' said Harry. 'If there's going to be words, best have them over.'

He was thinking of Bostock, but it

seemed almost as if he was thinking of future matrimonial jars.

'We might manage on Friday,' said Tom. 'I am afraid it is too late to arrange for to-morrow. My friend the curate will do it on any day. After the marriage you can drive to Dalmeny Hall, and then send for Mr. Dunlop and have it out. You can tackle the Bailiff afterwards.'

'Ay,' said Harry; 'I'm not afeard of the Bailiff. There'll be a vast deal of swearing, and that's all. Bailiff Bostock knows me. It is the Squire I am afeard on. He'll take it hard: me an old servant, and—there—once almost a friend I was, when we were both boys.'

'You are a friend of his still, Harry,' said Tom. 'When he understands that it was your own bride he was going to take, it will all come right. But perhaps just at first there may be some sort of shindy.'

'It cannot be on Friday,' said Desdemona. 'I remember now that Alma's wedding-dress is not to be ready till Friday afternoon. The poor girl must wear her fine frock, if only for once. You must arrange, Tom, to get the ceremony over and to drive back to the Hall before they ought to be starting for church. That, I think, will be the most effective as well as the most considerate way of leading up to the situation. It is not bad, as dramas go.' She sprang from her chair, alert and active, and became again an actress. 'A rehearsal. Stand there, Harry, as far back as the foot-lights—I mean the fender—will allow. Miranda and I are grouped here in an attitude of sympathetic expectation.' (Here her face suddenly assumed a look of such deep sympathy that Tom burst out laughing, and Harry was confounded.) 'Alan is in the centre, up the stage; on your arm, Harry, is Alma.' (Harry involuntarily glanced at his manly arm, as if Alma might really, by some magic of this wonderful lady, be there, but she was not.) 'She is in her beau-

tiful wedding frock and bonnet; she is looking shy and a little frightened, but so pretty that she has engaged the sympathies of the whole house. Alan, taken by surprise, takes a half-step forward; Miranda and I, surprised and wondering, take a half-step nearer him; we murmur our astonishment; Miranda, who is statuesque, and therefore does not gesticulate, turns her eyes mutely upon Alma; I, who am, or was thirty years ago, *mignonne*, hold up my hands—it is a very effective gesture, if done naturally; and then, Tom (I am afraid I *must* put you in the last scene, and concealment will be impossible), you step forward—oh, Tom! (here she betrayed a little irritation because Tom, instead of throwing himself into the situation, was actually grinning), ‘why *can’t* you act a little? You step forward easily and quietly—you make a point, because your knowledge is the key of the whole situation—and you say, taking Alma by the hand, “Alan, let me present to you—Harry Cardew’s wife!” Now, that is really a very telling situation, if you could only think of it.’

‘I did not think of the situation,’ said Tom.

‘No, you silly boy, you did not.’ Desdemona sat down again, and put off the actress. ‘If people would only think of the situation, and how it would look on the stage, none of the silly things, and only the picturesquely wicked things, would be done. “All the world’s a stage.” Yes; and there is always an audience. And none of us ever play our little part without some to applaud or some to hiss. They are a sympathetic audience, and they express their feelings vigorously. Dear me! he does not think of the situation. Live, Harry Cardew, as if you were always on the boards—walk, talk, think, as if you were speaking before the theatre. Do you understand?’

The honest gamekeeper did not. He had never seen a theatre.

‘However,’ continued Desdemona,

‘we are preparing the last scene of a comedy which will be numerous attended, and keenly criticised, so to speak; we must not spoil it by carelessness in the final tableau. We must make all we can out of it. As for you, Harry, you will be a hero for a few days. And you, Tom, must make up your mind to criticism. Play your part boldly. Make your mark in the last act. In the evening there will be a grand Function in the Abbey, at which you, too, ought to be a hero.’

‘And the row with Bostock?’ asked Harry, who believed that this lady was able to control the future exactly; ‘has your ladyship fixed when and where that is to come off?’

‘No; in fact, I quite forgot that detail. But it does not matter so much, as it will not probably get into the papers. A mere piece of by-play, an episode. It ought, perhaps, to come before the last situation; but, after all, it does not greatly signify. I suppose the farmer is certain to use language of the strongest.’

‘After all—saving your ladyship’s presence—what,’ asked Harry, ‘what matters a few damns?’

‘Nothing,’ said Desdemona, quoting Bob Acres. ‘They have had their day. And now, Harry, take great care of the document. We shall tell Alma—not to-morrow, but on Friday. Perhaps a hint to-morrow will keep up her spirits.’

‘He is much too good for her,’ said Desdemona; ‘but I am in hopes it will turn out well. There is one great point in favour of their happiness.’

‘What is that?’

‘She is afraid of him,’ said Desdemona, student of womankind. ‘A wholesome terror of her husband, with such a girl, goes a long way. She will feel that she has got a man to rule her.’

At the Abbey they found that Lord Alwyne had arrived. He was, in fact, sitting with a bevy of Sisters. Noth-

ing, he was wont to say, more effectually removes the cares of the world or makes a man forget his own age, sooner than the society of young and beautiful ladies. He ought to have been born in the seventeenth century, and basked in the gardens of Vaux, or beneath the smiles of the ladies who charmed away the declining years of La Fontaine. When Desdemona's tea was taken to her cell, Lord Alwyne came with it, and the fraternity, even including Miranda, abstained from entering that pleasant retreat, because they knew that the talk would be serious and would turn on Alan.

'I found myself growing anxious,' Lord Alwyne said. 'I hoped to learn that you had done something, that something had been done by somebody, somehow, to break it off. But the days passed by, and no letter came. And so—and so I have come down to learn the worst: of course, nothing can happen now to stop it.' He looked wistfully at Desdemona. 'It is too late now.'

'Why, there are three whole days before us. This is Wednesday. What may not happen in three days?'

'Desdemona, have you anything to tell me?'

'Nothing, Lord Alwyne.' She kept her eyes down, so that he should not read her secret there. 'Nothing,' she repeated.

'But there will be something?'

'Who knows? There are yet three days, and at all events we may repeat what I said a month ago—they are not married yet.'

'Then I may hope? Desdemona, have mercy.'

She looked up, and saw on the face of her old friend a pained and anxious expression which she had never before seen. No man had ever spent a more uniformly happy, cheerful, and yet unselfish life. It seemed as if this spoiled son of fortune naturally attracted the friendship of those only who were fortunate in their destinies as well as in their dispositions. Misfortune never

fell upon him or upon his friends. It gave Desdemona a shock to see that his face, as bright at fifty-five as at twenty-five, was capable of the unhappiness, which has generally quite distorted the features of men at that age.

'My dear old friend,' she cried, 'what am I to say? I cannot bear to see you suffer. Have more than hope. Have confidence.'

He took her hand and raised it to his lips with a courtesy more than Castilian.

'I ask no more, Desdemona. Tell me another time what you have done.'

'You will have to thank Tom Caledon,' she replied. 'It is he, and a third person who is indispensable, whom you will have to thank.'

'Tell me no more, Desdemona. What thanks of mine could equal this service? Tell me no more.'

He was more deeply moved than Desdemona had ever seen him.

'I have been making myself wretched about the boy,' he said, walking up and down the room. 'It was bad enough to read of his doings with a pitchfork and a cart: it would make the most good-tempered man angry to be asked in the clubs about the Shepherd Squire, his son; but that only hurt Alan himself. Far worse to think that he was going to commit the—the CRIME of marrying a dairymaid.'

'I suppose,' said Desdemona, 'that it is natural for you to think most of the *mésalliance*; I dare say I should myself, if I had any ancestors. What I have thought of most is the terrible mistake of linking himself for life with such a girl, when he might have had—even Miranda perhaps. You cannot expect me quite to enter into your own point of view.'

'I do not defend myself, Desdemona,' said the man of a long line, with humility, as if he felt the inferiority of his position. 'It is part of our nature, the pride of birth. Alan ought to have had it from both sides. I taught him, from the first, to be proud

of the race from which he sprung. I used to show him the family tree, and talk to him about his predecessors, till I feared I was making him as proud of his descent as a Montmorenci or a Courtenay. In my own case, the result of such teaching was a determination to keep the stream as pure as I found it, or not to marry at all. With him the result is, that it does not matter how much mud he pours in, provided he can carry out an experiment. He fools away his children's pride for a hobby. To do this wrong to his children seems to me, I own, even a worse crime than to forget his ancestors.'

'I see,' said Desdemona, 'what I call a misfortune you call a crime.'

'Every misfortune springs from a crime, my dear Desdemona,' said Lord Alwyne, sentimentously. 'This anxiety has made me feel ten years older; and when I thought I had lost my son I rejoiced, for the first time, to feel older.'

'You will find him again, dear Lord Alwyne,' she said softly, 'in a few days. In fact, on Saturday. Remain with us till then. Perhaps it will be as well that you should not meet him, unless he hears that you have arrived. And reckon confidently on going home in ease of mind, and ready to commence again that pleasant life of yours which has no duties and no cares, but only friendships.'

He took her hand again, and pressed it almost like a lover.

'Always the same, kind Desdemona,' he said; 'Clairette Fanshawe was the best woman, as well as the best and prettiest actress, that ever trod the stage. Do you think, Clairette'—it was twenty years since he had called her Clairette—'do you think that we really made the most of our youth while it lasted? Did we, *d'une main ménagère*, as the French poet advises, get the sweetness out of every moment? To be sure the memory of mine is very pleasant. I cannot have wasted very much of it.'

'Perhaps,' said Desdemona, smiling—she had spent the greater part of her youth in hard study, and the rest in bitter matrimonial trouble with a drunkard—'perhaps one lost a day here and there, particularly when there was work to do. It is unpardonable in a woman to waste her youth, because there is such a very little of it. But as for men, their youth seems to last as long as they please. You are young still, as you always have been. To be sure, your position was a singularly happy one.'

'It was,' said Lord Alwyne; 'but you are wrong, Desdemona, in supposing that my life had no duties. My duty was to lead the idle life, so that it might seem desirable. Other people, hard-working people learned to look upon it as the one for which they ought to train their sons. But it wants money; therefore, these hard-working people worked harder. Thus I helped to develop the national industry, and, therefore, the national prosperity. That is a very noble thing to reflect upon. Desdemona, I have been an example and a stimulus. And yet you say that I have had no duties.'

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

'Oh! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower.'

**B**ROTHER PEREGRINE'S suit resembled, by reason of its length, a suit in Chancery. It never made any progress. He always carried the same cheerful smile in his crowsfooted eyes, always appeared in the same imperturbable good-humour. He never seemed to notice whether the girl to whom he attached himself was pleased to have him about her or not, being one of those happy persons who practised, though from a different motive, the same cult of selfishness preached by Paul Rondelet. He was a man who would play with a child till it cried, when he would put the



plaything down and go away to find another. His business was to amuse himself—'What is my land to one who is home from India, but a delightful garden full of pleasures?' The society of this beautiful and coquettish girl, full of odd moods and as changeable as a day in April, was pleasant to him—what did he care whether he was pleasant to her? He congratulated himself openly on his superiority to Tom, because he saw so much of her.

But no progress. Plenty of compliments, pretty speeches without end; little presents of things from India, such as tiger-claw brooches, fans of scented wood, glass bottles gilded outside and filled with a tiny thread of precious essence, filigree work in silver, tiny chains of gold, bangles rudely worked—all these things accepted as part of his wooing. But the fatal words, which she feared and yet wished to have done with, so that there should be a final end with poor Tom—these did not come.

There was plenty of opportunity. Never was a place so admirably adapted for the interchange of such confidences as the Abbey of Thelema, with its corridors, cells, gardens, and wooded park. And at this juncture everybody seemed busily occupied in whispering secrets. What did the man mean? The situation, too, was becoming ridiculous; all the world—that is, the monastic world—watched it with interest. Also Mrs. Despard seemed, by her letters, to have some uneasy suspicion that all was not right. She even threatened to visit the Abbey herself, if only to expostulate, while yet there was time, with Alan Dunlop on his infatuated and suicidal intention. Most of her letters, in whole or in part, found their way to Tom—either they were read to him, or the contents were imparted to him in conversation.

'If she does come here, Tom,' said Nelly, 'which Heaven forbid, two things will happen immediately. You

will have to leave the Abbey the day before her arrival, and—and—that other event will be settled at once.'

'You mean ——,' said Tom.

'There is no occasion, Tom, to put everything into words.'

Tom became silent.

'I think I have put too much into words already. I wonder,' she went on, 'whether you like me the better or the worse for telling you truthfully.'

'Everything, Nelly,' said Tom, hoarsely, 'makes me like you better every day.'

'I *could* not, after your beautiful speech at the Court of Love, which went right to my heart, Tom—I *could* not bear you to think that I was only flirting with you all the time. I liked you too well. Poor Tom! Do many other girls like you, too?'

'They don't tell me so if they do. But of course they don't. How girls ever do like men, I do not know.'

'It is because they are not men,' said the damsel, wisely. 'People would call it unmaidenly, I suppose, to tell a man—what I have told you—particularly when the man wants to marry you, and you can't marry him. But you don't think it unmaidenly, do you?'

'As if you could do anything but what is sweet and good, Nell! But you cannot know how much ——'

'Hush, Tom; don't put that into words, don't; it only makes us both unhappy.'

