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JULIET.*

BY MRS. H. LOVETT-CAMERON.

CHAPTER XXII.

FACE TO FACE.

THE fine morning, as Colonel Fleming had said to himself, had tempted him out from his hotel for a turn in the Park. Possibly there was some other reason as well that attracted him there; for, once among the gay crowd along the footpath by the side of the ride, he looked eagerly about him for one face which he longed to see again. Presently he took a chair, for he was not very strong or well in those days, and sat still to watch the crowd go by.

He saw her not. With a great relief, and yet with a strange pang of disappointment too, he caught sight of Lord George Mannersley's handsome face, and saw that the lady with him was not Juliet Travers. Then he looked for her among the riders; but, though many fair dames and maidens on their sleek well-kept horses passed him, the woman he sought was not among them. With a sigh he rose and turned his back upon the crowd. Someone, a little dried-

up old gentleman who had been leaning forward over the railings, flew after him and intercepted his retreat.

'My dear Colonel Fleming!' cried the little man, shaking both his hands in eager greeting,—'when did you come home? I am so delighted to meet you; it is indeed pleasant to see an old friend again. You don't remember me, eh?—I don't think you quite remember me?'

'Yes, indeed I do—it is General Chutney,' said Hugh, and he responded to the little man's greetings very cordially.

'When did you come home? Leave, I suppose?'

'Sick leave, I am sorry to say. I have had a baddish bout of fever; but I hope a few months at home may set me to rights.'

'Ah, that's bad. You know, after that fever at Futtleyghur—I dare say you remember how bad I was, and Mrs. Chutney quite knocked herself up—'

'Yes, yes, I recollect it very well,' said Hugh quickly, in dread of one of the little general's long-winded stories. 'By the way, how is Mrs. Chutney?'

'Thank you, she is well, my dear sir—in

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health, I may say, quite well ;' with rather a dubious emphasis, as if to say that there were some points in which Mrs. Chutney could not be said to be well. 'Perhaps, colonel, you will look in upon her ; she would be very pleased, you know ; and if you would drop in and take pot-luck some day at dinner-time—just as you are, you know—we should both be very glad to see you and talk over old days.'

'Thanks very much,' said Hugh, as he prepared to make his escape from his garrulous and hospitable friend ; 'I will certainly do myself the honour of calling upon Mrs. Chutney some day soon.' And then he went his way, smiling to himself as he remembered how he had been inveigled into that visit to the far recesses of westernmost Notting Hill on a previous occasion.

It seemed only yesterday that General Chutney had met him in the East India Club when he had come up from Sotherne, and coaxed him in almost the same words to call upon his wife.

But when Major-General Chutney had gone home and imparted to the wife of his bosom the details of that same 'pot-luck' invitation, great was the wrath and indignation of that portly matron. For what housewife, even the most talented, can abide that dreadful 'dropping-in' system, which men think so very simple a proceeding !

'As if I could ask Colonel Fleming to sit down to hashed mutton or curried rabbit !' exclaimed Mrs. Chutney indignantly, when her lord faintly remarked that he had meant it for the best, and that he was sure that Colonel Fleming would be quite satisfied with a mutton-chop. 'Mutton-fiddlestick !' cried the lady, with a toss of her head ; 'who ever heard of such rubbish ! No, of course, as you have been so foolish and improvident, I must keep myself prepared every day till he comes with a suitable dinner—only don't complain, general, if the bills are high—it will be entirely your own fault, remember, if they are !'

So for the next fortnight the little general fared sumptuously every day, greatly to his own satisfaction, but the expected guest never made his appearance.

Meanwhile Hugh Fleming had made his way across the unfrequented corner of the Park—struck into Great Stanhope Street, and sauntered slowly up South Audley

Street—and here it was that at a corner very suddenly he came face to face with Juliet Travers.

They both stopped short, Juliet with a little exclamation of surprise ; and then she recovered herself the first, as women generally do—and held out her hand.

'Colonel Fleming ! this is indeed a surprise. I thought you were in India ; how long have you been home ?'

The forced coldness of her voice, and her manner, and her commonplace words galled him beyond expression. Hugh Fleming was not a man to make an uncalled-for display of feeling ; he answered her in the same tone—

'I came home only last week. Which way are you walking, Mrs. Travers ? Pray allow me to accompany you. I hope Cis is well ?'

'Quite well, thanks ; he will be very pleased to see you again.'

And then a somewhat awkward silence fell upon them both.

Juliet reached the shop to which she was bound, went in and made her purchase, Colonel Fleming standing beside her and holding her parasol whilst she did so ; and then they turned back together in the direction of Grosvenor Street.

Juliet was somewhat pale, her lips were set hard together, and her eyes never strayed to her companion's face. A cold, stubborn pride was in her heart. All the yearning, all the longing for his presence, which she had felt when she believed him on the other side of the world, had gone out of her, and had left only an angry indignation towards him. This was the man, she said fiercely to herself, to whom she had once humbled her pride to make an offer of herself and her love, and who had rejected and scorned her, and then left her with a cruel heartless silence to her fate !

'You live almost entirely in Grosvenor Street now, I hear from Mr. Bruce ?' said Colonel Fleming, breaking the silence.

'Yes, almost entirely.'

'You don't often go down to dear old Sotherne ?' he asked.

'Very seldom. I am not very fond of Sotherne.'

'Indeed ? You used to be very fond of it.'

And Juliet answered hurriedly, 'I am never well there—the air is too keen for

me ;' and in order to change the subject she added, 'Are you home for long, Colonel Fleming ?'

'I hardly know ; it depends very much upon my health. I am home on sick leave.'

And then Juliet looked up at him with a sudden pang.

'You are ill !' she exclaimed falteringly, and for the first time he heard her voice with its natural ring. 'How selfish of me not to have asked you before ! Yes, you look ill. What is the matter ? have you had good advice ?'

'It is nothing now,' he answered, smiling at her with one of his old, half-tender smiles. 'I have had a bad fever, but I am much better ; I dare say a few months at home will set me up again completely.'

They had reached Grosvenor Street by this time.

'You will come in and have some lunch, and see Cis, won't you, Colonel Fleming ?' said Juliet, as she stopped at her own door.

Hugh Fleming stood for a moment half uncertain—he looked away down the street and then back again into the beautiful face he had loved so long and so often yearned to see, and could find no good reason why he should not go into her house, and a great many reasons why he should. He was on the point of accepting her invitation, when a slight noise in the balcony above caused him to glance up. Lord George Mannersley had pushed aside the muslim draperies of the open window, and stepped out for a minute among the geranium and fuschia-pots to look down upon them.

Lord George Mannersley was evidently at home in Mrs. Travers's drawing-room : he had probably an appointment to see her, and was waiting for her to come in. Colonel Fleming did not know that Mrs. Dalmaine was also ensconced up-stairs.

He lifted his hat very coolly to Mrs. Travers. 'Thank you, not to-day, I think ; I shall hope to call upon you some day soon, when I may possibly be fortunate enough to find you disengaged ;' and with a slight bow he left her.

Juliet, who had noted his upward glance, went into the house with a smile that was almost triumphant upon her face.

There is not a woman born, I believe, who can resist the temptation of making the man she loves jealous. It is a dangerous game, but women have this much, if no

more, in common with 'fools,' that they 'delight in playing with edged tools.' The man may adore her, be devoted to her, spend his life in her service, and she may know it perfectly—but if she can make him jealous, she will do it. Her power over him seems to her to be incomplete unless she can cause him some amount of pain ; that he should be angry and hurt and sore seems to her a stronger proof of his love than all his devotion and kindness ; she acts her little part, and lays her little traps, and the man falls into them for the most part over and over again, with a blindness and an unsuspectingness that are absolutely astonishing.

As Juliet went up-stairs, she said to herself ; 'So ! he is jealous !—very well, I can easily work that a little more !—and surely, if he is jealous already, he *must* care a little for me still !'

'Whom on earth were you talking to, Mrs. Travers ?'

'An old friend, Lord George,' she answered, somewhat shortly, 'who has just come home from India, and whom I was trying to persuade to come in to lunch. Did you find it very hot out, Rosa ?'

'Suffocating !—and such a crowd ! But who is your "old friend," Juliet ?'

'Colonel Fleming—he was my guardian,' she added coldly, taking off her bonnet.

'A guardian !' cried Mrs. Dalmaine ; 'how alarming, and how dull ! and I who detest the whole race of parents and guardians, grandfathers and grandmothers, uncles and aunts, unless they die and leave me their money : then I can bless their memories with tears in my eyes and wear decent mourning for them—decidedly. I am very glad your old gentleman did not accept your invitation to lunch, Juliet ! What a providential escape we had !'

'I don't think you would have called this guardian an "old gentleman" if you had peeped at him from behind the blinds as I did,' said Lord George, who was taking Juliet's gloves and parasol from her hand ; 'he seemed to me a very good-looking fellow—more of the cousin genus—eh, Mrs. Travers ?'

'What rubbish you are both talking !' cried Juliet, impatiently—the idle chatter jarring strangely upon her. 'Do let us come down to luncheon—I am starving ; and do find something more amusing to talk about ! Whom did you see this morning ?'

They sat down to luncheon—and the usual gossip and scandal became the theme of the conversation. Presently Cis sauntered in silent and moody, and ate his luncheon almost without speaking—although Mrs. Dalmaine, who took a pleasure in tormenting the ‘young bear,’ as she called him behind his back, made a point of addressing a great many questions and observations very politely to him, which Cis, who always suspected her of laughing at him, answered with surly monosyllables.

‘What do you know about this pianiste whom Juliet has engaged for the twenty-sixth?’ she persisted in asking him—having discovered, by heaven knows what arts, that the subject was a singularly distasteful one to Cis.

‘I have heard her play—she plays well; there is nothing else to know about her, I suppose,’ answered the master of the house somewhat savagely, for it was not the first time that his unlucky recommendation of Gretchen had drawn upon him the somewhat close questionings of his wife’s friend.

‘Well, you know, Mr. Travers,’ continued the lady, ‘as I was saying to Juliet, we really never have done your musical taste justice. I always thought, you know—you mustn’t be offended—that you were one of those matter-of-fact, soulless people, on whom music has no effect whatever—who could not tell the March in Faust from the Old Hundredth Psalm, for instance; and do you know, it is a delightful surprise to me to discover that you really can understand and appreciate musical talent—that there is *some* music that affects you. “Music hath charms,” you know, “to soothe the savage breast,”—this last with a delicate intonation of fine lady impertinence which Juliet, who was talking to Lord George did not hear.

‘I don’t know what you are talking about,’ said Cis, who knew he was being laughed at, and resented it, but had not wit enough to answer his opponent in her own weapons; ‘I don’t know anything about music, and I hate it!’ digging savagely into the cheese as he spoke.

‘In-deed!’ exclaimed the fair Rosa, uplifting her eyebrows with well-affected astonishment. ‘Then really, Mr. Travers, may I ask—allow me to ask *what* it is that makes you recommend Mdlle. Rudenbach so *very* highly?’

‘How should I know? I haven’t recommended her particularly. Juliet wanted a player, and I told her the name of one. Where is the occasion to make all these mysteries about it, Mrs. Dalmaine?’

‘No mystery!’ continued his tormentor playfully. ‘Oh, then I *know* she is pretty! and you knew her before you married! Oh, fie! fie! you naughty man!’ reproachfully shaking a finger at him.

‘Nothing of the sort,’ stammered Cis; and then got so red that Mrs. Dalmaine at once perceived that she had gone unconsciously very near the truth; and the idea tickled her so much that she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

‘What are you two making such a noise about?’ said Juliet, looking up from her talk with Lord George at the other end of the table.

‘Oh, nothing, dearest Juliet!’ cried Mrs. Dalmaine, still in convulsions of laughter; ‘only—my dear—your husband is quite—the most amusing man—I ever met in my life!’

At which piece of information Juliet looked profoundly astonished, and was proportionately irate.

After lunch, when Lord George had taken his departure, and Mrs. Dalmaine was established in her friend’s barouche—for, having a carriage of her own, she generally managed to be taken out in Juliet’s—the little woman observed to her friend, as they rolled luxuriously down Piccadilly,

‘That quiet husband of yours is rather sweet upon the piano-player, my dear Juliet!’

No woman, however little she may care for her husband, likes to have that kind of thing said to her. Juliet felt very angry. ‘I think you presume upon your friendship with me, Rosa!’ she cried indignantly, flushing up.

‘Don’t fly out, Juliet. I always say what I think, and it is only meant as a hint to you. Bless you, my dear, we all have to come to it! Why, my old man has been dancing attendance on Lady Featherbrain any time the last eight years, and it doesn’t lie very heavy on my heart, does it?’

‘I don’t think you have any right to say such things about Cis,’ persisted Juliet angrily—‘especially to his wife.’

‘Very well, dear; I won’t say it again,’ answered Mrs. Dalmaine, with perfect good

humour. 'Only, if it gives you any amusement to watch, you will probably find it out for yourself. Let us change the subject, as it is one you don't seem to like, and do tell me what to wear at your party: will my blue and chocolate do, or must I have a new dress?' And thus the first seeds were sown of a great deal of mischief, which afterwards grew up and flourished.

During the remainder of the week, Juliet watched anxiously and feverishly for Colonel Fleming's promised call. She had mentioned his return, as in duty bound, to Cis, upon whom the fact had not seemed to make much impression, and who had merely observed that she had better ask him to dinner.

Juliet, who could hardly mention Hugh's name without a beating heart and a painful sensation of self-consciousness, could not understand how it was that Cis had never guessed her secret in the faintest degree, although he must have known from her words to him when they were first engaged that someone had already possessed her affections.

But Cis Travers had no great acuteness of perception, and his sensitiveness was too keenly awake to his own feelings and thoughts: to be very much alive to those of another, even though that other might be his wife. He was vaguely and somewhat peevishly jealous of such men as Lord George Mannersley, who hung about and engrossed the attention of his beautiful wife; but when, with changing colour and averted eyes, she spoke to him of Hugh Fleming, he failed to read the signs of real danger in her face, and only thought that the guardian's return was rather a bore to himself, as he remembered to have stood somewhat in awe of the man whose mind and breeding and knowledge of the world were so infinitely superior to his own.

'Come home, has he? Oh, well, you must ask him to dinner or something, I suppose,' he had said carelessly; and Juliet, who on this topic alone felt almost humble with her husband, knowing how much her heart wronged him every hour that she lived, had been thankful to escape so easily, and to have said all that conscience demanded of her upon the subject.

When Colonel Fleming did call in Grosvenor Street, he came at an unfortunate moment.

The room was full of people—Lady Caroline Skinflint, who was a great chatter-box, was taking up all Juliet's attention with a vivid description of how one great lady had turned her back publicly upon another before everybody at Lady Somebody's ball, and how she, Lady Caroline, had seen the whole thing from beginning to end; and in the middle of the story Colonel Fleming was announced.

Lady Caroline put up her eye-glass for a moment at the new-comer with well-bred curiosity, and then seeing that he was a stranger, and that she did not know him, she dropped it again, and went on with her story with fresh animation.

There were two other ladies present, old Sotherne neighbours, whom Mrs. Dalmaine, leaning languidly back in her chair, had been endeavouring to entertain with vapid remarks on the weather and the Academy, whilst with one ear she was listening with all her might to catch some fragments of Lady Caroline's spicy story. These two country ladies were none other than our old friends Mrs. Rollick and her daughter Eleanor. Miss Arabella had long ago been taken to bless a good man's humble store—a very humble store, derived from his captain's pay in a line regiment.

Good Mrs. Rollick, who began to find that, with Juliet entirely engrossed with her fashionable acquaintance, and Mrs. Dalmaine vouchsafing only a few inattentive remarks, her visit to Mrs. Travers was a very uncomfortable one, hailed Colonel Fleming's entrance with positive delight.

She shook hands with him with effusion, and although for the first moment Colonel Fleming hardly recollected her, she soon recalled herself to his memory.

'You don't remember me, Colonel Fleming—Mrs. Rollick, you know—and my daughter Eleanor—the *only* Miss Rollick now. My dear Arabella is Mrs. Wilson now, and has such a dear little baby boy. And how long have you been home, Colonel Fleming? How pleasant it is to meet an old friend so unexpectedly! Yes, we still live down in the old country, but Eleanor and I come up for a few weeks in June, just to see the world and the picture-galleries, you know—for as my daughter Mrs. Wilson says—and here Mrs. Rollick went off into sundry quotations from the sayings and doings of 'my daughter, Mrs.

Wilson,' who, in virtue of her matrimonial dignities and the existence of the juvenile Wilson aforesaid, was evidently a great authority, and an unfailing cause of pride and glorification to her fond mother.

Meanwhile more visitors came in, and Lady Caroline took her leave; and Mrs. Dalmaine, having affectionately escorted her ladyship—to whose dinner parties she coveted an *entrée*—to the door, came back and took a chair near Mrs. Rollick, with a wonderfully quickened interest in that good lady's somewhat uninteresting clatter.

'I can't leave that nice-looking man to the tender mercies of that fussy old woman,' she said to herself. 'By the way, he doesn't look much like one's idea of a guardian. How sly of Juliet to talk of him as if he were an old man!' Whereupon that astute observer of human nature decided that she would keep her eyes open, and observe carefully the proceedings of this same slight soldierly-looking guardian, whom her own imagination, far more than anything Juliet had said, had pictured as something wholly different from what he was.

Mrs. Dalmaine thought she would try a little fascination upon him herself, but was surprised to find that Colonel Fleming seemed infinitely to prefer to her own sweetest smiles and glances, Mrs. Rollick's commonplace accounts of all the changes and chances that had altered the neighbourhood of Sotherne, interspersed with anecdotes and remarks relative to 'my daughter, Mrs. Wilson.'

Presently, seeing it to be hopeless to wait till all her visitors had gone, Colonel Fleming got up and took his leave of Juliet, who had not had one single word of conversation with him, and who could only manage hurriedly to engage him to dinner as she shook hands with him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MUSICAL PARTY.

'THE plot thickens!' said Mrs. Dalmaine to herself, as she peered out from under the shade of her coquettish little white parasol at sundry events which were passing in front of her nose.

'Hum! there goes number one in a rage!' as Lord George Mannersley, with

a very ill-tempered face, strode quickly past her, stumbling over her dress as he did so. 'He needn't tread on my toes, though! What a fool Juliet is to throw him over! he's a much more creditable man than the other—younger and more the fashion. Number two is not bad, either. I wonder if he is an old love—and yet she does not seem to care about him, either; she is looking as cross as poison at him now. I can't make her out at all!'

Neither could Colonel Fleming make her out. He was standing by the side of her pony carriage, where she had drawn it up in the shade at the side of the Row. She was leaning back, not looking at him, but playing idly with her whip.

A fortnight had gone by since Colonel Fleming and Juliet Travers had met each other in the street—a fortnight, during which, from standing a little aloof from her at first, he had gradually become more and more attracted to her presence, until now he saw her daily.

It was in order to protect her against the attentions of that good-for-nothing young lord that he haunted her side, he had said to himself at first. Poor child! she was so surrounded with frivolous and unprofitable friends, her position and her beauty so exposed her to the envious voices of slander, and her husband was so utterly unable to shield her, or to guard her fair name; it would be cowardly indeed if an old friend like himself, who, from his old relations with her, was indeed the first of those who were bound to take care of her, were to stand aloof from her, and to leave her to her fate.

All this, and much more in the same strain, he had at first argued to himself. But by degrees these flimsy excuses faded away even from his own mind, and he began to know that it was for his own sake more than hers, for the hungering and thirsting for one of the old looks in her dark eyes, for the yearning and longing that he had to know if indeed he were wholly wiped out of her heart—for the craving of some of the old love which she had once brought and laid at his feet—for all this, and for nothing less, that he hovered more and more about her—that he could not keep away from her. For Juliet Travers was not to him what Juliet Blair had been. She was cold and distant to him, often

bitterly sarcastic. Sometimes, even, when some chance word seemed to soften her for a moment towards him, a something, some harsh thought, some angry recollection, seemed to sweep suddenly across her, and place a barrier at once between them.

He could not in any manner get back to the easy familiarity, the pleasant confidence, the playful friendliness which had distinguished all their intercourse in the old days. There seemed always a wall as it were between them, whenever he made the slightest attempt to overstep the most ordinary commonplaces of conversation.

There was something about her which puzzled him. He could not make her out!

So he stood talking to her, and Juliet, not looking at him, listened—listened not so much to what he was saying as to the sound of his voice—listened with a secret happiness and joy which no one would have guessed at from her perfectly impassive and somewhat absent face.

‘You are more altered in five years than I could have believed possible,’ he had ventured to say to her, as he watched her beautiful but listless face.

‘Possibly—I have had a good deal to alter me—’ she answered dreamily.

‘You would be very angry, I suppose, were I to tell you what, if I had not known you so well, I should now imagine to be your character?’

‘Well, I will try not to be so very angry,’ said Juliet, with a half laugh; ‘essays on one’s character are sometimes rather amusing. What—if you did not know me so well, as you say—what, then, would you think of me, Colonel Fleming?’

‘I should think from your manner that you were a woman who had absolutely no heart.’

‘How delightful!’ she answered scoffingly. ‘A woman, or indeed a man, without a heart, is more to be envied than a millionaire. You are quite right, Colonel Fleming; I have no heart—I am too worldly; and I never yet heard of anyone being the happier for the possession of that inconvenient organ. Pray, let us talk of something more lively. Are you coming to my musical crush to-night?’

‘Certainly—but remember, Mrs. Travers, that I did not say you had no heart, only that you have that sort of reckless manner that looks as if you wished to be

thought heartless. I am such an old friend, that you must forgive my saying these things to you.’

‘Oh, say anything you like,’ she exclaimed impatiently; ‘I have long ago ceased to care what people say of me. But you must excuse me for leaving you; it is too hot for moral dissection—I literally have not the strength for anything so exhausting—it is nearly two o’clock, and here comes Mrs. Dalmaine to be driven back to lunch! Good-bye, Colonel Fleming. I shall hope to see you this evening!’ And as Mrs. Dalmaine took her place in the carriage by her side, Juliet nodded pleasantly to him, touched her ponies, and drove off.

He turned away from her with a sigh. Utterly shallow and worldly and frivolous, what was there left of the woman whom he had loved? And yet—strange contradiction!—Hugh Fleming loved her better than ever!—he felt so sure that she was but acting a part, that she was not showing him her real self, that her heart had become a locked casket, of which he alone held the key.

Had he seen her happy in her husband and her home, Hugh Fleming would have said to himself, ‘Thank God!’ and have resolutely turned his back upon her. But she was not happy—it needed no wonderful powers of divination to perceive that Juliet Travers was by no means a happy woman.

Her husband had no influence, no control over her, no power to claim either her affection or her respect. And yet this was the husband whom Colonel Fleming had himself recommended to her, whom it had once seemed his duty and his honour to urge her to accept. Most fatal error!

He saw her unhappy, hardened, trying to smother her better feelings in a whirl of dissipation, and amongst the most frivolous and unworthy companions—he saw her thus in her daily life, in which her husband had sunk into a peevish nonentity, for whom she hardly kept up a pretence of affection—and for all this Hugh Fleming justly felt himself to be in a measure answerable.

And then, he loved her—loved her as he had never loved even that pale bride who had died on her wedding morning! The sweet, pure first love, blamelessly perfect, innocently holy, who was still as a saint and

a religion to him, had yet less hold upon his heart than this woman, with all her strong passions and glaring faults, with her proud rebellious heart, and all her very human imperfections.

Strange contradiction ! that we love most what is the least worthy of love—that the very faults in some people attract us more than the virtues in others !

That evening, Mrs. Travers's drawing-rooms were crammed and crowded with the best and most select of London society.

And not only were the drawing-rooms crowded, but out into the landing and down the staircase into the hall struggled the well-dressed throng—treading on each other's dresses and toes, thumping their elbows into each other's chests, crushing, crowding, fighting their way up inch by inch, with much the same doggedness, and very much the same manners minus the oaths, as the commoner crowd of their fellow-creatures, who, draggled and shabby, hustle together on the sloppy pavement on Lord Mayor's day, or crush in nightly at the nit-doors of the theatres.

'What a crush !' 'We shall never get into the room !' 'I wish people would not push so !' with a savage look behind her. 'Really, Madam, it is not my fault !' answers the very fat man who is glared at, and who is perspiring freely and mopping his bald head with his handkerchief. 'Fancy calling this pleasure !' 'Mamma, I feel sure I shall faint !' 'Don't be a goose, Ellen ; take hold of my arm—we are nearly up.' Such are some of the exclamations to be heard from the strugglers on the staircase.

On the landing stands Juliet in her diamonds, shaking hands mechanically with everyone who comes up, whilst intimate friends whisper as they pass her, "Dear Mrs. Travers, what a success your parties always are !—*everybody* here !" And then push on into the rooms to remark audibly to a friend, "Perfectly awful, my dear ! People should not be allowed to crush up their friends in this way, with the thermometer at boiling point ; and half my dress torn of my back, I assure you !"

A well-known tenor singer has just finished "Il Balen" amid a murmur of well-regulated applause from those immediately around the piano, for the crowd is so dense that in the second room no one has been able to hear a note.

Someone whispers the name of the young pianiste, as Gretchen stands up for a moment beside the piano.

There is a certain affectation in the high grey dress in which she invariably appears in public, only that nowadays the old merino has been replaced by the richest corded silk ; there are Gloire de Dijon roses in her hair and in the white muslin fichu that is folded over her bosom, and she carries more roses in her hand—roses about which perhaps the master of the house knows more than any one else.

Gretchen looks rather nervous as she stands pulling of her gloves ; she is not generally nervous, but the sight of Cecil Travers's wife in all her blaze of satin and diamonds, the consciousness that it is in *her* house that she is to play, has made her heart flutter ever since she came in. Just before she begins she looks down the room, and through the sea of faces catches sight of Cecil's ; a half smile passes rapidly between them, and then Gretchen sits down, strikes her first chord, and forgets to be nervous.

There are not many performers on the pianoforte who have the art of silencing a mixed chattering audience after the fashion that Gretchen Rudenbach had.

When a player sits down to the piano, it is generally the signal for conversation to wax fast and furious ; many a *soi-disant* lover of music, who would think it a sin to speak above a whisper during the feeblest warbling of the weakest of Claribel's weak ballads, will nevertheless consider himself quite entitled to discuss his politics or his horse in a somewhat louder tone than usual if the music that is being performed, however good is 'only playing.'

During the first dozen bars that Gretchen played, no one listened, and everyone talked ; and then one said 'Hush !' and another said 'Hush !' and the sound of talking became fainter and fainter, till at last one old gentleman was left alone declaiming about South American stocks and his own bad fortune therein, a communication which was meant to be a confidential 'aside' to his neighbour, but which, owing to the sudden cessation of the buzz of the voices around him, came out, to his own amazement, at the very top of his voice.

There was a suppressed titter, and then his wife, who was young and musical, made

a rush at him, and he subsided, very much ashamed of himself, into a corner.

After that you could have heard a pin drop among all that breathless, silent audience.

Gretchen played without music—and almost without knowing what she was going to play—a strange, weird mixture of Beethoven, and Schubert, and Bach, and a dozen other great composers, whose works were all familiar to her from her childhood, and which she blended one into the other with a completeness and harmony that of itself bespoke her real genius.

And the girl's face as she played was not the least part of the attraction of her performance.

Her wide-open blue eyes, with fixed gaze, seeing nothing of what was before them, but wrapt in visions conjured up by her own sweet music; her whole face absorbed, entranced, beautified, by a devotion to her art which amounted to a positive passion—it was no wonder that every eye was turned admiringly towards her, and every ear enraptured by the pathetic, soul-stirring harmonies which her slight fingers had power to draw from the keys of the instrument.

Standing in the farther corner of the room, half-concealed by the draperies of the window curtains, was a small, middle-aged little lady in a very unpretentious mauve silk dress, and with an eye-glass up to her eye.

There was nothing remarkable about this little lady in any way. She had a kindly, but neither clever nor striking countenance, pleasant brown eyes, and smooth dark hair, already flecked with grey, drawn back under a neat but somewhat dowdy lace cap, whilst the whole of her attire was thoroughly unfashionable and countrified.

When Gretchen Rudenbach's playing came to an end, amid a tempest of applause, this unobtrusive little lady put down her eye-glass and, turning to her next neighbour, who happened to be our good friend Mrs. Rollick, said:

'It is singular how certain I feel of having seen that young lady before.'

'Isn't her playing lovely?' cried Mrs. Rollick enthusiastically. 'I never was so delighted in my life! Just that little bit of Chopin was so lovely, wasn't it?—and my daughter Mrs. Wilson plays it quite as well, I assure you; doesn't she, Eleanor? It is wonderful what a touch Mdlle. Rudenbach

has, and such expression and feeling; and then, as my daughter Mrs. Wilson says—'

'I wonder where I can have seen her?' says her companion again, interrupting the course of Mrs. Rollick's maternal admiration.

At this moment Juliet, moving slowly through her crowd of guests, came up to her country friends. 'Have you been pleased, dear Mrs. Dawson?' she says, pressing the hand of her old friend kindly.

'Delighted, my dear. But it is so curious that I feel sure I have seen that girl before, and I cannot remember where.'

'Probably you have heard her play at some concert; she goes about a good deal, I believe.'

'No! I have never heard her play; it is not her playing, it is her face I remember so well: those large blue eyes, and that sort of fixed look—it is perfectly familiar to me. I feel sure that it was at home, not in London at all!'

'At home at Sotherne!' repeated Juliet in astonishment. 'Can she be a Sotherne girl? Dear Mrs. Dawson, surely you are mistaken?'

And then all at once Mrs. Dawson remembered; remembered Juliet's wedding morning, and the strange girl who had come by the early train and crouched down behind the pillar of the church, with her white scared face, and her big wide-opened eyes, and her look of misery as the bride and bridegroom passed out.

Remembering this, Mrs. Dawson remembered also her own commentaries on the event, and what she had thought this poor girl to be.

'O yes, I remember now,' she said, and stammered and got rather red as she said it.

But Juliet wanted to know; her curiosity was excited.

'Well, where was it, Mrs. Dawson?' she persisted. 'Surely not at Sotherne?'

Mrs. Dawson was an honest little woman; it flashed through her mind quickly that she had no right to point out the possibility of evil, and that to hesitate or turn away the question would be to arouse Juliet's suspicions, and to make her think she was hiding something of importance from her; so she determined upon speaking the truth:

'Why, my dear, it was in the church at your wedding.'

'At my wedding!' repeated Juliet in amazement, whilst a quick blush reddened her face for an instant.

'Yes! it was in the church. No! of course she was not a Sotherne girl, only a stranger come in from curiosity; I noticed her when I went in first to arrange the flowers, and her face made an impression upon me, that is all. It is curious I should have recognized her again.'

'Are you quite sure it is the same girl?' asked Juliet earnestly, in a low voice.

'Yes, quite. It is rather odd, isn't it? Perhaps she was giving music lessons in the neighbourhood. It is singular I should see her here again.'

'Very singular,' repeated Juliet mechanically.

Just then Mrs. Dalmaine passed by, and whispered in her ear:

'Do look at that wicked young husband of yours, my dear, flirting with Mdlle. Rudenbach; didn't I tell you he was sweet upon her? and no wonder, I am sure, for she plays like an angel. I should say there is no wild beast nor husband she could not tame if she chose.'

And Mrs. Dalmaine passed on with a laugh. Juliet turned with a start, and looking towards the piano saw, in fact, Cecil bending over Gretchen and talking to her in an animated way quite unusual to him. He was touching the flowers in her hand, and from his expression, and the smile on the girl's face, Juliet felt convinced that they were her husband's gift.

A light seemed to break in upon her all at once; the meaning of many things in Cecil's conduct became plain to her. With a sudden indignation it struck her that he must have known this woman before his marriage, and that the whole of his early affection for her was but a sham and a delusion; and, alas! a motive for such a sham was easily supplied by her own wealth. That even on her wedding-day, and during the utterance of his marriage vows, this girl should have been actually present, was a shock to her pride and her self-respect which Juliet could not but feel acutely.

She turned round to Mrs. Dawson, and said rather coldly:

'One sees such strange likenesses occasionally; but I feel sure you must be mistaken, Mrs. Dawson. Have you had an ice yet? Will you not go down and get

one?' And then she moved on, and coming face to face with Hugh Fleming among the crowd, she could not even smile at him.

'They are all false to me,' she said to herself, very bitterly. 'The man I have married has never loved me at all, and the man I loved cared for me so little that he deserted me!'

And as she passed among her guests, smiling, flattered, and envied, the beautiful Mrs. Travers felt that her life was scarcely worth having, and that she had not a single friend on earth.

Mrs. Travers's musical crush was a success; the tenor sang again, first a solo, and then a duet with a high soprano, whose voice, Mrs. Rollick was heard to declare, reminded her so much of 'her daughter Mrs. Wilson's!' Then, of course, Gretchen played again twice, and each time she was more rapturously applauded. And then the guests began to go.

Some were off to other similar entertainments, others to balls, a few to their well-earned night's rest. In a very few minutes the battling, fighting crowd had all vanished and melted away, and only a few intimate friends remained.

Coming down stairs when almost every one had left the upper rooms, Juliet saw a few persons in the supper-room and went in there to join them.

'Come and sit down, Juliet, and have some champagne and some chicken,' cried Rosa Dalmaine from among a little group by the door, dragging her friend down into a chair; and just then Cis came up behind her.

'Juliet, won't you come and say good-bye to Mdlle. Rudenbach?—she is just going.'

Juliet looked at him for a minute strangely; then a sudden impulse came into her mind.

'Certainly,' she answered; 'where is she.'

'In the hall, waiting for her carriage; and they went out together.

Gretchen stood ready cloaked for her departure.

'I will see,' said Juliet to herself, 'whether Mrs. Dawson was right.'

And then she went up to the pianiste with outstretched hand.

'I hope you have had some supper, Mdlle. Rudenbach. Are you sure you have

had everything you want? will you not have another glass of wine before you go? for I am sure that you must be tired. No?—well, I must thank you much for your very beautiful music; everybody has been delighted with it. I am glad to have made your acquaintance, especially as I hear that you know my part of the world. Perhaps you come from my county—do you?

‘No, Mrs. Travers. I don’t think I know it,’ answered Gretchen wonderingly, and half turning to Cis for explanation.

‘That is not likely, Juliet; what makes you think so?’

‘O yes, Mdlle. Rudenbach, you have been at Sotherne, for there was a lady here this evening who said she remembered seeing you in Sotherne Church.’

‘In Sotherne Church!’ repeated Cis in genuine amazement.

But over Gretchen Rudenbach’s usually pale and placid face there leapt suddenly a bright burning blush, flushing vividly from her brow to her neck.

‘There is your carriage,’ said Juliet, with a little laugh; ‘I will not detain you; but I think I must be right about your having been at Sotherne. Good-night and many thanks for your charming music!’

When Cis came back from handing the lady to her carriage he found his wife still in the hall. ‘What do you think of that for a tell-tale blush?’ she said to him, with a short little laugh.

‘I don’t know what you mean,’ he answered angrily. ‘What on earth do you suppose Mdlle. Rudenbach should be doing down at Sotherne?’

‘Ah, that I should indeed be puzzled to say: perhaps you can enlighten me, Cis?’

But Cis, with an angry exclamation, brushed past her, and slammed his study-door in her face. And Juliet went back into the supper-room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A PAIR OF LOVERS.

THE rays of the afternoon July sun were being down fiercely upon the blaze of geraniums and calceolarias on the lawn at Sotherne, where the parrot was swinging violently backwards and forwards, with

screams of joy, in his cage, and where Andrews, the under-gardener, toiled and sweltered painfully up and down after the mowing machine. The striped sunblinds were all down in front of the drawing-room and library windows on that side of the house, so that not a ray of sunlight could creep into those two rooms; then came a hedge of laurel close up to the house, and beyond it another window, unprotected by blind or curtain, wide open, and not looking on to the lawn at all, but on to a straight gravel walk which led from the back regions into the gardens.

The prospect from this window was not a cheerful one—just that short bit of walk bounded on either side by thick laurel and holly bushes and another evergreen in front—a dark, dismal-looking yew tree, which completely shut out any further view.

On a hot day like this, the little dark corner of the shrubbery was, perhaps, not unpleasing to look at; suggesting, as it did, coolness, shade, and tranquillity; but one could not help thinking how dismal it must be on the many days of the year when it rained, or blew, or snowed from morning till night. There was not much inducement, one would think, for the occupant of that ground-floor room to look out of the window. And yet at the present moment the window is, as I have said, wide open, and a young woman, with both elbows on the window sill, is leaning idly out of it, and looking down the very bounded limit of the gravel walk in front of it.

Time, since we have seen her last, has dealt gently with the fair Ernestine, for it is none other than our old acquaintance who so leans and looks from her work-room window. Her brunette skin is as clear, her black, dickey-bird eyes are as bright and piercing, her figure is as trim and natty as when we last saw her, five years ago. But Ernestine looks considerably bored. There is a heap of finery on the table, and a dinner dress belonging to her mistress, at which she ought to be working, lies on the floor behind her, where she has cast it impatiently from her with an evident intention of leaving it there for the present, while she pursues the course of her meditations.

‘Mon Dieu! how dull it is here now!’ exclaims Ernestine aloud to herself, with a despairing sigh. ‘Never one goes to London! never one sees any young persons!’

and the messieurs that come here, never they bring any valets! If it was not for the money I must get some day from Madame, I would not stay here one day—not one day! it is triste à faire mourir. Why, it was better in the days o' Madame Travers, Mademoiselle Juliette, and that gentil Colonel Fleming!—ce pauvre Colonel Fleming! Que Madame l'a donc joliment triché! Après tout, if Mademoiselle Juliette had married him, they would perhaps have come here often, and we might have had a little changement. Now, never I get an affaire du cœur except with that stupide Jams—ah ça! qu'il est donc bête, ce Jams! mais enfin,' with a shrug of her shoulders,—'mais enfin, faute de mieux!' and Ernestine sighed again dolefully. 'No amusements, no intrigues, no excitements, nothing now but ce gros monsieur très-laid, who makes some faces at me every time he does meet me on the stairs, as if I was the diable lui-même! and only the stupid Jams to talk to; but where can he be, that Jams! is he never coming to-day, I wonder!'

At this point of her reflections there was a step on the gravel walk, and James the footman—the old original James, from whom long ago she had wheedled the key of the letter-bag, and whose constancy to the object of his affections had remained unshaken ever since that time, appeared round the corner with a simpering and somewhat sheepish grin on his mutton-chop-whiskered face.

'Ah, Mam'zell, you are watching for me!' he exclaimed delightedly.

'Ah, yes, cruel!' sighed Ernestine sentimentally; 'you are so late to-day. Where is Heegs?'

'Mr. 'Iggs is a-sunning 'imself in the kitching garden, and a-refreshing on himself with his Missus's wall-fruit,' replied James facetiously, seating himself on the edge of the window-sill, and striving in vain to imprison one of his fair charmer's hands.

'Laissez-moi tranquille!' exclaimed Ernestine, slapping at him playfully. 'I have some serious things to say to you, Monsieur Jams. What do you think of it all?'

'Of all what, my hangel?'

'Why, of ce Monsieur who is here, of course?'

'Oh, old Lamps?' cried James, for so he respectfully was in the habit, behind

Mr. Higgs's back, of denominating the Rev. Daniel Lamplough, who was Mrs. Blair's present guest. 'Old Lamps? oh, what should I think of him, except that he's a mean beast? he was here a fortnight last year, and he only give me two-and-six when he went away, and I had cleaned all his boots, warnished the shabby old clumps up till they looked like a gentleman's almost, besides a-packing and a-unpacking of his portmanteau—and a raggeder, wus-made lot of shirts I never did see in a gentleman's wardrobe in all my born days! What should I think of him, my dear, except that he's a stingy old bloke?'

'Ah, but I think much more than that, Monsieur Jams!' said Ernestine, shaking her head solemnly.

'What do you think, Mam'zell?'

'Listen: I do think that this Monsieur—what do you call him?—Lamplou will wish to marry Madame Blair!'

'No-o-o!' faltered James in amazement, while his mouth fell very wide open.

'Yes, I am sure—you will see,' said Ernestine, nodding her head sagaciously and solemnly: 'he does want to marry her, and Madame will not say no; it is affreux that your prêtres should marry themselves!'

'Them's your popish notions, my dear! here put in her swain reprovingly.

'But nevertheless it is so,' continued the lady, scornfully ignoring the interruption. 'And Madame will probabement marry herself to this fat monsieur; and then, my poor Jams, what will become of you? you will lose your place; the house here will be all broken up, the servants will all go, you will have to get another place.'

'But you, Mam'zell?' cried James, aghast at this dismal picture,—'you?—what will become of you? Will you go and live with Mrs. Lamplough in London, and be diwid-ed from me?'

'I!' cried Ernestine indignantly; 'I go and live in the house of a married curé, and be made to go to his miserable church, and to do what a fat, ugly monsieur tells me! I!'

'Then you'll come along with me and marry me, my dear?' cried the ardent lover rapturously.

'Marry you! and upon what, if you please, Monsieur Jams? can one marry upon rien de tout but love? No, Monsieur Jams, when these things do force me to leave Madame Blair,' continued Ernestine,

rising from the window with a tragical air, 'I do go and bury my sorrows in the bosom of mine own country—in my beautiful France! There is the carriage coming home, Monsieur Jams; go to your duties!'

And the unfortunate James, aghast at his lady-love's eloquence, and at her rejection of his tender advances, was perforce obliged to leave her suddenly by the same way that he came, lest Higgs, returning from his airing in the kitchen garden, should unwittingly run up against him and discover the way in which his insubordinate was accustomed to waste his time when he imagined him to be polishing the spoons and forks.

The sleepy old horses jog-trotted up to the front door after their hour's drive, which, except under very strong pressure, was the utmost extent of time which the coachman—also an old servant, and as much a character in his way as was the great Higgs—would ever allow them to be out.

James, still slightly ruffled with his parting words with Ernestine, hastened to open the carriage door and to let down the steps; and from it there alighted our old friend Mrs. Blair, followed by an elderly man who was none other than the reverend gentleman whose matrimonial intentions Ernestine had been so well able to fathom.

Last year, when Mr. Lamplough in his newly widowed woe had been brought down by a mutual friend to stay at Sotherne for a week or two for the benefit of his health and spirits, nothing could exceed the sweetness of the consolations which his hostess had all day long poured like balm into that bruised and stricken soul.

With gentle sighs she had often gazed at him fixedly, and then murmuring 'dear friend!' had raised her handkerchief furtively to her eyes as though her feelings were too much for her. Frequently she told him that she too had suffered—that she too had sorrowed—that only a woman who had lost a beloved husband can truly sympathise with a man who has been bereft of a dearly beloved wife; that such sympathising souls are sent into this world to console and to comfort each other; that now for the first time she had found that companion soul who was able to respond with perfect sympathy to the sorrows which she had borne alone for so many years.

And then the attentions, the *petits soins* with which Mrs. Blair encompassed her guest were unceasing and endless.

How she studied his fancies and his pleasures, how attentively she drew the curtain behind his chair lest he should feel the slightest draught, how assiduously she hunted out his favourite books and sent for his favourite papers and magazines, and, last but not least, how carefully she piled his plate with the choicest morsels and ordered the most *recherché* dishes to tempt his appetite, and almost went on her knees to persuade Higgs to bring forth the best old port after dinner!

In all this Mrs. Blair had an object in view; for she, like Ernestine, was getting tired of the dulness of Sotherne, where she could just afford to live, but where she could not afford to leave even for a month's trip to London in the season. And was not the Rev. Daniel Lamplough incumbent of the district church of St. Matthias, situated in the very heart of Belgravia?—where his eloquent and somewhat violent denunciations against his Holiness the Pope, and the somewhat hazy female connected with that prelate whom he was in the habit of designating as the 'Scarlet Lady,' attracted rich and crowded congregations, whose pew rents brought in a very comfortable income to their worthy vicar.

Mrs. Blair did not think the position would be altogether a bad one; and then she calculated that she would probably be allowed to retain Sotherne as a country residence as well. Juliet had said no word of ever ejecting her from it; and she seemed to care so little now for the home of her childhood, of which she had once been so passionately fond, that it did not appear likely that she would wish to return to it herself.

To be the wife of a popular London preacher, residing during the greater part of the year in a well-appointed house in Lower Eccleston Street; to talk of Sotherne as 'my country place,' and to be able to spend the autumn months there; to play the country Lady Bountiful at Sotherne, and the woman of fashion up in town,—was an existence which presented many charms to Mrs. Blair's vivid imagination.

The lover, on his side, had also been making his calculations.

He had noted carefully the comfort and luxury of Mrs. Blair's surroundings at Sotherne. He knew, indeed, that the place did not belong to her, but to her

stepdaughter, but he imagined that she rented it from her. He saw her surrounded by many servants, male and female, with a carriage to drive about in, and hothouses and vineries to keep up; he appreciated her excellent cuisine, and tasted the first-rate wines which appeared upon her table. All these things, Mr. Lamplough knew, could not be had without money; widows generally have fat jointures—indeed, what is a widow without a jointure?—therefore it was not surprising that he should give Mrs. Blair credit for one.

The mutual friend who had introduced him to her had not known much about her private concerns; there was no one else to tell him; and certainly Mrs. Blair herself was not likely to divulge to him the fact that the establishment was entirely kept up by her stepdaughter; that carriage, horses, gardens, and servants did not cost her one farthing; that the good old wine was allowed her by Juliet's liberality whenever Higgs could be induced to bring it forth; and that, in fact, her own living, and that of her guests, and Ernestine's wages, were the only things which came out of her own pocket. Mr. Lamplough knew none of these things, and Mrs. Blair knew that he did not, and she was not in the least likely to enlighten him.

Of course, during his first visit to Sothere, in the character of a forlorn and heart-broken widower, it would have been in the highest degree indecorous had he alluded, however faintly, to the possibilities of consolation which life might still contain for him; but when, after an interval of eight months, during which time these 'companion souls' corresponded freely and regularly, Mr. Lamplough again returned to Sothere, he came with lavender instead of black gloves, and with a hat-band four inches wide in place of the eight-inch width of first woe; he came as a widower, indeed, but as a widower to whom happiness is again possible—he came, in short, to woo and to conquer. Mrs. Blair seemed to him to combine every requisite for duly filling the position which he contemplated asking her to occupy. She was still a most elegant and pretty-looking woman, with pleasing manners and a knowledge of the world, and she was, he believed, devotedly attached to him.

There was only one point upon which

Mr. Lamplough felt some uneasiness, and where his religious scruples threatened to sternly bar the way to the impulses of his heart. It seemed to him that Mrs. Blair's religious views were most lamentably popish in their tendencies. She worshipped weekly, and professed to delight in Sothere Church, where divine service was conducted in a way that Mr. Lamplough did not at all approve of. There were a cross and candlesticks on the altar, and a memorial window representing the Virgin and Child, in memory of Mr. Blair's first young wife; good Mr. Dawson preached in his surplice, and had daily morning prayers throughout the year,—all of which things were an abomination in Mr. Lamplough's eyes.

But a worse offence even than this was the presence of Mrs. Blair's French Roman Catholic maid. How Mrs. Blair could suffer an emissary of the Pope, a Jesuit perchance, to remain, in all her unconverted iniquity, under her very roof, was a fact which filled the righteous soul of the Reverend Daniel with pious horror whenever he thought upon it. He never passed Ernestine upon the stairs or in the passage without a secret shudder, and without privately ejaculating, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'—an expression which, however, he would not have dared to repeat aloud, as, had he done so, the vivacious-looking waiting-maid would have been quite capable of boxing his ears, or tearing out his hair, or otherwise inflicting some bodily injury upon him with her strong little brown hands.

Nevertheless, Mr. Lamplough felt sure that the lady of his affections sinned from ignorance only in this particular. Were the horrors of the popish faith once pointed out to her by an earnest Christian like himself, he felt sure that she would at once see and lament the error that she had unwittingly fallen into in harbouring this daughter of Babylon for so many years in her household. Mr. Lamplough was well determined that no such blot should mar the fair Protestantism of his own establishment. On the very day that Mrs. Blair consented to resign her happiness into his keeping, Ernestine should take her departure.

It was after dinner—that genial hour when, having well fed and well drunk, man is at peace with himself and all mankind. The coffee had been served, the lamp

brought in, the curtains drawn lightly over the still open windows; there was no further interruption from Higgs until ten o'clock.

Mr. Daniel Lamplough leaned back in a luxurious satin-covered armchair, rested his hands one on each of his knees, and smiled benignly at his hostess. He was not a pleasant or romantic-looking lover certainly, and Mrs. Blair could not help thinking so as she glanced up at him from her work. Time was when she had dreamt of other kinds of men, of tall soldierly men with refined faces and polished manners—men, for instance, like Colonel Fleming had been. But those dreams were all over for her now—she was obliged to smother them away with a sigh; when a woman is past forty, she must take what comes in her way and be thankful.

And the man that had come in her way was not prepossessing in appearance. Mr. Lamplough was fat, and even greasy-looking in the face; his cheeks, of a dull red hue, hung down in flabby, fleshy bags upon his neck, and were adorned with long straggling yellowish whiskers flecked with grey; his eyes were small and pig-like; his nose was wide and rather red; and his hair was lank and long, and smelt of the free use of hair-oil. Nor were his clothes put on with that neatness and care which invariably pleases the female eye: his coat was wrinkled, shiny, and shabby; his boots were large, thick, and clumsy; his shirt and voluminous white tie were never of the cleanest, and always gave indications of that 'healthy action of the skin' which doctors say is such a desirable condition of the body, and which Mr. Lamplough apparently enjoyed in a very high degree.

The real fact was that the man was not a gentleman—he was essentially vulgar. And Mrs. Blair had lived quite enough among men who were thoroughbred to be perfectly conscious of this failing in her would-be lover. But, after all, a woman of her age cannot afford to be too fastidious!

Mrs. Blair herself was to the full as elegant and well-preserved a woman as ever.

Her fair hair was still done up in the same mysterious and innumerable bows and puffs over her high white forehead, her eyes were still fringed with the strikingly dark lashes, and the carmine upon her cheeks

and lips was as vivid as it used to be; but then these are things in which art so far surpasses nature.

As she sat in a faultless evening toilette by the shaded lamp, with some plain work in her white hands—it was a checked print frock for a little village child, a style of work she had lately adopted in deference to the serious profession of the man whom she was desirous of captivating—Mr. Lamplough gazed at her admiringly, and thought that she certainly was a very pleasant object to look upon, and that she would be a great ornament to his home in Lower Eccleston Street.

'How industrious you are this evening, dear Mrs. Blair!' he said, in that gentle cooing voice which he always adopted when addressing the fair sex.

Mrs. Blair smiled blandly. 'I am anxious to get this little frock finished tonight; it is for little Susan Snuggs in the village. That is a very sad case, dear Mr. Lamplough; seven little children and an invalid mother—and the father gets such poor wages! If I can do some little trifle for the poor things, I am always so glad.'

'Always tender-hearted, always occupied in good works, dear friend!' murmured Mr. Lamplough tenderly. 'Ah! where is the limit to lovely woman's influence when she gives her time to clothe the poor and to comfort the broken-hearted! A ministering angel thou!' added Mr. Lamplough, carried away by an effusion of feeling; though whether the ejaculation was addressed to Mrs. Blair in particular, or to the whole of the female sex in general, was not quite clear.

'Dear friend, you over-estimate my poor efforts; you are over-indulgent to me!' murmured the widow, bending over her work.

'Not at all, my dear lady, not at all. Do I not know your worth? have I not watched you daily in your home, where you so gracefully and in such a Christian spirit fulfil all the varied relations of mistress, of hostess, and of friend? have I not learnt to appreciate all the sweet graces and the pure virtues of your character, dear—may I not almost say, dearest?—friend!' and here Mr. Lamplough rose, not without an effort, from his low chair, and, carried away by the enthusiasm of his feelings, dropped with a thud upon both his fat knees in front of his innamorata.

With ready presence of mind Mrs. Blair had, by a dexterous whisk, swept her delicate muslin flounces away just in time to save their being crumpled by the substantial knees of her prostrate lover, and now, with a pretty flutter, she appeared to be overwhelmed with modest confusion.

'Dear Mr. Lamplough, pray rise—I entreat you: if anyone should come in—' she stammered.

'No one will come in; Higgs has already brought the tea,' said Mr. Lamplough, with practical pathos. 'No, dearest Mrs. Blair, never will I rise—never will I move from this spot—until you deign to give a favourable answer to my prayer; until you promise to comfort my lonely heart, and to bless my lonely home!'

'Mr. Lamplough,' murmured the widow, hiding her face behind her lace handkerchief.

'Sweet sympathising spirit, deign to listen to my suit; let us join our hearts, our hands, and I may say our fortunes—may I not call you my own, my Maria?'

'Mr. Lamplough,' again murmured the lady in a fainter voice.

'Nay, why this formality? call me Daniel, *your* Daniel!' tenderly whispered the lover, who began to be tired of kneeling. For a man of his size and age it was a trying posture, and began to make his back ache, in spite of his previous vows of remaining there for an indefinite period. 'Call me Daniel!' he exclaimed; and with a view to speedily bringing about the conclusion of this physically painful scene, he further proceeded to place his arms around the coy form of his beloved.

Mrs. Blair, after uttering a faint protesting cry, whispered 'Daniel!' as she was told, and let her head sink gracefully down upon his shoulder. Mr. Lamplough afterwards discovered several smeary streaks of white and pink powder upon his coat where that fair cheek had lain—a discovery which filled him with great curiosity and unbounded amazement, for he had believed in Mrs. Blair's complexion as firmly as he did in her money.

That discovery, however, was only made at a subsequent period. Nothing occurred to mar those first few moments of bliss.

As soon, however, as the lovers had a little settled down, and Mr. Lamplough had regained the secure comfort of his easy

chair,—which, however, he wheeled-up considerably nearer to the lady of his affections than it had been before he had declared his intentions to her,—he at once took occasion to establish the mastery which he intended to assume over her by broaching the subject that lay upon his conscience—concerning the dismissal of the 'Babylonian woman.'

'There is one little sacrifice, my love, which I must ask your affection to make for me,' he began.

'Vanity!' cried Mrs. Blair, who had already assumed the playful coquetry suitable to an affianced maiden. 'Vanity! as if you did not know that there is nothing I would not do for you, Daniel!'

'Dearest!' murmured he, pressing her hand tenderly, 'I know you love me too well to refuse the trifling sacrifice I must ask of you, especially when I point out to you how unsuited to the high Christian calling of a Protestant minister's wife such an attendant is,—my love, I must ask you to send away that popish French maid at once.'

'Send away Ernestine!' gasped Mrs. Blair.

'Even so, my chosen Maria; the association of a Christian Protestant lady with an idolatrous papist savours too much of offering of meats to idols—'

'What possible harm can poor Ernestine do?' cried Mrs. Blair, with more sharpness than is generally admissible in the sweet converse of affianced lovers. 'I never heard her talk of religion at all, and I am sure she doesn't care where she goes to church; I cannot get on at all without Ernestine, I am so used to her; and she has been with me so long, and understands my ways so well. No, really, Mr. Lamplough, I cannot send away Ernestine—I will do anything else to please you, but not that.'

'And yet, dear friend,' said Mr. Lamplough, in that gentle voice which was never raised in anger, and in which yet might be discerned a certain ring of determination which augured badly for Mrs. Blair's chances of having her own way,—'and yet that is unfortunately the one thing which my conscience is obliged to ask of you—the one thing, I may say, which you must give up to me as a proof of the sincerity of your affection.'

There was a moment's silence, during which Mrs. Blair bit her lip in vexation. She saw plainly enough that Mr. Lamplough made the dismissal of Ernestine the *sine quâ non* of the engagement between them,—that she must either give up the offending waiting-maid, or else her new-born hopes of a second marriage and an establishment in Belgravia.

It would be dreadful work, doing without Ernestine, who knew her so well—who understood so many cunning arts in hair-dressing and in face-decorating; how she should get on at first without her, she could not think; but then, it would be still more dreadful to give up those dreams of London seasons and London gaieties which she seemed to have but just secured within her grasp. No, Mrs. Blair felt, anything but that: it was very possible that she might find another maid, English and Protestant, who would be as clever in the mysteries of her profession as was Ernestine, but it was hardly possible that she would have another chance of a second marriage, and that with a man who possessed a house in Lower Eccleston Street.

With one great gulping sigh in homage to Ernestine's varied talents, Mrs. Blair gave in.

'Of course, Daniel, if you make such a point of it, I must do what you wish—but the girl is very clever, and will be a great loss to me; still, if you really insist upon it, of course I am only too happy to please you.'

'There's my own sweet Maria!' cried Mr. Lamplough, lapsing again into the fond lover, and pressing his betrothed's hand tenderly to his lips. 'And you will send her away to-morrow, my love?'

'To-morrow!' cried poor Mrs. Blair, in dismay.

'Yes, my love; I can no longer allow a child of Belial to rest under the same roof as my promised bride.'