'Of course, I know,' said Tom, ruefully. 'I am next door to a pauper, and so are you, poor girl; and we are both expensive people; and there would be debts and things.'

'Debts and borrowing, Tom, and not being able to pay back; and going on the Continent, and living in lodgings, and staying with people who would invite us, to save money. How should you like that?'

'You always think of the worst, Nelly. There's Sponger, formerly of Ours, does that. Got two hundred a

year; goes everywhere, and is seen everywhere; stays with people. They say he disappears for two months every year, when he is supposed to go to Whitechapel and sweep a crossing where sailors are free with their cop-pers, I believe ——'

Nelly interrupted this amusing anecdote.

'That is like you, Tom. Just as I was getting into a comfortable crying mood, when nothing does me so much good as a little sympathy, you spoil it all by one of your stupid stories. What do I care about Sponger of Ours?'

'I thought you were talking about staying with people.'

'Is the story about Sponger one of the stories which the old novels used to tell us kept the mess-room in a roar? If so, a mess-room must be an extremely tiresome place.'

This conversation took place on Wednesday afternoon. In the evening, to please Lord Alwyne, Desdemona improvised a little costume party, in which everybody appeared in some Watteau-like dress, which was very charming to the Sisters, and mightily became such of the Monks as were well favoured. They danced minuets and such things as such shepherds and shepherdesses would have loved. Brother Peregrine led out Nelly for a performance of this stately old dance; they went through it with great solemnity.

'Are they engaged?' asked Cecilia, watching them.

'I cannot tell, my dear,' said Desdemona. 'The man is a riddle. Nelly does not look at him the least as a girl generally looks on an accepted lover. What does it mean?'

'I had a letter to-day,' Cecilia went on, 'from Mrs. Despard. She says that Alan's conduct has alarmed her so much that she thinks of coming to take her daughter home. I suppose she thinks that we are going to follow Alan's example, and marry the dairyman's son, as he is engaged to

the dairyman's daughter. It will be a great loss to us.'

'Greater changes are going to happen,' said Desdemona. 'Am I blind? When do you go, my child?'

Cecilia blushed prettily. She was a very charming girl, and her little idyl of love had gone on quite smoothly, else I would have told the story. The commonplace lot is the happiest; yet it does not read with much interest.

'John——' she began.

'Brother Bayard,' said Desdemona, 'I shall always know him by that name.'

'Wants to take me away at once; but I shall insist on waiting till the autumn.'

'May you be happy, my dear!

"You have consented to create again,  
That Adam called the happiest of men."

Cecilia laughed.

'What you said the other night accelerated things. Desdemona, I should not be surprised if you were to receive a great many confidences before long.'

'And no jealousies among the Sisters?'

'Not one. We are all to be happy alike.'

'That is as it should be,' said Desdemona; 'and that is the true end of the Abbey of Thelema.'

'Only we are sorry for poor Tom, and for Miranda, and for Alan. We had hoped that Miranda——'

'Alan is not married yet,' said Desdemona.

Meantime, Nelly observed that her partner was feverishly excited and nervous. His performance in the dance was far below his usual form, and for the first time since she had made his acquaintance he was not smiling. That looked ominous.

'I have been,' he whispered, in agitated accents, when the dance was finished—'I have been in the Garden of Eden for three months, thanks to you. Let me have a quarter of an hour alone with you to-morrow. Can it be that I am to take a farewell at the gates of Paradise?'

'I will meet you in the breakfast-room at noon to-morrow,' said Nelly, quietly.

Farewell at the gates of Paradise? Was the man really beginning to affect that self-depreciation which to girls not in love seems so absurd, and to girls who are in love is so delightful? He could not be in love as Tom was—not in that fond, foolish way, at least; there would be no sentiment, she said to herself, on either side. Then why begin with nonsense about farewell? Certainly there would be no sentiment; she would accept him, of course, as she had told Tom all along. It would be a bargain between them: he would have a wife of whom Nelly was quite certain he would be proud; she would get as good a house as she wanted, a husband *comme il faut*, an establishment of the kind to which she aspired in her most sensible moments, and a husband who had his good points and was amusing. It would have been better, doubtless, to have a Tom Caledon, with whom one could quarrel and make it up again, whom one could trust altogether and tell everything to, who would look after one if there was any trouble. But, after all, a real society husband, a life of society with people of society, must be the best in the long-run. Nelly felt that she should look well at her own table and in her own drawing-room; her husband would talk cleverly; she would be tranquilly and completely happy. And as for Tom, why of course he would very soon forget her and find somebody else—she hoped with money to keep him going. Poor Tom!

A life in the world against a human life; a sequence of colourless years against the sweet alternations of cloud and sunshine, mist and clear sky, which go with a marriage for love; a following of seasons, in which, year after year, social success grows to seem a less desirable thing against the blessed recurrence of times sacred to all sorts of tender memories—was this

the thing which Nelly had desired, and was going to accept consciously?

I suppose it was her mother's teaching, whose book was

'The eleventh commandment,  
Which says, "Thou shalt not marry unless well."'

That sweet womanly side of her character—the readiness to love and be loved—had been brought out by Tom, and yet it seemed, as an active force, powerless against the instructions of her childhood. It had been awakened by one brief erratic ramble into the realm of nature—that evening on Ryde pier—after which poor Nelly thought she had returned to the dominion of common sense. She hid nothing from Tom; she was as confiding as Virginia to Paul; but it did not occur to her that her decision, now that a decision was left to her, could possibly be other than that indicated by her mother.

She said that it was Fate. Just as the charity boy knows that it is perfectly useless, as well as unchristian, to envy the prince who rides past him on his own pony, so the girl, Nelly had learned, who has no *dot* may as well make up her mind at once that she cannot hope to follow the natural inclinations of her heart, and choose her own husband for herself. She must wait to be chosen, in this Babylonian marriage market, by the rich.

As for the other Sisters of the Abbey, they were all portioned, and could do as they pleased. Therefore Nelly looked with eyes of natural envy on this Sister, who could listen to the suit of a penniless officer; and on that, who, rich herself, was going to take for better or for worse, and oh! how very much for better, a love-sick youth richer than herself. For them, the life of pleasantness, the life of which we all dream, the life which is not rendered sordid by money cares, and mean by debts, and paltry in being bound and cabined by the iron walls of necessity, the life of ease had been attained. Men work for it;

giving it to wives and daughters by early risings, late lying down, burning the candle at both ends, and dying at fifty. Is their lot worse than that of women who, to obtain it, marry, and faithfully observe the covenant of marriage with men whom, under other circumstances, they would not have preferred?

Nelly would have preferred Tom. There was no doubt about that, none. But if she could not marry Tom, being so very much enamoured of the paths of pleasantness, why, then she must marry Mr. Exton; and he seemed a cheerful creature, full of admiration of her, and doubtless, in his way, which was very unlike the way of Tom, in love with her.

Perhaps as Nelly laid her fair head upon the pillow that night her thoughts took up some sad, defensive attitude. But her pulse beat no faster, and her sleep was not broken by the thought of the morrow.

The pleasant breakfast-room which looked upon the inner court of the Abbey, was quite deserted at noon, when Nelly arrived to keep her appointment. Mr. Exton did not keep her waiting.

She sat down before a window and waited, with a little flush upon her cheek.

'How pretty you are!' sighed Brother Peregrine. His eyes were more curiously crowsfooted than ever, and they had the strangest look in them—a look the meaning of which was difficult to make out. Somehow, Nelly thought there was some sort of shame in them, only Brother Peregrine was surely the last person in the world to manifest that sort of emotion. Besides, what was there to be ashamed of? 'I think that you are growing prettier every day.' His face, covered with its multitudinous crowsfeet, seemed forced into a smile; but there was no mirth in his eyes. He had said much the same sort of thing a good many times before, but had never got beyond that kind of general statement.

'Do you think it altogether right,' asked Nelly, looking him straight in the face, 'to say that sort of thing?'

'But that wasn't what I wanted to say,' said the Brother, with considerable hesitation. 'I—I—I am going to leave the Abbey to-day. I have just written a letter of farewell to the Order, and sent it to Desdemona——'

'Going to leave the Abbey, and why?'

'Because I must,' he replied gloomily. 'Because, although these limbs seem free, I wear the chains of slavery. Because I am called away.'

This was a very mysterious beginning.

'You talk as if you were going to the end of the world.'

'I wish I were. But I am only going to London.'

'Is that such a very dreadful place? To be sure, at this time of year, there will be nobody to talk to.'

'I have had—the—the most DELIGHTFUL time,' Brother Peregrine went on nervously; 'and entirely through you. I shall never, certainly never, forget the walks and drives, and talks you have given me. They have left the most charming recollection in my mind. I do not believe there is a sweeter girl than yourself in all the world—alas!'

He heaved the most melancholy sigh.

What *could* he mean? Leave recollections in his mind? Then, after all, he was not, perhaps, going to— Nelly sat quite silent. Her cheeks had grown pale suddenly, and in her head were a dozen thoughts battling to take shape in her brain.

'Will you remember me, with a little regret?' he asked. 'To be sure I cannot ask for more—a man in my awful position ought not to ask for so much—'

'When you explain yourself,' said Nelly, 'when I understand what your awful position is, I shall be better able to talk to you.'

'I have told you I am sent for.'

'Who has sent for you?'

'My wife,' he replied simply.

His wife!

'She has just arrived from India, with all the children. She is at the Langham Hotel. She writes to me that unless I go to her at once she will come to me.'

Nelly gazed at him with eyes of wonder. The man was shaking and trembling.

'You don't quite understand what that means,' he went on. 'Perhaps when I tell you that my wife is a—a—Eurasian, in fact, with more of the tar than of the lily in her complexion, and that the children take after their mother in complexion and temper, you may begin to understand that I was not particularly anxious to talk about my marriage.'

'And so you pretended to be an unmarried man,' said Nelly, a little bitterly.

'No one ever asked me if I was married,' he said. 'If they had, I dare say I should have confessed. She is much older than myself, and she has a temper. She is also jealous. Very jealous she is. The children have tempers too, and have been spoiled by their mother. They are not pleasant children at all.'

'Was this all you had to say to me?'

Nelly rose and stood at the window.

'Yes, I think so. Just to thank you for your kindness, and to express a hope that you will not forget this summer.'

'No, I am not likely to forget this summer,' she replied, with a touch of bitterness in her tone; 'not at all likely. Nor shall I readily forget you, Mr. Exton.'

'Your advocate in the great case of Lancelot *versus* Rosalind,' he said. 'You will remember me by that, you know.'

'I shall remember you,' she said, 'without thinking of the *Cour d'Amour*. And now, good-bye.'

She held out her hand coldly. He

bent over it, and would have kissed it, but she drew it back.

'No, Mr. Exton. Think of your wife. By the way, you are going to London? Mamma is, I believe, in town for a few days. Will you call upon her? She would like to make Mrs. Exton's acquaintance, I am sure. She might tell Mrs. Exton, too, more than you would be likely to remember about the Abbey of Thelema. Mamma's address is Number 81, Chester Square. You will be sure to call, will you not? Good-bye. I am sorry to hear that you are——'

'Married?' he asked.

'No, not at all. . . . I am glad to hear that your wife has arrived. Husband and wife ought to be together. I am only sorry that we shall lose you. I can write to mamma, then, that you will call upon her to-morrow. It is No. 81 Chester Square. Do not forget. Good-bye, Mr. Exton.'

With these words, the sting of which he hardly comprehended, but which, as Nelly intended, he would discover when that call was actually made, she left him, and, without looking to right or left, mounted the stairs and sought the privacy of her own cell.

There she sat down, and, with pale cheek and hardened eyes, tried to understand the position of things. She was bitterly humiliated; she was ashamed; angry with her mother, angry with herself, fiercely angry with the man who had played with and deceived her. How could she face the Sisters, all of them happy in the possession of a suitor about whom there was no mystery and no deception? Should she tell the whole story to everybody? Would it not be better to go on and make no sign? But some one she must tell. Desdemona would hear her story with sympathy; so would Miranda; so would . . . and here there came a knock at her door. It was no other than Tom Caledon.

'Your reception-morning, Nell,' he said awkwardly. 'I come as a simple

caller. But what is it, Nelly? You look pale. Has that fellow Exton—has he—

‘He has said good-bye to me, Tom.’

‘What? You have refused him, then? Oh! Nell, tell me.’

‘No, Tom, it is worse than that. I went prepared to accept him . . . and he did not . . . make the offer I expected. He is gone, Tom.’

‘Has the fellow been playing all the time, then?’

‘Not quite. I think he has been enjoying himself in his own way, without thinking how he might compromise me. But he is a married man, Tom. That is all. A married man. And his wife has ordered him home.’

‘A married man?’

‘He says so. About such a trifle’—she laughed bitterly—‘men do not generally tell lies, I suppose. He spoke very prettily about my kindness; and so I asked him, out of pure gratitude, Tom, to go to Chester Square and call upon mamma.’

Tom stared blankly.

‘Then he has imposed upon all of us.’