'But surely not to-morrow. What excuse can I give for turning her out of the house like that after she has been with me so long? and what shall I do for a maid? Pray allow me at least to give her a month's warning; consider the inconvenience—the injustice——'

'Say no more, my love—the girl is very frivolous, and her manner to myself is full of disrespect. There is a very nice, modest-

looking housemaid, who can surely wait upon you for a week or two until you can find another maid. You will, I know, do as I wish, my love; give her a month's wages to-morrow morning, and let her go: the sight of that popish woman is abhorrent to me!' and, as if to close the discussion, Mr. Lamplough, after once again pressing Mrs. Blair's hand most tenderly within his own, took up the *Record*, out of which he proceeded to read aloud such choice extracts as he thought might interest the future wife of the incumbent of St. Matthias Church.

And Mrs. Blair smothered her discomfiture as well as she could, endeavouring to console herself with dreams of the select entertainments she would give when once she was established as mistress of that house in Lower Eccleston Street.

CHAPTER XXV.

ERNESTINE'S REVENGE.

'BUT, Madame!' 'It is of no use you saying any more, Ernestine. I tell you I have quite made up my mind; here is your month's wages, and you can have the cart to take your box to the station to meet the four o'clock train.'

'But, Madame, to send me away like this after so many years! it is unjust, it is infame!' stammered poor Ernestine, almost in tears. It was in Mrs. Blair's little morning-room, after breakfast, that this conversation took place. 'Have you no fault to find with me, Madame, and yet to send me away like this?'

'Yes, Ernestine; it is because Mr. Lamplough says you are impertinent to him——'

'Aha! so it is ce gros Monsieur who does this for me!'

'That is not the way to speak,' answered her mistress angrily. 'I wish that Mr. Lamplough shall be spoken of with the greatest respect in this house—and, my good girl, I will give you a first-rate character; you will easily get another place.'

'It is not that, Madame,' answered Ernestine indignantly; 'certainement, that I shall get another place I am not at all afraid; but it is the cruelty of Madame to

send me away like this after that I have served her for seven years, and done so many things for her which no one else could do; it is Madame who will suffer, not myself.'

'Very true, Ernestine,' almost whimpered Mrs. Blair; 'I don't know how I shall manage without you. But I can't help myself. Do go, like a good girl, without a fuss.'

'Is Madame then determined to sacrifice me, an old servant, an old friend like me, to Monsieur—Monsieur Lamplou?'

'I *must* send you away, Ernestine—don't look so savagely at me——' For Ernestine, whose southern blood was well up, stood looking almost menacingly at her mistress.

'Here, go up-stairs and get that black silk dress with the bugle trimmings I had last winter. I will give it you, Ernestine; and for goodness' sake let us part friends,' added Mrs. Blair, almost imploringly.

'Bah!' exclaimed the girl, with a little snorting laugh of contempt, 'what do I want with your old black dress that is all frayed at the flounces, and worn to holes at the sleeves! keep your dress, Madame—je m'en fiche bien! and I go, Madame, as you order me; but remember,' she added, turning round at the door and looking back at her warningly, 'remember that you will be very sorry for this; you will perhaps wish, some day, you had not turned Ernestine out of the doors like a chien!'

'Most impertinent!' exclaimed Mrs. Blair, rising from her chair, trembling with passion; but Ernestine had already left the room.

With a beating heart the girl ran along the passage. She had talked lightly but the day before, it is true, of leaving Mrs. Blair's service, but it was a very different thing to be thus turned away at a moment's notice from the house which had been to her a very comfortable home for so many years. And then Ernestine had always thought that Mrs. Blair would do something substantial for her when she left—give her a sum of money sufficient to enable her to start a shop, or to buy the goodwill of some dressmaker's business. Nor had her expectations been altogether unreasonable.

During the course of her seven year's service, Ernestine had done many things for her mistress which did not come strictly within the duties of a lady's-maid.

There was that little incident of the letter, for instance; and there had been many little watchings and spyings, and faithful reportings of overheard conversations; in all of which transactions Ernestine had staunchly adopted Mrs. Blair's interests as her own, and had carried through the little intrigues demanded of her with the utmost discretion and with a secrecy which, considering her sex and her class, was perfectly miraculous.

Mrs. Blair had frequently hinted to her that some reward for these many faithful and valuable services would one day be in store for her.

'When you want to marry or settle down in life, Ernestine, you will find that I shall be your friend,' she had said more than once to her; thereby raising many hopes in her attendant's bosom—hopes which had now been so cruelly and ruthlessly blighted.

Running along the passage, she all but tumbled into the devoted James's outstretched arms.

'Whither away?' said that gentleman poetically quoting from the last number of the penny journal which he had just been studying.

'Ah, do not stop me, Monsieur Jams! I must go and pack my boxes.'

'Pack! why, who's a-going away?'

'It is I, myself!' cried Ernestine, pointing tragically to her chest. 'I go—I am sent away this very day—I know not where I shall repose myself this night! Alas, my poor Jams! you may well look au désespoir, for here you see a terrible instance of the ungratefulness of those we serve. Madame has sent me away!'

'Sent you away, Mam'zell!' stammered James; 'what for?'

'Ah, you may well ask,' said she, shrugging her shoulders; 'car, moi, je n'en sais rien. I know not—it is what I have told you, it is ce scélérat Lamplou.'

'Old Lamps! what has he had to do with it?'

'He does hate me—he is going to marry Madame, and he is determined to ruin me.'

'I'm blest if I'll brush his clothes or black his old boots any more.'

'But I blame not him!' said Ernestine, spreading out her hands with fine Christian magnanimity; 'I blame not him—it is only an animal! but it is Madame who does turn me out, it is she who has made me the blood

to boil. *Mais je m'en vengerai!* added Ernestine between her set teeth, and clenching her little brown fists savagely. "Don't you stand staring like that; go and order the cart to take me to the station, and let me go upstairs,"—and with that she brushed quickly past her dismayed admirer.

Half-an-hour later Ernestine was in her little attic room in the midst of her disordered wardrobe, with all her worldly goods around her on the floor.

Ernestine sits on the ground in front of her trunk, turning the key in a common cedar-wood money-box, the contents of which we have looked at before.

Inside she first deposits her month's wages, just given her by Mrs. Blair, and then carefully counts over her savings. Twenty-three pounds seven shillings and two pence—not much, thinks Ernestine ruefully, on which to begin life afresh. If that were all! but then, fortunately, that is not all. Ernestine's money-box holds another valuable object which she thinks is as good to her as a cheque on the Bank of England.

Turning rapidly over the yellow bundle of French love-letters, the faded bunch of shrivelled violets—the gift of the dead soldier lover—which even at this moment she remembers to raise hurriedly to her lips, and the case of jewellery which she reflects can be pawned or sold if the worst comes to the worst, she comes upon a small flat parcel in silver paper at the bottom of the box.

'Aha!' says Ernestine aloud, with a triumphant smile, 'te voilà, mon ami! you have waited long enough, but now at last you are to be of some use to me. This is what comes of a little prudence and forethought; another, less wise, might have spoken of it before! What a good thing I did keep him all this time?' And with a chuckle of delight Ernestine slipped the paper into her leather purse, which again she placed securely in an inside pocket of her black hand-bag; then locking up the money-box again, she packed it up in her trunk.

A few hours later the French lady's-maid had turned her back for ever upon Sotherne Court and the old life that had become so monotonous and yet, by force of long habit so familiar and so home-like to her

Juliet Travers was sitting alone in her

little morning-room. The writing-table was covered with the morning's unanswered letters, bills, notes, invitations, of all kinds and sizes; her pen was in her hand, but she was not writing.

There was on her face that bitter hopeless expression which had become so familiar to it of late, and which had replaced the old eager, impulsive look which had once made it so singularly attractive.

The very droop of her head, the languid fall of her nerveless hands, the set scorn in her full red lips, all told the same story of the eternal battle going on within—the battle of pride against a hopeless love.

In front of her lay a monogrammed note highly scented with patchouli.

It could not be called a love-letter, and yet there was a spirit of adoration and devotion in every line. Juliet took it up and read it over:

I see nothing of you now; you are so surrounded by new friends, that you don't seem to care for your old ones. What have I done to offend you that you are so cold and distant to me of late? twice when I have called you have denied yourself; dear Mrs. Travers, there must be some cause for this change in you.

I want to get up a water party to Maidenhead for you. Choose your own day and your own party—any one you like. We will row up to Cookham and back in the cool of the evening to a late dinner at Skindle's. I have enlisted Mrs. Dalmaine in my cause, for you refuse to do anything that I ask of you now, and perhaps she will persuade you. Don't be so cruel as to refuse me this.

Yours devotedly,

GEORGE MANNERSLEY.

'I suppose I must answer it,' said Juliet aloud, as the note dropped wearily from her fingers; 'what a bore this sort of thing is! I used to find these parties and flirtations rather amusing a little time ago. I used to fancy they distracted my mind and took off my thoughts; but now I think they only make me worse. No: I really cannot go—Lord George is so wearisome; and since he has taken to this lover-like frame of mind, and reproaches me for neglect—for neglect of him! what a joke!—he is really quite insufferable. Here is some one to interrupt me. Come in!—who is there? Ah, it is you, Rosa; good morning!' and Mrs. Dalmaine, in a deliciously fresh toilette of palest pink muslin, entered.

'My dear Juliet, have you heard from

Lord George this morning? because I have.'

'Yes, I was just going to answer his note. Here it is;' and Juliet calmly handed the note to her friend, who read it through with great interest.

'How devoted the poor man is!' she exclaimed; 'and you really have behaved very cruelly to him, poor fellow! Well, what day are you going to fix? and whom are you going to have for the party? It must not be till next week, I think—at least, I have not a free day before, and I suppose you are going to allow me to come!'

'My dear Rosa, how you jump to conclusions?' said Juliet, laughing. 'I am just going to refuse it altogether.'

'To refuse!' exclaimed Mrs. Dalmaine aghast, sinking down into a low chair, and throwing up her little pink-gloved hands in dismay. 'Impossible, Juliet! what can you be thinking of? Why I made so certain of your going, that I stopped at Madame Dentelle's on my way, and ordered a boating suit on purpose!'

'I am very sorry, Rosa; but you can easily stop on your way back, and counter-order it.'

'But, Juliet, you must be mad. It would be the very jolliest thing of the whole summer! I had settled it all; we would have just two boatfuls—six bachelors and six married women—no girls, they are always a nuisance. It would be the greatest fun; we wouldn't have anybody slow—all our own set, you know. You would enjoy it so much. You never will be so stupid as to refuse!'

'I am very sorry to disappoint you, Rosa,' said Juliet a little coldly, 'but I have not the least intention of going. Such parties always get women talked about; one gets called fast, and perhaps worse.'

'Yes, by slow, spiteful women, who never get a chance of any fun themselves!' said Rosa, with a toss of her head.

'No, not only by women: I don't believe that men—nice men—think any better of one for doing those sort of things.'

'But last year you did just as fast things. Don't you remember that day at Richmond—only you, and I, and Lady Withers, and all those men?'

'Yes, and I was very sorry for it afterwards; but I think very differently now

about things; and besides, in any case your party would not do for me, because I have asked my young sister-in-law, Flora Travers, to stay with me; and I could not take her to that sort of thing, could I?'

'Oh, if you are going to take up with bread-and-butter girls in their teens!' pouted Mrs. Dalmaine.

'Don't be jealous, Rosa,' said Juliet playfully; 'you know I am not given to "taking up," as you call it, with anybody.'

'No, only with that horrid C one! Fleming. I believe *he* is at the bottom of this proper fit that has come over you; he always seems to think everything wrong, and looks daggers at me, as if he thought I was a shocking bad friend for you, and was corrupting your morals.'

'Very likely he is right,' said Juliet dryly; and dipping her pen in the ink, she began to write: 'but I had rather not hear you abuse him. He is an old friend of mine.'

'Yes, so I have heard you say before'—and there was a little silence between the friends, during which Juliet wrote away steadily, refusing Lord George Mannersley's invitation; and Mrs. Dalmaine bit the end of her parasol, and looked as cross and ugly as a pretty little woman can look when she is in a bad temper.

'I am sorry for your disappointment, Rosa,' said Juliet presently, as she leant back in her chair and fastened up her note. 'You must not think me unkind, and I will do anything you like to make up for it. Would you like me to give a dinner at Hurlingham?'

'Well, yes, that would be rather nice,' said Rosa, softening a little, and reflecting that nothing pleasant or profitable could accrue from prolonged sulks. 'Of course it depends upon who your party is.'

'Well, I would have any one you wish for, only I will get Cis and one or two husbands, if you don't object much,' said Juliet, laughing. 'I won't ask yours!'

'Heaven forbid!' ejaculated Mrs. Dalmaine fervently.

'And of course I must have little Flora Travers.'

'And will you ask Lord George?' asked Rosa a little timidly.

Juliet laughed. She had knowledge enough of the world to know how readily a 'bosom friend' will pounce on an admirer out of favour.

'Oh yes, by all means, if you care about him—you are quite welcome to him,' she added a little scornfully.

Mrs. Dalmaine flung herself on her knees at her friend's side and kissed her rapturously.

'You darling! you really are a brick, Juliet; and don't you really mind my flirting a little wee bit with him?'

'Not the least in the world!'

'One thing more, Juliet—you won't go and ask that solemn old Colonel of yours, will you? he would quite spoil all our fun.'

'I have not the least intention of inviting Colonel Fleming,' said Juliet rather coldly, pushing back her friend's rapturous embraces. 'I don't think he would enjoy himself in the very least in *our* set!' she added with a bitter scorn that was quite unintelligible to her hearer.

A knock at the door, and the footman entering announced that 'a young person' wished to speak to Mrs. Travers.

'The dressmaker, I suppose,' said Juliet, rising. 'Post these letters, William, and tell her to come upstairs: I will see her here.'

'I am sorry to turn you out, Rosa, but I have a good deal to do this morning, and I must get this dressmaker's business over as quickly as I can; I will call for you to drive at five o'clock. William, open the door for Mrs. Dalmaine, and then ask the young woman to come up.'

And Mrs. Dalmaine went.

'One minute, Miss Richards,' said Juliet, not looking up from her writing things, as the door opened, and the rustle of a woman's dress announced the entrance of the 'young person.' 'Wait one minute, please, and I will attend to you.'

'Madame?' said a hesitating voice behind her with a pure Parisian ring which certainly did not belong to the honest little Miss Richards.

Mrs. Travers turned round with a start.

'Ernestine!' she exclaimed in amazement, 'what has brought you to town? has Mrs. Blair come up, or—you look very strange—is your mistress ill?' she added hurriedly.

'No, Madame; Madame Blair is quite well, or was so yesterday morning when I last saw her.'

'Then, what have you to say to me, Ernestine? You look very uncomfortable

standing there by the door—wont you sit down?'

Ernestine did indeed look strangely nervous and uncomfortable. She accepted Mrs. Travers's offer, and sat herself down on the edge of the high-backed chair nearest to the door.

'Madame,' she began hesitatingly, 'I have come to you in great trouble. Madame Blair has yesterday sent me out of her house without a moment's warning: only just time to pack my clothes and be off.'

'Indeed, Ernestine, I am very sorry to hear it,' said Juliet gravely; 'you must, I fear, have committed some serious fault. Tell me, my poor girl, what it is, that I may see if I can help you.'

And then Ernestine began to cry.

'Indeed, Madame, I have done nothing,' she gasped out between her sobs, 'absolument rien! Madame would not even tell me why she sent me away; she has said she would give me a good character, but she would not let me stay one day longer, and she would not tell me why I was to go: some evil persons have poisoned her mind against me, I think.'

'This sounds very strange, Ernestine!' said Juliet; but, from her own knowledge of Mrs. Blair's character, it did not appear to her so very unlikely that some sudden caprice might have set her stepmother against her former favourite.

'She has given me but my month's wages, and not one sou more, after all these years that I have so faithfully served her!' sobbed Ernestine.

'My poor girl, I am very sorry for you,' said Juliet compassionately. She had never much liked Ernestine, but she had liked Mrs. Blair still less, and she could readily believe in her injustice and harshness to an old servant. 'Don't cry, Ernestine; I will do all I can to help you to get another place.'

'How good you are, Madame! but, alas! I must not stay here, for troubles never come alone, and the very day I left—yesterday, it was—I heard from ma pauvre mère—ma pauvre mère!' she added, sobbing bitterly. Ernestine's mother had been dead ten years. 'She is very old, *cette chère mère*, and she writes to me to say that she can no longer do her work, and the officers de police have come and seized all her fur

niture—and she has not even a bed—think of that, Madame Travers, not a bed! and she past seventy!

‘Dear, dear! Ernestine; this is very sad,’ said Juliet, much distressed. ‘What can you do?’

‘I must go to Paris at once, Madame, and I have only just enough for my journey, not one sou to relieve my aged parent when I get there!’

‘My poor girl, of course I will lend you—give you, I mean—anything you want!’ cried Juliet, rising and reaching out her hand to take her purse off the writing-table, for she seldom stopped to inquire into a case of need. Juliet was generous and open-handed to a fault.

‘Stay, Madame!’ cried Ernestine, rising with the air of a tragedy queen, and stretching out her hand to ward back the proffered charity. ‘Never shall it be said that Ernestine Guillot came to any member of the family she had served so long—to *beg!* No, Madame, I will have no gift from you; I ask but for a fair price, Madame; I have something to sell!’

‘To sell? Well, if you are too proud to borrow, Ernestine,’ said Mrs. Travers with a smile, ‘I will do what I can to buy from you. Is it some trinket that you have?’

‘No, Madame, it is no bijou;’ and after much mysterious fumbling among the folds of her dress, Ernestine proceeded to draw forth from her pocket a small flat parcel in silver paper.

Mrs. Travers stretched out her hand for it, but Ernestine did not give it to her. ‘Non pas, Madame!’ she said; ‘I first must know what you will give for him?’

‘How can I say unless I know what it is? Name your own price; what do you think it is worth?’

‘Would Madame give me fifty pounds?’ inquired Ernestine, not without hesitation.

‘Fifty pounds! Why, what can it be to be worth so much?’ said Juliet, considerably taken aback.

‘It is a letter, Madame,’

‘Fifty pounds for a letter!’ cried Juliet, in amazement. ‘My good girl, you must be mad! Who would give fifty pounds for a letter?’

‘I think that you will, Madame,’ answered Ernestine calmly. Something in her voice and manner struck Juliet as singularly strange. Her face was bent, looking down

at the packet in her hands, which she slowly and with a good deal of ostentation unwrapped from the two or three papers in which it was folded.

‘This letter, Madame—or rather, this part of a letter, for it is but the half that is left—was written more than five years ago—for the date is still here—to you.’

‘To me?’

‘Yes, Madame, to you. Madame Blair did steal it and tear it up; and yesterday as I was turning out all my old boxes to pack up my things, I did find this half left in the lining of an old dress she did give me three years ago.’

‘Let me see the handwriting,’ said Juliet in a faint voice, making a step towards her—whilst the room seemed to swim in front of her eyes.

Ernestine held up the fragment of the letter firmly in both her hands.

‘Fifty pounds, Madame, and it is yours!’

One glance, and Mrs. Travers turned rapidly away to her writing-table, unlocked the drawer, pulled out her cheque-book, and hurriedly filled in the fifty pounds to Ernestine Guillot or Order.

‘Here is the money,’ she said sternly.

‘I do not believe your story about your mother—but take this cheque, give me my letter, and go back to your own country, and never let me see your face again.’

Bowing her head with a murmured remonstrance, Ernestine passed out of the room, as she passes out of this story, and Juliet saw her no more. And Juliet Travers stood motionless in the middle of the room, grasping the torn yellow fragment of her past life in her hand.

Before her dazed eyes, upon the faded page, the words of love and devotion, seen now for the first time, trembled all blotted and blurred through her tears; dear words of tender entreaty, of passionate love, of undying devotion; words that she had waited and pined for so long in vain, with such mad, hopeless longing, and that had lain so long unanswered and unheeded.

With a bitter cry Juliet flung up her arms.

‘Too late! My God, it comes too late!’ she cried, and then fell forward across the table with the letter clasped against her heart in a passion of despairing tears.

The footman once more opened the door and announced—

‘Colonel Fleming.’

(To be continued.)

THE KNIGHT AND THE MAIDEN :

A LEGEND OF THE CRUSADES.

*This is the story that the worthy father
Told us that storm-stayed night, when down the pass
The sharp sleet hurtled on the tramontane,—
And when one guest, discourteous, uttered doubt,
The father vanquished him triumphantly
With argument ad hominem : “ At Prato
Go ask . . . the sacrist ! he will show you it,—
The Belt itself will witness if I lie.”*

A knight crusader in the town
Of Prato lived. Good knight was he,
And with Duke Robert he was boune
To war in holy Galilee.
Pure was he as a virgin blade,—
Hence sometimes churl behind his beard
“ La Damigella ” whispering jeered,—
For he was modest as a maid.*

In Mary of the Assumption’s shrine,
The night before the squadron sailed,
Sir Michael watched beside his arms,
And prayed the Mother Maid divine
To keep his soul within her care,
From sinful lusts and pagan charms,—
And give some sign she heard his prayer.
On which, it on his vision grew
And to his ear the thought took tone,
That her full robe of azure hue
Ungirded was by belt or zone,
But the full drapery, all unstayed,
From neck to feet in ripples ran.†

Soon weighed the fleet ; and horse and man
In prideful splendor sailed away,
And many a knight with cross of green ‡
Rode up and down for many a day
The long waves of the Mediterrene,—
And many a weary night was lull,
And many o’ nights the surges made
A lispng noise beneath the keel,—
And overhead the moon grew full
And waned, and all the diamond wheels

Of heaven moved round the polar star,
Till, at the long and length, each hull
At anchor lay off Joppa bar.

What need to tell how fame is won,
Or how the paynim moon before
The splendor of the Christian cross
Went down in fields in floods of gore
That turned the arid ground to moss
Beneath the fervid Syrian sun,
Till from the foul miasma-swamp
Came up the Plague ! which through the camp
Walked bodily, in form a cloud
Of tepid vapor, slab and damp,
That wrapped men breast-high like a shroud.

Sir Michael soon was stricken low
With fell disease, and would have died
But for a Syrian maiden’s care,
For Azrael, the leaden-eyed,
Dark brooding in the lurid air,
Bent o’er his bed to strike the blow ;

But finding on the fevered pallet where
The sick man lay, a fair young form was pressed,
Circling him softly with compassionate care,
Fenced with her arms and buckled by her breast,
And gentled like a child with fond caress,—
Thus seeing the intended victim lie,
Maid-nursed with such exceeding tenderness,
The Restful Angel rose and passed him by.

The while the knight lay on the house’s top
Till convalescence came. Rose from below
The sleepy swaying of the fragrant trees,
Which soothed him, though at times his breath
would stop
To catch upon the swelling of the breeze
From the far camp the distant trumpet blow,
And then his nerveless hand and fretted brain
Reached to the maid, whose palm, as warm as glove,
Would rest in his until his eyelids closed
In weary languor, pleasure more than pain,—
(Even from his very weakness predisposed
That gratitude should deepen into love,—)
And then he slept,—to dream of her again.

The lion, day, rose up
And chased the black deer, night,

* The name of the knight was Michael Dajomarie,—a sufficient resemblance, where wit was scant, to give rise to the sobriquet. “ La damigella ” means “ the maid.”

† The Virgin is frequently thus represented.

‡ The narrator is in error here ; the Italian crusaders wore yellow crosses ; the Flemings green.

Adown the mountain slopes of Ascalon
 Until it trembling hid within its caves ;
 And then, as from a cup
 Outpoured the roseate flood of morning-red
 And spread o'er all the landscape, wave on wave,
 And wheresoe'er its elixir was shed
 The small, rejoicing foliage drank it up,
 And the glad flowers came forth from out their
 graves.

That summer morn,—'twas when some days were
 gone,—

Within a garden the recovered knight
 So long and tenderly won back from death
 Walked with his angel, to inhale the breath
 Of greenerie, and quaff the healthful light,
 And see the star-eyes open, one by one,
 Their winking fringes to the light of sun ;
 White blossoms rained on them ; red roses threw
 Warm, sidelong glances ; low forget-me-nots
 Oped their blue eyes, and lilies white and gold
 Nodded approval ; peeped out slyly too
 From its green yashmak in secluded nooks
 The eastern beauty of the cyclamen,—
 As, timidly, a tale of love was told,—
 Which told,—like to a lute with silver strings
 Zulðme's sweet tinkling tongue was loosened then
 And babbled like a brook,—of many things.

SHE.

" My father was a learnèd Greek ;
 My mother daughter of the Druse,
 And my poor father oft would seek,
 In way that learnèd men amuse
 Their leisure, to pore out the springs
 Of death in life and life in death,
 And ever-coming chance and change
 That build the framework of all things,
 The while man draws his fleeting breath ;—
 And his strong knowledge, stern and strange,
 Would soften down all meek and mild,
 And tell to me, a little child :—

" Thus :

*" Music is but myriad sprites
 All rowing on the liquid air,
 With, or against the wind and tide,
 And sending forward curvilinear
 Of ripples up the shore that wash,
 And on the nerves seductive glide
 With fondling touch, or dulcet, dash
 In tinkling sprays that on the brain
 Refreshing fall, as summer rain
 Falls on the parching maiden-hair
 And lilies white and jessamines."*

HE.

" Then make me music. Call the sprites
 That answer to your father's spells,
 And bid them add to our delights
 Beneath the bending flower-bells."

SHE SINGS.

Lay thy lips to mine,
 Lightly,
 Let thy dear eyes shine
 Brightly,
 In thine ear let Love, the lisper,
 Tell to thee in earnest whisper,
 That thou art no more thine own
 But thou all belong'st to me,
 Belong'st to me alone,
 For the germ of love hath grown a tree,
 And the Rose of Love hath blown."

Close gathered, then, with many a sidelong arrow
 Shot from their eyes, they wandered on apace,
 Beneath the climbing vines that left a narrow
 Pathway for two, and made a shady place
 Wherein they clasped, and their long kisses clung.
 The summer's breath that round that youthful pair
 Intoxicate with scent of tulips hung,
 And lush with odor of a thousand flowers,
 And drowse with drone of bees that clustered there,
 Made them forget the wingèd-footed hours.
 Earth was their Eden. In the love-fraught air
 She thought her gallant was more gallant then,
 And he his fair one felt was twice as fair.
 And thus they fooled away the summer's day.
 Then hand in hand they to the mother went
 And told their piteous tale, the old, old tale
 So hard to tell, so sweet when it is told, —
 And so they drew near timidly, yet bold,—
 She glowing like the morning, he with step
 Arched like an Arab's, for her soft touch sent
 The blood warm coursing from his heart to heel,
 While proudly, as a victor bends, he bent
 Before the dame and made his fond appeal,
 And, doubting lest his prayer might not avail,
 He vowed by Mary and good San Giuseppe
 That if to him the dear one should be lent
 He with his life would guard her, true and leal.

THE MOTHER.

" And wilt thou take my daughter dear
 Without or gold or land in fee?"

HE.

" I will ! and call the Saints to hear
 That she is all the world to me,
 With beauty for her dowery ?"

Thus were they wed, but ere to bed
 The little loves conducted them,
 The lady mother stately said :
 " Approach ! fair son, and wife Zulème.
 Your loves are for yourselves alone,
 But richly wedded shall ye be,
 For that the blessed Virgin's zone
 Shall be this virgin's dowery."

She opened a grate of graven bars
 Set in a low-browed arch of stone,
 When suddenly a glory-ray
 Of dazzling rainbow light outshone
 In splendor that eclipsed the day,
 And there upon a cushion strewn,
 All diamonded with living stars,
 The VIRGIN'S ZONE resplendent lay !*

Then reverently the three down fell
 Before the shrine, on bended knee,
 The while the mother strove to tell
 The marvel of this mystery :

" Dos't wonder why, Zulème, dear daughter
 mine,

Above all maidens thou art honored thus ?
 Know that thou art the last one of the line
 In straight descent from Thomas Didymus,
 Surnamed the Doubter. When the Virgin flew,
 In sight of her revered and reverend train,
 To sit with Jesu at the mercy-seat
 And wear in heaven the palmed and starry crown,
 Her sacred hand, to give their faith a sign,
 Unclassed the circlet that you here may view,—
 The very girdle she was wont to wear ;—
 Even as the hand of summer drops the rain
 She let it drop upon the ambient air,
 Whence, like a coil of prism, it floated down
 And fell all splendent at the Doubter's feet.

* The *sanctissima cintola*, so called.

" Then when the good saint journeyed,—as was
 meet,—

To pagan lards where gospel is unknown,
 He placed the Girdle of the Mother May,—
 A thousand years since,—in this arch of stone,
 Not to be drawn from its abiding place
 Until, in Heaven's good time, should come the day
 A virgin should be last of all her race,
 When it should shine forth with supernal ray,—
 The day has come, and maid,—and *thou art she!*"

Even as she spoke the splendor waned away,
 As when a lamp goes out, not suddenly,
 But in its circles lessening, wave by wave,
 And scintillating like the stars in storm,
 And in the gloom they saw outlined a form
 That lit upon the floor and closed the cave.