‘That does not matter, Tom. I am the only person to be pitied—or blamed. I, who have been allowed to stay down here on the condition that I was to—to throw myself in his way, to attract him, to please him, to court him, if necessary. I, who was to pose before him like a dancing girl, to listen to his idle talk, always to be pleasant to him. Oh! it is shameful—it is shameful!’

She stamped her little foot and wrung her hands, and the tears came into her eyes.

‘I never thought before what it was like—this angling for rich men. What must they think of us? What can you think of me, Tom?’

‘You know very well what I think of you, Nelly.’

‘Now I must go back to town, and it will all begin over again, as soon as mamma has found some one else. Go away, Tom; don’t think of me any

more. I am only an adventuress. I am unworthy that you should be kind to me. I shall leave this sweet place, with all the Brothers and Sisters, and dear Miranda and Desdemona—oh! the beautiful home of rest—and go back again to the world, and fight among other adventuresses.’

‘No, Nelly, no,’ cried Tom. And while she sank her head into her hands his arms were round her. ‘No, Nelly darling. I will not let you. Stay here; stay with me, and we will take our chance. Never mind the world, Nell; we will give up the things that only rich people can do. Stay with me, my darling.’

‘Oh! Tom—Tom—will you take me? And now?—you ought to have more self-respect, Tom: now—after all that is passed?’

‘This is real happiness, Tom,’ she said, looking up in his face, with her full, deep eyes. ‘There can be no happiness like this.’

And so passed half-an-hour.

Then Nelly said that they must come back to the world, and that meant punishing Mr. Exton, in the first place.

‘As I have sent him to call upon mamma,’ she said, ‘I must prepare mamma’s mind for his visit.’

She wrote the shortest of letters.

‘Dear Mamma,

‘Mr. Exton will call upon you to-morrow. I hope you will be at home.

‘Your affectionatedaughter,

‘ELEANOR.’

‘There, Tom!’ she said, with a mischievous light in her eye. ‘You see that commits me to nothing, and it will lead mamma to think a great deal. The explosion, when she finds out, will be like a torpedo. I really think that I have punished poor Brother Peregrine enough.’

This business despatched, Tom began upon another.

'Nelly,' he said, 'will you do exactly what I ask you?'

'Exactly, Tom,' she said.

'No one, not even Desdemona, is to know it.'

'No one, Tom.'

Then he whispered in her ear for a

few minutes. First she stared at him with all her eyes; then she blushed; then she laughed; and then she trembled.

'Oh! Tom, it is delightful. But what *will* mamma say?'

(*To be continued.*)

## PAPERS BY A BYSTANDER.

NO. 2.

THE eyes of the world are still turned to the East. The Ottoman Empire continues to crumble. Austria continues to quake. All the powers continue to vow that they will execute the Treaty of Berlin. Execute it as a treaty perhaps they may; but they will not make it stand as a settlement, since as a settlement it assumes the stability of the Ottoman Empire. Life has been kept in the Porte for the last quarter of a century by successive drams in the form of loans, and the dram-bottle is now dry. The British Government would probably like to give a guarantee, but the nation would not let it, and the Jews will bestow their sympathies but not their shekels.

¶ Russia seems preparing in earnest to withdraw her forces. For herself she has got all she wanted—Bessarabia, the extension in Armenia, a lien on Turkey for an indemnity, the exact amount of which matters nothing, since it cannot be paid, and the clientage of the two Bulgarias, which it is deemed a triumph of British diplomacy to have kept in a state of division and weakness that renders them dependent on a patron. All the great powers have got what they wanted, whether it was good for them or not. The sufferers, as usual, when the arbi-

ters of right are the strong, have been the weak—Roumania, Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, Roumelia, Greece—communities of small account in the estimation of the masters of legions, but of some account in the estimation of humanity.

War, however, between England and Russia is, on all hands, regarded as merely adjourned now that the frontier of the British Empire has been pushed menacingly up to that of the Russian, both in Western and Central Asia. Let England quarrel with any other power, or let the pacific Alexander be succeeded by his bellicose son, and the gun which is ready charged will probably be touched off. An embroilment may, indeed, be brought on any day by the anarchy which appears to be breaking out in the quarter of Turkey conterminous with Russian Armenia. The barbarous and ungoverned tribes may attack the Russians; the Russians may follow up the enemy into the territory covered by the Anglo-Turkish alliance, and the two powers may find themselves at war. It is curious, under these circumstances, to remember that, only thirty years ago, the one fast ally of England in Europe was Russia.

Fresh fuel has been heaped on the

fire of hatred by the stories of cruel excesses committed by the Russian army in Rhodope. But these stories are not yet history. Mr. Rose, the Bulgarian correspondent of the *Scotchman*, a journal distinguished for the accuracy of its information, denounces the report as 'the most infamous document ever attempted to be palmed upon the British public as sober truth.' Massacres, he says, there were, and cruelties enough—infants nailed to walls, men roasted alive, women mutilated and outraged—but they were perpetrated not by Russian soldiers upon Turks, but by Turks upon Bulgarians. By a Russian soldier he never saw a shot fired except in fair battle. Some specific charges he contradicts as an eye-witness; among them that of the Turks at Tirnova, 'thrown from a precipice twice the height of a minaret,' of which he heard nothing, though he was on the spot immediately after the time of alleged perpetration. The Russian army does not now appear for the first time in European war. On a hundred fields of Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Germany, France, as well as on those of its own land, it fought, in alliance with England, for the independence of Europe against the ambition of the French Republic, and afterwards against Napoleon. It bore the brunt of the struggle on land as England did on the sea. In those days its indomitable devotion was the admiration of all English hearts, and its Cossacks were objects of the most romantic interest. Nor did it leave any record of savagery and outrage worse than those of its allies and antagonists in that deadly struggle. French writers speak of all the armies which invaded France in 1814 with abhorrence, but of the Russians hardly with so much abhorrence as of the Germans. The biographer of the Prince Consort has reproduced for his political purpose a passage from a letter written after Inkermann, the writer of which anticipates in his

language the present frantic hatred of the Russian soldiery. 'I can now describe a Russian soldier accurately; an individual with a long, discoloured great-coat and greasy forage-cap, with still more tallowy complexion, an impassive countenance, and an eye gleaming with the mixed expression of fox like cunning and currish abjectness. When I have been giving water and biscuit to a wounded Russian I have seen that expression.' Would an Englishman have spoken in this tone of a wounded Russian if he had seen him lying on the field of Eylau, Leipsic, or Borodino?

The depositions, no doubt, are on oath, but it is the oath of Turks. The report is signed by a Consul-General, but consuls sometimes have their cue. Some time ago, the Foreign Office sent round a paper of questions on Turkish government and the state of the people under it to all the British consuls in the Ottoman Empire, with a covering letter, gently hinting that favourable answers would be convenient. One consul got the questions without the letter, and answered them most unfavourably. Afterwards the letter came into his hands. He then loyally hastened to substitute a more favourable set of answers. Unluckily both sets were printed, and made their appearance together before a censorious world.

Though the debates on the justice of the Afghan war in the British Parliament were long, history will probably cut the controversy short. The desire for 'a scientific frontier' will be set down as the real cause, and the rest will be swept aside as pretexts, especially as the present attempt is merely a repetition of the one made forty years ago, and there has notoriously been ever since a party in the Anglo-Indian councils bent on the extension of the Empire to the north-west, though, before the recent outbreak of Imperialism, the less ambitious party had managed to keep the



upper hand. Of the pretended Russian intervention in Afghanistan not a trace—not a soldier, not a cannon, not a rifle, not a [rouble—has been found. If Russia had quarrelled with the Ameer on pretense of a diplomatic insult, and then, throwing off the mask, had avowed that her object was a scientific frontier, what language would have been strong enough to paint the infamy of her hypocritical ambition?

As in the former war, the Central Government of Cabul, which is little more than a phantom, vanishes at the approach of the invader; but with the independent tribes the task of the conqueror begins; and it may yet be a troublesome one in spite of their disunion and the apparent readiness of some of them to receive bribes. Already we have heard of fire and sword being carried into the villages of 'the insurgent highlanders.' Insurgents those Highlanders were, by his cruel treatment of whom the Duke of Cambridge earned the nickname of 'the butcher'; but these highlanders are no more insurgents than the English were when they were defending their country against the Armada. In such displays of a vigour that disregards morality, the Imperialist exults and revels. 'Imperialism,' says Mr. Lowe, 'is the apotheosis of violence.' From the point of view of Imperialism the less there is to say for it beyond brute force the better. Every scintilla of justice that there is in your case is just so much deducted from its imperial quality. If he is thrice armed that hath his quarrel just, he that has his quarrel unjust is thrice imperial. If Jingoism is stronger than the moral forces, a splendid career awaits it; if it is not, signal disaster. History has seen many trials of strength of the same kind, and hitherto the moral forces have always won. The Jingo, however, is consistent; and when Lord Carnarvon, amicably striving to reconcile contraries, with the annex-

ation of the Transvaal perhaps in his mind, bids Imperialism found itself on morality, Imperialism may ask him on what part of the moral law he would have it found the forcible seizure of your neighbour's land.

Between two moralities, or rather between morality and defiance, of morality, and between two modes of employing the energies of the nation, peaceful enterprise and military aggrandizement, the English nation is now divided, and the political contest is raging. In the question of the national destiny ordinary party questions for the present are merged, though the composition of the parties remains much the same, democracy being always inclined to industry, and aristocracy to war. A few Tories of the old religious school, such as Mr. Newdegate and Sir Alexander Gordon, refuse to divorce their politics from morality and vote against an unjust war.

That a nation may be enterprising, and enterprising in the highest degree without being aggressive or unjust, is a fact which, though gloriously illustrated by the history of the English race, seems not present to the minds of Imperialists, who speak of lack of spirit and even of cowardice as the badge of every one who refuses to embrace their creed. 'All great and honourable actions are accompanied with great difficulties, and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages. The dangers are great but not desperate, and the difficulties are many, but not invincible. For though there are many of them likely, yet they are not certain. It may be sundry of the things feared may never befall; others, by provident care and the use of good means, may, in a great measure, be prevented; and all of them through the help of God, by fortitude and patience, may either be borne or overcome. True it is, that such attempts are not to be made and undertaken but upon good ground and reason, not rashly or lightly, as many

have done, for curiosity or hope of gain. But our condition is not ordinary. Our ends are good and honourable; our calling lawful and urgent. And, therefore, we may expect the blessing of God in our proceeding. Yea though we should lose our lives in this action, we may have comfort in the same, and our endeavours would be honourable'—These words in their way breathe enterprise; perhaps they are as full both of spirit and of dignity as the appeals of Lord Beaconsfield to his Jingoës, though the high-hearted peasants whose thoughts they embody, were setting forth, not to rob and oppress, but to found a nation worth a hundred-fold all the Indian Empires over whose expanses of cringing wretchedness conquest has ever stalked.

Six bishops voted for the Afghan War, and for the national policy of which it is a part. They have not made their case better in the eyes of the people by averring, that, in giving their voices for fire and sword, they had 'missionary' objects in view. Such a position is rendered rather more ridiculous by the religious cynicism of the authors of the war. The missionaries must take care, or an irreverent world will soon be asking them what they have to do with conquest. One bishop, a Ritualist, voted against the war. The Ritualists are not specially philanthropic; like the Roman Catholics, they rather affect the alliance of the military element; and one of their number, the late Canon Mozley, has gone further, perhaps, than any other preacher ever did, in recognizing war as a practice consistent with Christianity. But their connection with the State has been loosened, and they feel themselves more at liberty to denounce national crime. They are inclined to act boldly in the cause of morality against the Licensed Victuallers as well as against the Jingoës.

By the struggle of parties about the Afghan War, the question has been raised, what is the duty of a patriot

towards the Government when it makes a war which he deems unjust. He is bound, of course, to pay his taxes, and, if called upon, to take arms. But is he bound to suppress his opinion, or to abstain from opposing the Government in Parliament and at elections? In 1812, the slave-owners of Virginia and their adherents, the Jingoës of the United States, dragged the American Republic into what the best Americans deemed a foolish and wicked war with England. They then called upon everybody in the name of patriotism to support their policy. Daniel Webster replied: 'With respect to the war in which we are now involved, the course which our principles require us to pursue cannot be doubtful. It is now the law of the land, and as such we are bound to regard it. Resistance and insurrection form no part of our creed. The disciples of Washington are neither tyrants in power nor rebels out. If we are taxed to carry on this war, we shall disregard certain distinguished examples, and shall pay. If our personal services are required, we shall yield them to the precise extent of our constitutional liability. At the same time, the world may be assured that we know our rights and shall exercise them. We shall express our opinions on this as on every measure of Government, I trust, without passion, I am certain, without fear. We have yet to learn that the extravagant progress of pernicious measures abrogates the duty of opposition, or that the interest of our native land is to be abandoned by us in the hour of her thickest danger and sorest necessity. By the exercise of our constitutional right of suffrage, by the peaceable remedy of election, we shall seek to restore wisdom to our councils, and peace to our country.' Webster's language would have been still stronger, if it had appeared in that case that a foreign war and the spirit of violence evoked by it, were being used by the Government for the purpose of undermining constitutional

principle and encroaching on political liberty at home. To Indianize England is evidently a collateral object of the Afghan war.