A ship sailed out from Joppa bar,
 With flag of blue and crimson silk ;
 All luminous as is a star
 She left a wake as white as milk
 Behind her on the silver sea.
 Aft, the scented zephyrs sighed ;
 Before her, as to lead the way,
 The dolphins flashed their glittering scales
 And swam and tumbled in their play ;
 The rosy nautilus plied
 Their latteen-sailed and pearly boats,
 Like man-o'-war's-men on the lee ;
 Landbirds lit on the gasket-snoods,—
 The sow-your-wheat and Robin Red,
 And skylarks carolled overhead ;
 While turtle-doves from out the woods
 Sat cooing on the bulwark-rails,
 And siskins with their silver throats,
 And small, winged boys, as thick as motes,
 And, night and day, the nightingales,
 All singing up among the sails :

Ave Maria purissima.

HUNTER DUVAR.

THE NEW LIFE.

"The man is now become a man."—*Carlyle.*

HAPPY season of youth! how vividly the remembrance of it clings to us all! Then were the days filled with delight; then the nights brought with them soothing rest; hope bloomed beautiful and seemed eternal, grief was but temporary and left no trace; all was sunshine and gladness and innocent joy. But the years speed on apace; thought and care loom up on the horizon, growing daily more distinct; and the hour is at hand, with its bitter awakening, when we find that the child-king (now a child no more) has given place to the subject, man—to man bound in the galling chains of necessity; to man with his inchoate sense of responsibility and duty, his dreams of heavenly heritage of infinite goodness and pleasure, his certain earthly lot of pain, of sadness, and of sin.

Bright visions, the offspring of our youth, one by one fade away and die,—trampled out of life and being under the ruthless foot of reality and the exigencies of daily existence. Everything seems changed about us. The hurrying present grows pale in comparison with the happy past (for the past, too, has its azure tints); and from the overwhelming sense of loss thus arising there is planted within us a deep grief—inseparable from us ever after: a grief which increases as we increase, which may bring forth alluring blossoms and bear bitter fruit, or, if tenderly nourished, produce an ennobling, enduring, and sustaining growth. For the New Life is a sorrow-birth with sore travail from the gay-heartedness of youth.

Youth is irreligious, is all-sufficient for itself, its new energies being yet unwasted. The time soon comes, however, when the simple traditionary beliefs and innate faith of the childish understanding fail to be a support to the mind of the man, and then begins within him a life-and-death struggle, upon the result whereof hangs the future; then or never must he attain the real belief and the true faith, to him now become a

great need, and to acquire which is the first great problem of his existence. How often, alas! is the result of that struggle other than we would wish! how often does it end in bewilderment and contradiction, in denial of that his soul tells him is true, in blind adherence to threadbare precedents and old use-and-wont!—whereas that ending should be a beginning, the ending of the old and the beginning of the new life.

At the outset of manhood some faint-hearted ones, horrified with the vision which presents itself—one of high reward yet great temptation—and fearful of failure, take refuge in asceticism, hoping to "climb into heaven upon the narrow ladder of fasting and prayer." Others as blind, fasten at once upon some idea, and make that idea and the pursuit it involves, their religion. But the proper solution of the great problem comes not to us in a moment, as if by instinct; it is only the consummation of years of earnest, loving search after light,—light which when found may, even then, shine on us fitfully, faintly, and from afar; still, however faint, we feel in our souls it is the true light, and we can see that it ever grows clearer and more reassuring as we manfully struggle towards it.

In this search many things will be found hard to reconcile; various influences within and without will retard the arrival at the desired end; journeyings hither and thither are innumerable; deviation from the path is frequent and to find it again is difficult; false beacons bewilder and then betray: till, at last, baffled and heartsick, weary and footsore, we are well-nigh on the dark threshold of denial with the drear realms of despair looming up beyond. A cloud seems to be over us everywhere. We search in the darkness of the night for that which is plain in the noonday; in the abstruse and recondite we seek in vain that which lies uncovered around us: for man loves mystery; he thinks not that the great-

est secret is the "open" or "revealed" secret, and that the divinest truths are also the most clear and simple: thus he allows to remain before him unseen that which, clothed in the mystery of creeds, becomes in some slight degree his own. 'Tis a poor way, at best, veiling truth in order to obtain it; when, did we but study the mother-tongue—common to all mankind—and read the perennial scriptures of nature, we could speedily quench our thirst for truth at the pure fountain head. But instead of nature for a teacher we take man, forgetting that the thoughts and convictions of others are not and cannot be ours until we have weighed them, sifted them, and suited them to ourselves; and thus, through neglecting to translate the language of others into our own, we learn but little, we walk with poor and slender guidance indeed.

The time may seem long, but the reward is sure; and as the early student who has begun his task by the lamp trusts to its feeble glow (being blinded thereby to the light without) long after the dawn, so mayest thou, setting out in darkness with thy old waning belief to illumine the path, toil on far into the day unknowing of the morn. Courage!—the stars are seen only by night, while in the obscurity of pain and sorrow many supernal truths, invisible in the sunshine of gladness, will emerge from the gloom, bright and beautiful to thy astonished eyes.

In the first rapture of a belief and faith gained, everything appears clear. Life bursts forth on us in all its true brilliancy and beauty; our trouble seeming over, now surely may be expected a quiet and blissful succession of future days. Alas! only one draught from the cup of life has been taken, and the bitter lees are already on our lips.—"If ye know those things happy are ye if ye do them."—The first great problem disposed of, as well as may be, the second and more difficult one is at hand awaiting solution; can, indeed, never be completely solved, but is before us to be tried daily, hourly, to the last moment of our existence. Belief must be converted into energy, conviction into conduct, precept must become practice; the idea, unseen and, may-be, unknown, avails not; by deeds we must live—by deeds we shall be judged.

Many love to look on hills, few essay to climb them. The attempt must be made,

nevertheless; and ever striving yet never completely succeeding, doubting and disappointed, alarmed by the constant recurrence of sin and error, weary of incessant watching and prayers sent aloft to unseen powers in vain, we find the new life, now really begun, a hard and difficult one to lead. The deep well of faith which lies within us must at this time be developed, for it is only through faith that a straight path can for any time be maintained. What though sin may come, let in not daunt thee. "The web of life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not! and our vices would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues." Does not sin, which is human, bring sorrow—which is divine?

Fall not into despondency; wait and hope. Our great mother has provided a balm for all our woes; and in Labour, cheerful labour, can be found the nepenthe which naught else in the whole world beside can bestow. Behold! many things appear to thee to do, yet attempt not too much: "Find what thou canst work at;" and be it in trade or in commerce, in law, medicine, or the church, in common labour even, work earnestly and honestly—work faithfully, hopefully, and work well. "Blessed is he who hath found his work."

Think not of happiness or pleasure, for happiness in the meaning of the many is a chimera, and pleasure a *fata morgana* which on pursuit will fade away into chill mists. Learn now, once for all, the sublime lesson (taught in the words of England's greatest novelist) that "it is but a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring much about our narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of mankind as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else because our souls see that it is good." The new life begins with and continues through renunciation, that divinest act of mankind, and ever leads to sorrow; yet rear tenderly thy sorrows, for they (the angelic offspring of self-sacrifice) will comfort thee in great need and will lead thee on the path towards that far-off coun-

try where the ways, ceasing to be wholly of earth, gradually become divine.

And now, though a belief has been attained, though a work has been begun and is progressing, comes the upas-shadow of Discontent over thee, basking in the sunshine of labour. "Were he there and not here, were thus and not so, it were well with him." Thou longest for the blue hills afar-off; thou wouldst roam through those distant scenes of beauty; and there, no longer in the grey, cold air and lifeless, too-real prospect which now surrounds thee, wouldst be at rest. Alas! thou wouldst find but a sad disappointment; and looking back wouldst behold the spot thou hadst left, robed in a skyey garment of azure loveliness, to be longed for in its turn. Banish such thoughts; despise not thy present place or employment; one does not live for ever in Spain, nor is sorrow a stranger there; and wherever thou art there around thee is "man's existence with its infinite longings and small acquirings; its ever-thwarted, ever-renewed endeavors; its unspeakable aspirations, its fears and hopes that wander through Eternity: and all the mystery of brightness and of gloom that it was ever made of in any age or climate since man first began to live."

Regret is the child of the past, discontent, of the present, and hope, of the future; take hope to thy bosom, change regret to sorrow, but make no truce with discontent, for thou hast that within thee which can rise superior to it. Yes, even while thou lookest out on the leaden sky, the driven snow, the desolate heath, and the withered leaves whirled fitfully about by the moaning winds, thou art gifted to look beyond;—and through that dreary scene thou canst perceive some enchanting vista in distant, beautiful Italy; canst see the deep cerulean sky, the fairy fleeces floating in the clear, perfumed air, and joyous companies on the flower-bestrewn bank of some laughing stream, footing it fealty to the soft murmuring of the lute. Should this wondrous faculty bring thee sadness? ought it not rather to bring thee joy? does it not render thee independent of place and scene?

Thou longest too for sympathy, for perfect love; thou wouldst rest upon some bosom loved, and strengthen on some sympathetic soul. Such desirable ones alas! are not of earth; perfect sympathy thou

canst never find except in Nature, where it is indeed mighty, but where it is—as true sympathy ever is—silent as well. Go where thou wilt into the world in search of it, thou wilt return alone; and this deep sense of aloneness is one of the hardest burdens the intellectual man has to bear. Yet bethink thee! to others it is the same. Others as earnest as thyself are striving, renouncing, wearily but eagerly struggling towards the clear light: courage to each other, friends—

"Here eyes do regard you
In eternity's stillness;
Here is all fullness
Ye brave to reward you:
Work and despair not!"

Strive to attain the new life, for it is a higher life and it is the real life. "Let each being become all he is capable of being; expand if possible to his full growth; resisting especially all noxious adhesions, and show himself length in his own shape and stature, be these what they may." To live so one must step aside from the common walks of men, and it requires fortitude to strike out into a new and untravelled path; the curse of expediency and the lack of will lead us rather on those rutted by the world, poor though we see the way and weak the way-goers. But as trees split their outer bark to provide for increasing growth, so man must lay aside his old prejudices and early impressions if he would become great and wise.

Again we say work! work in deeds; yet if thou hast to speak be not afraid, for let a man speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought or conviction within him, the actual condition of his own mind or heart, and others, strangely knit by the ties of intelligence and sympathy, will give him heed. The sun of life rises within us mild and glorious, but soon coming to its noon-day heat and oppressive sultriness, labor becomes difficult; but that endured faithfully, how much the more shall we enjoy the quiet, sublime setting, surrounded by the realities of deeds done, when otherwise the gibbering phantoms of unborn actions would well-nigh drive us mad.

Let us close these poor thoughts, these imperfect utterances, with the wish that the day, though distant, is surely approaching, when the life of each will be the New Life;

when we can no longer say with heartfelt sadness that "the soul of man still fights with the dark influences of Ignorance, Misery, and Sin; still lacerates itself like a captive bird against the iron bars which necessity has drawn round it; still follows

false shows, seeking peace and good on paths where no peace and good is to be found."

Versaamt nicht zu üben
Die Kräfte des Guten.—GOETHE.

G. C.

GEORGE ELIOT'S LATER MANNER.

TO dissect and study in cold blood the varying styles of an author, or the changeful excellencies of a school of writers, is a task for posterity; not for a contemporary. And the greater the genius to be studied, the more minute and delicate in their life-like ramifications will be the fibres of human interest and constructive talent which we have to handle and untwine, and as our task becomes more arduous the risk of failing will appear increasingly probable. Nor is it solely or chiefly "a glory from its being far," that is won by the past, in that slow, receding process which culminates in its orbiting as "the perfect star we saw not when we moved therein." The mass and planetary bulk, which, when we touched and handled some minute portion of its surface, was incomprehensible in its vastness and bewildering in the apparent purposelessness of its movements, becomes, once it has placed a space of time or distance between it and our curiosity, an object which we can weigh at our leisure, examine upon all sides, whose phases and occultations can be told, and which submits to our loving study the laws by which its relative place in the starry heavens is determined, and what rush of minor satellites and cometary matter will feel the drag of its attraction.

But we must not allow a great writer to pass amongst us without critical recognition, merely because a reviewer of the next century will be in a better position than we are for a searching analysis. Already it is

possible to trace some leading features that appear to mark the triumphal progress of the masterpieces of GEORGE ELIOT as one by one they pass us, fresh from the mint of her creative mind; and we shall do well, if, standing a little aloof from that regal procession, we strive to grasp the grouping of the characters and their mutual relationship. One small instalment of such an insight is all this paper can pretend to offer.

There is no royal road of criticism which will determine how an author should progress in excellence or deterioration. Styles do not always run from good to better and best;—nor, luckily, from bad to worse and worst. Those six classes, and their intermediate shades, will tell off into an almost interminable number of combinations, capable of being reduced to a mathematical certainty by any one possessing the desire and a competent smattering of Algebra. Macaulay, in his celebrated speech on Lord Mahon's copyright Bill, has, indeed, raised a *prima facie* case in favor of the theory that wits ripen no less than fruits, and gives instances tending to show how development, in a few years and within the more or less narrow compass of a single brain-pan, may push the individual quite sensibly further from the literary standpoint of the ape. The Shakespeare who wrote "Lear," was the same Shakespeare who wrote "Love's Labour Lost," and yet how different!

Still this rule does not hold good universally. It is subject to the disturbing influ-

ences of climate, of national character, of long or short life, of good or evil fortune. Who can tell whether Keats, had he not died young, with the grand notes of "Hyperion" quivering upon his lips, might not, after having perhaps given us (alas the day!) another "St. Agnes' Eve," or a second "Pot of Basil," have declined into writing something sweeter and weaker than "Endymion" itself? With the sad prospect before us of Tennyson and Longfellow writing themselves out we cannot say that he would not. Neither can we say that "Waverley" betrays the touch of a beginner, and the "Talisman" tells of ripened powers;—but in the case of Sir Walter we must bear in mind the sharp distinction perceptible in all his works,—the distinction, that is, between those whose characters are Scotch and life-like, and those whose heroes and heroines are more or less foreign, and consequently untrue to nature. The works of Dickens, again, are far from showing such an increase of power as Macaulay's rule (as we will call it for shortness' sake) would imply. His earlier works are stronger, more healthy, and more robust than those of his later style,—a fact attributable to outward circumstances, which drew him away from those old haunts of low-born mirth and heaven-inspired vulgarity where he was *facile princeps*, and induced him to enter the staler and yet to him more unfamiliar grades of life, where the thinner vices and surface pettinesses of noblemen and city merchants were the main objects of satire, and where he met the keen rivalry of Thackeray, whose pencil would have barely had an equal chance with him among the scenes of his earlier triumphs.

But whither are we being led? A desire to find some clue to the possible grouping of George Eliot's works has sent us too far afield among the writings of authors whose style was very foreign to hers: it is time to approach our immediate subject nearer.

Carlyle has depicted the ideal hero as he has appeared to the world, shrouded in the more or less opaque disguise of God, priest, poet, or man of letters. If we may venture to subdivide his larger scale, and to point to the hero as dramatist, the hero as epic, as lyric poet, as orator, or as man of science, we would say that the hero as novelist has only just accomplished his *avatar*,—and that no higher good can come to man

through that medium than has been communicated by George Eliot.

It follows from this, that novel writing has had, (or rather is having,) its palmiest day, and will undoubtedly henceforth deteriorate into the hands of quacks and shams, becoming in the process what, unfortunately, we can only too well forecast from some specimens already before the world. And it is highly noticeable that this has been accomplished by a woman. Woman's wit (Sappho and the stock examples to the contrary notwithstanding) has hitherto been much confined to the functions of razor-strop or more or less insensible iron block, upon which your Petrarch may sharpen his poetic functions, or from which Dante's heaven-induced flint may find occasion to strike a spark capable of illumining hell.

But this century has not dealt so churlishly with its feminine natures, nor condemned them to silence and ignorance on account of an average deficiency in brain matter of some few ounces or pennyweights, *avoirdupois*,—much as if a slave-driver should feel the cramping and undesirable effect of chains and leg-bolts in the past (can it not be expressed in reliable figures?) an unanswerable argument against free negro-locomotion in the future.

In consequence,—without going into details,—we have a Rosa Bonheur, a Mrs. Browning, a George Eliot, all capable of giving out their talents to the world direct, and not through the diffusive medium of the next generation; for which consummation may all fostering powers be devoutly blessed! Does not this fact shine out through George Eliot's novels? is it not amply recognized in "Middlemarch," for example?—so amply in fact that it seems as though the author laughed in her sleeve, as, skimming over the leaves of a cento of masculine novel writers, whose heroines, vain, silly, pert, religious, intriguing, vicious, or conceited, all combine in being more or less worthless impediments to a man's progress, hardly worthy of the title of incumbances, she refers us to the cunning pages of old Æsop. Ah, well! we all know that tale of the bronze man (Hercules no less, to judge by his muscle) whose bared arm is strangling the bronze lion, while the brute of actual flesh and blood stands by, shaking his mane, and prophesying a different

sculptured story when the claws of his race shall have learned to grasp mallet and chisel, and, with teeming brain, shall have adorned the Court of the Lions with representations of struggles to the full as one-sided,—but with a difference! Let us look over the characters in “Middlemarch,” and point the moral.

First and foremost, Dorothea, large-hearted and noble, actually trying to her dearest friends from her persistent expectations that they will develop some (to them) impossible nobility of nature, akin to her own;—ruling those around her as a girl; determining her own future as a married woman, and, as such, detecting the hollowness of the respectable walking skeleton she is chained to, and yet sacrificing herself to his imperious demands upon her. Dorothea, never to be deterred from doing the right thing for fear of consequences, is a living satire on the conventional heroine, whose ideal “right thing” is judged by the shadow of worldly consequences it will cast, and by no means by its intrinsic holiness.

Rosamond, more hateful, because less openly distasteful, than Mrs. McKenzie in the “Newcomes,” (a harsh verdict, but well deserved,) comes nearer the ordinary type of novelists' women. Such a character, with its “combination of correct sentiments, elegant note-writing, and perfect blonde loveliness,” had been heard of before, though never drawn with such life-like tints. But the power she wields! Bowing down Lydgate's high ambitions to the dust, dragging Ladislaw into the mire, and nearly wrecking his happiness and Dorothea's at one blow;—why, Hercules in the fable has found a very weak lion capable of performing a heavy feat in the strangling line! Celia, petty character as she is, and Mrs. Cadwalader, far from petty character as *she* is, alike rule their husbands genially yet absolutely; Mary Garth well deserves Mr. Farebrother's encomium, “to think of the part one little woman can play in the life of a man, so that to renounce her may be a very good imitation of heroism, and to win her may be a discipline.” And lastly, when Bulstrode is bowed down with remorse and scornings, it is his wife who takes him tenderly by the hand and leads him off the scene with loving care, directing his steps whither she may bind up his wounds and

patch again for him his broken life. Do not think though, that this aspect is overwrought or too prominently put forward in “Middlemarch.” On the contrary, the characters we have gone lightly over are all womanly, there is nothing of the ordinary “novel-with-a-purpose” air about them, and it is only by a searching analysis that you will notice that these girls and matrons have been fashioned by a hand which, whether they be good or bad, has not failed to endow them one and all with a portion of the power she feels within herself is woman's rightful heritage. And when that analysis is made, the results appear more striking from the fact that the men of the tale seem as a rule unaware that any change is taking place in the prevalent and traditional type of womanhood. From the Chichey point of view (one yet favored by many connoisseurs) women are still more or less perfect and desirable according as they approach or recede from “my style of woman;” as though at the feast of life, the dishes should be strictly suited to the tastes of the guests, by whom of course we understand the men, and anything peculiar or *outré* in flavor or seasoning set aside and the cook reprimanded accordingly. The idea recurs in a neat form in a motto to “Daniel Deronda,” with which a “first gentleman” seems well satisfied as containing his opinion and that of the world at large in a nutshell—“Men's taste is woman's test;” while his comrade points out the corrective fact, that, as tastes in game and puddings have varied with the ages, it is possible that the masculine taste for woman, that standing dish, may vary as well in its demands.

From Sir James Chettam's standpoint, masculine ignorance is still superior to female knowledge, and that latter acquirement chiefly valuable as a consulting medium, liable however to occasional fits of predominance which would require “putting down when he liked,” much as one would want to “put down” an Encyclopedia which had suddenly become rampantly vocable, and insisted on enlightening us upon abstruse subjects at inopportune moments. Even Lydgate, in whom we might have expected to find better views, objects to Dorothea as “not looking at things from the proper feminine angle,” and her propensity to ask questions and

refer them for solution to her moral sense, appears to him an unpleasant trait to introduce into the earthly paradise of married life. The ordinary doom of the female sex is very clearly before our author's eyes,—the "gentlewoman's oppressive liberty" before marriage; dictation during courtship which supplies "appetite for submission afterward;" the life of the eye, which in the midst of solemn warnings, finds time to take mental patterns of a quilling or a lace collar; the distorted ideas of right and wrong which can convert candour and love of truth into a "lively objection to seeing anyone looking happier than circumstances warrant;" and a charity whose principal work is to make a "neighbor unhappy for her own good."

These few extracts will suffice to show that George Eliot has not committed the mistake of lifting her womenkind out of real life into an impracticable atmosphere, but has shown them as they actually are, struggling against a hundred foot-tripping obstacles, with here and there one figure like Dorothea, who, at the risk of striking her bleeding feet against the cruel rocks of circumstance, still looks upward, still pushes onward, and, when in greatest risk of stumbling herself, is then readiest to extend a helping hand to her sister in adversity.

"Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda" form, we conceive, the second or later school of George Eliot's fictions. In these the canvas is broader, the figures more numerous and varied, the interest less centered upon single characters, and the connection between the actors more complicated than was the case in her former works. The material from which a Mrs. Poyser can be drawn must be derived from nature; early familiarity with the original speaks out of every touch of the loving pencil.

It is not easy to renew one's stock of such characters; less quaintly amusing types come more readily to the novelist's hand, and less marked differences, as of the half-dozen merchants' wives at Middlemarch (no one of whom could be possibly mistaken for another) have to occupy our attention. Then, again, the longer period depicted allows a slower growth of character to crystallise, as it were, under our eyes;—Gwendolen has time to harden and then to melt again under sorrow and bitter in-

fluences, without any of those violent solutions of continuity with which Dickens was wont to startle his bad characters into saintliness, in his last three chapters, and thus destroy the *vraisemblance* of the whole picture. We see in these two masterpieces a constructive truth which reminds us of Nature's handiwork—bold outlines, masses of light and shade, fine half tints uniting broad sweeps of colour and sunshine.

Look closer, and you will see the delicate detail of Nature as well; take the author's hand in yours, and as she leads you along she will point out the one life, nay the single action in the one life, touching into vibrating motion the now quivering life beside it. Follow the ripple on the pool till, far off, it stirs the sedges round the marsh-hen's nest,—trace out the note sent jarringly or soothingly along the sounding board of the great world-organ, till, lo! at the right moment, it blossoms out upon us, filling the universal air with beautiful harmony or sounds of misery and death. The little meannesses of Bulstrode in his past youth in the metropolis, how can they affect the future of Dorothea or Lydgate,—the one bending with dreamy eyes over her lessons at Geneva, the other diligently at work in the dissecting rooms of Paris? Wait a little. Let them all meet, years afterwards, at Middlemarch, and meantime let a vile instrument preserve the memory of those hidden actions for his own base ends, hiding them from all the world, save from the man who originally struck the note and who can tell by the trembling of the instrument beneath his touch, that all has not yet sunk back into silence. Then at last let an accident set the imprisoned and impassioned music free; see! at the sound Ladislav finds a fresh barrier start up between him and his love, Lydgate is drawn within the vortex of that devouring shame, and upon the head of the chief offender is showered a shattering blast of scorn and contempt that has been rolling up its accumulated woes for years.

This is one example among many of the deep and subtle intercommunication that exists between the people whom we meet in these works. No one word or deed but has its bearing, its effect, more or less visible upon the word and deed of another. And it is this which, to our mind, makes these two

histories worthy of forming a class by themselves. "Felix Holt" may perhaps be considered as a connecting link between these and the works of an earlier class, but more on account of its being the first of our author's works which (if memory serves us) had its chapters supplied with mottoes; a circumstance worthy of independent notice.

Some of these mottoes, it is well known, are of the author's own inditing, a practice first introduced by Sir Walter Scott, who, as Lockhart informs us, searching in vain one day with Ballantyne for a congenial heading for a chapter in the "Antiquary," was fain to make one up rather than waste more time. Some of his occasional verses of this kind are very sweet, many having the true ballad ring, and others ascribed to some "Old Play" being almost subtle and pointed enough to remind us of George Eliot's own. The motto to the second chapter of the "Monastery," and that verse in the "Legend of Montrose":

"Yet he that's sure to perish on the land
May quit the nicety of card and compass,
And trust the open sea without a pilot;"

or that again in the "Fortunes of Nigel," with its apt comparison of a man to

"the mouldy lemon
Which our Court wits will wet their lips withal,
When they would sauce their honied conversation
With somewhat sharper flavour,"

will illustrate our meaning well enough. Delicacy of perception is one of the most striking qualities of George Eliot's mottoes; take for example that to the sixth chapter of "Middlemarch," where the Pharisee, taking not *giving* tithe of mint and cummin, is so neatly depicted:

"Nice cutting is her function; she divides
With spiritual edge the millet seed,
And makes intangible savings."

Delicacy, as we have remarked, but no lack of power,—forcible, stern power capable of crushing an imposter or scathing a vice. Look, for instance, at this recipe, worthy of Swift, for a sauce for idleness:

"First watch for morsels, like a hound,
Mix well with buffets, stir them round
With good thick oil of flatteries,
And froth with mean self-lauding lies.
Serve warm; the vessels you must choose
To keep it in are dead men's shoes."

3

Little fear, my friends, that our literature will become tame and lose its vigour in woman's hands, if this is a fair specimen of the work they turn out. Nor need there be much dread lest the tender promptings of love may be lost beneath the weight of such wonderful imagery and such powerful thought. At the right "spot and hour" it comes welling up out of the heart, like the exquisite little song Will Ladislav sings on his way to Lowick church, or that perfect motto which compares the birth of love to a flower, at whose nativity no less powers than the spacious earth and the broad fostering skies assist:

"Downward root and upward eye,
Shapen by the earth and sky."

There is a similarity, with a difference, in the author's mottoes to "Daniel Deronda." Some there are as tender, a large number show power of thought and diction, and a much greater proportion are written in prose, rather lengthy according to ordinary ideas for the purpose for which they are written, but adapted admirably to the desired end. The little allegory of Knowledge and Ignorance, heading chapter 21; the initial motto of the first book, a perfect essay on "a beginning," embracing in few lines the text of all that can be truthfully said about Time and Eternity, recur most readily to our mind; but there are many others as true and beautiful as these. Before quitting this part of our subject we must give our tribute to the taste which has selected the quoted mottoes, a taste to which the present reviewer owes a deep debt of gratitude, for it introduced to his notice and loving admiration no less a man than William Blake.

A recent English periodical has expressed the following opinion of George Eliot's characters, and the opinion has been endorsed by a Toronto contemporary, that they are "not so much living creations, feeling and acting with the fortuitous spontaneity of ordinary humanity—they constantly tend to become subordinated to the author's views of life, to act as illustrative of a special system or theory." Now we protest against this view as misleading. In the first place it is based on an entire misconception of human action. "Ordinary humanity" neither feels nor acts with "fortuitous spontaneity," although some

not over acute individuals, our *British Quarterly* Reviewer apparently among the number, fancy that as they cannot clearly divine the inward promptings of their own motives, they have none, and that their actions are the outcome of blind chance. My dear reviewer, take George Eliot's word for it, if you not unnaturally decline to accept mine, there is no such thing in this world as chance. Chance, in its grand sense, "is the pseudonym of God for those particular cases which he does not choose to subscribe openly with his own sign manual,"—and in smaller things, why, when you sauntered down to your club after penning that telling phrase about "fortuitous spontaneity" and took the right hand side of the way instead of the left, there was but little fortuity in it, although you would have been puzzled to detect the lurking motive. Some momentary appeal to one of your senses, some far-off memory, some habit, or reaction from habit, determined your action. If George Eliot were to depict you as arguing this question out with great "psychological subtlety", she might be fairly open to your criticism. But so far from doing so, she draws her characters as Nature makes them, and it is in her own voice, and as an aside, that she discovers to us the secret springs that actuate their conduct.

The whole theory of the reviewer breaks down when we read that passage where Fred. Vincy is depicted "rewarding resolution with a little laxity." His frame of mind is carefully argued out, but with the following safeguard against misapprehension,—“He did not enter into formal reasons, which are a very artificial, inexact way of representing the tingling returns of old habit, and the caprices of young blood, but there was lurking in him a prophetic sense that he should begin to bet and in general prepare himself for feeling 'rather seedy' in the morning. It is in such indefinable movements that action often begins.” We presume George Eliot did not think it necessary to repeat this caution after every analysis of mental condition which she gives, and we fancy that no one except the "British Quarterly" was misled by such an omission. In point of fact, we know no other creatures of fiction who are more palpably flesh and blood and less the puppets of a purpose or the slaves of a preconceived system than her's are.

But it is undoubtedly true that our author has laid modern psychology under heavy contributions. And not that branch of science alone, but all other scientific teaching is tributary to her. The modern idea of sky composition affords her a truthful and humorous illustration of a fond and somewhat foolishly grounded belief; the microscope applied to animalcules evolves a hitherto unexpected metaphorical explanation of a watch-maker's motives. From whatever source her illustrations are drawn, of one thing we may be certain, they will be subtle and not unfrequently barbed with a wonderful satire. Prophecy, the most inexcusable form of mistake; statements, neither intended to afford, nor affording any direct clue to facts; answers, which turn away wrath indeed, but only to the other end of the room;—what more incisive touches than these can be found in any other writer? Or what subtler inward reservation has ever been hinted at than when Dorothea "looks forward to renouncing riding"? Did ever moralist draw a more telling picture than that which depicts a man "present at this great spectacle of life, never liberated from a small, hungry, shivering self"? This idea is repeated from the "Spanish Gypsy,"

" You will walk
Forever with a tortured double self,
A self that will be hungry while you feast,
Will blush with shame while you are glorified,
Will feel the ache and chill of desolation
Even in the very bosom of your love."

The conception of an *alter ego*, a self which impersonates one's disagreeable qualities and needs, appears to have been very forcibly present in George Eliot's mind during the composition of this poem. In two other passages the entity "self" is made use of,—in one, the charming song of Pablo, it is reduced to a minimum :

" Little shadows danced,
Each a tiny elf,
Happy in large light
And the thinnest self."

We might mention here the only other instance of self repetition we have noticed in George Eliot. We refer to the incident in that wonderfully powerful scene in the *Albergo dell' Italia* when poor Gwendolen, with remorse at her heart, forces her pale, quivering lips to disclose to Deronda the secrets of her innocent soul.

The outlash (we must thank George Eliot for that word) of murderous thought had brightened those sorrowful eyes, when, as she herself describes it, she had first happened upon the beautiful toy in the Ryelands Cabinet, when she drew it "small and sharp, like a long willow leaf," from its silver sheath, and mused over the keen edge till she was nearly maddened. In one of George Eliot's earliest works, one of that marvellous series of "Scenes in Clerical Life" which placed its author at once in the first rank of English fiction, there is a delicately limned sketch of a wayward little Italian girl, whose love and hate find no readier mode of relief than through her splendid voice. Who that has read the book can ever forget the description of the scene, when with the hidden knife in her sleeve, and all the pride and vengeance of her hot-blooded ancestry mustering round her heart, she stole out to meet her perjured lover in the Rookery. And the revulsion of feeling that fell her, the downward rush of grief "too deep for tears," that drew as it were a pall of consecrating sorrow in front of all her petty feelings of wounded self-conceit, when, amid the rustle of the fallen autumn leaves, she espied, cold as marble, the dead face of him she loved, dead from no sudden blow of hers;—who does not remember how his own heart went out towards hers in pitying affection at the recital of those manifold woes?

The similarity of the two scenes strikes us at once, the difference lies chiefly in the greater elaboration bestowed on the situation in "Daniel Deronda," and an absence in the later work of the almost idyllic sweetness so peculiarly noticeable in the earlier and shorter sketch. The incident also is rather more in keeping with Italian than English blood,—but while we write the words, we tremble, and having written them, we retract. George Eliot knows better than any one else what such a character as Gwendolen, "wrought up to fever-point by the perpetual, hateful company of a character like Grandcourt, could be driven to. In one of Robert Browning's wonderful monologues (we quote in this as in almost all other instances under a more or less total absence of better authority than a somewhat treacherous memory) an Italian Painter, named for the unblemished excellence of his drawing "the Perfect," points, with awe

upon his lip, to the foreshortening of an arm in one of Raffaello's finished works. He condemns it, points out with dry pencil's point where the line should have run, and then,—all his pride broken down before the master mind,—he recognizes the holier inspiration of Sanzi's as the outcome of a nobler, purer life than his own, and, self-abashed, his criticism drops before the thought, "yet, it is Raffaello." Such must be the feelings with which the keenest insight will shrink, rightly shrink, from pointing out a fancied blemish in George Eliot; much more then will that be the case, when it is a humble scholar of the great Master who dons, for the nonce, the critic's mask and aspires to wield the critic's rod.

Our space draws short, and yet how incompletely have we fulfilled the task we propounded at the outset of this paper. The characters of the two last novels remain unanalyzed, and all we can allow ourselves to say as to the mutual relationship of the two works is this: "Deronda" is, in our opinion, more of a story than "Middlemarch;" the movement throughout is more homogeneous, being divided into two sharply defined strands, the one composed of the fortunes and misfortunes of Gwendolen, and the other of the Jewish family which contends, as it were, against the unfortunate heroine, for the mastery and dominion over Deronda's future. But "Deronda" does not contain so many "thoughts that burn," so many extracts that leap to the tongue, or that pucker the lips into an involuntary smile at every fresh perusal of its leaves. For concentrated energy of thought and diction, although "Deronda" is far from deficient in these great qualities, we must award the palm to "Middlemarch." If any man wishes to argue that therefore "Daniel Deronda" shows signs of decadence, we would ask whether that which is perfect can show a falling off, and, after all, 's it not Raffaello?"

The thought that has oppressed us most in this review is, how much the world has lost from not hearing a rhapsody from De Quincy on the works of this, the greatest modern poet. How would his fluent pen have expanded in rolling periods upon that great quality of hers,—that insight, we mean, which penetrates the surface smoothnesses and *banalités* of civilized life, and shows the deep human passions glowing, hot as ever,

at the core! Shall we moan over the "age of chivalry," and regret the "days of romance," or throw the scenes of our stupid tragedies back to the time of Shakspeare and the middle ages because, forsooth, Iago looks such a perfect villain decked in the manners and trunk-hose of those days? If we do so we forget that Othello and honest Cassio were modern gentlemen-at-arms when they were drawn, and needed no mist of centuries to wrap them round in grandeur on the Elizabethan stage. Iago is the same unscrupulous ruffler from a Genoese galleon lying below Bridge, stark and strong, with the last new catch and the bran new oath on his lips, and the moody, jealous fit at his heart, ready to gull the same silly pigeon of a Roderigo, that might have been met any day at the Bear Garden or crossing in a wherry from the Temple Stairs. It was Shakspeare who saw the infernal malice souring in his breast, and drew out the black web of treachery from his teeming brain. So it is now. Character after character pass by Grandcourt, they meet him on the archery grounds, at the German Spa, yachting, riding,—it matters not where they meet him,—and he is pronounced on all hands a slow, dispassionate, somewhat faded, if rather determined man. But there is one who knows him better than his nearest friends, one who will not be deterred by his faultless clothing and "educated whisker" from probing that hard heart to its deepest recess. George Eliot knows him, and gradually he is unfolded,—what do we say?—gradually he unfolds himself, before us.

Place him in juxtaposition with an impulsive nature such as his wife possesses, give him from the first a hold over her, and see the tragedy which works itself out between them, scarcely ever culminating in a scene stormy enough to render a third person's presence more than awkward. Mark

the diabolical manner in which he uses his power, the serene self-complacency which makes his very security from common jealousy appear almost an additional insult, watch him cautiously keeping himself in the right before the world, so that the poor wounded creature quivering in his grasp could frame no accusation against him if she dared;—and then own that civilization can refine on the torments of perdition, while preserving to the presiding demon the outward aspect of scrupulous politeness. It is this concentrated, yet quiet power of delineating passion, which raises George Eliot far above the trammels of time and circumstance, and place her and her creations, fictions no longer, among the strong realities which will live for ever, when many of the weak fictions of actual every-day life will have faded from the memories of gods and men.

Brave-hearted Deronda, his hands grasping his coat-collar spasmodically; Gwendolen using his strength and his resolve as a weapon wherewith to beat away the shadowy foes which assail her soul; Mordecai, with wistful eyes seeking trustingly the longed-for face against a background of pale sunset gold; Mirah, her heart responding and her lips keeping sad time to the chanted words of the great poet, as her memory runs backwards across the misery and treachery of her past, to the well remembered mother's face and voice she will see and hear no more;—all these will live. Already, like other great creations, they seem to be old familiar friends; with the seal of truth upon their foreheads, how can they be new? with the sacrament of beauty clinging to them, how can they be other than what all beautiful and true things are, an emanation from the present it is true, but an emanation of glory, stretching out hands of eternal helping to the future and to the past.

F. R.

IN THE GREEN WOODS.

I.

IN THE WOODS.

‘MY cousins, I come to you; here I have no one, now that my dear mother has gone. Thanks for the friendly hand reached across the seas to a lonely girl who hardly knew until you gave it that she had a friend in the world. My mother’s little property will be easily disposed of, and a fortnight after you receive this I shall arrive in Montreal. O, I trust I shall be no burden to you, my unknown relatives!’

The reader was a tall, strong young fellow, apparently a farmer’s son. His mother—very evidently his mother, little woman as she was—stood with her knitting arrested, her white-capped head reaching little above the elbow of her stalwart son, yet trying to catch a glimpse of the letter as he read. The father stood behind him looking over his shoulder.

A letter was always a surprise in that forest home, and a letter from old France, that beloved mother country beyond the seas, had rarely been received in their lives before. One had come some weeks before this to tell Madame Ribard that her sister in the old country had died, leaving a daughter alone and unprovided for, unless those Canadian friends whom she had neglected somewhat in more prosperous days took pity on her daughter’s loneliness and received her.

Madame Ribard’s sister had married, twenty years before, an artist from France, who had fallen in love with the picturesque beauty of Melaine, married her, and carried her away. Melaine had apparently not loved her friends overmuch, for from her marriage to her death she wrote to them but seldom and coldly, but when the girl appealed to them for love and protection, sending her mother’s dying words of regret and entreaty, all that mother’s shortcomings were forgotten.

The letter was warmly responded to, and

the orphan assured that she would find sympathy, love, and protection in Canada.

The Ribards were loyal, homely folk, with great honest hearts beating beneath their rough covering, and they warmed to the girl who was coming to them; the more perhaps that there were no girls in the family but her; and her coming was looked for with eagerness.

It was deep winter when Marie arrived, and Canada in its winter dress was an uninviting country to the girl fresh from the balmy climate of her native Provence; her heart sank as she beheld the snow-clad streets of Montreal; and then the great tall man who met her, and called her ‘cousin’ in his odd French, how rough he was! very kind no doubt, but still if he had only looked less uncouth, she would have felt almost happy when he told her how glad his mother was that she had come. Meanwhile the poor fellow was horribly frightened of hurting this delicate little girl, so different from any with whom he was acquainted, large-handed, large-footed women, who beside this small cousin would seem such coarse strong creatures. In taking her home he was terribly afraid that something might happen to her before he would get her safe under his mother’s wing—so frail and delicate did she seem to him.

I need not tell of the affectionate welcome the girl received, nor how sweet it was to her, nor how, when the first excitement of meeting her relatives was past, the hard, prosaic life they led seemed unbearable to her, nor how she hated herself for so feeling, it seemed to her such shocking ingratitude. Yet what a home it was! She looked around the house, not a pleasant spot for the eye to rest upon; everything spoke of toil and hardship, from the square iron box, that warmed the house, to the miserable little images, and colored religious prints that adorned (?) the walls, and were looked upon as treasures, in proportion as they

were gaudy, by the simple family. But with this sense of ugliness there came another and better impulse, a resolve to make the very best of her surroundings.

Marie was painfully anxious to do something to make herself independent, but they were so far from a city that there was little opportunity, and her aunt begged her to remain with them at least a year, until she became accustomed to the climate and manners; and as she saw it would be a real service and pleasure to her kind friends, she did so.

Before the winter had melted into summer a great change had come over the little woodland farm-house; it seemed that with Marie had entered a spirit of refinement that softened all it touched: without hurting good Madame Ribard's feelings, she had dexterously contrived to beautify the sordid house. Plants and creepers ran over the windows, and as soon as the wild flowers made their appearance she filled the house with them; the ugly little statues were gradually put where their ugliness was less obtrusive, the gaudy prints replaced by photographs of the sacred pieces of great masters which she had brought from the breaking-up of her old home, and as she had one or two paintings of her father's, not gems of art perhaps, but warmly colored, Madame Ribard was easily persuaded to allow her old favorites to be displaced in their favor.

But it was to Pierre the greatest change of all had come. To him Marie, ever since he had first seen her, had been a divinity, something to wonder at, reverence, and worship. His love, at first, had been like that of some great faithful dog for its master, anxious, watchful, tender, thankful for a kind glance or word, submissive and patient of frowns or anger. To these last, indeed, he was rarely subjected; true, an impatient shrug or stamp of the neat foot, so wonderfully small to his unaccustomed eyes, when he did something very awkward, made him more careful, but so evidently pained him, that Marie's good heart restrained her natural impatience.

At first, then, his love was that of a faithful dog, asking no return; but as Marie became a familiar feature in his daily life, a more human craving asserted itself. She was so kind and tender to them all, made herself so much one of themselves, that he

began to believe he might one day win her love in return. His natural vanity as a man reminded him that he had not had to complain of any want of favor from the girls he knew, but then his heart would sink again as he thought of the vast difference between them and Marie. Yet surely he might improve himself, so as to be more worthy of her, and so the poor fellow studied, read, and did all that in him lay to be more like the town-bred men he had met, and often in his heart despired; but had he not also despised their women, and was he not now worshipping the dainty ways of a city girl?

Pierre did not know that his honest, loyal heart made him one of nature's gentlemen, and Marie looked with a sort of wondering pride on his strong limbs, and marvelled that such a great fellow should be so gentle and tender to all about him. She was very far from having any thought that she would ever be his wife, or live her present life in the woods for any length of time, but she loved those who thus lived very dearly, as a daughter and sister. This very kindness, so steady and unvarying, as time went on, and he recognized whence it proceeded, caused a sort of despair to take possession of him.

For months things went on thus; Pierre cherishing his love in silence, hoping against hope, that as time passed Marie might come to love him.

As for Marie, the beautiful summer life in the woods had swept away the memory of the bleak, awful winter. It was almost like her own native land again, and her heart went up to Heaven in great gladness and rejoicing when she arose on the fragrant mornings, and ran into the dewy woods, the early sunlight gleaming among the trees, the birds singing their songs of thankfulness, all nature seeming to chant a grand anthem of gladness. Such mornings as these she would often walk far into the forest with Pierre and his father on their way to their daily work.

One such morning they had all set out in unusual spirits, Pierre's dog Jean, which accompanied him to his work every day, gambolling and frisking on in front, and then running back, madly barking, as if he too wished to call their attention to the intoxicating gladness of everything in nature.

'How glad Jean is this morning; the fresh air has got into his head, poor fellow,' said Marie, laughing very gaily herself as she spoke. Pierre looked down at her with his tender brown eyes:

'You look as if it had been intoxicating you too, Marie; your eyes and your curls dance just as madly as Jean.'

'Yes, and my feet too,' said Marie, as she danced on in front, gathering wood flowers as she went, and trilling forth a gay Provençal air.

'Don't they say if we are unusually gay in the morning it is a bad sign; we sorrow before night?' asked Pierre.

'Likely enough,' said the father, 'I never knew good to come of so much chatter and singing before the day's work is begun.'

Old Ribard was a constitutional grumbler, good-hearted in the main, but apt to think he could rule his household better by rough words than by kindness.

'Truly, uncle, you would not go to your work sorrowing?'

'If the sun shines too brightly in the morning, it rains before night.'

'Oh don't grumble uncle, the day is too gay. Now I can go no farther; I have to help aunt with the butter, and show her how we make cassis in Provence; she has the fruit ready.' And leaving them with a demure curtsy, she tripped back to the house, which, cheerless as it appeared in winter, was now a very romantic looking abode.

Marie took off her sun-bonnet, and churned the butter for the family, and then they both set to work making cassis. The air was fragrant with the smell of fruit, Marie was skimming the last flecks of scum from the syrup she was making, when Madame Ribard screamed and dropped the bowl she held; Marie, turning quickly, saw her uncle running towards the house, but it was the expression of his face in addition to his haste that alarmed them, it was blanched beneath the weather-beaten surface, and his eyes were wild and haggard.

'Oh, what can have happened!' exclaimed both the women at once.

'Wife, wife, I've crippled the boy! They're bringing him! Quick! get a bed ready!—Oh, the poor boy! and I was grumbling at him a minute before. I wish my own arm had dropped off before it struck that blow!'

The two women stayed to ask no questions, but, with terror in their hearts, made such hasty preparations as they could to receive Pierre. In a few minutes a rudely-constructed litter was borne in, and the large form of Pierre tenderly laid on the bed by four strong lumbermen, one of whom was immediately despatched for the doctor; then the women saw that the blood was streaming from his leg, which was nearly severed above the ankle, and in gasps and sobs the old man told them how it had happened.

It appeared that he and Pierre were both at work on one log when Pierre slipped and his leg received the stroke of his father's uplifted axe. The old man trembled as he told the story.

'And Margot, I had just scolded him for dreaming over his work. Oh, that my tongue had been cut out!'

Pierre was senseless, and, by the way in which the blood flowed, it seemed certain that he must bleed to death unless a doctor could be got very soon, and as the nearest was twenty miles, and he could hardly arrive before night-fall, when, alas! Pierre would be no more, the poor parents looked upon their son as already lost to them. With such vague knowledge as they possessed they bound the leg above the knee to prevent the loss of blood, but the ligature failed to arrest it, and Pierre's life was fast ebbing away.

In silent agony the two women watched and prayed, utterly unable to aid him or do aught to avert the fast approaching end; yet, how dreadful it was to watch him die! So well and so strong as he had been only that morning, and to know that it was only for the want of some skill which they had not.

The time went by, and Pierre got visibly weaker, sometimes it seemed as if they could hardly hear him breathe—so faint had he become.

The old man went about the house and garden wringing his hands and blaming himself for what had happened, although it had been an undoubted accident; he cursed his temper, that had made him grumble at Pierre's absence of mind as the blow fell, his axe, even the strength left in his arm which had enabled him to strike so dreadful a blow.

Marie went many times to the door hop-

ing and praying that the doctor might be coming, each time returning more hopeless to share the mother's agonized watch over the fast fleeting life. She had hardly taken her place by the bedside when they were startled by Jean barking furiously.

They rushed to the window and saw a wagon rapidly approaching the house; one of the men in it descended quickly, he entered the house, and even in that moment of intense anxiety they saw that he was in hunting dress, and their hearts sank.

Approaching Madame Ribard he said in a quiet, pleasant manner:

'Madame, I heard of this accident, and thinking the doctor might be too late I have come to see if I can be of any assistance.'

Madame Ribard looked up suspiciously. What mockery was any profer of unskilled aid!

'What can any one do for us, sir? we want a doctor.'

'I am not engaged in the practice of the profession, but have studied it, and can at least be of some service, I think, as there is no better at hand; allow me to see your son.'

The mother thanked him, but still looked doubtful, and whisperingly consulted her husband. The stranger had meanwhile gone to the bedside, and was examining the limb; it was evident he was not to be deterred from doing the good he wished by the manifest distrust of the parents.

The poor people were torn by their doubts. To leave their son as he was, was to give him up to death probably, but to let an incompetent stranger meddle with him might be as bad, and there was always the ghost of a chance that the doctor, in whom they trusted, might arrive in time; but Marie and the stranger seemed to have taken the matter into their own hands. Placing his finger on the artery he immediately stopped the flow of blood, while Marie got all that he asked for, tearing up the sheets on the bed for bandages, and giving stimulants, of which there were plenty in the house.

The family looked on with wondering awe as they saw the blood, which they had watched ebbing away with such powerless despair, arrested as if by magic. No more doubts now! all were eager and grateful assistants.

The stranger handled the limb very tenderly, and in a few minutes he had padded

the artery, and they were assured that Pierre's life was no longer in danger.

At this their anxious looks gave place to those of joy, and the two women fell on their knees. In their sweet superstition it seemed as if the stranger, who had come so miraculously to their relief, must be a saint—some one sent them by the Virgin. When they arose, they thanked him as the saviour of a beloved life, and were eager to do something for one who had done so much for them.

They had been so absorbed in what had happened, that they had not come down to every-day life, until Madame Ribard be-thought herself of the duties of hospitality.

'You must need refreshment, sir; did you come far?'

'A few miles; I came from Hart lake; I was shooting near there, when a lumberman told me of your son's accident, and I came off at once. Yes, a cup of coffee will be sufficient, thanks. It would be well to make some broth for Pierre.'

Marie flew to make the coffee, and Ribard started to kill a chicken, while his wife said, 'What may be your name, sir? I would like to remember it always; what you have done for my son a mother can never forget.'

'I have done what any man would do,' said he; 'my name is Garth, Godfrey Garth. At what time do you think your doctor can be here?'

'Not before sundown; mon dieu! to think that but for you my boy would have been dead by that time; how can we thank you—how be grateful enough?'

'By saying no more about it. If you have any means of sending me back to my camp, I will stay till the doctor comes; Pierre is hardly fit to be left.'

'We will get you back, sir, if I have to drag the cart myself,' said old Ribard, who had scarcely spoken since he saw Pierre out of danger.

So Godfrey Garth remained the afternoon at the farm, making the better acquaintance of its inmates, particularly of Marie, about whom he could not repress a certain curiosity, so strange an anomaly did she, with her dainty ways, seem in such a rough place.

When the doctor came, expecting, from what he had heard, to find the man dead, he was surprised to see him taking chicken

broth from Marie, his leg propped up, and bandaged, apparently doing well, although he looked very ghastly indeed.

He approached the young man, and seeing the manner in which the blood had been arrested, looked surprised.

'Bless my soul, why this is done as well as a doctor could do it; who did it?'

Godfrey, who had been talking to Marie, replied,—

'I did the best I could with the means at my command.'

'But where in the mischief did you learn your anatomy?'

'Probably at the same school as yourself,' said Godfrey, laughing.

'What! Godfrey Garth! Bless my soul, how are you?'

After a few words of greeting, the latter continued,—

'Take my instruments; the case is in better hands than mine; I shall make the splint.'

'By no means,' said Godfrey, and after a few words of friendly contention, they proceeded to dress the injured limb together. This done, Godfrey took his departure amidst fervent prayers for his future, and for all belonging to him. And as he rode back to camp, it was with the delightful consciousness of having saved a fellow-creature's life, and earned the gratitude of very honest people.

When he reached the camp he was met by a chorus of questions. His friends thought he had met with some accident, no one having seen him all day, and as night came on they had discussed the propriety of sending a searching-party; it was decided to wait another hour, and then if he did not arrive to set out in search of him.

The party was composed of several ladies and gentlemen from Quebec, who had come to camp a week in the woods; the majority of them were to leave for the city in a few days, while Godfrey and a friend named Marcy were to remain for sport. Of course Godfrey had to give an account of his adventure, and more than one woman's eyes filled, as he related very modestly and simply what the reader already knows.

'How glad you must have been, Mr. Garth,' said one lady, whose moist eyes told how the story had touched her womanly heart.

'Yes, I brought joy to that household, and it repaid me for all the time I have ever given to the study of medicine.'

'I should think so indeed!'

Godfrey was made a hero among the ladies of the party at once. Some of them had settled it among themselves that he was in love, or nearly so, with one of the party, Mary Hapscott,—at least they were very sure she was in love with him. Whether Mary Hapscott shared in the conviction it would be difficult to say. She was not over young, very brilliant, and a thorough woman of the world. Such women are not apt to be deceived as to a man's feelings; but Godfrey Garth was innocently a very dangerous man, and some very *rusée* women had been deceived by his manner. He was handsome, as all heroes should be, of the large heroic type of beauty all women admire, but seldom see. Like most heroes in real life he was conscious of his beauty, but what he was not conscious of was his manner, which without meaning anything more than friendly interest, was apt to be caressing towards women, and had got him into several little difficulties during his life. It is so very natural for a woman when she sees a man, of whom she thinks favorably, listen to her with a deep and apparently tender interest, speak with a caressing tone, care for her comfort, with a manner that appears to express feeling more than gallantry, to believe he loves her, especially if she is handsome and knows men are apt to love her. And thus he had the reputation of a male flirt. But never was a flirt so innocent! He liked women; felt tenderly towards them all; in fact almost loved them all. Thus it was that Mary Hapscott, when she heard Godfrey speak of Marie as being so different from her surroundings, felt a jealous pang; and she did the man she loved the injustice to believe that Marie counted for something in his solicitude for this poor fellow.

The next day Miss Hapscott proposed that they should all go to the Ribards' farm with Godfrey; it would serve as pretext for an excursion, and they could replenish their camp stores with perishable articles, such as butter and eggs, which had run short. The reason seemed sufficient, and was hailed with delight. Godfrey was the only one who saw an obstacle to the proposal: he was afraid of the effect of the excitement

such an irruption would cause Pierre; but they all promised to remain in the garden, and his hesitation was got over. Mary Hapscott, however, who could not believe Godfrey would have any serious anxiety about a peasant, believed his objection had been on account of Marie.

The next great question was, how to go. The ladies could not walk, but that was got over by Godfrey proposing they should walk a couple of miles to the place where he had heard the news of Pierre's accident; the man who drove him over would have conveniences for taking them in a rough way.

The ladies put up a few little delicacies from their camp stores for Pierre, and thus they went. After much jolting over rough roads, they arrived at the farm, and were regaled in the garden with honey, fresh buttermilk, and such delicacies as the farm afforded. They were waited upon by Marie, with whom Miss Hapscott pretended to be charmed, asking her if she would not come to live with her as her maid, when she learnt from Marie that she wanted as soon as spring came to do something to make herself independent.

Meanwhile Godfrey was in the house with his patient, and found him going on well, able to talk, and to thank his pre-
server.

The poor fellow's gratitude was almost painful; he was anxious to give Godfrey everything he had, and entreated him to accept Jean, his beautiful faithful hound, which he certainly loved next to his parents and Marie. The offer touched Godfrey, who refused to accept it, but conceived a great liking for the good, simple fellow.

When the ladies had left the camp, Godfrey came again and again to the farm. Finding Pierre was fond of reading and improving himself, he brought him Molière's works, which he had with him to while away the evenings in camp.

The days went on, and Pierre's leg got gradually better, but still Godfrey lingered in the woods. The weather was lovely, and Marcy was such an inveterate sportsman, that as long as Godfrey chose to remain he would be content. They both loved a hunter's life better than any other. They made excursions for a day or two sometimes, but always returned to Lake Hart as their headquarters, and then Godfrey would go over to see Pierre, sometimes staying for hours.

Marie was very fresh and piquant; Pierre quite an intelligent companion. The visits of the splendid hunter were delightful episodes in Marie's existence; she had never seen or spoken to such a superior mortal before, and had never quite got over the awe with which his unexpected appearance and skill had inspired her. Then he took such kindly interest in her pursuits, even making her tell him all her past life, and, involuntarily, her present thoughts and feelings,—for, alas! Godfrey's unlucky manner had again been doing mischief; it was so racy to get interested in a pretty young woman, out of her place in these surroundings; their very roughness only making her seem more refined than she was; and feeling this interest, what so natural as to show it? With a view to relieve the monotony of her life he talked to her a great deal of Montreal and the great Republic over the line. These conversations usually took place out of doors. Pierre was still too weak to go out, but Marie had frequent little expeditions on hand, and Godfrey sometimes unthinkingly accompanied her part of the way, at others he would not go a step, but taking his gun stroll off into the woods near by.