In connection with the enterprise undertaken to give the Indian Empire a more scientific frontier, that Empire itself is the subject of a sharp discussion. The statistics of impoverishment are controverted by financiers and economists. One thing seems beyond controversy—the miserable condition of the great mass of the people. As a philanthropic enterprise, therefore, the Empire is a failure, though for that ambition cares little. A parallel is constantly drawn between the Empire of the English in India and that of the Romans. In many respects the analogy holds good; but in one most important respect it fails. *Ubi Romanus vicit, ibi habitavit.* The Proconsuls might return to Rome with fortunes accumulated in their governments, but the bulk of the ruling race seem to have settled in the provinces, at least in Imperial times, and to have become identified, as far as a ruling race can be, with the interests of the people. Even the legions were almost colonists. But the Englishman in India is now more than ever a bird of passage, while he is still, though in a strictly legal and regular way, a bird of prey. That about twenty millions sterling are annually drained away from a poor country, is a fact apparently admitted on all hands, and, if the same amount were drained from England, we know what her economists would say.

The phrase Jingoism has been several times used in this paper. It is now received into the English language; but some people seem still to be in the dark as to its origin and meaning.

Its origin is the Music Hall song:

'We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do,  
We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got  
the money too.'

Which, when the Sepoys were brought upon the scene was parodied:

'We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do,  
We'll stay at home at ease ourselves and send the  
mild Hindoo.'

Jingoism is Imperialism in a state of violent and vulgar excitement. It is of recent growth in England, and its two chief sources have been the decline of religion, which for the time has loosened morality, and the intoxication of plethoric wealth.

Not for the first time in history, while the pride of Empire is riding high and the bounds of Empire are being triumphantly extended, the Imperial people are starving in their own streets. Famished and despairing multitudes, whose sufferings are increased by the bitter weather, emaciated forms crowding round relief-houses, which are barricaded to keep off the press, whole rows of cottages deserted by their inhabitants, are the features of 'Merry Christmas' in too many parts of the Mother Country. A correspondent of a Manchester paper writes, 'To-day, being in the neighbourhood of Red Bank, I have seen some awful specimens of starving humanity—women with babes at the breast, plodding through the melting snow barefooted, perhaps with apologies for stockings, and a thin dress to cover their nakedness.' This is a picture not only of Red Bank, but of a whole region, while the circle of misery, already wide, is evidently extending daily. And to those shoeless feet that tread the freezing slush, those forms shivering in their barely covered nakedness, those babes drawing a niggard life from the breasts of their famishing mothers, what relief or comfort does it bring that they are preventing the emancipation of Bulgaria and conquering a scientific frontier in Afghanistan?

Of course the Government cannot be held responsible for the commercial or industrial distress. But its policy is one which is sure to aggravate the

distress not only by increasing the military expenditure, but by keeping the future of trade unsettled, irritating other nations and closing foreign ports. It is the government of a class socially remote from industry, and though not cruel, more moved by Imperial ambition than by sympathy for factory hands. The people and those who care most for the people, feel this, and the bye elections show that, though Government still commands its great majority in Parliament, opinion out of doors has decidedly turned against it. The election of a Conservative, by a small majority, over a Home Ruler who voted with the Government on the Eastern Question, at Ross, a borough with only 210 voters, is a poor set-off against the Liberal majority of 1,500 at Bristol, and the Liberal victory at Maldon, a borough in Essex, hitherto the very closest Tory county in England. A dissolution of Parliament has been more than once announced by the organs of the Government, which would, of course, be very glad to take out a fresh seven years' lease of power; but evidently the reports of the political agents are unfavourable, and the dissolution is postponed.

Distress is creeping upwards. It begins among the workmen; from them it spreads to the small tradesmen who subsist upon the custom of the workmen, and who are now largely giving bills of sale. Some time will pass before the mass of hereditary and accumulated wealth is touched, or the income tax returns show a material falling off. By the last accounts it seemed that there had been no great falling off in the general revenue, including the excise; but this is a sign of doubtful import, inasmuch as it implies that the people have not yet brought their habits of expenditure, especially in drink, down to the level of their reduced wages. The same thing may be said with regard to the full theatres and excursion trains. Nor is it very wonderful or very scan-

dalous, whatever homilies political economy may read, that the men should not be ready, without a struggle, to give up luxuries to which they have become accustomed, or to allow twenty per cent. of their income to be cut off. What do we hear when people of the wealthier class are docked of part of their salaries and deprived of their wonted comforts? Sympathy is especially due to the unwillingness to relinquish the reductions which of late have been made in the hours of labour. In the case of the better workmen, such workmen, for instance, as the mass of the Associated Engineers, these added hours of leisure have been, to a large extent, an addition to civilization.

Still the British workman will have to come down, and the consequence will be cheaper labour, cheaper goods, and a more formidable competition to be encountered by other manufacturing countries. Sir John Macdonald will find the difficulties of a Protectionist policy increased.

Of course this state of things in its intensity will not last. In the prosperity of British industry there are certain enduring elements, such as the coal, and the qualities of the people, which, when the glut is over, will carry the country through. But the practical monopoly, which England has enjoyed from the Napoleonic wars down nearly to the present time, is lost and cannot be regained.

It has been alleged that, in consequence of the depression, Protectionism is gaining ground in England. This is hardly true. What is gaining ground, even in such sanctuaries of Free Trade doctrines as the Bradford Chamber of Commerce, is not Protection, but a desire to insist on Reciprocity. Protection, the object of which is to force new manufactories into existence, would be a bad remedy when the disease is not the dearth of manufactures but their superabundance. Reciprocity is more to the purpose, but before the foreigner yields to the

screw the British millions may be starved. Jingoism, at all events, the English people may renounce, and not, to the sound of Beaconsfieldian trumpets, pluck the bread out of their own mouths.

There is no use in talking about sending the sufferers here. Farm labourers we should welcome if they are hardy enough to bear the climate of the North-West. But the people from the factories would be perfectly useless and helpless; still more useless and helpless, if possible, would be the people from the poor quarters of London, who are absolutely fit for nothing but the petty trades and street callings by which they miserably subsist. Stone is being bought already to give employment to our own poor.

France appears first of the great European nations to have passed definitively from the state of a Monarchy into that of a Republic. Since the late election of Senators the Republican party has a large majority in the Upper Chamber as well as an overwhelming one in the Lower; and as the Legislature cannot be dissolved without the consent of the Senate, a repetition of the attempt of May has become impossible. Everything, unhappily, is still at the mercy of the army; but the army cannot act without somebody to give the word of command, and it is difficult to see how any one but a Republican can now find himself installed in the War Office. The Marshal, and, what is perhaps of more consequence, the Marechale, seem to be satisfied with the situation, the hateful Jules Simon and his wife being out of the way. The Marshal is simply an honest, stupid soldier, whose countenance has been compared to that of a cow staring at a railway train. He is probably as good an instrument as possible for keeping the army true to the Republic. Nothing is left for the Monarchists but the desperate course of conspiracy, in which it will be difficult for Legitimists, Orleanists and

Bonapartes to unite. On the Bonapartists the blow has fallen with special weight. Their party dwindles daily, as the old officials and soldiers of the Empire die; their pretender becomes more and more a stranger to France, and with every electoral defeat, the appeal to the authority of universal suffrage, on which they struggle to found a title which nothing else can give them and with which they clothe the nakedness of their usurpation, is made less tenable than ever. The appeal of Bonapartism to universal suffrage against the repeated verdicts of the people, is fast rivalling in absurdity the conventional appeal of theologians worsted in controversy, to a universal council of the Church. Frenchmen are not specially gifted with the power of swimming against the stream; they generally like to find themselves on the side of established authority, whether it be that of the Grand Monarque or the Mountain; and with regard to them, above the rest of mankind, it is true that nothing succeeds like success. We may expect to see this Republican victory followed by a general collapse of the opposition. In truth, not opposition, so much as universal conformity, is now the danger of the Republic; men who are not Republicans at heart may assume the name, glide into power, and, by mingling with the more genuine element, emasculate the party which has hitherto been rendered vigorous and enthusiastic by the desperate struggle for life. A sense of this danger among the Republicans of the Extreme Left seems already to have produced a Parliamentary spasm, which, however, is likely for the present to pass away.

Thus, apparently, after nearly a century of convulsive effort, sanguinary agony and tremendous vicissitude, closes in victory the French revolution, as the English revolution after a struggle of half the duration, closed in victory less decided, with the settlement of 1688. Politically, the battle

is won. In a social point of view the issue is more doubtful. A peasant proprietary, in place of the territorial nobility of the old regime, holds, it is true, the greater part of the land of France; democratic principles pervade the code, and the sentiment of equality has a strong hold on the people. It would probably be impossible, even for an Emperor, to restore primogeniture or to create an hereditary house of Peers. On the other hand, the representatives of the old aristocracy have been recruiting their wealth, drawing closer the bond of their union as a class, and regaining not a little of their social ascendancy. That the passion for rank and social grade is far from having been eradicated from French bosoms all the shrewdest observers declare. Dynastic claims and rivalries will probably now recede into the background, and whatever struggle remains, will be one between aristocracy and democracy waged beneath the forms of the Republic. Not a little influence will be exerted on the issue, by the course of religious opinion and the amount of force which the Church is able to bring to the aristocratic side. We have given up the idea that political progress can be carried on apart from the social, economical, and intellectual movements of our complex humanity.

In the social sphere, however, all over the world, though chiefly in monarchies under an oppressive military system, there are heavings and rumblings of a new revolution, which, if it ever comes to the birth, may make the French Revolution itself seem comparatively superficial. The Pope, that old custodian of the crumbling mansions of the past, is merely doting when he calls Communism the offspring of the Protestant Reformation, and when he denounces it as a violation of the social order typified by the hierarchy of heaven. But he does not dote when he describes it as a widespread, formidable and even portentous phenomenon of the

time. In Russia, under the name of Nihilism, it assails the whole existing order of things religious, political and social, not excepting the relations between the sexes. Its savage enthusiasm, and at the same time its lack of wisdom, are shown by attempts in several countries to assassinate the chiefs of the established system, and the dread of its advance is evidently impelling rival potentates to patch up their diplomatic quarrels and combine for mutual protection. A few years, by developing the strength of the movement, and disclosing its real dimensions, will enable us to say whether it is merely a speculative phase of the discontent arising from transient causes such as overtaxation, conscription and commercial depression, or whether it bodes radical and lasting change.

All doubt seems to be removed as to the prevalence, not only of fraud and intimidation, but of murderous outrage in Louisiana and some other Southern States during the late elections. The policy of conciliation honestly tried by President Hayes has failed, and the South remains solid in its political opposition to the Republican Government and unchanged in its determination to defy the law. The practical result will probably be the re-election of General Grant as the representative of the militant republic and of a sterner policy towards the malcontents of the South. It is a necessity to which good men will resign themselves with bitter reluctance; for Grant will bring back with him the 'machine' and the machinists; and when the hour strikes for his return to power and patronage the knell of administrative reform is tolled. It may be hoped, however, that experience has at least taught him that if government cannot be carried on by law it is better to employ directly and openly the requisite amount of force than to put political intrigue in the front with the military

force in reserve. The present condition of the South is, partly at least, the work of the carpet-bagging politicians, who were the agents of Grant's last government. If a State refuses to allow the laws of the Union respecting elections to go into effect, the best course surely is to disfranchise that State for a term of years.

The conflict between the North and the South was called a civil war; but the subjugation of the South by the North, in fact, resembled less the victory of one party over the other in a nation than the conquest of one nation by another. The relation of the South to the victor is rather that of Ireland to England or of Poland to Russia than that of the vanquished to the victorious party after the war between the Catholic League and the Huguenots in France, or after the English Revolution. The hostile elements are locally distinct; the defeated element forms a compact mass by itself, with its own monuments and its own memories; the grass may grow over the graves, but the dust of the conquered does not mingle with the dust of the conqueror. Military trophies preserved by the North attest the half-international character of the war. Then there is the negro difficulty, ever irrepressible. Still between the Northern and Southern States there flows no Irish Channel; the white race on both sides of the line is the same; the filaments of reviving union may spread through the middle ground of Virginia to the states which socially, as well as geographically, lie more remote; and trade and manufactures, raising their heads in New Orleans and other southern cities, may form an interest connected with the commercial North, devoid of unproductive sentiment and adverse to chivalrous disorder. The advantages of union, both political and economical, are so immense and so apparent that it will take a great deal of bad feeling, and even of social an-

tagonism to countervail their attractive force.

If the political outlook of our neighbours is clouded, their financial and commercial outlook is much more sunny. The Republic has glided, without shock or friction, into sound currency. She might have done the same years ago if Repudiation would have held its tongue, and Party would have kept its reckless hands off the vital interests of the country. There is now no fear of a relapse; commerce, contracts and the ideas of the people will all adjust themselves to the sound basis, and form its effectual ramparts for the future. Well might the flags be hoisted in New York when the price of gold ceased to be quoted and that greatest and worst of gambling hells, the Gold Room, was for ever closed. American trade has gone through much tribulation, but a mass of commercial rottenness has been cleared away; hard pan as well as hard money has been reached; and unmistakable signs of reviving prosperity appear. Such is the opinion of most competent judges, free from any tendency to paint things too favourably for the Republic. No such tendency assuredly can be laid to the charge of the *London Times*, which winds up an account of the marvellous progress made in reducing the debt and interest by exclaiming, 'If the Americans can accomplish these things in hard times, we are almost afraid to ask ourselves what they will be able to do in the period of prosperity which, as Mr. Hayes and Mr. Sherman are agreed, is opening before them.'