This was all watched by poor Pierre, who believed that every time Marie left the house with Godfrey, she was with him the whole time. Loving Marie as he did he could not imagine but that every other man must do the same. The thought having once entered his brain was not to be dislodged. Everything he saw but confirmed his suspicion; Godfrey's kind caressing manner, and tenderly friendly smile, could to Pierre's simple imagination mean but one thing. He felt that he would have given worlds had he possessed the smile that in Godfrey meant so little, but in him would have meant so much. He watched Marie when Godfrey was there, and noticed how animated she was in speaking to him, how her French vivacity—the sparkling vivacity of Old France—contrasting as it does so strongly with the manners of her children on this side the Atlantic, whose gaiety is but noise—bubbled forth when he questioned her about her native country, its customs and ways. And then he heard her singing to him her soft Provençal airs, inartistically of course, but gaily, melodiously, as such airs should be sung; and as he lay on his

bed (the house possessed no couch) he turned his head to the wall in an agony of grief. He knew very little of social distinctions, and he never doubted a moment but that Godfrey was in love with Marie. He could not conceive anyone being often near her without loving her. He knew not that, compared to women of the world to which Godfrey belonged, Marie was uncultured, almost uneducated, to be admired only in her own sphere. As Pierre watched he was tortured between the feelings of gratitude to Godfrey and his jealousy of him. He compared himself with him, and wondered how he could hope Marie would love him when she looked at Godfrey. Even his stature and strength, of which he had been proud, was equalled by that of Godfrey; and the grace which he knew he had not, he could not help admiring. He at times felt he hated him, and then he hated himself for the feeling of ingratitude. But how could he be grateful for a life he no longer valued? Death was welcome if he must lose Marie! How hard it was to begrudge this man anything! But Marie! he groaned as he thought of her,—if it would make her happy could he say or wish anything that would interfere with that happiness. He felt that he could have killed any other than Godfrey, who had won Marie from him, but Godfrey he loved and hated at the same time.

Things were in this miserable state with Pierre when Marie and her aunt went to Quebec to make autumn purchases. They were to be gone three or four days.

The first and second day Pierre saw nothing of Godfrey, which now appeared proof enough that he had come only for Marie; but the third morning Godfrey made his appearance, and with complete unconsciousness said that he was going back to Quebec. Pierre's heart gave a great throb of pleasure at the news. Godfrey once away, who knew but that he might win Marie after all? And then his heart sank again at the thought that if Marie did love, and was like himself, how very little the mere absence of the loved one would incline her heart to another.

When Godfrey announced his departure Pierre supposed he meant when Marie came back. It did not seem possible to him that Marie could be a mere accident in the life of a man who seemed to take pleasure in

talking to her as Godfrey had done. It was with astonishment then that he heard him say when he rose to leave:

'Well Pierre, my friend, I hardly know when we shall start, to-morrow morning or next day, and as I probably shall not have time to come again, I will say good-bye now. Your leg is all right, and you will have the use of your foot as well as ever if you take care of yourself. I shall be this way in the spring, and will look in upon you.'

'Going, sir,—to-morrow—and Marie?'

'I am sorry I shall not see her before I go, you must say good-bye to her and to your mother for me.'

Pierre was so astonished he knew not what to say; he was glad, and when he remembered that but for Godfrey he might have been a cripple for life—how far more than life he owed him—the old gratitude surged up, and yet, through it all, there mingled a vague fear that Marie might suffer and be unhappy.

'I owe you so much, sir! I hope—I hope I shall some day be able to do something to show my gratitude; not for saving my life—I don't know that that will be of much value to me now,' his voice trembled in spite of himself—'but for saving my leg; to have lived a cripple would be far worse than death.'

'Your life of not much value! Of course it is, to you and to those dear to you, your mother, Marie, and every one you love; you would not say that if you had seen them as I saw them when I came here. But you had better go into the air and sun now; you are getting low and melancholy. Good-bye, again; I will see your father as I go through the woods.'

'Will you not accept Jean from me? I have nothing else that would be of use to you, and I should like you to have him, he is a good dog.'

'No, my good fellow, keep your good dog, but if you want to repay me, do a good turn to any poor fellow that comes in your way.'

'Indeed I will!'

'Well, good-bye again; don't be impatient to try your strength, and you'll be all right.' And Godfrey left.

Pierre was stunned with surprise. It was clear to him now, that Godfrey did not love Marie; but what if he had made her love him for his amusement? Unsuperstitious

cated as Pierre was, he had heard of such things, and he ground his teeth at the thought that he might be bound by ties of gratitude to one who might have played with Marie.

II.

IN THE CITY.

MEANWHILE Marie was enjoying her trip to Quebec. It was the first time she had been in a Canadian city, and Quebec delighted her. She never tired of looking at the shops, and she and her aunt were in the streets all day long. The second day they were there, while admiring a milliner's window, a tall, beautiful lady, magnificently dressed, was coming out. Marie was surprised by the lady stopping her.

'Ah, Marie, I am so glad to see you ; I want to know how your brother is progressing. Isn't he your brother?'

Marie now recognized the lady as the one of the party that had been to the farm with Godfrey, who had asked her to be her maid.

'My cousin is getting well fast, thank you, Mademoiselle.'

'I'm so glad; and so you and your mother have come to the city for a few days, I suppose?'

'Yes, Mademoiselle. We always come to buy our winter stores, Pierre and I; but this autumn, as he could not come, I thought I would bring Marie. Marie is my niece, Mademoiselle, from old France, the daughter of my sister who—'

'I think Mademoiselle has heard it all, aunt,' said Marie, arresting her aunt's volubility, fearing Miss Hapscott might laugh at her.

Miss Hapscott smiled sweetly.

'I am glad you have such nice weather, and now I want you to let Marie go with me. I will drive her round the town, and bring her back to you in an hour or two.'

Madame Ribard was only too happy for Marie to have any pleasure, and Marie was delighted with the idea of going about in Miss Hapscott's beautiful carriage. Once seated in it, however, she felt awkward, ill-dressed, and out of place; but her new friend soon put her at ease by talking to

her pleasantly, and showing her the different objects of interest they passed. Then she made Marie speak of her home life, and all that went on at the farm, now that Pierre was ill; and it was not long before she found out that Godfrey was a frequent visitor there, and exactly the terms on which they were.

'And so you often see Mr. Garth?'

'Oh, yes, he comes very often, and is so very kind. Now Pierre is disabled, there is no one to go fishing or shooting for us, for uncle has to work for two and has no time, but Mr. Garth often brings us fish and birds. Oh, yes; he is very good and kind.'

'And very handsome, isn't he, Marie?' Miss Hapscott fixed her eyes on Marie as she spoke.

'Yes, very handsome; but so good.'

'Yes, and you are quite a pretty little girl. Do you know, if you were a lady, I should be very jealous of you, Marie; but I know he is too good to make love to any one he could not marry. Still, engaged men are so thoughtless, that you must take care of your heart, little girl.'

Marie blushed painfully and her heart beat. With all her simplicity she saw that the lady had an object in what she had just said—the object of warning her—and though she passionately felt the warning was unnecessary, she tried to feel it was kind of her to take such interest, and speak so sweetly when she might have scolded her. But try as she would, she could only feel resentful; but she bravely strove to keep back the tears, and appear unmoved as she said:

'Mr. Garth has been very good to Pierre, who is like my brother; but there is nothing more; he only thinks of me as a little country girl, and I think of him as a great, good doctor, that is all.'

Marie looked through the carriage window, and dared not turn her eyes towards Miss Hapscott for fear the tears would fall. The streets had no more charm for her, and although Miss Hapscott was very pleasant, and told her when she was married she must come to town and see her, Marie was very thankful when she rejoined her aunt.

Poor Marie felt many years older as she went back to the farm, and yet she hardly knew why she should be so changed to find Mr. Garth was going to be married. No

wild idea of his marrying her, or being anything more to her than he was, had ever entered her mind. She had never thought about it; and yet he seemed so much more to her than anyone else; he had seemed to take such friendly interest in her; surely he could not be so kind to every one he met! Of course he must marry Miss Hapscott, or some one else, and she would never see him again. It was nothing; he was nothing to her; but it would be very hard to go back to that old dull life into which no brightness came. Yet how ungrateful she was to God, who had spared Pierre, who was dear as a brother to her, and brought her there with those who cared for her and loved her. But Pierre, too, would marry, and then there would only be herself and the old people in that dear house. Tears of self-pity filled her eyes as she thus pictured herself.

When they arrived home, Pierre was sitting outside the porch to welcome them. With the refinement he had caught from Marie he had filled the place with autumn flowers, and had taken his station in the open air to show them how well he was. Nevertheless, he looked so sorrowful that Marie and his mother feared he was worse. They did not know that his suffering was caused by the wound he feared he would inflict on his beloved, by telling her Godfrey had gone. And yet it must be off his mind; and as soon as Madame Ribard had related every item of her adventures, and how Quebec looked, and what ridiculous fashions were worn, and had enlarged on the disgusting laziness and stupidity of everyone, and had told how Marie had been driving about with the beautiful lady who had come to the farm, then she asked:

'And now, mon fils, how is that excellent Monsieur Garth?'

'He has gone home; he bade me wish you and Marie good-bye.'

'Gone home! so sudden!' almost screamed Madame Ribard; and then she had a great deal to say about it in voluble French, and Pierre turned towards the window, with rare delicacy, that he might not see Marie's face when she heard the news. He felt it might reveal a grief she would not wish him to see.

'But aunt, it is not so surprising; you know I told you he is to be married to Miss Hapscott, and naturally wishes to be with her.'

Pierre turned round at the clear unflinching tones. Could it be Marie, whom he had expected would have quietly escaped to her room, after the announcement he had made, to struggle alone for composure? His heart beat with a great delight and hope! Could he have been mistaken all this time? He looked at Marie, she was very calm, too calm, had he but known it; but in his joy and happiness he saw in it nothing but her indifference to Godfrey.

From this time his leg made rapid progress, and he took frequent short walks, with his crutch and Marie for support.

What walks those were, in which Marie was so gentle and kind, never now indulging in those saucy little humors which had delighted while they made him miserable. Now her manner was so tender and subdued that he found courage one day, with faltering voice and broken words, to tell Marie the story of his love. Very badly he told it, as earnest lovers are apt to; but his words went to Marie's heart. How good and true this honest fellow's words were, which vainly strove to express all he meant, compared with the sweet caressing manner of Godfrey Garth which meant nothing.

Pierre waited for her answer, watching the expression of her face, and when she turned it towards him, with eyes full of tears upturned to his, he caught both her hands in his, and drew her to him.

'Well, dear Marie?'

'Oh Pierre, I am not worthy.'

'Marie, not worthy?'

'I have never thought of you but as a brother, yet if you will have patience I will try to love you.'

'Oh my darling, try—try—'

'I will Pierre—it ought not to be hard when you are so good.'

Marie smiled up at him through her tears, and he was happy.

* * * *

'Jack, I'm in a scrape again.'

'Another scrape Godfrey; are you ever out of them? Who is the woman?'

'Don't try to be epigrammatic Jack, it isn't your line at all. Well, the worst part of the matter is, that I had not an inkling of it till to-day; it seems every one has been bethrothing me to Mary Hapscott. Aunt spoke of it to-day, and when I assured her I cared nothing for Mary, she declared I had acted very badly, and given the world

and her reason to think I loved her. It's absurd! perfectly absurd! I like Miss Hapscott, as a bright amusing girl, but I never gave her the slightest reason to suppose that I loved her! I never intend to marry her, and have often told her so, not for her benefit, of course, but in course of conversation. Who would say such a thing to the woman he loved?'

Godfrey Garth walked up and down the room in a state of excitement, while his brother Jack, who had but just returned from a long absence, smoked in amused silence. When Godfrey had finished, he said:

'It is the old story, Godfrey; you talk to women in such a confoundedly caressing manner, as if they were all the world to you, that I wonder you have not a breach of promise case on your hands annually. I saw you once gazing at Miss Hapscott as if you were trying to read her soul, and all the while I knew you were only just conscious of her presence. By the way, Godfrey, what about that little country girl?' continued Jack.

'What little country girl?'

'Oh, Marcy in one of his letters told me you had been playing good Samaritan in the backwoods, and hinted that there was a nymph in the woods too.'

'Oh, poor Pierre! I must tell you about that, Jack, sometime; it is one of the pleasantest incidents that ever befell me. I never thought I was good for much till that happened.'

'But the nymph?'—

'Must be little Marie; what of her?'

'I heard that you were ruralising, and that there was a pretty girl in the question.'

'Yes, there was a very pretty girl, and as nice as pretty.'

'Who was in love with you, Marcy says.'

'Nonsense!'

'Miss Hapscott says so too.'

'What? ridiculous! the girl thought of no one but Pierre.'

'But Miss Hapscott says she met Marie in the city, and that from the way in which she spoke of you, she is convinced she loves you.'

'I hope not. But it is remarkably like Miss Hapscott to set the rumor afloat.'

'Well, let's hope it is not true; but for Heaven's sake Godfrey, try and avoid that sympathetic way you have with women, or you'll be forever in hot water.'

'Can't help it, Jack; I never willingly said more than I meant to a woman in my life.'

'No, it's the way in which you say it, you clown!'

* * * *

Godfrey was in the Ribard's neighbourhood some months later, and calling, found Pierre quite himself again, and overflowing with gratitude to him; and then he called his wife, little Marie, and she joined her thanks to those of her husband.

Godfrey, who had heard so much about his woodland conquest that he had begun to believe in it himself, was surprised, a little piqued perhaps, to find Marie a happy wife; but his true manly feeling asserted itself at once, and he felt nothing but gladness in thinking every one had been mistaken. And when she gleefully told him Pierre was going to live in Quebec next fall, he felt she had attained her heart's simple desire, and that he saw before him a happy couple; and he was glad to think it was largely owing to him that it was so.

As for Marie, she buried the sweet little poem of her life deep down in her heart, never forgetting it was there, but resolutely making herself happy in the happiness of the good man she had taken for her husband.

CATHERINE OWEN.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN SESSION.

THE ceremonies which attend the opening of our Parliament have been so often and so fully described in the leading newspapers of the country, that it is not necessary we should take up the attention of our readers with any lengthy remarks on the subject, in an article in which it is proposed to give to the clientèle of this periodical some idea of the manner in which the Commons of Canada discharge their legislative duties from day to day.

These ceremonies are invariably the same from year to year. A few minutes before three o'clock in the afternoon of the day for which Parliament has been summoned, the Commons assemble in the Chamber, with the Speaker in the chair. Members occupy themselves in renewing acquaintance with their personal and political friends in the House; but the buzz of conversation which fills the chamber stops in an instant when three heavy knocks are heard on the principal door. The Sergeant-at-Arms announces a Message from His Excellency the Governor General amid a deep silence, and the Speaker replies: 'Admit the Messenger.' The Sergeant-at-Arms shoulders the Mace, a richly gilded instrument surmounted by a Crown,—which always lies on the table in front of the Speaker and Clerks, whilst the House is in actual session,—and admits a gentleman, dressed in a handsome official costume, and carrying a small ebony stick, as the insignia of his official standing as Gentleman-Usher of the Black Rod. He bows solemnly to the Speaker (who takes off his cocked hat) and requests, in the name of His Excellency, the presence of the Commons to the Senate Chamber. When he has made this request, once in English and again in French, he bows gracefully and backs out of the Chamber in accordance with official etiquette. Then the members leave their places, the Speaker and the Clerk and two Clerks Assistant put on their cocked hats, the Sergeant-at-Arms again shoulders the

mace, and the whole assembly proceeds to the bar of the Senate Chamber.

Here a fine pageant is presented. On the gilded chair, under a heavy crimson canopy, is seated the Governor General, dressed in his usual uniform and decorated with his orders, while on either side of him stand the Premier and members of the Cabinet, Aids-de-Camp, Militia officers, and Deputy Heads of Departments, nearly all in costumes *de rigueur*. Immediately in front of the Governor General are seated the Chief Justice and Judges of the Supreme Court, in their robes of crimson and ermine, and the Chaplain and Clerks, in their silk gowns. Below the table are a number of seats devoted to Episcopal dignitaries, clergymen of all denominations, and Judges not of the Supreme Court. The Senators, in evening dress, occupy a row of seats on the floor, on each side of the Chamber. All the other seats are taken up by ladies in evening dress, who illustrate the beauty and fashion of the political capital on such occasions. The galleries are packed far beyond their capacity with men and women, but chiefly the latter. Though the ceremony is invariably the same, the number never diminishes, but session after session people flock to the galleries with unflagging enthusiasm.

The Speaker and Clerks approach the Bar, and the Governor General takes off his hat in recognition of the presence of the Commons of Canada in response to his constitutional request. Then His Excellency reads his Speech in clear, audible tones, and the members of the Commons, not in the confidence of the Ministry, listen intently to the official announcement of the programme for the session. When the Governor General has concluded reading his English copy of the Speech, he repeats the same in French, in pursuance of that constitutional usage, now more than a century old, which preserves the use of the French language in all our legislation af-

fecting the Province of Quebec. When the Speech is finished, the Secretary of the Governor General hands a written copy to the Speaker, who then bows and retires to the Chamber of the Commons.

The etiquette observed on these occasions is confined to a bow from the Speaker on his entrance and exit, but we may mention here, *par parenthèse*, that in times not very distant, a Governor General made a pretentious claim which excited the ire of the popular branch of the old Canadian Parliament. We find it stated in an official volume which records the Speakers' Decisions that, on the occasion of presenting to the Governor General the Address in answer to the Speech from the Throne, at the opening of the first session of 1863, a difference arose between the Speaker of the Legislative Council and His Excellency's Secretary as to the posture the Speaker should assume in presenting the Address. In the Assembly the Speaker communicated certain documents which he had received from the Governor's Secretary, on the subject of the etiquette observed in presenting an Address to Her Majesty the Queen by the Speaker of the Commons, and when these papers had been read, the Speaker was directly asked whether he intended to follow the formula pointed out in these documents. Mr. Turcotte, who then occupied the Speaker's chair, was very emphatic in his answer: 'He could assure the House that he would kneel to no one but his Sovereign.' So strong was the feeling of the House on that occasion, that the obnoxious documents were not even allowed to be entered on the journals of the House. Since those days the Answer to the Speech is not even presented by the Speaker, but 'by such members of the House as are of the Queen's Privy Council;' and the reply of His Excellency thereto is subsequently brought down by the Premier and read by the Speaker in his place, in the presence of the members, who invariably rise and stand uncovered.

But we must accompany the Speaker on his return to the Commons' Chamber. Parliament having been formally opened, the House is at length in a position to go on with the business. The first proceeding is almost invariably the presentation to the House of Certificates and Reports relating to elections which have been held during

the recess, and then new members are introduced and take their seats, the necessary oath having been previously taken in the Clerk's office. Leading members of the Government and Opposition generally introduce their respective friends, who are loudly cheered by one party or the other. All members must subscribe to the necessary oath before they can take their seats and vote in the House. Some cases of members inadvertently taking their seats and voting on a question have occurred in the Canadian House. For instance, in the session of 1875, Mr. Mackenzie made a motion directing the attention of the Committee on Privileges and Elections to the fact that the member for Centre Wellington (Mr. Orton) had voted before he had taken the oath prescribed by the British North America Act of Union. The Committee reported subsequently that Mr. Orton was not liable to any penalty for the omission in question, but at the same time recommended the erasure of his name from the division list. In order to prevent such mistakes in the future, it was decided during the present session to introduce every member recently elected.

When the Election cases have been disposed of, it is the practice for a member of the Government to present a bill, and have it read a first time *pro forma*, 'in order to assert the right of the Commons to deliberate, without reference to the immediate cause of summons.' Then it is usual for the Speaker to rise and state that when the House attended His Excellency in the Senate Chamber, he had been pleased to make a speech to both Houses of Parliament, of which, Mr. Speaker added, he had 'to prevent mistakes obtained a copy.' The reading of the Speech is almost invariably dispensed with, and then, on motion of the Premier, it is ordered to be taken into consideration on a future day. Little business is done, as a rule, on the first day of the session, beyond the presentation of reports of Departments and other public papers of interest. Then the House adjourns, always on motion of the Premier or a member of the Government in his absence. For some years past, since the advent of Lord Dufferin, a Drawing Room is held in the evening in the Senate Chamber, and the members of the two Houses, with their wives and daughters, have an opportunity of pay-

ing their respects to their Excellencies, who stand for hours on the dais of the Throne, and return the bows of a steady stream of gentlemen and ladies, all of whom appear in evening costume. The Senate Chamber, on such occasions, presents a very brilliant spectacle, and proves how much more attractive complexions and millinery look under the gas-light.

But before we proceed to describe the details of an ordinary day's business in the House, it will be useful to take a glance at the Chamber itself. The fine room devoted to the Commons is already filled to its full capacity, by the two hundred and odd members who now represent the different Provinces of Canada, and the speculative mind may well wonder where the additional members are to sit when British Columbia, Manitoba, and Keewatin receive that representation to which they will be entitled when their wilderness lands are filled up by the large population which must sooner or later follow the Pacific Railway. A broad passage runs from the entrance door to the Speaker's Chair, which is raised on a low platform directly under the small gallery where the short-hand writers of the press and other newspaper men take their notes with unflagging industry. Just below the Speaker's Chair, and in the middle of this passage, is the Clerk's table, where the Clerk, Clerk Assistant, and Second Clerk Assistant, sit in silk gowns and black dress. The mace rests on a silk cushion on the lower end of the table, and its official guardian, the Sergeant-at-Arms, has a seat at a desk, close to the bar at the entrance. The members are seated at desks which gradually rise from the floor until they reach immediately below the galleries. Each desk is ticketed with a name, and consequently no confusion or difficulty can arise as to a member's place. In England only a few members of the government and a few others enjoy a place by courtesy, while the great majority can only secure a seat for the debate by being present at prayers. One can then put his card in the brass plate which is appended to the back of the seat, or he may leave his hat or glove in evidence of his occupancy. So strict are the rules of the British Commons on this point that it is ordered, 'No member's name may be affixed to any seat in the House before prayers.' But the members of our House are relieved from all difficulty in this particular. Before they

reach Ottawa, their seats are assigned them, and they are given, besides, convenient desks—a luxury not yet granted to British Commoners. The members of the Government of course occupy the front seats to the right of the Speaker, whilst the leader and prominent members of the Opposition sit on the left. The older and best known members naturally occupy the front rows of seats, and the younger necessarily get crowded to the rear. The seats immediately beneath the galleries are under the disadvantages of being more exposed to draughts and of being badly situated for hearing, especially as there is a constant hum and bustle when routine business is in progress. Pages are constantly rushing to and fro, with letters and papers, and from the opening to the close of the session these little fellows never seem to get tired, though they are kept running until very late hours of the night.

The House meets every day at three o'clock, unless, as it happens often near the close of the session, it is called for an earlier hour with the view of facilitating public business. At that hour the Speaker and Clerks, preceded by the Mace, file into the Chamber, and the first proceeding is the opening of the doors, unless it is necessary to discuss some question of privilege or other matter which it is advisable to consider before the admission of the public. No prayers are read in our House, as it has always been the practice in the British Commons, and the Senate is the only branch of our Parliament that has the privilege of a Chaplain.* The first proceeding as soon as the doors are opened and the public has been admitted to the galleries, is the presentation of petitions. The valuable privilege of petitioning the Houses, so dear to the heart of every British subject, is a very tame and monotonous proceeding. A member rises in his place, and confines himself to a simple statement of the contents of the petition, which is taken by the page to the Clerk's table, whence it is sent to an office up stairs, where it is carefully read to see that it does not infringe any rule, and then endorsed with the name of the member presenting it, and a brief statement of its subject-matter. The petitions presented on one day are brought up to the table two days subsequently, and are read and received

* Mr. Macdonald of Toronto has made a motion on this subject during the present session.

if they do not contain any objectionable matter. It is very rarely that petitions are read at length, for the rule is to read only the endorsement on the back of each, which explains its character. Every session large numbers are presented on some subject which is engaging at the time much public attention. For a year or two memorials asking for a Prohibitory Liquor Law came in by hundreds, and in such a case the Clerk confines himself to a mere statement of the number on that particular subject. Last session the petitions on that subject were exhausted, and petitions asking for protection to certain native manufactures became the order of the day. Petitions are constantly thrown out on account of informality. For instance, it is irregular to ask for grants of money or any pecuniary compensation, on the wise principle which only allows the Government to initiate money votes. Any petitions containing offensive imputations upon the character or conduct of Parliament or the Courts of Justice, or other constituted authority, will not be received. Some of the names to a petition must always be appended to the same sheet on which it is written. A paper assuming the style of a declaration, an address of thanks, or a remonstrance only, without a proper form of prayer will not be received. In a case of informality, however, the petition is entered on the journals, with the reason for its rejection, and consequently if the petitioners only desire to obtain publicity of their wishes they get what they want; but of course no action can be taken on such a document, for it is no longer before Parliament.

The Answer to the Speech is the first important business that is taken up immediately after the commencement of the session, two members supporting the administration, generally the two youngest—that is to say the most recently elected—are chosen to move the Address, which is first introduced in the shape of a resolution, containing a number of separate paragraphs in answer to the Governor General's Speech. The mover and seconder always appear in England in uniform or full dress for that purpose, but the same custom is not observed here as a rule. As the speakers are generally new to the House, they are always heard with great forbearance and attention, and those prominent members of the Govern-

ment and Opposition who follow in debate seldom fail to pay some graceful compliment to the maiden efforts of the speakers. It is competent for any one at this stage to move an amendment to the Address, but this is only done in rare cases. It is considered more courteous to the representative of the Sovereign to pass the Address as a matter of course, especially as it is framed to avoid opposition. It is also felt to be very inconvenient to discuss important questions at a stage when the House has not before it all the papers which it requires for its information. In a very critical condition of public affairs, however, a strong Opposition which believes it has the sympathy and support of the country, will probably move a motion of direct want of confidence in the Government of the day, but that is an exceptional state of things and only proves the usage which obtains as a rule.

When the Address has been passed, and the Standing Committees of the House struck, the working machinery of the session may be said to be in motion. The Committees are at work in the morning, and the House in the afternoon and evening. Then the Government bring down as rapidly as possible the public reports, and members commence to ask 'Questions,' and give 'Notices of Motion,' on the multifarious topics that suggest themselves. The House has before it every day a sheet containing the 'Votes and Proceedings' of the previous day, and also a paper containing the 'Orders of the Day.' The 'Votes and Proceedings' publish the 'Questions' and 'Notices of Motion' according as they are made, but these cannot be taken up and discussed in the House until they appear, according to the rule, on the Order Paper. It is a rule of the House that two days' notice must be given of a motion for leave to present a Bill, Resolution, or Address, for the appointment of any Committee, or for the putting of a question. Only in case of the unanimous consent of the House can this rule be deviated from. The reason of such a rule, of course, is obvious; it is to prevent the House being surprised by a motion suddenly sprung upon it. Cases, however, of Privilege, can be immediately brought to the notice of the House, and obtain priority over all others. For instance, in the session of 1874, priority was given to a motion

for the expulsion of Louis Riel, then elected to the House, though it was away down among the 'Notices' on the Order Paper. The debate was continued in the evening after recess, though an hour ought to have been devoted to the consideration of private bills.

On the days not devoted to Government business, private members have all the opportunity they require to put the questions or make the motions they have placed on the paper. A member must confine himself to the question of which he has given notice, and cannot be allowed to make a speech on the subject. The consequence is, he generally reads the question off the paper, and the member of the Government whose province it is to reply is equally brief and emphatic, though more latitude is allowed in the case of the latter. When notices of motion are reached, they are taken up in their order and discussed. In previous sessions motions have been allowed to remain week after week on the paper, but henceforth it is proposed to enforce the rule, which orders that they shall be dropped if they are not taken up when they are called. In this way the Order Paper will not be crowded day after day.

The rules with respect to debate are necessarily very strict. No member can speak except to a motion which is in regular form before the House. A reply is only allowed, by courtesy, from the member who has proposed a distinct question, and not from one who has made an amendment. But directly a new question has been proposed, as 'that this House adjourn,' 'the previous question,' or an amendment, members are allowed to speak again, as 'the rule only applies strictly to the prevention of more than one speech to each separate question proposed.' Members, as a rule, sit with their hats on or off as they may please, but the moment they rise to speak, they must uncover and address themselves to the Chair. If any member should inadvertently say 'Gentlemen' instead of 'Mr. Speaker,' he will be called to order, though in the Senate a speaker addresses himself to 'Honorable Gentlemen.' Whilst a member is speaking no one is allowed to interrupt him except with his own consent, or he has infringed a point of order, and no one should pass between him and the Chair, because he is supposed to be address-

ing himself particularly to the Speaker. Any offensive allusions against the House or any member thereof are not permissible. No member must be referred to by name, but every one disappears under the title of an 'honorable member' for somewhere, and this rule, like so many others, has for its objects the repression of personalities and the temperate, calm conduct of debate. No reflection must be cast on the Upper House, though members who have a wish to make a sly hit at that branch generally get out of the difficulty by referring to 'another place.' Many other rules exist, having for their object the keeping of debate within moderate bounds, but it is not necessary to review them in a brief sketch of this character. Members have one safety valve, when they believe themselves to be too suddenly 'choked off,' and that is, on a motion for adjournment. When such a motion is made in the course of a debate, full scope is given to a discussion. It has been attempted time and again, in the British as in the Canadian House of Commons, to enforce a stricter practice, and confine members to the question of adjournment, but the Houses have never appeared willing to limit too closely the privilege of members in this particular, especially as it is made use of only in rare cases. Members, we may add here, are not allowed to read from written manuscripts, though they may speak from notes; but the House is at times indulgent to new and diffident members, and winks at notes which sometimes develop into a written speech. In the Canadian as in the British Commons the style of debate has become essentially practical. We hear none of that impassioned rhetoric and flowery eloquence which once filled our legislative halls. The debates invariably mark the activity and earnest spirit of a representative assembly entrusted with the important business of a young people, engaged in laying the foundation of a future Empire. Speeches without pretensions to oratory illustrate the strong common-sense, the practical knowledge, and the unwearied industry which the public men of the present day must bring to the discussion of public affairs. When great questions are before our leading men they display a force of argument, a correctness of language, an earnestness of purpose, and an appreciation of their

subject, which prove them to be fitting compeers, on a narrower stage of action, of those able statesmen who guide the destinies of the British Empire in the Parliament of England.

To the uninitiated the mode of obtaining the opinion of the House on a question may be somewhat perplexing, and we shall therefore try to explain it. Let us suppose that the Premier has proposed a motion with reference to the Canada Pacific Railway. When he has made his speech he hands his motion (which must always be seconded) to the Speaker, who reads it to the House in English, and then sends it to the table to be read in French in case he does not understand that language. Then the motion may be considered regular, before the House; it may be debated, or amended as the House may think proper. A member of the Opposition proposes an amendment, which is seconded—for otherwise it cannot be taken up—and also read by the Speaker. It is also competent to move an amendment to the amendment on ordinary questions, but not when an amendment is proposed on the motion for the House to go into Committee of Supply. But let us suppose there are only two motions before the House—the original motion and one in amendment. When discussion has been exhausted and cries of ‘question, question,’ over the House prove the desire for a conclusion to the debate, the Speaker raises in his place and asks the House if it is ‘ready for the question.’ If the debate is really concluded—and any member who may wish to speak will soon find if the patience of the House is exhausted and will very wisely refrain from saying anything at that juncture—the Speaker orders the Sergeant-at-Arms ‘to call in the members’—an order which forbids all further debate. In the course of a few minutes the vacant seats soon fill up, and the Sergeant-at-Arms and the Whips return from the adjacent rooms where bells have been ringing for some moments to indicate a division. Then the Speaker rises once more and finally ‘puts the question,’ as it is called in Parliamentary phrase. He first reads the original motion, and secondly the amendment. Then both motions are read in French at the table, and the Speaker, who is still standing, says: ‘The question is now on the amendment. Those

in favor of the motion will please rise.’ In England the members file into two distinct lobbies and their votes are taken by two tellers for each party, while two clerks are stationed near each of the entrances of the House, holding lists of the members, in alphabetical order, printed upon large sheets of thick pasteboard, so as to avoid the trouble and delay of turning over pages. While the members are passing into the House again, the clerks place a mark against each of their names; and, at the same time, the tellers count the number. When both parties have returned into the House the tellers on either side come up to the table (the tellers for the majority being on the right); and one of the tellers for the majority reports the numbers. The Speaker also declares them, and states the determination of the House. But in the Canadian House the practice is very different from that of the English Commons, as well as from that of the House of Representatives at Washington, where the members are called from printed lists by the Clerk, and reply ‘Aye,’ or ‘Nay’ to a question. In Canada the usage is for the Chief Clerk to check off the names of each member who stands up, and is called by the Assistant Clerk. It follows that the latter must know the face of every one of the two hundred and odd members who make up the Commons. The least mistake in a name is very embarrassing, but it would be still more perplexing to the Speaker and standing members if the Assistant Clerk should lose his memory for a minute or two. However, no such difficulty has so far ever occurred in our Parliamentary practice—some six hundred votes being at times taken in the course of an hour.

When the vote has been taken of the members in favour of the amendment the Speaker calls upon those against it to rise, and the same process is gone through with. If the amendment is rejected the Speaker declares it lost—‘passed in the negative’—and then proceeds to put the question on the main motion, though it is quite regular to move another amendment provided it is not similar in language and purport to the one just rejected. If the main motion is adopted on a division the Speaker declares it carried—‘passed in the affirmative’—and that ends the matter. When the division has been taken the Clerk reads off the mem-

bers on each side, but until that is done and the Speaker declares the motion 'passed in the affirmative or negative,' it is not permissible for any member to cross the House or leave his seat; for if he does so, he is saluted with an uproar of cries of 'order,' which soon glues him to his chair. Neither will the vote of a member be allowed, if attention be called to the fact that he was not in the House when the Speaker put the question, but only took his seat while the division was in progress. In taking the names, the members, it may be mentioned, stand in rows, and sit down as soon as their names are called, and consequently entered. We have just shown that very little sets the House off into laughter, when a member forgets the rule which keeps him in his place during a division. Not long ago much amusement was invariably caused if two gentlemen named Mr. Killam and Mr. Coffin, who sat together, were called in their due order, but the Assistant Clerk soon saw the joke and generally managed to interpolate another name between the two in order to prevent so deadly a sequence.

The most important duties of the House are in connection with money-matters. Here the constitution and the rules of Parliament have imposed every guard and check upon hasty expenditure or the imposition of taxes without due consideration. By the Union Act all measures for appropriating any part of the public revenue, or for imposing any tax or impost must originate in the House of Commons. The House itself is restrained by the same Act. It cannot adopt or pass 'any vote, resolution, address, or bill, for the appropriation of any part of the public revenue, or for any tax or impost, to any purpose that has not been first recommended to the House by a message of the Governor-General.' A rule of the House itself declares that if any motion be made in the House for any public aid or charge upon the people, 'the consideration or debate thereof may not be presently entered upon, but shall be adjourned until such further day as the House shall think fit to appoint; and then it shall be referred to a Committee of the whole House, before any resolution or vote of the House do pass thereon.' It follows from what precedes that no private member is permit-

ted to propose a Dominion tax upon the people, or to introduce a bill providing for a public grant; such measures must be initiated by ministers of the Crown in the shape of resolutions which are to be considered in Committee of the whole, and when adopted form the basis for a bill. No petition, as we have already shown, can be received if it asks for any grant or charge upon the public revenue, unless it is first recommended by the Crown. It happens sometimes, however, that a petition asks for enquiry before a special Committee into certain claims which the petitioner may have against the Government, and then if the Government is willing, the Committee is granted; but such cases are under our present practice of rare occurrence, for the Government is very properly jealous of any attempt to deviate from a wise constitutional rule which prevents the inconsiderate expenditure of public money. Individual members of the House cannot have the same feeling of responsibility as a Government, which is constitutionally the guardian of the public purse, and is held strictly to account for every dollar of expenditure. So rigidly is the principle of Governmental responsibility enforced, that the House has even refused to receive a report from a select Committee recommending the appointment of a Royal Commission to visit the United States and report on the Maine Liquor Law. The report was thereupon withdrawn to allow the chairman an opportunity of so amending the report that it might fall within the rules. Abstract resolutions are allowed, 'on the principle that not being offered in a form in which a vote of the House for granting money, or imposing a burthen, can be regularly agreed to, they are barren of results;' but for that very reason they are 'objectionable, and being an evasion of wholesome rules, they are discouraged as much as possible.'*

The Committees of Supply and Ways and Means are the constitutional mode of providing for the public expenditures. These Committees are now appointed at the beginning of every session, so soon as an address has been passed in answer to His Excellency's speech. As soon as the Committee of Supply has been formed, and the

* May; Parliamentary Practice. Todd; Parliamentary Government.

Government are ready, they bring down a message from His Excellency with the Estimates of the sums required for the public service. For several years past the Finance Minister has brought down his budget and made his annual financial statement on the motion for the House to go into Committee of Supply. But in case of a change of the Tariff, the more constitutional mode is to make his speech when he proposes certain resolutions to be adopted by the Committee of Ways and Means, and this is generally done when the Estimates are before the House and a basis is made for the Committee in question. The rules for proceeding in the Committees of Supply and Ways and Means are precisely similar to those observed in other Committees of the whole House. Members are not confined to one speech, but may address the Committee as often as they please on a particular resolution. The Chairman acts as Speaker and decides all questions of order, unless an appeal is made to the House, and in that case the Speaker immediately resumes the Chair, and decides the point in dispute. After the Budget is formally before the House, and the leading members on both sides have made their speeches on the commercial and financial state of the country, the Committee of Supply meets regularly and disposes of a large amount of money at every session; but every vote is very carefully scrutinized and the fullest explanations are demanded from the Government, who, on such occasions, have to perform the most difficult and wearisome part of their legislative duties. Resolutions agreed to in Committee are reported to the House, but they are not received until a later day. This is a rule which can only be relaxed in an extraordinary emergency. When the Committee of Supply has finished its labours, and all the money votes have been adopted by the House, the Committee of Ways and Means passes certain resolutions which provide for the grants shown to be necessary by the first mentioned Committee, and then a bill, called the Supply Bill, is introduced by the Government to carry out the resolutions. This bill has often passed all its stages in one day, but this is not in accordance with the British practice, where the rule requiring delay in case of money bills, is strictly carried out. The bill goes up to

the Senate, where, however, it is never altered, in accordance with constitutional usage. On its return to the Commons, it is carried up by the Speaker to the Senate Chamber. When His Excellency has assented to the bills passed by Parliament during the session, the Speaker of the Commons addresses His Excellency, and asks for his assent to the Bill, and this assent is granted with the usual formula:— 'In Her Majesty's name, His Excellency the Governor General thanks her loyal subjects, accepts their benevolence, and assents to this Bill.'

From the commencement to the close of the session, the House is kept constantly busy from its hour of meeting, three o'clock, until a late hour of night, and very frequently until an early hour of the next morning. It has not been unusual for the sitting to last from three o'clock in the afternoon, until the same hour next morning, with the regular recess from six to eight o'clock. The attempt to crowd a vast amount of work into seven or eight weeks is necessarily a severe strain upon members, and it would be well if the sessions were longer, and the hours more reasonable. It must be remembered that the members of the government have not only departmental work to attend to, but there are very important duties to be performed in Committees, by Ministers and Members. The Committees on Public Accounts, Private Bills, and Printing, for instance, have very laborious work to attend to during the mornings, and then there are always any number of special Committees appointed on motion of members during the session. Last session there were such Committees sitting in connection with matters relative to agriculture, the Charlevoix election, the criminal law, the financial depression of the country, official reporting, salt interests, sanitary reform, telegraphs, and the winter navigation of the St. Lawrence, all of which consumed a great deal of time and obtained a considerable amount of useful information, which is to be found in the appendices to the Journals of the House. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the work that is done in the Committees. Many members who take but little part in the debates of the House, and consequently obtain comparatively little share of public notoriety through the press, give up a great deal of time and

attention to labours whose value to the country and the House can only be fully appreciated by those who have been initiated into the mysteries of Committee work.

It necessarily takes a large staff to perform the official work of legislation. The Chief Clerk, who sits at the head of the table, is appointed by the Crown, and is sworn to make 'true entries, remembrances, and journals of the things done and passed in the House of Commons.' He keeps notes of the proceedings, which are made up in the shape of journals, where all the forms are strictly carried out. Mr. Patrick, the present Chief, has just completed his fiftieth year of official life, and has won his way to his present responsible position through all the gradations of office. He is aided by two Assistants, who sit on each side of him. Then there is in the Department a large number of officials who are kept constantly occupied during the session with the multifarious duties required of them. The venerable Law Clerk, Mr. Wickstead, has also been between forty and fifty years in official harness, and though now beyond three score years and ten, is still able to perform his laborious duties with the same assiduity and carefulness he did twenty years ago. The work of translation occupies the time of several officials, and the impossibility of attending to the numerous Committees and other work consequent on a session, renders the employment of a few extra clerks necessary. The Sergeant-at-Arms has charge of the messengers, servants, post office, and furnishings of the Department. He attends the Speaker with the mace on all public occasions, serves orders on persons who are to appear at the bar, takes into custody all persons who misconduct themselves in the galleries or other parts of the House, and performs other duties of an important character, which are prescribed by usage. The Librarian of Parliament is another officer whose duties bring him daily into contact with members of the House. The gentleman who now fills the position, Mr. Alpheus Todd, is the author of an elaborate work on Parliamentary Government in England, and years of

close study of Parliamentary precedents and usages have made him one of the first authorities on all such subjects.

In its obedience to the Chair, in its respect for constitutional authority, in the patience and calmness of its deliberations, the Canadian House of Commons is in no respect inferior to its illustrious prototype in the parent state. The Speaker has always the gratification of knowing that his orders are respectfully heard, and that he has the confidence of the House as long as he continues to observe that strict impartiality which, it is acknowledged on all sides, the first Commoners of Canada have never failed to exhibit whilst presiding over the debates and deliberations of the popular branch. In the Commons of this country the rules and practice of Parliament—*lex et consuetudo Parliamenti*—are observed as closely as in the British House, and whenever our own rules and usages fail as a guide, we fall back on those of the British Parliament, where centuries of legislation have built up volumes of precedents which have been arranged and explained so admirably in the invaluable work of Sir Erskine May, now the Chief Clerk of the Commons of England. Some persons may find mysteries and even absurdities in the numerous formalities which surround our legislation, but no one who has studied constitutional history will be ignorant of the fact that such formalities are found absolutely necessary by the experience of the greatest deliberative body in the world. We have already shown that Parliamentary rules are particularly valuable in the direction of careful deliberation on all questions affecting the public purse, but they also tend to assist that slow and patient enquiry and discussion which can best mature useful legislation, and help to moderate the spirit of faction and the play of personal animosities. It is a proud thing to be able to say that in this young country the deliberations of our most important representative assembly are conducted in that spirit of moderation and anxious enquiry, which is the distinguishing feature of the British Legislature.

J. G. BOURINOT.

Personal.

Matrimonial.—A medical student, wealthy, desires to correspond with a limited number of young ladies of cultivated and refined tastes, with a view to matrimony. Photographs exchanged. Address, Alpha, Box —, Globe office.

The above advertisement was the joint production of three frolicsome students of the 'sawbones' type, I being the originator of the scheme, and being moreover charged with the responsibility of its execution. Truth to tell, there was not much originality in the conception, save in that part wherein the embryo medico was declared to be 'wealthy,' which all must agree was a fine stroke of sarcasm. But we promised ourselves much fun from the correspondence likely to ensue from so tempting a bait as that which we held forth to the laughter-loving misses who peruse 'Personal' columns in search of food for mirth, and who might be incited to answer our challenge; so, after due criticism and much laughter, the advertisement was despatched, and the next day's issue saw its insertion amongst the 'Personals' of the *Globe*.

If I were to catalogue the various epistles that were indited and received as a consequence of our jest, I should require the space of a folio volume, as we maintained a brisk correspondence with some half-a-dozen incognitas for some weeks; in fact, until the novelty wore off, and our joke assumed the proportions of a white elephant. There was an exception to the rule, however, and it fell to my lot to prove this exception.

Amongst the first answers to the advertisement, was a note carefully worded and neatly written in ladylike caligraphy, upon paper that, from its indefinable odour of violets, evidently came from a lady's *papèterie*. Why it was so, I cannot tell, but no sooner did I read the note, than I felt an inexplicable attraction towards the writer, and, had not my desire to keep faith with my partners in the jest compelled me to show the letter, I should have kept its existence and its consequence to myself. But

my comrades were too knowing not to detect my predisposition towards the writer of the gracefully-worded note, and chaffed me unmercifully about it, predicting all sorts of absurd endings to the romances which they built up on my account.

My reply to this communication was almost seriously worded, and brought in answer another short note, so responsive, that it provoked more interest than I should have liked to own, or probably than I imagined I could feel. Whatever may have been her motive for entering into such a correspondence, it was very evident that 'Laura'—for so she signed herself—was a girl of superior mental calibre and acquirements. I found myself thinking much of my fair correspondent, and almost shrank from exposing her dainty compositions to my companions, dreading their satirical criticism upon her artless and feminine style. So it went on, each letter and answer increasing in length and interest, until my more metaphysical or less psychological friends began to tire of the spooneyism that they said characterized our effusions. For my part, I was well satisfied when they voted the whole thing a bore, and flung the latest unanswered letters in the fire. I hypocritically assented to their conclusions, but saved 'Laura's' letters from the holocaust, and continued the correspondence.

With my first letter I had despatched the likeness of a well-known actor as my own (having bought it), and had received in return the photograph of a well-known actress, with Laura's opinion 'that it was an excellent likeness' (of the person for whom it was intended to be a picture). With these mental reservations we were compelled for the present to be satisfied, but I would have given something for a correct photograph of the writer of those charming notes: feeling assured, however, that graces of person and of mind must, in this instance, be united.

At length my curiosity to see my innamorata led me to urge her to grant me an interview, and, after much pressing, it was

arranged that I was to arrive by a certain train on an appointed day at the railway station at C—, wearing a white rose in my button hole, and that I was to be met by 'Laura,' who was also to wear a white rose at her breast.

All my eager interest in 'Laura' did not, however, blind me to the possibility that I might be outrageously hoaxed; and I determined, by going to C— a day beforehand, to obtain an opportunity of seeing my incognita unrecognised, and then to decide as to whether I should disclose myself or not. Accordingly, I took the train the day before it was appointed that I should arrive, with a white rosebud carefully stowed away in my breast pocket, prepared to await developments.

As the train drew near to the station at C—, my impatience and curiosity led me to step out upon the platform of the Pullman car, with greatcoat and satchel upon my arm, prepared to alight. The train ran slowly past the station platform, which was sprinkled with little groups of people, who, after the fashion in country towns, felt a daily interest in the arrival and departure of the trains. One of these groups was formed by three young ladies, one of whom, to my intense surprise, exclaiming, 'There he is!' waved her handkerchief to me as I passed. Wondering, I mechanically turned towards her as I stepped on the platform, and she, also advancing, seized my hand, and warmly greeted me, with just so much of modest confusion and diffidence in her manner as to convince my bewildered mind that 'Laura' was before me. Moreover, she called me Fred, a name I had assumed in my character as her correspondent. Stammering forth—'How did you recognize me'—and receiving the laughing response, 'Intuition, I suppose,' I yielded myself to circumstances, and was led away, introduced to her friends, Annie and Mary M—, and before I could recover breath or senses was seated beside 'Laura' in a carriage, rolling I knew not where.

The self-possession of a medical student is said to be imperturbable,—some are in fact sufficiently unkind to call the *élevés* of the medical profession, brazen,—but on this occasion I am bound to say that my brass, or what-not, completely deserted me, and I dared not look my companions in the face, nor could I at the first find utterance

for the most commonplace remark. My companions evidently observed my confusion, and made polite attempts to set me at my ease; with such success, that before I had arrived at our destination, I had so far taken stock of their appearance and manners, as to convince me that I was not a victim to a mere vulgar hoax. Plucking up spirits, therefore, I addressed my fair *vis-a-vis*, recounting impossible adventures on the way, until their smiles and interest encouraged me into something like self-possession.

But where was I going? The carriage had passed through the town, and was approaching a tree-surrounded villa, in whose trim and tasteful appearance I saw evidences of wealth and luxury. Was this our destination? At the thought my perturbations renewed, and with moist apprehension and repressed excitement, I pictured a venerable and aristocratic father scathing me with scornful civility, or a burly and athletic brother hastening my exit with the toe of his boot. My worst apprehensions seemed to be realized when we turned in at the gate, and the carriage stood still at the door. Mustering up courage, however, I alighted and assisted the young ladies from the carriage, and then, passing into the house, was ushered into a little library by 'Laura,' and for the moment was alone with her. Taking off her bonnet, and smoothing her wavy hair from her forehead with her ungloved hand, she stood before me for a moment as if doubting, and then lifting up her face with a little blush and a conscious diffidence of manner, said: 'Well sir,—are you not going to kiss me?'

A moment later the door was thrown open by a horrid boy called 'Bob,' (why have nice girls always such horrid brothers,) who ejaculated with great glee, "Ah! I saw yer,"—upon which my companion fled away like a lapwing, leaving me to solitude—and Bob. Flushed, hot, and uncomfortable, I was escorted to my room by that terrible youth, who volunteered his company while I was dressing, with a promise to tell me "such a lark," if I allowed him to remain. Consenting, I was petrified with horror by his story, and wave after wave of shame and indignation passed through me as I learned the agonizing details.

It appeared that I was mistaken for a

cousin of 'Laura's,' whom she had not seen for years, when as girl and boy they had been intimately associated,—that my name was Fred. W——, and that my home was now in Nova Scotia,—that we were to stay for a few days with 'Laura's' school-fellows, whence I was to accompany her to her home,—that 'Laura's' name wasn't 'Laura,' but Agnes,—and that her frolicsome schoolmates had been carrying on a sentimental correspondence with what my volatile friend was pleased to call, a 'spooney,'—and that this correspondence was to culminate in what my young friend designated 'an awful sell for spooney.' Further details he vouchsafed not, but the bare idea caused him to wriggle in spasms of uncontrollable laughter.

Here was a situation ! I dared not reflect as to its consequences, and between the reluctance to part with 'Laura,'—I must call her 'Laura' still,—and the dread of exposure to ridicule, I fairly postponed consideration, and determined, at all hazards, to carry the adventure through.

My readers may blame me for taking an ungentlemanly advantage of my position, but what was I do? What would they themselves have done in like case? I pocketed my scruples and went down to tea with a front of brass that would have been a stock in trade for a brass-founder, and armed at all points to meet the emergency. Fluently I discoursed of the climate and natural resources of Nova Scotia; epigrammatically I dealt with the characters of its inhabitants; rhetorically I described the beauties of its scenery; didactically I dwelt upon the openings it presented for seekers of fortune. I surpassed myself in eloquence, and interested even 'Bob,' in my ardent efforts to please. When I subsequently traded knives and gave him a pencil-case to boot, I felt that his heart was won.

His sisters next fell as willing victims to my arts. Sitting on the verandah in the twilight, I detailed side-splitting practical jokes, the sequel of which *invariably* brought retribution to the joker: I described ludicrous *contretemps* wherein the originators were always-discomfited, and told moving stories of the misery which inevitably accompanied deception of any kind. From joyous hilarity they gradually became quiet and absorbed, and finally, after exchanging significant looks, left me alone with 'Laura.'

Ingeniously I drew from her that she only participated in the secret of her school-mates, but had had no share in the perpetration of the joke; and forced myself to listen with composure while she pitied the poor fellow who was to be so victimized. Her genuine kindness of heart awoke strange compunctions, and when she placed her hand in mine, and artlessly told me how glad she was to see me, and how much better looking I was than my photograph, I felt like a villain indeed. But it was so delightful to sit beside her—I *couldn't* make up my mind to be honest.

Presently we were summoned into the drawing-room, and after a musical evening, I retired to my room,—but not to sleep. A dozen times I was half out upon the verandah roof intending to escape, but each time I withdrew my intention—and my leg; a dozen times I made up my mind to tell the whole truth to my hospitable host in the morning, but the thought of the consequent ignominy made me hesitate, and I felt that I wasn't equal to the situation.

At length morning came, and stealing quietly out of the house, I attempted to soothe my nerves and establish a reconciliation with myself through the medium of an early pipe, but was interrupted in my occupation by the omnipresent and altogether objectionable Bob. After coyly endeavoring to coax me to draw his secret from him, he confided to me that the 'spooney' was to arrive that day by the afternoon train, and that Dinah—the cook—(who was as black as the ace of spades and of elephantine proportions) was to meet him—*wearing a white rosebud!* A sudden inspiration seized me, and excusing myself to my juvenile companion, I walked to the nearest telegraph office and telegraphed a trusty friend to hire me the biggest negro of his acquaintance, and to send him to me at C——, wearing a white rose in his button hole. With this half of my anxiety removed, I returned to the house, and, in spite of my sleepless night, enjoyed my breakfast.

How we spent the day matters little. Few of my readers are sufficiently uninitiated in such matters as not to see that 'Laura' was growing a part of my destiny. In her presence I forgot my distresses, and gave myself up to unalloyed pleasure. But

the fateful hour drew nigh, and it was necessary that those who were to go to the station to see 'Spooney' sold, should prepare for their errand. Strange to say the frolicsome girls who had so far conducted the adventure shrank from the ending, and it was with some difficulty that I persuaded them to go. Making the excuse to 'Laura,' who was the first one ready, that we would walk on and be overtaken by the others, who were to drive, I contrived to lead her by a route not generally used, and when secure from interruption, I confessed all to her.

She was at first terribly shocked, and perhaps indignant, but my pleading humility, and her sense of the ludicrous, overcame her, and she consented to pardon me. I strove hard to restore myself in her good graces, and by depicting in lively colors the way in which I hoped to turn the tables on her friends, I almost succeeded.

On arriving at the station we were saved from our embarrassment, by the evident discomfort of the young ladies, and of Dinah—Bob being the only one who thoroughly enjoyed the situation. I ventured to press the hand of 'Laura' to draw her attention to the absurd position that affairs were taking, and her amused glance showed me that she understood and appreciated it.

Presently the train came in, and from the platform of a second-class car descended a perfect man-mountain of Ethiopian origin—wearing a white rose! I looked at the girls, whose incredulous eyes followed his movements as, in evident search of some one, he approached them. It was too much! They broke and fled, sprang into the carriage and ordered the astonished coachman to drive off, leaving Dinah and Bob behind. The latter individual stared with saucer-like eyes at the approaching negro, until the truth apparently dawned upon him, and then he went off into such shrieks and paroxysms that people must have thought he was in an epileptic fit. Seeing one of his own colour, my Ethiopian retainer approached Dinah, but was rudely rebuffed by her, and I presently saw her sunset shawl on the near horizon 'making tracks for home.'

At this moment a gentlemanly-looking young fellow, with a pale, thin face (no more like me than Apollo), approached us and enquired of 'Laura,'—'Are you not Miss

—?'—and was acknowledged, *but not kissed*, by Agnes. In the hasty recognition that followed I was *de trop*, and walked disconsolately aside.

I was roused from my fit of abstraction by a touch at my elbow, and an oleaginous voice addressing me as 'Boss,' enquired if I knew of my own whereabouts. Hastily dismissing him with directions to await my coming at an hotel, I turned to 'Laura' who was still engaged in earnest conversation with my double. From her deprecatory manner, and his annoyed looks, I gathered that she was telling our story, and my heart gradually sank into my boots from fear—not physical—but lest his influence should lead her to view my conduct in a more serious light. Apparently she prevailed, for they turned towards me, and I mumbled out an embarrassed apology, and exchanged cards with my new acquaintance.

For another moment, whilst he sought his baggage, I was alone with 'Laura,' and from a glance into her eyes gathered that I was indeed forgiven. With a mute pressure of the hand we parted, she to accompany her cousin, I to carry out my resolution of explaining the situation to my erstwhile hospitable host. How he would receive me, I knew not, but I felt that an explanation was due to him.

Fortunately I found him at his office, and during a most embarrassing interview placed him in possession of the entire story, bearing as lightly as possible upon the share that his daughters had in the matter. For a time he was seriously angry, but when I detailed the flight of the young ladies upon the appearance of my sable ally, and Dinah's indignation and disappointment, his mirth conquered his ill-humor, and he laughed until the tears ran from his eyes. When he reached this placable frame of mind I seized the opportunity to make my apologies and my adieu. But he would not hear of my departure, and gave me an invitation *in propria persona*, which after some hesitation, I accepted.

Never did a more embarrassed party assemble round a tea-table than we. I could see that my amiable hostess's feelings of propriety were outraged, although she was studiously polite, and that even the irrepressible Bob was in a state of dumb mystification. After a glance at the downcast

eyes and flushed, cheeks of the younger members of the party, my jolly host went off into such an infectious fit of laughter, that one by one we joined in, and it was long ere, with wet eyes and aching sides, we could pay any attention to the good things spread before us. After such a community of feeling it was impossible that restraint should be observed; and each fresh allusion, however remote, to 'rosebuds,' 'darkies,' or 'matrimonial advertisements,' crimsoned the cheeks of the young ladies, and provoked a fresh explosion of laughter. To cap the climax, Dinah appeared at the door, her face shining with irrepressible

glee, and conveyed the information that 'dat fat ole colored gemman was in de kitchen waiting for de Boss,'—a piece of malicious fun on the part of my host, who had sent for him in order to tease us still further. He was merciful, however, and gave Dinah instructions to entertain him; and that she did so was presently perceptible from the chorus of cachinnation which arose from the kitchen. For my part, my native modesty soon enabled me to bear my part in the fun, and from that day to this I have never had occasion to regret the time when I became 'Personal.'