General Grant, in the tour of glorification by which he is collecting the suffrages of the world in support of his candidature for the Presidency of the United States, has received by way of variety a slap in the face from the Cork City Council, who have not forgotten his attempt to make capital by an onslaught, in a Presidential message, on the Catholic Church. But in

Ireland, if one shillelagh is waved against you, another is sure to be waved in your defence. In answer to the 'insult' offered by the Cork Council rings forth a loud war whoop of sympathy with 'the great Orange Republican who had shot dead sixty craw-thumping Papists who, instigated by Italian priests, attempted to stop an Orange procession in Broadway.' Such are the fruits of the tree in its native soil; and they can hardly be said to have been improved by transplantation.

Poor Ireland will never find a leader! She had a leader in O'Connell; she has not had one since. Smith O'Brien had the enthusiasm but not the strategy. Isaac Butt has the strategy but not the enthusiasm. That Parnell and Biggar are sincere, nobody doubts, whatever may be thought of their obstructive policy, and naturally they do not want to be the chessmen of a mere tactician, whom they probably suspect of playing his own game. But who can tell at what end the sincere Home Rulers are driving? Some of them mean legislative independence, which would end in entire separation; what the rest mean they seem hardly to know themselves. Then their ecclesiastical and political tendencies pull hopelessly athwart each other. If they have a cause it must be that of oppressed nationality. Yet they league themselves, under ecclesiastical pressure, with the enemies of an oppressed nationality in Italy, with the enemies of an oppressed nationality in Bulgaria. They go in for Ottoman despotism, with the British Ascendancy men and the Jews. They support, as a body, in Parliament the Imperialist and military Tories, who, when they once fairly get the upper hand, will make short work of the Irish nation.

The results of the recent attempts to apply the Dunkin Act, seem to indicate that the Prohibitionists should pause and reflect before they continue

the agitation. This may be said without prejudice to a full recognition of the goodness of their aim, of the magnitude of the evil against which they contend, and of the value of the crusade as a proof of the existence of moral enthusiasm among the people. Unless the movement succeeds, it will do harm in more ways than one. It will deaden and suspend voluntary effort by the delusive hope of State interference. It will drive the publicans to league together in self-defence, and weld them into a compact political body, exerting an influence, which is sure to be noxious as well as powerful, over elections and general legislation. In England, the grasp of the Licensed Victuallers' Association is one of the most dangerous of those which are on the throat of British liberty.

Voluntary effort and voluntary associations—the old-fashioned Teetotalism, and the Bands of Hope—have done much good. The Bands of Hope especially are allowed in England to have been very effective, both in guarding the young and in training up missionaries for the cause. But it may be doubted whether any good has been done or is likely to be done by prohibitive legislation. In the United States prohibition is not the cause but the effect and the sign of temperance; the Anglo-Americans as a race are a very temperate people; opinion among them is strongly against drink; and it probably gains little or no additional force from the laws, which on the other hand somewhat loosen public morality by leading to evasion.

We come back always to the same thing. Sumptuary legislation cannot be enforced in a free community. The Czar Peter might have compelled his subjects to give up brandy as he compelled them to cut off their beards. He needed no aid from public sentiment to give effect to his ukase. But in a free community your law without public sentiment is a dead letter. Prohibitionists may be ready to call



upon the government for vigorous measures, but not one in ten of them would himself help the police in interfering with the private habits of his neighbours. Mere self-indulgence, however injurious to the man himself, is not an offence against the State, and people in general cannot be induced to treat it as if it were. Some persons hold tobacco to be 'slow poison'; others hold meat to be the same, as, if used in the excessive quantities in which many people use it, undoubtedly it is. Suppose the anti-tobacconists or the vegetarians to be anywhere in a majority, will it be their duty to close by law the shops of the tobacconists and butchers? If we want to change the diet or the habits of freemen, we must do it by argument and example. The end will not be so quickly attained as it would be by the ukase of the despot, but the work will be the more genuine, more lasting and more truly moral.

Of course anything may be done for the salvation of the State. If drink were proved to be a plague among us which only exceptional legislation could stay, everybody would consent to exceptional legislation. Perhaps strong measures may be necessary in England, where the licensed victuallers constitute a gigantic propaganda of evil, pushing its malignant influence, with the overwhelming force of vast capital, and widely ramifying connections, into every corner of the land, so that two or three cottages cannot be built near each other without at once bringing down the pest upon them. But in Canada all cool-headed observers say that the evil is declining, and that the habits of the present generation are better than those of the last. That there is an increase of moral sensibility on the subject, the existence of the Prohibitionist movement itself proves.

Punish drunkenness if it leads to indecency or outrage. Punish the drunken offender doubly, for the offence itself and for having voluntarily put himself in the way of committing

it by drowning his power of self-control. Apply to taverns, as they are notoriously apt to become scenes of excess, such exceptional regulations as public order may require. If a man is a confirmed drunkard, treat him as a lunatic, and take his wife and children out of his hands. In all this you will have the support of public sentiment, particularly as your law will be the same for rich and poor, whereas Prohibitionism, whatever its theory may be, practically draws a line between the rich man, who buys his liquor at the wine merchant's, and the poor man, who buys his liquor at the tavern. Much may be done also in the way of counter attractions; the coffee rooms, which Thomas Hughes, among others, has been active in establishing in England, have been very successful there, and seem likely to be equally so here. Even the substitution of wine or beer for whiskey would be an immense gain. Whiskey, such whiskey, at least, as our people get, is the real demon.

To the two evils, already mentioned as attending a futile agitation, may be added two more, the stimulus given to hypocritical intrigue among the politicians, who flirt with temperance for its votes, and the demoralization of the liquor trade itself, which must arise from branding it as the trade of poisoners and making it the object of a social persecution. At present many of our hotel and tavern keepers are very worthy men, who hate excess as much as any one and do their best to prevent it, from right feeling as well as because it drives decent customers from their doors.

A seizure of heterodox books at the Custom House, has caused reference to be made to the Act authorizing such detention. It is found that the grounds therein specified, and by which, of course, the action of the Custom House is limited, are immorality and indecency. The book, the seizure of which raised the question,

was a volume of lectures by Col. Ingersoll. It is an attack on all religions, notably on Christianity, the violence, petulance and occasional bad taste of which need all the excuse they derive from evident honesty of purpose and genuine desire to liberate the world from the bondage of what the writer takes to be dark and cruel superstition. But to say that the work is immoral or indecent in the obvious sense of those terms, would be absurd. The moral tone is decidedly high, and of indecency there is not a trace. It would seem, therefore, that the officers of the Customs, no doubt with the best intentions, exceeded in this case their duty as prescribed by the Act.

Nothing can be more natural than the desire of orthodox and devout persons to restrain the circulation of heterodox works, which must appear to them unspeakably worse than the most noxious miasma or the most deadly poison, inasmuch as they kill souls. But the caustic definition of orthodoxy and heterodoxy is well known; and it may be added, that the heterodoxy of one age is the orthodoxy of the next. Voltaire and Rousseau themselves, as decided theists, are orthodox compared with much of the philosophy, it might almost be said with the dominant philosophy of the present day. Col. Ingersoll's most rampant passages cannot be more shocking to Protestants than was Protestantism itself when first promulgated, to the liegemen of the ancient faith. Besides discrimination is impossible. The scepticism of the time is everywhere present: it pervades not only Renan, Strauss, and Comte, but Tennyson, Browning, George Eliot, and half the poetry or light literature that lies on our drawing-room tables. It pervades the writings not only of Radicals but of Conservatives, of the Conservative Taine, the Conservative Matthew Arnold, the highly Conservative Greg and Sir James Stephen. The popular periodicals are full of it. Is an

embargo to be laid on the *Contemporary*, the *Fortnightly*, the *Nineteenth Century*, and the *North American Review*? Or are the Customs to be entrusted with the duty of separating the tares from the wheat? Are they to cut out the articles of Mr. Harrison and Professor Clifford, and to leave those of Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Manning? Does not the fact that these four men use the same organs for the expression of their opinions, show most signally that perfect liberty of discussion is the law of our age?

Thoroughgoing repression, the repression by which Protestantism was stamped out in Spain, and entire freedom of thought—such are the alternatives to which the world, after many attempts to strike out a middle course, has found itself finally reduced. The rational part of the world has decisively chosen freedom of thought, and thinks itself justified by experience, which shows that gunpowder is less destructive when exploded in the open air. The other part of the world has its congregation of the Index, which, being a learned body and giving its whole attention to the work, is, at all events, a more trustworthy authority than the Customs. By half measures of exclusion you only betray your fear. At the same time you lead your clergy to repose their confidence in the protection of the State, instead of preparing themselves to do their duty by dealing with the difficulties of the day, and affording men new assurance of their faith. All sincere and thoughtful liegemen of Truth, in short, have made up their minds that perfect freedom of opinion best serves her cause.

A distinction may perhaps be drawn between heterodoxy and blasphemy, and it may be said that, though we cannot prevent heterodoxy, blasphemy, like obscenity, ought to be put down. That offensive attacks upon the cherished beliefs of others are culpable is certain, and every right minded man will discourage them, whatever his own opinions may

be. But blasphemy is not like obscenity, a thing easily identified, as to the characteristics of which all are agreed, and which all alike will in any given case pronounce wrong. To a Trinitarian a violent and contemptuous denial of the doctrine of the Trinity seems blasphemous; while to a Unitarian it seems nothing of the kind. To the mind of a Roman Catholic nothing can appear more blasphemous than the Protestant mockery of Transubstantiation and of the worship of the Virgin. When the law undertakes the protection of religious feeling it must protect the feelings of all alike, in which case the Customs, if they are to be invested with the inquisitorial authority, will be as much occupied with opinions as with goods. Moreover, all the world knows, or ought to know by this time, that the way to make a book sell is to prohibit its sale. The irregular speculations of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant on delicate topics were sinking quietly into the depths of Lethe, when some sensitive person took it into his head to indict them. Immediately the book sold by thousands, and during the days of the trial no one could walk through the streets of London without having it thrust by bawling peddlers into his face.

A movement, or something like one, has commenced in favour of a revision of the Canadian Constitution, with a view to simplification and reduction of expenditure. It was certain that as soon as Canada grew short of money she would ask herself whether eight constitutional monarchies, with their parliamentary paraphernalia, were indispensable in her case. The limited supply of statesmen and legislators, inevitable in a new country, points public thought in the same direction. The leading ministerial organ has supported the movement with demonstrations of the experiences of the present system. The Grit organ at once opens its batteries in reply, and enables Sir John

Macdonald, if he does not choose to move, to say that he would reform if it were not for the opposition of Reformers. It is a slight drawback to the plan of being led by a journal instead of a man that the leader has every morning to cry his counsels on the streets, while his method of reclaiming followers disposed to break the ranks is to assail them with public libels. The venerable ark of the Constitution on which the Grits would forbid us to lay sacrilegious hands is eleven years old; it was necessarily experimental; it was the creature, in some measure, of accidents connected with party conflict; and its framers were notoriously compelled, instead of freely carrying into effect their own designs, to compromise with the separatism of Quebec. No work of mortal hands can be a more legitimate subject of reconsideration and amendment.

On the face of it, the Constitution, as it exists, is an anomalous and imperfect structure. It is neither Federal nor National, but a nondescript cross between the two. A Federation is a group of states united for the purposes of mutual protection against enemies without, and of preserving peace and freedom of intercourse within. These objects supply the proper functions of the Federal government, while legislation, civil as well as criminal, and the police, are left to the States. But in our case protection is afforded and peace and freedom of intercourse between the Provinces are secured by the Government of the Imperial country, so that there are no distinctive duties for the Federal government to perform. On the other hand, the Federal government has transferred from the States to itself the criminal portion of legislation and the appointment of the entire judiciary, while the civil legislation, in deference to the Gallicism of Quebec, is irrationally left behind. To talk of finality in relation to such a system would be more than absurd.

The Grits themselves, have just practically changed the Constitution in a material point, by making the Provincial governments donkey engines to the Dominion government of the same party. The Prime Minister of Ontario pretends, that when he took the stump for the late Dominion Government, he was acting as a private citizen and not as Premier. Did he divest himself, during those months, of all his influence and patronage? What would he say if Mr. Justice Cameron, for instance, were to take the stump 'as a private citizen' in the approaching electoral campaign?

The Opposition, or rather the Liberal wing of it, seems inclined again to take up the reform of the Senate. Of course, the Ministerialists will meet the movement by showing that the Opposition while it had a majority, acquiesced in the abuse, though it espouses the cause of reform as soon as the power of carrying the measure has been lost. To this there can be but one satisfactory reply on the part of the Opposition—a frank avowal that when the reform of the Senate was abandoned, the party was under a leadership which it has now renounced and subject to influences from which it has now set itself free. In plain words, if the Liberals mean to do anything worth doing, they must make up their minds to bell the cat.

When the last number of the Magazine went to press, Mr. Tilley's loan was hanging fire. It went off at last, and it is reasonable to ascribe its success in some measure to the confidence felt in the new Government. The uncertainty was just sufficient to make us reflect and to warn us that we are weighed in the inexorable balance of the money market, not according to the magniloquence of Governors-General, but according to our real condition as seen by unsentimental eyes. The assertion of the Americans that the financial position of Canada is now not

much better than theirs, is one which, unfortunately, it is easier to resent than to confute. In proportion to the population, Canadian indebtedness is still much less; but, perhaps, it is almost as great in proportion to resources. What is worse, the United States are going rapidly the right way, while Canada is going the wrong way. Already they borrow on easier terms than she does.

Whether there was any official connection between the visit of the Finance Minister to England and that of Sir Alexander Galt, seems to be doubtful. The friends of a government with a broad basis, would willingly believe that there was, and that the old quarrel between Sir Alexander Galt and the present Premier was at an end.

Brown or Blake is still the question between the two wings of the Opposition. It is at bottom a question whether the Opposition shall be Tory or Liberal. The Brown wing eschew the name of Liberal and always call themselves Reformers. In England, the Liberals called themselves Reformers while they were engaged in clearing away the accumulated mass of actual abuses, such as rotten boroughs, close corporations, sinecurism and religious disabilities, which remained after the long suspension of political life in the nation by the war with France. But they did not devote themselves for ever to the work of mere political scavengers. The Reform Club remains a monument of the great struggle by the actors in which it was founded; but the party now call themselves Liberals, as a token that they believe themselves to be the depositories of principles good, not only for sweeping away an old abuse, but for the solution of all the great questions which society, in its progress, may present. What are the specific reforms that the 'Reformers' of Canada propose. They will not touch the Senate; if you moot the question, they tell you that you are a low

'School teacher,' and that you shall be made to repent of your temerity for the rest of your days. They will not touch the Provincial Governments. They will not touch the Customs Line. Reform evaporates into a general profession of superior purity, the concrete embodiments of which are Whitewashing Bills and Pay Grabs.

Brown or Blake? If it is to be Blake, Mr. Blake must exchange a little of his secluded dignity for a little of his rival's 'Push,' and above all things, let it be felt that he is a man who will stand by his friends. But to a bystander the question naturally occurs, why should the leader be an Ontario man at all? Before the last election, Ontario was the stronghold of the party, but it has now ceased to be so; nowhere was their defeat so signal. Liberalism in Quebec and the Eastern Provinces has always been bolder and more genuine than in Ontario, where it is narrowed and benumbed by oppressive influences, clanish and sectarian. Let the Eastern men at all events assert their due share of influence in the councils of the party, if they wish it ever again to take hold upon the attachment of the people.

All these questions will be considerably simplified if it should ever enter into the heads of the new stockholders in the Globe Printing Company, sales of whose stock we see reported in the Stock List, to move for the protection of their commercial interests against the political ambition of their Managing Director. They have the greater inducement to do so, because they must see that, if the *Globe* is allowed to remain a personal organ, there can hardly fail soon to be a fresh development of the independent Press.

Manœuvres for the weather gage at the approaching elections, are about all that the community is likely to get for the handsome sum, which, since the 'Pay Grab,' is paid for the services of members of the Parliament of Ontario. It seems, however, that

among these manœuvres, a reversal of the Pay Grab itself will find a place, for the constituencies have adhered with creditable tenacity to their condemnation of the affair, and it might go hard with the Government if they were not able to say that leaders of the Opposition had been among those who signed the round robbin. Whoever may have signed the round robbin, upon the Minister who commanded the majority, rests the chief responsibility for a measure, not less objectionable on account of the guilty manner in which it was huddled through the House without any time allowed to the public for comment and discussion, than on account of its intrinsic character. Stinginess is not good policy, and if legislators are to be paid at all, they ought to be paid enough; to pay them insufficiently is to leave them still open to the temptation to pay themselves by illicit means. But any increase of their salaries ought to be adjudged to them, not by their own authority, but by the direct vote of the people.

Toronto has been horror-stricken by the tidings that a clergyman had died of hunger. The case has turned out to be not so bad as it was represented; it was not a case of famine, though it was a case of privation, and it appears that Mr. Checkley was stinting himself to pay off debts of his own. Still the fact remains that his income was inadequate; and there was enough to furnish a text for the very striking and effective article of the *Mail* protesting against the multiplication, out of mere restlessness and caprice, or out of sectarian rivalry, of churches built on credit and unable to pay a proper stipend to the pastor. In the debate on the Irish Establishment some one likened the church to man who, though a spiritual being, still has his foundations in the dust. Ecclesiastical economy requires attention, even in a more comprehensive way than that indicated by the *Mail*. Why should every village, here and

in the States, have two or three Protestant churches, an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Methodist, and, perhaps, a Baptist church also, each with a pastor insufficiently paid? Why cannot they combine? Roman Catholics, of course, must have churches to themselves; a man who does not believe in Transubstantiation cannot attend mass, because he would be taking part in what to him is a false miracle. Perhaps the Ritualist, for similar reasons, requires a separate church also. But Protestants, who have renounced the sacerdotal and sacramental principles, are divided from each other only by differences which, though they seemed of vital importance centuries ago are now, if not merely nominal, wholly insufficient to preclude unity of worship or attendance at sermons embodying the practical doctrines of religion. Of course there are the organizations, the prejudices and the vested interests; and we have seen the difficulty of unification, even in the case of the several sections of the Church of Scotland, which, there being no question as to the relations between Church and State in this country, were separated absolutely by no difference of doctrine from each other. To make one door for the cat and another door for the kitten was hardly more ridiculous than was the complex provision for the bodies of Calvinists and Caledonians undistinguishable from each other except to the historic eye, but which, nevertheless, it cost prodigious effort to reduce to unity. Still, people of sense may keep the object in view, and work towards it as well as they can. They may refuse at all events to assist in building a second Protestant church where there is already one, no matter of what denomination, sufficient to accommodate the neighbourhood. The people in general care very little for theological fancies, and will use any church with a good pastor that is conveniently near them. The clergy themselves, who suffer most by the system, are the great

separatists, and if they choose to persist in dividing the salary among three or four, it cannot all go to one.

It is assumed, that in the late elections great things were done for the Conservatives by the United Empire Club. The fact may be doubted: the victory was mainly due, as has been said before, to three things, the National Policy, the personal ascendancy of Sir John Macdonald, and the revolt of genuine Liberals against the reactionary tyranny of the *Globe*, with none of which could the United Empire Club, however zealous and skilfully managed, have much to do. Still it was natural that the other party in its turn should wish to try the talisman. Canada is thus likely to be saddled with the system of party clubs; and a very objectionable system, under the political and social circumstances of the country, it will probably be. The precedent of the English Carlton and Reform, is not to the point. These clubs are social centres of the two parties, but they now do little or nothing in the way of wirepulling or interference at elections. One of them, at all events, has no election committee or fund. The headquarters for everything of that kind are the offices of the party 'whips.' But besides this, the Carlton and Reform are in London, which is at once the political and social capital; and they are in the hands of the leaders and magnates of the two parties, men of the highest station and character, who are always present during the session, and who could never allow anything questionable to go on. But these Toronto Clubs are not even in the political capital; they will be very imperfectly under the control even of the political leaders and such social magnates as there are; almost inevitably they will become engines of low wirepulling, and in time breed political vermin. The representation will be more than ever filched away from the people, and made over to intriguers.

Whatever good influence ordinary clubs may have in the way of social control and training, party clubs will lack, inasmuch as they can hardly venture in enforcing rules to alienate a political supporter. Toronto society will be more than ever divided, and the spirit of sectionalism which is the pest of the country, will be increased. It will be lucky, if, in course of time, our places of legal and commercial business feel no inconvenience from the freemasonry generated by strict party affiliation.

The English Clubs again are not political decoys. Entrance to them is not easy, except in the cases of members of Parliament or politicians of mark, whose opinions must, of course, have been formed. In our country, as experience already shows, the tendency will be to draw in young men, who will thus consign themselves to political vassalage before they have had time to look about them, and renounce, probably for ever, the freedom of inquiry, which is the best part of their intellectual heritage, and to exercise which is their highest duty towards their country. The game of politics is as exciting as a game of cricket, and in plunging into it a young man may be pardoned for forgetting that to take a side at cricket for a day is one thing, and to take a side for life in politics is another. Independence of mind is the one thing which, as everybody allows, Canada wants, and any one who did not know the world, might grow impatient at the apparent futility of all attempts to foster that quality, and the seemingly invincible tenacity of the most senseless party bonds.

The workingmen, too, are evidently allowing themselves, in great numbers, to be robbed of their political independence, and pent up in party folds. If, at an election time, any one of them presumes to do what he thinks right for his order and for his country, out rushes some political sheep dog and, with loud and menacing bark, drives

him back into the flock. Do not the workingmen see that the politician uses them for his ends, not for their own? Do they not see that, by giving themselves up to this sort of bondage, they forfeit the just influence of their order as well as betray their duty to the community at large?

Ought a good citizen, seeing the system of sectionalism generally so rooted, to conform and go into some anti-national league, for the sake of sharing the influence which it wields? Certainly, he ought not. If we have a little patience we shall perhaps see the end. Perhaps we see the beginning of the end now. One of the great safeguards of Canada are a body of men, mostly commercial, who preserve their independence and support the great interests of the country against the wrong-doer, whoever he may be; who, on national grounds, went against Sir John Macdonald in 1874, and on the same grounds helped him back to power the other day. No inconsiderable portion of the Press too, is now independent, and the independent journals are decidedly making way. Two years ago the *Canadian Spectator* would have been an impossibility, but now it is a power.

Is it possible, without incurring the charge of sedition to say a word in favour of Canadian self-respect? Our journals have been quoting with gusto the following passage from the Canadian correspondence of an English paper:

‘I once asked a devoted mother what she thought of Lord Dufferin. She straightway told me she had only seen him twice. The first time she had with her one of her beloved children, the delights of whose society she shared with Lord Dufferin for a brief ten minutes. Two years later the Governor-General, passing through Quebec, met her again, and his greeting was, “Well Mrs. —, how’s Lilian?” Can anything be more eloquent than this little story? A man who could remember over two

years the weakness of a mother and the name of a child is just the man to succeed in the delicate task of governing for the Queen in Canada. Multiply the effect of this adroit graciousness by the tens of thousands of persons with whom Lord Dufferin has conversed, and it is not difficult to account for the unbounded and unprecedented popularity of the Governor-General whom it is the lot of Lord Lorne to succeed.'

Is it a cause for exceeding self-gratulation to know that we are supposed to be best managed by the arts which broad caricature represents as used to win an Eatanswill election? And why is the task of governing for the Queen in Canada so particularly delicate? Are Canadians so fractious, so turbulent or so foolish that to get along pretty well with them should be impossible for any one but a statesman endowed with the prodigious genius which is shewn by remembering a child's name for two years? Neither Lord Lisgar nor Lord Monck was deemed a miracle of administrative power, yet both, by doing their duty in an unostentatious way, managed to escape any great disaster. An American journal, the other day, had, evidently from an English source, an account of Lord Dufferin's administration, in which he was represented as having found Canada in a most dangerous condition, torn by political faction and religious strife, and as having, by his wonderful statesmanship, restored peace among us and averted some great calamity. When Lord Dufferin came to Canada party feeling ran high, and it ran just as high when he went away. When he came, Orangemen and Roman Catholics were fighting, and they were fighting worse than ever, as it happened, at the time of his departure. When he came British Columbia was malcontent, and malcontent, in spite of his soothing speeches, British Columbia remains. In general respects the late Governor-General

found the Dominion perfectly calm, and he left it no calmer than he found it. His display of statesmanlike skill in grappling with extraordinary difficulties is a myth which, to shew that a commercial age is not entirely devoid of imagination, has grown up under our very eyes. If the late Governor-General had been a Vice-Providence he would have been responsible for the commercial distress which about coincided with his tenure of office, but which, as a matter of fact, seems hardly to have fallen under his notice, even when he was speaking amidst the deserted wharves and desponding population of Quebec.

Lord Dufferin's successor will, therefore, not find that a very herculean task is imposed upon him, unless he deems it part of his duty to manipulate opinion, in which case he will certainly find it hard to rival his predecessor's eloquence, grace and address. But why should he deem it part of his duty to manipulate opinion? Why not be content with discharging the proper functions of a Governor-General and leave opinion to form itself as it may? An officer who is in a country only for five years, can hardly be charged with the mental development of the nation. To speak plain truth is for Royal or Viceregal personages almost as difficult as to get the plain truth spoken to them; and the propagation of flattering illusions with the authority of imposing rank, can do no real good to the people nor bring the flatterer any lasting gratitude.

P. S.—The American Republic glided smoothly and successfully into resumption; but malignant fortune seems to have a trick still in store. If Congress were only a fair representation of the sense and morality of the American people all would go pretty well. But, unfortunately, the Congressman, elected under the system of party and wire-pulling, is considerably below the level of the average citizen; hence the State is continually being brought to



the brink of ruin by Congress and saved by the people. The Press, also,

has, in this financial struggle, played on the whole an honourable part.

## ROUND THE TABLE.

IN the January number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY reference was made in the 'Papers by a Bystander' to the opinions which I have from time to time expressed, on the dismissal by Lieut.-Governor Letellier, of the De Boucherville Cabinet. From the commencement of the controversy, in March last, up to the present time, the only point on which the assailants of Lieut.-Governor Letellier have been able to agree, is that he acted on that occasion in a manner highly censurable. By the violent partizans of the ex-Ministers, the Lieut.-Governor's dismissal from office has not only been demanded, but has been pressed on the responsible advisers of the Governor-General in a mode which I believe to be without precedent. It is satisfactory to find that 'A Bystander' recognizes British constitutional usage as applicable to the case of the Lieut.-Governor, for most assuredly those partizans of the De Boucherville Government, who have taken a prominent part in the discussion, have denied that the Lieut.-Governor possesses the same powers as to Provincial, as the Governor-General does as to Dominion, and the Queen as to Imperial affairs. They probably lost sight of the consequence of their theory of government which would necessarily be, that to whatever extent the powers of the Lieut. Governor were limited, the powers of the Provincial Cabinet would be increased.

'A Bystander' claims from me an admission that 'in the absence of writ-

ten laws the exercise of power under the British Constitution is regulated by unwritten usage equal in force to law.' I can make no such admission, but will endeavour to explain my views on the point raised. When legal questions are under the consideration of our tribunals, the decisions of courts, having the highest appellate jurisdiction, are held to have the force of law, and I should readily admit that, in a case of constitutional usage, a formal decision by Parliament or even by a majority of the House of Commons would be entitled to great weight. I cannot, however, accept the dictum of 'A Bystander' as being 'equal in force to law.' Reference is made to the dismissal of the Whig Ministers by William the IV., in 1833, which, it is alleged, 'was the last departure from the principle, and it would now be universally condemned as an intrigue.' The dismissal in question was not, according to the best authorities, unconstitutional, although held by many to have been unwise. It was not condemned by the House of Commons, no motion of censure having even been proposed. Sir R. Peel's resignation was caused by his defeat on a motion for the appropriation of the surplus property of the Irish Church. 'A Bystander' has in another part of his paper admitted that the Crown possesses ample power, and I contend that the exercise of such power is not unconstitutional, though it may be very unwise; and as it is hardly probable that any act which has been

condemned by Parliament will be repeated, 'the unwritten usage' will practically be found to have nearly if not quite 'the force of law.' What I contend for is this, that the test is not the dismissal of the Ministry, which is perfectly constitutional and in accordance with usage, but the ground on which the dismissal is based. I will put a case as nearly analogous as circumstances will admit. I will suppose that one of the subordinate members of the De Boucherville administration had died during the Session, and that the Premier, on submitting the name of his successor for the approval of the Lieut.-Governor, had been told by him that he could not take his advice, and that he had no further occasion for his services. Such an act would, in my opinion, have been very unwise, and the precedent of Lord Melbourne's dismissal by William the IV. might have been fairly cited as affording ground for its condemnation. I emphatically deny that there is any such settled principle as that cited by 'A Bystander,' that a constitutional king is restrained 'from dismissing his Ministry except upon an adverse vote of Parliament.' I must have much higher authority than the mere dictum of 'A Bystander' before I can recognize a principle which would confer a most dangerous power on an unscrupulous Minister. I cannot admit the correctness of 'A Bystander's' definition of the Queen's powers, notwithstanding that it has been pronounced by an eminent Conservative organ to be 'a simple wiping out' of the arguments of such writers as myself. The Queen cannot, if I correctly understand Her Majesty's Constitutional prerogatives, declare war 'of her personal fancy,' or 'confer a dukedom on her Scullion or make her First Lord in Waiting Admiral of the Channel Fleet.' For all such acts she must have the advice and the signature of a responsible Minister liable to impeachment for his miscarriages. 'A Bystander' has

adopted the views of the assailants of Lieut.-Governor Letellier as to his having been influenced by corrupt motives in the dismissal of his Ministers. After alleging that there was 'a strong party inducement to get hold of the Quebec Government,' he states that 'if the dismissal was immediately preceded as was asserted at the time, by a conference between the Lieut.-Governor and the leader of his party, it must be said to wear the aspect of an intrigue.' 'A Bystander' has been justly reproached for his illogical conclusion that 'Lieut.-Governor Letellier's head, however, had better not be cut off.' If 'A Bystander' could establish his premises that the Lieut.-Governor had acted from corrupt motives, that he had intrigued with the leader of his party, and had made his office an instrument of conspiracy in the interest of party, I should certainly not condemn those, who have demanded his removal from office, as strongly as I am at present inclined to do. Believing all those imputations to be wholly without foundation, and that on the real issue, on which Mr. De Boucherville was dismissed, the Lieut.-Governor was not only right, but that his views are in accordance with the public opinion of the Province of Quebec, I must enter my protest against the line of argument resorted to by 'A Bystander.' It was not without amazement that I read the remarks on Lord Palmerston's case which has not the slightest analogy to the one under discussion. In that case the Crown, on the advice of the Cabinet, dismissed a Minister just as Lieut.-Governor Letellier might have dismissed Mr. Angers on the advice of Mr. De Boucherville and his other colleagues. Had Lord John Russell, who was then Premier, signified his approval of the *coup d'état* and been dismissed, as he probably would have been, the Cabinet would have been broken up as Mr. De Boucherville's was. 'A Bystander' fails to draw the distinction between the

Prime Minister and the other members of the Cabinet, though I should have thought it sufficiently obvious. It has been alleged by one of the Conservative allies of 'A Bystander' that Lord Palmerston's case has been relied on by the defenders of the Lieut.-Governor, and that 'A Bystander' has destroyed all analogy between it, and the dismissal of the De Boucherville Government. Lord Palmerston's case was not relied on, as an authority for the dismissal of a Minister by the Sovereign, but was adduced in order to prove that the Queen would not permit a Minister to act without her express sanction, and was strictly in point as Mr. De Boucherville was dismissed on a similar ground. It seems most extraordinary that 'A Bystander' should have discussed the case at some length without ever adverting to the alleged cause of dismissal, viz., the introduction of a bill without the consent or even the knowledge of the Lieut.-Governor, containing a provision for conferring on the Governor-in-Council the power to decide as to the liability of certain Municipalities for large bonuses which they disputed, and after decision to enforce payment, thus superseding the legal tribunals of the Province. This was the real issue as 'A Bystander' must be aware, if he has studied the question, and yet it has been completely evaded, and corrupt motives attributed to an officer charged with duties of the highest importance, and who, it should be assumed, in the absence of proof to the contrary, has endeavoured to discharge them faithfully in the interest of the people. It is alleged by 'A Bystander' that our Lieut.-Governors 'unfortunately are partizans.' It might be affirmed with as much truth that our judges unfortunately are partizans because they have been members of political parties before their accession to the Bench. Why, I would ask, should not a Lieut.-Governor discharge his duties as conscientiously and as free from partizan

feeling as a Judge? I will observe, in conclusion, that the more thoroughly the Quebec Constitutional question is discussed, the more clearly will it appear that the dismissal of the De Boucherville Administration was in accordance with the highest constitutional authorities, and notably of Mr. Gladstone, in his recent article in the 'North American Review,' entitled 'Kin beyond the Seas.' I can scarcely doubt that Mr. Gladstone's authority will have weight with 'A Bystander.'

F. HINCKS.

—It has often been remarked that women have very seldom any sense of humour, and, as a rule, the remark generally holds good. But has it been the fate of any fellow-guest at this our Table Round, to meet some of those women in society, who, without one atom of appreciation of true wit—being often even physically and mentally incapable of seeing a joke, are yet wholly possessed with the idea and are extraordinarily fond of informing you, that they have a 'keen sense of the ridiculous?' These people, who are so over-burdened with their own belief in their far-sightedness are of two kinds, the exasperating kind—far-sighted folks who can see farther than any one else, farther indeed than the author of the joke or witticism—and the utterly self-deceived kind, who have not got so far as even to know what elements constitute wit.

The exasperating kind always believe that there is 'something under it.' They will not accept the cream as the real out-come of the jest; there *must* be to them, something underneath it.

They laugh a knowing laugh, they think they have found you out; or they pine to have it 'all explained.' (Oh ye gods! dissecting froth and articulating wind!) These people utterly fail to comprehend such books as 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.' They insist upon some deep under-

lying plot; the white rabbit is a symbol, the knave of hearts an artful emblem. *They* know all about it, and have found it out long ago. They are content to let nothing alone, they know so very, very much.

The utterly self-deceived kind are more harmless, though quite as annoying in their way. They confound wit with exaggeration.

This class is intensely realistic. They go to church, and on coming home they tell you laughingly, that they could not avoid being struck by the way Mr. J. walked up the aisle, didn't you see it? Or they describe Mrs. W's bonnet—all on one side; or the eccentric contortions of Mr. H's mouth, when singing that first hymn; or the manner of Miss P. when settling herself for the sermon. They know, they tell you, with charming frankness, that they ought not to have been distracted from their devotions by those things, but then—their sense of humour is so fine, their critical acumen so delicate, their perceptions so keen, that they cannot help it.

They often deplore that they are so constituted, and affect to envy the blunter senses of their neighbours.

These persons cannot enter a car, or take a walk, without coming across as many marvels as would satisfy a travelling showman. It all comes from their 'keen sense of the ridiculous,' in other words, in their power of unconscious exaggeration. These very people, so far from comprehending fun, are absolutely unable to get up the least shadow of interest in the 'Pickwick Papers,' or in any of Dickens' works, and are dead to the influence of 'Punch.'

I have warned you—fellow-guests—so if you meet a specimen of either class, get ready all your stock of patience and forbearance, for it will be sorely needed.

A. R.

—I wonder if anyone will believe that the renowned violinist, Camillo

Sivori, ever played upon a little red-painted fiddle, (I can hardly call it a *violin*) price one shilling! 'Nonsense!' you cry, 'unless his father bought him a toy fiddle when he was a very little boy.' Not so, my friends. Sivori was no little boy, but already a celebrated man, and the fiddle was—*mine!*

When I was quite a small child, about five I think, I lived several months in the same house in London, England, with Camillo Sivori.

I remember him well. I have a portrait of him, just as he was then—small and very dark—with curly black hair (which I often pulled), and brilliant eyes. He perfectly worshipped his violin, and used to say, 'Dis is my wife!' Indeed, I was once told, in joke, that my dear Sivori was *married*—but my grief was so intense—and my jealousy too—that they were glad to tell me that it was only to his *violin* that Sivori had vowed himself! I was his little pet—and he always called me '*Le bijou de la maison*'—and such foreign sweetmeats as he regaled me with! When I heard him on the stairs, I used to rush out and call 'Sivori, Sivori!' 'What you want, my leetle dear?' 'Oh! Sivori, *do* play on my violin, please!' Then I used to carry my treasure down to his parlour, and, after a grand tuning up and resining of the bow, he would begin, bending low his head in pretence that he could not hear so small a sound, whilst I gazed upon him in speechless wonder and delight, for I adored him, and I adored music. He generally finished up the performance with imitations of various animals—the donkey, I think, predominating, for the bray of which noble quadruped my little instrument was peculiarly fitted.

Many a time since those early days have I listened to him in crowded halls, whilst thousands of people hung—in breathless silence—upon his exquisite tones. I have heard the spontaneous burst of deafening applause ring through the vast assemblage—

and witness his return to the platform either to repeat his delicious strains, or simply to bow his acknowledgments, but never have I heard and seen him on these occasions without my thoughts flying back, and this picture springing up before me—Sivori daintily holding my

precious red-painted shilling-fiddle, trying to draw some sort of tone from it with the scratching little bow, and with the fun beaming in his dark eyes, crying, 'Oh, scrape, scrape! What *stoff!* what *stoff!*'

F. J. M.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

TWENTY years ago the herculean labours and studies of Henry Thomas Buckle found vent in the publication of three introductory volumes, bearing the title of the *History of Civilization in England*.\* The design of the author was stupendous, his conception was magnificent, and scholars everywhere stood amazed and bewildered at the tremendous mass of material the historian brought to bear on his subject. Had the author been spared to finish his work it would have been the completest and most brilliant thing of its kind ever written, but Buckle died early, leaving behind him this fragment of a work destined itself to be magnificent. Buckle was not a genius, nor a florid word-painter. He was a close student, a scholar who delved deep among the treasures of half-forgotten and almost extinct lore, and a brilliant essayist. He had some faults of style, however, and his reasoning was not always sound, and Macaulay once called him an anticipator whose book perpetually reminded him of the 'Divine Legation,' a work which a critic says 'dazzles while it is unable to convince.' Buckle instructs, but he sometimes

puzzles only; and many of his queries are merely clever paradoxes, couched in an elegant phraseology which deceives the reader at first into a mistaken notion as to the author's real meaning. This much criticism only may we offer about a work which has stood the test of years, and withstood many a vigorous assault on the secrets which it teaches. It continues to hold its own among the scholarly books of the world, and all students still point to it as a marvel of erudition and as a safe guide to historical study. The plan of the author was an exceedingly good one. It embraced a wide range of thought, great skill in the grouping of matter, and powerful analysis of human character and motive. He was not permitted to do more than write the mere introduction to his work, but what he has left us—though called a fragment—is sufficient to enable the reader to grasp the meaning of the author, and learn, to a large degree, the scope and manner of the work which grew in his mind. It does even more than this, for it is complete as far as it goes, and every page exhibits a wealth of learning, research, and examination which must commend it to all thoughtful and studious men. The copy before us is the first Canadian edition of *Buckle's Civilization*

\* *History of Civilization in England*, by Henry Thomas Buckle, in three volumes, new edition. Toronto; Rose-Belford Pub. Co.

ever issued. It is in three handsome volumes, uniform with Greg's Creed of Christendom and a Modern Symposium. The publishers have placed the price at a low figure, in order that copies of this famous work may find a place in every well-selected library in Canada.

If Dr. Holmes were not a brilliant essayist and a most charming poet, he would still be a delightful biographer. His recent Memoir of John Lothrop Motley,\* the eminent historian of the Netherlands, is a conscientious and generous study of that able man. In it Dr. Holmes has done for Motley what Mr. Pierce has, in a measure, done for Charles Sumner. He presents the subject of his biography in a most effective and true light, and the social, professional, and political part of his career is described with great warmth and power. Dr. Holmes knew Motley intimately for many years. He knew him at College when a boy, and during the last twenty or twenty-five years of their lives, the intimacy formed in youthhood ripened into friendship of the most marked and strongest kind. In common with other distinguished Americans, the author of this Memoir felt that the recall of Mr. Motley from England in November, 1870, was an indefensible outrage, a wholly unjustifiable proceeding and an action of the most contemptible character. And Dr. Holmes has found no reason to change his mind since then. In the volume before us this portion of the subject is treated in a masterly and scathing manner. The fickle Government then in power is denounced in terms of great bitterness, and its littleness and narrow-minded prejudices are displayed in a way which will send its memory down to well-deserved contempt. The biographer deals with his subject in an admirable spirit. He

has no revengeful feelings. He has no strong political predilections to advance. He does not strike with a bludgeon, but with the weapon which he knows how to use so well, he lays bare the hypocrisy of the Cabinet at Washington, and in a trenchant sentence or two he disposes of the miserable and petty jealousy which led to the recall of one of the ablest ministers who had ever represented his country at the English Court of St. James. It is now a well-known fact that Mr. Motley owed his removal from office to the childish jealousy which existed at the capital between President Grant's Cabinet and Senator Sumner—America's greatest statesman since Henry Clay. Achilles was invulnerable save in the heel. Charles Sumner was invulnerable save in the heart. The Government knew of the warm love which the two great men of the nation bore to each other, and when General Grant quarrelled with Sumner about the Treaty of San Domingo, he aimed a direct blow at the statesman's heart, and the biographer of John of Barneveld was dismissed in the thoroughly cold-blooded manner in which these things are oftentimes done. Of course, there was an excuse urged by the Government for its action, but the flimsy pretext had been disposed of long before the letter asking Mr. Motley to resign had been written and despatched, and was only revived again when the Treaty question came up and Sumner refused to yield his point. The coincidence was too great and the pretentious excuse availed little. The insult hastened Sumner's death, and preyed upon and rankled in the sensitive mind of the historian. In placing on record the truth of this disgraceful proceeding, Dr. Holmes has paid a generous tribute to the memory of his dead friend as well as presented to all peoples a splendid contribution to the political history of the United States. Many will thank him for this. His own great name will add tremendous

\* *John Lothrop Motley. A Memoir.* By DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

weight to his clear and succinct narrative, and the future historian will find materials here in plenty for a brilliant chapter of stirring events.

Of the life and times of Motley, Dr. Holmes, of course, writes very fully and charmingly. He traces the career of the spirit-minded youth from his early boyhood to manhood, and lets in much light concerning his college days, his literary life and habits, his diplomatic trials and his domestic happiness. Motley's method of composition, his extraordinary industry and diligence, his wonderful command of language, his delicious epistolary correspondence, his habit of thought and his strong friendships and warm-heartedness, are all described with a loving and tender hand. Not the least interesting part of this pleasant volume are the kindly letters which the historian wrote at intervals to the author himself, to Prescott, to Amory, to Edward Quincy and other friends, which Dr. Holmes here inserts and edits with such gentle care.

It is almost too soon to write the biography of such an active man as John Lothrop Motley, but Dr. Holmes has managed to do it without causing offence to living persons. The utmost delicacy has been bestowed on the work where delicacy of touch was necessary and where sensitive minds might suffer. But with public events and political men, and the affairs belonging to politics, the biographer has pursued a widely different course.

The Memoir is based on the biographical sketch which the author prepared at the request of 'The Massachusetts Historical Society,' for its proceedings, and contains, besides a steel portrait of Motley, Mr. Bryant's beautiful sonnet, and the tender poem which Mr. W. W. Story wrote on the death of the historian.

Bankers and merchants, as well as all students of political economy, will find in Mr. Poor's 'Money and its

Laws'\* a work of great value and importance. It is not too much to say that no completer treatise on the subject of the law and uses of money and monetary theories has, up to this date, been published. The author is a gentleman who has given the best years of his life to the study of what may not inaptly be termed one of the exact sciences. His name is familiar in every bank and monetary institution as an authority of high character, and his extensive researches and erudition have rendered his reputation unassailable. In the large work before us there is abundant evidence of the usefulness of Mr. Poor's labours. His book is a history of money and its theories from the days of Aristotle down to our own times. The ideas of Locke, of Macaulay, of Adam Smith, of John Law, of David Hume, of Dugald Stewart, of Thornton, of Huskisson, of David Ricardo, of Thomas Tooke, of James R. McCulloch, of John Stuart Mill, of H. D. Macleod, of James W. Gilbert, of Henry Fawcett, of W. Stanley Jevons, of Bonamy Price, various eminent continental writers, Francis Bowen, Wm. G. Sumner, A. R. Perry and David R. Wells are given both in the text and in notes. A very able chapter treating on currency and banking in the United States concludes the book. Mr. Poor is particularly severe on the late Chief-Justice Chase, whom he convicts of falsehood and political dishonesty. The volume is a perfect mine of wealth. It is apt in quotation, rich in illustration, and written in an attractive and readable manner. There is no index to the book, but the table of contents has been most carefully prepared, and that always useful appendage, the index, may in this instance be dispensed with. The hints and suggestions which crowd the pages will prove very valuable to all practi-

\* *Money and its Laws.* By HENRY V. POOR. New York, H. V. & H. W. Poor. London; Eng., Henry S. King & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

cal dealers in funds, as well as to the speculative theorists who regard the money question as a vast problem merely.

Mr. Poor has just sent out a small companion volume to his greater work, entitled 'A Hand-book for the Times.\*' It treats in a concise way of the irreconcilable distinction between currencies of banks and banks and other questions arising out of commercial affairs, and monetary transactions. It is really a short book about funds generally, a text-book which every counting room should have, and with which every bank should be supplied. The Silver Question, Legal Tender currencies, Specie Payments, the American Greenbacks, and the coinages of Europe and America are severally discussed in this little book. It may well be commended for its usefulness.

Mr. H. W. Richardson has also some thoughts on the money question, and in a brochure, entitled *Paper Money*,† he presents a number of interesting facts, bearing upon the current financial discussion. He takes up the Resumption Act, the Greenback theory, the Continental Question, the National credit, cheap money, Interconvertible Bonds, the American system of Finance—a most valuable and useful chapter—John Law's Legal-tender Notes, &c., &c. Though specially designed to meet the present needs of the United States capitalists and people, the little volume will be found quite beneficial to the Canadian reader. It is full of information of a very desirable character.

What shall we say of *A Masque of*

\* *Resumption of the Silver Question*; embracing a sketch of the coinage, &c., of the legal tender currencies of the United States and other nations. *A Hand-book for the Times*, by HENRY V. POOR. New York: H. V. & H. W. Poor. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Paper Money*, by H. W. RICHARDSON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

*Poets*?\* In several respects it is a disappointing book. There are poems in it quite unworthy of type and the handsome setting which they receive. There are others again which are good in places—good enough to make us wish they had been better. And then there are some real gems—poems which will live and bear frequent quotation. With the wide field open to him, we must wonder how the editor failed at all to furnish a really splendid book in every way. There was surely no lack of material, and the freshness of the idea and general plan of the work as foreshadowed some months since, led every one to expect something very rare and unique in poetry. We must take what we can get, however, and may safely recommend the book as the first of its class, and as the repository of some really excellent bits of verse. The publishers invite us to guess the authorship of the poems furnished, and this would be a very difficult thing to do. When poets write anonymously, they generally take every means in their power to conceal their identity, to throw the reader off his guard and perpetrate other minor offences against the well-being of the society of letters at large. We have read the book and we are afraid to hazard a guess. We do not wish our readers to witness our humiliation, should we offer a wrong opinion. It would not require a very prophetic eye or mind, however, to discover the share Mr. Fawcett, and Mr. Aldrich, and Mr. Trowbridge, and Celia Thaxter and some others have had in this work of writing with a masque over their faces. 'Starlight,' and a 'Mood of Cleopatra,' are clearly by Edgar Fawcett, and our readers will recognize the manner of the poet at a glance, in this quotation from the latter piece :

'Then would she clap her small swart hands,  
And soon the obeisant slaves would bring  
Rare cups and goblets oddly wrought  
With sculptured shapes in circling bands,  
Or many a strange hieratic thing  
Whereof these latter times and lands

\* *A Masque of Poets*, including Guy Vernon, a novelette in verse. 'No Name Series.' Boston, Roberts Bros.; Toronto, Hart and Rawlinson.



Know either vaguely or know naught,—  
With Athor, Isis, one-armed Khem,  
Snake, Scarab, ibis, winged ball,  
Quaint Coptic anaglyph; and all  
These vessels, to the brims of them,  
With deadliest poisons had been fraught.'

Mr. Aldrich is not at all successful in hiding his personality. 'The Search' is too unmistakably his. It would be known among a thousand other poems. It has the true Aldrichesque *motif* and delicacy. He says:

'Give me the girl whose lips disclose,  
Whene'er she speaks, rare pearls in rows,  
And yet whose words more genuine are  
Than pearls or any shining star.

'Give me those silvery tones that seem  
An angel's singing in a dream,—  
A presence beautiful to view,  
A seraph's, yet a woman's too.

'Give me that one whose temperate mind  
Is always toward the good inclined,  
Whose deeds spring from her soul unsought—  
Twin-born of grace and artless thought;

'Give me that spirit,—seek for her  
To be my constant minister!'

'Dear friend,—I heed your earnest prayers,—  
I'll call your lovely wife downstairs.'

We are not sure that Mr. Aldrich did not write *The Angler* too. It seems good enough to be his.

Lowell, if he contributed at all to this collection, must have written *Red Tape*. It is in his mood at all events. *Guy Vernon*—an exquisite thing by the way, and full of the rarest conceits and most delicious touches—is unquestionably the work of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge. H. H., and no other, could have written *A Woman's Death Wound*, and Nora Perry must have done *The Rebel Flower*. *Husband and Wife* cannot fail to remind the reader of Christina Rossetti, and there are some things in *A Fallen House*, such as

'Behold it lies there overthrown, that house—  
In its fair halls no comer shall carouse—

Its broad rooms with strange Silences are filled;  
No fire upon its crumbling hearth shall glow,  
Seeing its desolation men shall know  
On ruin of what was they may not build;

which point to Mr. Marston as the author. H. C. Bunner, who is pretty well known as the writer of some really excellent things of character and power, doubtless furnished the rondeau on the 154th page, entitled 'I Love to dine.' It is not as good as some of his other work, though striking and novel

in treatment. 'The Provençal Lovers' and the poem which follows it, 'My Lady's Voice,' seem cast in the Stedman mould, and are probably from his pen. Austin Dobson, who is beyond all doubt one of the most charming of the minor poets, we should judge, from the evidence before us, wrote 'The Wanderer' and a pretty thing called 'At Twilight.' 'The Wanderer' best illustrates the poet's style. It is quite short, and we quote it here:—

'Love comes back to his vacant dwelling,—  
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!  
We see him stand by the open door,  
With his great eyes sad, and his bosom swelling.

He makes as though in our arms repelling.  
He fain would lie as he lay before;—  
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling; ;  
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!

Ah! who shall help us from over spelling  
That sweet forgotten, forbidden lore!  
E'en as we doubt in our heart once more,  
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling,  
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling.'

We cannot venture any more speculation. We thought perhaps that Celia Thaxter might have written *Appledore*, and that Longfellow and Holmes had contributed something, but of these guesses we are not quite sure. The collection forms one of the *No Name* series, and rumour ascribes the editorship of the volume to Mr. George Parsons Lathrop.

The Appletons have just sent out a handy little book which treats of social etiquette.\* It will doubtless meet with a flattering reception at the hands of society people everywhere. The name of the author is not given.

The Feast of St. Anne† is the title of a volume of verse which reaches us from the author, Mr. P. Stevens Hamilton, a resident of Halifax. It breathes a tender, patriotic spirit, and some of the legends which are told of the Indians are quite as pretty as legends of this kind generally are.

\* Social Etiquette of New York. New York; D Appleton & Co., Toronto; Hart & Rawlinson.

† The Feast of St. Anne and other poems, by Pierce Stevens Hamilton, Halifax; John Burgoyne.