S.

TIME.

Beneath yon star's entrancing smile,
 Each dancing billow curls its crest,
 And sparkling o'er the river's breast,
 With gems, it murmurs all the while,

Sweet sounds, as if some woodland lyre,
 By fairy finger swept, had thrilled
 The woods and flow'ry vales, and filled
 The Dryad's heart with mystic fire.

A pathos, sad as Nature's sighs,
 Breathes thro' the river's requiem,
 As, glittering like some Orient gem,
 The billow heaves, and breaks, and dies.

But scarce the moon has time to beam
 Upon its foam one smiling ray,
 Until upon another play
 The beauties of her diamond gleam.

And so, on Time's tempestuous sea,
 Like wavelets on the river's breast,
 We rise, but soon we sink to rest,
 Beneath a vast eternity.

But while the swelling billows roll
 Across life's heaving restless sea,
 They glow with immortality,
 For every billow has a soul.

R. MARVIN SEATON.

SWIFT AND THE WOMEN WHO LOVED HIM.

III.

VANESSA.

FROM the time Swift took possession of his living of Laracor, he spent part of every year there, till in 1710, he went over to England as commissioner for the remission of first fruits to the Irish clergy, and remained to take revenge on his whig friends, for the neglect with which they had treated him, by devoting his unrivalled powers of wit and argument to the support of the Tories.

Laracor is within two miles of the town of Trim, in the county of Meath, and is surrounded by a flat uninteresting bit of country, with hardly a tree to break the monotony of the landscape. The old church, a barn-like, dilapidated building, stood on a slightly rising ground at the junction of four cross-roads. Opposite the church, with the high-road between, was the vicarage, a wretched abode, unfit for decent habitation. A little river or brook crossed the road just below, and formed the boundary of the one acre of glebe land. There was no village, but a few scattered cabins were near. The whole place must have had an utterly forlorn and neglected aspect to Swift, and he is said to have showed great disgust and indignation on first seeing it. Some of the most picturesque scenery in Ireland is in the neighbourhood of Trim, but for picturesque scenery Swift cared little, though he celebrated the rocks of Carbery in some Latin verses which have been much criticised for their bad prosody. He desired comfort in the English sense, including such beauty as neatness, order, and cultivation produce. Accordingly he set to work at once to improve and repair the church, enclosing the church-yard with a stone wall. He built a neat parsonage and laid out a garden after the fashion of the garden at Moor Park. He transformed the wild Irish river into a formal Dutch canal, confining its lawless waters within artificial boundaries, and forming a terrace walk on its banks, sheltered by double

rows of willows, planted out apple and cherry trees, stocked the canal with fish, and looked with pride and pleasure on the change from ruin and desolation to well ordered neatness, taste, and comfort which his labours had achieved. In the midst of his greatest political excitements in London he had anxious thoughts to spare for his fish-ponds and apple-blossoms; and when he dined with Addison's sister and her husband, who was a prebend of Westminster, though he admired their house and garden as a delightful retreat, he told Esther Johnson it seemed to him a sort of monastic life in those cloisters, and that he liked the open freshness and freedom of Laracor better. Few memorials of him, or his work, are to be found there now. The church he repaired, the vicarage he built, the garden he planted, his fruit-trees and fish-ponds, even his canal with its bordering willows, are all gone. Only the gable wall of the old vicarage is still allowed to stand, 'gaunt and solitary, in compliment to the *genius loci*,' and near it bubbles up, clear and sparkling as ever, the crystal spring which Swift used to call 'his cellar at Laracor that never went dry,' and to which the people in the neighbourhood still give the name of the Dean's well.

Notwithstanding the taste for gardening he had acquired from Sir William Temple, and the pleasure he felt in good husbandry, thrift, and economy, and though he had at Laracor the constant companionship of her whose conversation he used to declare alone made life tolerable to him—

'The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books,'—

it is not possible to imagine Swift satisfied or at peace in retirement. Power was his chief good, and the electric flash and sparkle of wit meeting wit his greatest enjoyment, and while busy scouring his canal, strengthening its banks, and trans-

planting his willows, with Esther Johnson looking on, unsatisfied ambition gnawed at his heart. But to Esther the days spent at Laracor must have been some of the happiest of her life. When Swift went there she and Mrs. Dingley accompanied, or followed him: though, in accordance with the system he had adopted, they never stayed with him at the vicarage, but generally occupied a farm-house about half a mile away, the site of which is now marked on the ordnance survey of Meath, by the name of 'Stella.' Sometimes they had lodgings in the town of Trim, or were the guests of Dr. Raymond and his wife. Dr. Raymond was vicar of Trim, a worthy but commonplace man, whose bad grammar has come down to us in Swift's Journal, where so much of the small beer of existence is chronicled, in curious contrast to the exciting stimulants of the grand historic life in which he was then so prominent a figure. Confessing to Esther that he cannot read what he has just written, he adds—'But you are more used to it *nor* I, as Dr. Raymond would say.' The Doctor was in London during Swift's famous time, and innocently made himself troublesome to his great friend, by visiting him too often of an evening. Swift used to order his man Patrick, 'who was as expert at denying as Harley's porter himself,' to say he was not within, and this made him a little melancholy and penitent when he was writing to Esther Johnson after the good, easy doctor had gone back to Trim. He complains that Mrs. Raymond, like his 'Dublin friend and gossip,' Mrs. Walls, has too many babies, and wishes them well out of the world as soon as christened; apparently not having yet thought of utilising them in the way afterwards described in his 'Modest Proposal.' He has a poor opinion of Mrs. Raymond's conversational powers, and when he pities Mrs. Long for having to leave the brilliant society of London, and live in a stupid country town, he says—'It is just such a change as if Pdfr [Swift] should be banished from Ppt [Esther Johnson], and condemned to converse with Mrs. Raymond.'

Esther has other friends in Trim, Joe Beaumont and his wife, and Joe is very far from being commonplace, but, on the contrary, is quaint and full of character, something of a genius and more of an oddity, simple

and single-minded, and a great favourite with Swift. Joe Beaumont, Mrs. Raymond, Esther Johnson, and Dr. Walls are all living now in Swift's amusing *jeu d'esprit*, 'The Little House at Castleknock.' This was a small dwelling which Archdeacon Walls, who was Vicar of Castleknock, inhabited when he came from Dublin to perform service in the church. Swift supposes it to be built of the stones and rubbish blown down from the top of the church steeple in a high wind:

'If any stranger should inquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The grey old fellow poet Joe
The philosophic cause will show.'

The little house is so small that horsemen ride over it, and crows and blackbirds mistake it for a bird's nest. The Vicar can only enter by creeping, and then has to sit with his knees up to his chin,—

'And smokes a pipe, and takes a whet,
Till his small ragged flock are met.'

Swift's curate, Mr. Warburton, thinks it must have been intended for a dove-cote, or an oven,

'To bake one loaf, or keep one dove in,'

'Then Mrs. Johnson gave her verdict,
And every one was pleased that heard it;
The thing you make this fuss about
Is just a still without a spout.'

One day Mrs. Raymond and her children pass by the illiputian mansion:

'The doctor's family came by
And little miss began to cry—
Give me that thing in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot stand,
Called to the clerk in manner mild,
Pray reach that thing here to the child.
That thing I mean among the kale,—
And here's to buy a pot of ale.

Then cried the clerk all in a heat,
What! sell my master's country-seat,
Where he comes every week from town?
Why, he wouldn't sell it for a crown!

[Having always a curate resident at Laracor, and a congregation of only half a score, 'gentle and simple, all of them gentle, and most of them simple,' Swift's clerical duties were light, and chiefly consisted in preaching every alternate Sunday with the curate. He spent his time studying, gardening, and improving his small property, which he increased to twenty acres; taking long rides and walks, and

visiting the few gentry in the neighbourhood; dining with the Raymonds, and playing ombre or piquet with them and Esther Johnson in the evening; making poems and old 'proverbs,' and writing pleasant trifles, such as 'The Little House at Castleknock,' to amuse himself and his friends. 'I should be plaguy busy if I was at Laracor now,' he writes from London in the spring, 'cutting down willows, planting others, scouring my canal, and every kind of thing.' He was fond of fishing, remembering all his life his bitter disappointment when a big trout which he had nearly landed dropped of his hook into the water,— 'a type of all my future disappointments,' he calls it,—and at Laracor he had great trout and eel fishings with Esther Johnson and their friends from Trim. At Laracor Esther could share in all his occupations and amusements, and in after years his journal is full of allusions to their companionship there. He reminds her how she and Joe Beaumont used to come riding out of Trim so early that they would catch him in his morning gown in the garden, and then they would all go up the hill of Bree and round by Scurlock's town. 'I' faith,' he says, 'those ridings at Laracor give me short sighs! All the days I have passed here have been dirt to those!'

When Swift paid his annual visit to England, Esther and Mrs. Dingley generally stayed in Dublin, 'with their club of Walls's, and Stoytes, and Manleys, and Dean Sterne;' or took little trips to Donnybrook or some other country place near town, with some of their friends of the club; or went on a visit to the Bishop of Clogher and his wife, at Clogher or Finglas, 'Ppt riding, and DD going in a coach.' Three times after they went to live in Ireland, Esther and her companions were in London with Swift: once in 1705, soon after Tisdall's dismissal, again in 1707, and for the last time in 1709. 'Mrs. Johnson is well,' Swift wrote to Archdeacon Walls, 'but cannot make a pun for her weight in gold.' And in a letter to Dean Sterne, he tells him that the little dog Esther had brought over with her liked London much, but Greenwich Park better, 'where we can hardly keep him from hunting down the deer!'

But great political changes were now in progress, involving results of paramount

importance, not only to the larger life of Europe, but to the little life of Esther Johnson. The Whig ministry from which Swift had expected, and, as he believed, deserved so much, and received so little, was now rapidly collapsing. After a weary time of waiting and suspense, Swift returned to Ireland, taking with him a small volume of French religious poetry which he had asked Lord Halifax to give him, and on the fly-leaf of which he afterwards wrote that it was the only favour he had ever received from him and his party. From his Vicarage of Laracor Swift watched the fall of his former friends with silent satisfaction, and nourished hopes of meeting with better treatment from the party rising into power. 'I hope to see you ere it be long,' he wrote to his London publisher in the summer of 1710, 'since it is likely to be a new world, and I have the merit of suffering by not complying with the old.' Two months later he wrote to Addison with what Scott calls, in Swift's own phrase, some 'refinement,' namely some reserve and evasion, as to his changed purposes and policy, even affecting to be in doubt whether he should go to England at all, though he was then only waiting for his commission from the Irish Bishops. 'I will apply to Mr. Harley,' he wrote to Archbishop King, the day after he arrived in London; 'he formerly made some advances to me, and will, I believe, unless he be altered, think himself in the right to use me well.'

On the 9th of September, 1710, Swift began that series of letters, addressed to Esther Johnson and her inseparable companion, Mrs. Dingley, known as the Journal to Stella; a misnomer not likely to be altered, though we have learned from Mr. Forster that the name by which Esther is eternally connected with Swift had not then been given to her. No doubt she had many other letters from him, both before and after, but all are lost to us forever except these which he got back from her to help his memory when he was writing his 'History of the Peace of Utrecht,' and which were either given to friends before his death, or found among his papers afterwards. This journal is continued through the three memorable years of his greatest fame and power in England, and only ends when with suppressed, but bitter rage and mortification, he went back to Ireland to

take possession of the Deanery he had been forced to accept instead of the Bishopric he had so long coveted. Many of the original letters have disappeared, though not before they had been published in an imperfect and garbled manner, but some of the later ones, endorsed by Esther Johnson with the date on which they were received, are still preserved in the British Museum. 'This extraordinary diary,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'is addressed ostensibly to Mrs. Dingley as well as to Stella, but there is no doubt that all the unbounded confidence and tenderness it exhibits were addressed to the latter alone. It is a wonderful medley, in which grave reflections and important facts are, at random, intermingled with trivial occurrences, and the peurile jargon of the most intimate tenderness.'

Nothing is concealed or disguised, but everything is expressed as spontaneously as the thought rises in his mind. 'Pshaw! what's all this I am saying,' he cries out as if speaking aloud, 'methinks I am talking to Ppt face to face.'

Much of this Journal was written in the 'little language' in which Swift and Esther Johnson habitually talked to each other, but as his early editors considered this fantastic gibberish beneath the dignity of biography, they either omitted it altogether, or indicated it by an occasional word or letter; and instead of allowing the initials Pdfr and Ppt, by which Swift designated himself and Esther, to remain, they substituted the names of Presto and Stella, which never once occur in the manuscripts. By a careful and laborious examination of the original letters, often very hard to decipher, Mr. Forster succeeded in restoring many of the suppressed and misprinted passages, and in giving a fuller and more accurate key to the little language than has ever before been given. Pdfr, with its variation of Podefarr, means poor, dear, foolish rogue, and always stands for Swift. Ppt, perhaps signifying Poppet, but more likely Poor, pretty thing, stands for Esther Johnson. MD is supposed to mean my dear, and generally signifies Esther with her *alter ego*, Mrs. Dingley, included, but it sometimes means Esther alone. D, and DD, mean Dingley and Dear Dingley, who is also designated by M E, the initials of Madame Elderly. F W sometimes means Foolish Wench, and sometimes many times repeated

signifies Farewell. Lele is supposed to have various meanings, but usually signifies 'truly, truly,' and 'there, there,' repeated again and again. There are other words in the little language which even Mr. Forster failed to interpret, but its imitation of a child's broken talk are, of course, easily understood.

With the 'grave reflections and important facts' contained in the Journal we have not now much to do, but something of the tender, caressing love for Esther Johnson with which it overflows, and the fanciful jargon in which the love is expressed, is necessary in even the briefest account of the relation between this extraordinary man, the strongest and most masculine intellect of his age, and the woman whom he said he loved and valued more than the whole world.

And surely they never were such love letters as these. So fantastic and eccentric, so spontaneous and unstudied, so full of memories of the past and anticipations of the future, of hopes, and fears, and longings, and pious prayers, and above all, of a tender fondness which can only find expression in loving reiterations of the 'little language,' and its symbolical letters repeated over and over again. 'Do you know what,' he says, 'when I am writing in our language I make up my month just as if I were speaking it. I caught myself at it just now.' M. Taine, the great French critic, says that in the Journal to Stella, 'there is a sort of imperious austerity, and his compliments are those of a master to a child.' The imperiousness is there, no doubt; Swift was eminently a masterful man; but that made his tenderness all the more fascinating to the woman who loved him, and who knew how sweet for her was the kernel that lay beneath the austere rind. As to compliments, nothing of the kind ever passed between Swift and Esther Johnson. His love and confidence were shown to her as much in his 'roguish' banter, his playful scoldings, his jokes and jests, as by his serious expressions of esteem and affection; and Esther thoroughly understood him, as love understands, and responded sympathetically to all his moods. He delights in teasing her about her bad puns and bad spelling, her feminine fondness for italics, her losses at cards, and what it cost her to be godmother to Goody Wall's babies. He pretends that she forgot to bring away his

portrait when she moved into her new lodgings, and warns her not to hang it where chairs and candles and mop-sticks will spoil it. He scolds her for her laziness about riding and walking. 'Have you the horse in town,' he asks, 'and do you ever ride him? How often? Confess now. Ahhh! sirrah! have I caught you? Oh, faith,' he says, 'he will find pretty doings when he goes home. Let her not play her saucy tricks on him or he will break her head and bang her bones, the hussy! It is a wonder that after reading this, M. Taine did not accuse him of beating her.

Every night when he comes home from dining with great statesmen or nobles or greater wits, he writes some notice of the day's doings for little M D before he goes to sleep. He tells her where he has been, with whom he has dined, and very often what he has had for dinner; of St. John, when in 'a desperate drinking humour,' making him sit up with him till two in the morning, and never letting him look at his watch; of the bowl of punch he shared with Steele and some 'scurvy company;' of the cold pie he had at Prior's which made him sick. In the morning before he gets out of bed a word or two must be added 'fresh and fasting, for if he can only say M D is a dear saucy rogue, what then? Pdfr loves her the better for that. Oh, silly!' he breaks out, 'how I prate. I cannot get away from this little M D of a morning. Let me go, will you, and I will come again to-night in a fine clean sheet of paper, but I cannot and will not stay longer now. No, I will not, for all your wheedling. No, no, look off; do not smile at me, and say, Pray, pray, Pdfr, write a little more. Ah! you are a wheedling slut—you be so. Nay, but turn thee about, and let me go. Do, it is a good girl, and do!'

As 'hope saved,' (as he hopes to be saved) 'nothing gives him any sort of dream of happiness but a letter now and then from his own dearest M D. He loves the expectation of it, and when it doesn't come, he comforts himself that he has the hope of it yet to make him happy. Yes, faith, and when he is writing to M D he is happy, too. It is just as if methought she was here, and he prating to her, and telling her where he had been. "Well, now," says she, "Pdfr, where have you been to-day? Come, now, let us hear." Saucebox! that

she must know each day and every day where he dines. What a stir and a clatter with this little M D' 'No, no indeed,' he says again, 'M D must wait. By and by we shall talk more, so let me lay you softly down, little paper, till then. So there—now to business. There, I say, get you gone; no, I will not push you neither, but hand you on one side—so. When I get into bed I will talk more to you.' 'For it was a maxim as old as the hills that you must always write to your M Ds in bed.' And always before he lays down his pen comes a string of mysterious looking letters, each one bearing some fond message to his little M D. 'And now I must bid oo farewell, deelest michar, Ppt. God bless oo ever, and love Pdfr, poo Pdfr. M D M D M D M D, F W F W F W F W, M E M E M E, Lele, lele, lele!'

Three things he is continually urging her to do, to read, walk, and ride on horseback. 'If I was with you, Ppt, I'd make you walk. I'd walk behind or before you, and you should have a mask, and be tucked up like anything. And Ppt is naturally a stout walker, and carries herself firm. Methinks I see her strut and step clever over a kennel. And Dingley would do well enough if her petticoats were pinned up, but she is so embroiled and so fearful, and Ppt scolds, and Dingley stumbles and is so draggled.

Always writing to little M D he takes part in all her life and 'tonvelsason' (conversation) as if he were beside her. He follows her in fancy to Dean Sterne's, or wherever she may be. He stands behind her chair, and watches her play at ombre or piquet; he tells her where she had played a wrong card, and how she might have done better—'You lost three shillings and fourpence the other night at Stoyte's, oo Ppt. Yes, you did, and Pdfr sat in the corner, and saw you all the while, and then stole away. Would any but a mad lady go out twice upon manilio, basto, and two small diamonds? And now you are in a huff because I tell you this. Well, here's two and eightpence halfpenny towards your loss.'

Another day he walks into her lodgings, and sends her out for a long country ride, as no doubt he had often actually done. 'Ppt can't stay writing, and writing. She must ride and go a-cock-horse; pray now! Well, but the horses are not come to the

door; the fellow can't find the bridles; your stirrup is broken; where did you put the whips, Dingley? Marget where have you laid Mrs. Johnson's riband to tie about her waist? "Reach me my mask." "Sup up this before you go." So, so! a gallop, a gallop! Sit fast, sirrah, and don't ride hard upon the stones. Well, now Ppt is gone, tell me, Dingley, is she a good girl? And what news is that you are to tell me?..... O Madam Ppt, welcome home! Was it pleasant riding? Did your horse stumble? How often did the man light to settle your stirrup? Ride nine miles? I'faith you have galloped, indeed!

But had her horse, indeed, been stumbling? He always doubted that horse of hers, and he would never be easy till he was out of her hands. She must sell him and buy another which must be a present from himself. He had been dreaming of horses stumbling ever since her letters. Smyth, of the Blind Quay, had told him that her head and eyes were ill, and he would have been well-nigh distracted if he had not just heard from her. He wished Smyth was hanged, for he had been dreaming the most melancholy things in the world of Ppt, poor dear life, and grieving and crying all night. 'Pshaw! it is foolish; I will rise and divert myself; so good morrow, and God of his infinite mercy keep you!' Dingley was to be sure and tell him how Ppt looked. Was she a handsome young woman still? Would she pass in a crowd? Would she make a figure in a country church? And can she read that writing of his without hurting her dear eyes? Have a care of those eyes, pray, pray, pretty Ppt. She mustn't vex herself about writing till they are better. Couldn't she dictate and let Dingley write, and not strain her little dear eyes. If she must write let her shut her eyes and write just a line and no more; just a crumb to show she remembers poor Pdfr. How do you do, Mrs. Ppt? That was written with his eyes shut. I'faith he thought it better than when they were open. 'Heigh!' he exclaims, 'do oo write by sandle light? Nauti-nauti-nauti-nauti dallar a hundred times for doing so!' Did she see that he had been mending in his writing to save her eyes? But faith, when Ppt's eyes were well he hoped to write as bad as ever!

And how did they relish what he had written last night about state affairs? Why,

anything that came from Pdfr was welcome, though really if they had their choice, to confess the truth, not to disguise the matter, they had rather —. Now, Pdfr, I must tell you, you grow silly, says Ppt. That is but one body's opinion, madam.

Having early learned to be a Whig, and having much admiration for Addison and Steele and their writings, she seems to have shown some uneasiness when she found that he was going over to the Tories, and that a coolness was growing up between him and Addison. This rather vexes Swift, but he knows how apt she is at learning whatever lesson he chooses to teach her. 'I never knew,' he says, 'whether M D were whigs or tories, and I value our conversation the more that it never turned on that subject. But I have a fancy that M D is a tory, and a violent one, and D D a sort of a trimmer. Well, but if she liked politics he would scatter a little now and then, and his were all fresh from the chief hands. Indeed, he has been wondering he did not write more politics to her, for he could make her the profoundest politician in all the lane. She was to get the Examiners and read them, especially the last nine or ten. He had not been writing much else, and she was mistaken in her guesses about Tatlers. Harley had asked him to give no more help to Steele, and he had promised to write no more Tatlers. 'This is a secret, though, Madam Ppt.' The distinction he makes here between Ppt and D D is delightful. Dingley may be a trimmer, but now that he has joined the Tories, Ppt must have been one always!

He talks continually of his garden at Laracor, his apple and cherry trees, his canal and his willows. He wishes he was there with his deelest, deelest michar M D. As hope saved, poor Pdfr has not had one happy day since he left them. He hopes they will go to Trim and visit Laracor and tell him how everything is looking. 'Won't oo go to see poo Laratol?' he entreats, in the little language which no doubt he always found so persuasive. So spontaneously does it flow from his pen when he writes to Esther, though no trace of it is to be found in any other of his writings, that when he tells her of the death of Sir Richard Cox he finds himself using it before he knows what he is doing. 'Faith, I

could hardly forbear our language about a nasty dead Chancellor, as you may see by the blot.' He sends her from London the same Christmas greetings with which he used to startle her in her childish days, when he stole upon her on tiptoe to 'say it first.' 'Melly happy Tismasses! Melly Tismass! I said it first. I did! I wish it a sousand times zoth with halt and soul.' And then he prays that they may never again be so much as ten days asunder, and may spend many and many a happy Christmas together in some pretty place. And so the sense and nonsense, comments on public events, sketches of character, and bits of trivial gossip run on, the silken string of his love for Esther Johnson winding through all. The famous men and women of Queen Anne's reign pass over his pages, jostled by his drunken man Patrick, and 'that beast Ferris, formerly Lord Berkeley Steward, a scoundrel dog,' the first night of Addison's Cato, and the publication of 'Mr. Pope's fine poem of Windsor Forest,' are duly recorded; and so are the lumps of coal he took off the fire, and 'that extravagant dog, Patrick,' had put on, and his dinner upon three mutton chops at a 'blind chop-house.' And among all the motley and incongruous scenes and people he writes about, Esther Johnson moves softly and silently with graceful step, and pale, beautiful face, unseen and unthought of by the men and women whose names are famous in history, and amidst whom Swift carried her beloved image, but as living a presence for us now as any of them. Night after night the diary closes with the same magic formula of good night and farewell; the same in substance though continually changing in the order of its cabalistic letters and mystic words. 'Farewell, deelest, deelest M D, and love Pdfr dearly, dearly. Farewell M D M D M D, F W F W F W, M L M L M L. Lele Lele Lele, Lele Lele and Lele and Lele adeu.'

'Such letters from such a man,' says Mr. Forster, 'were no ordinary tribute; but far beyond the magnitude or the interest of the incidents related, was the personal spell exerted over Esther herself. To the girl who from her childhood had known the writer as playfellow, teacher, friend, and companion, their thousand innocent, half-childish, fantastic, fascinating touches of personal attachment may well have come

to represent the charm and the sufficiency of life.'

That Swift's attachment and the letters in which, during his absence, he talked to little M D, constituted the charm of her life we may be certain, but we must doubt their 'sufficiency,' or power to exclude the doubts and fears and unsatisfied longings with which a tie so close and near, and yet not close and near enough to give her the right of sharing his life openly and being always at his side, must have constantly agitated and oppressed her. When a woman has sunk her own individuality in that of some beloved one, when her heart and soul are absorbed in his, she desires to be in all things the true partner of his existence, and failing in this, her life must be one continued regret and longing, however bravely concealed or cheerfully borne. Certainly such a love as this is rare, but so are such characters as Swift and Esther Johnson, and the circumstances that had bound them together. And as the months and years rolled on, and Swift still lingered in London, other pang was added to those of separation. She was dimly and gradually becoming conscious of an influence and an attraction coming between her and him, a cloud rising at first no bigger than a woman's hand, but destined to cast a shadow over all her future life. This influence and attraction, this cloud and shadow, came from a new friend and pupil of Swift's, Esther Vanhomrigh, better known by the name of Vanessa, which Swift formed out of the first syllables of her two names, and conferred upon her.

The father of Miss Vanhomrigh was a Dutch merchant, who had received lucrative employments from King William; her mother was the daughter of Commissioner Stone. At her husband's death, Mrs. Vanhomrigh settled in London, living in fashionable style and mixing in the best society; and in the spring of 1709 Swift was introduced to her by Sir Andrew Fountaine. Her eldest daughter was then seventeen, and apparently began a correspondence with Swift soon after their acquaintance commenced, for in a list of letters received by him in the summer of that year, is one from 'Miss Nussy,' the name by which, according to his custom of giving pet names to favourites, he then designated the future Vanessa. On his return to London in 1710

his intimacy with the Vanhomrighs rapidly increased. He took lodgings, 'handsome, but plaguy expensive,' within two doors of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's house, and from that time—'dined with Mrs. Van' becomes a frequent entry in his journal. In his poem of 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' Swift describes Vanessa as having been adorned by Venus with every feminine beauty and charm, while Minerva had endowed her with the highest intellectual gifts and the noblest virtues. Lord Orrery, in his 'Memoirs of Swift,' says she was not handsome, but many of his statements about her are supposed to have been founded on malicious gossip and to be wholly unworthy of credit. Later writers speak of her as beautiful, but there seems no authority for doing so, except Swift's poetical description. It is certain that she was enthusiastic and impassioned, fond of poetry and literature, and possessed of talents of a high order. Swift's fame and genius naturally excited and impressed the imagination of such a girl. He was then in the prime of life, manly and handsome in face and figure, and the fascination of his powerful personality, aided by a lively, engaging manner, in which brilliant wit and playful humour were made all the more attractive by occasional *brusquerie*, and sudden startling glimpses of the fire and passion lying beneath, was now at its height. It is easy to imagine what followed. Miss Vanhomrigh showed her admiration for his genius, and Swift, flattered by the homage of a girl of fortune and fashion, who had at least the beauty of youth, and the charms of an accomplished and appreciative mind, paid her in return particular attention, found her conversation more and more agreeable, and by degrees established himself as the director and companion of her studies.

In 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' written in 1714, at Windsor (where he was probably staying with Pope), Swift has told the story of Vanessa's love.

'Vanessa, by the Gods enrolled;
Her name on earth was never told.'

Cadenus is, of course, an anagram of Decanus, Swift having been appointed Dean of St. Patrick's, in Dublin, a short time before; and it was probably the prospect of his leaving England that had driven Vanessa to desperation, and forced her into a

confession of the passion with which she seems to have been as completely possessed as any tragic victim of Venus when the ancient gods were still supreme. The poem is supposed to have been written to cure Miss Vanhomrigh of her infatuation, by showing her its hopelessness as well as its absurdity, without 'so severely mortifying her vanity or wounding her susceptibility. But on any woman capable of appreciating the exquisite flattery it contains, it was much more likely to have the contrary effect. The lines in the beginning, describing love as it existed in a purer age, could only make her more anxious to realize such an ideal with one who was so capable of imagining it:

'A fire celestial, chaste, refined,
Conceived and kindled in the mind,
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites and both become the same,
In different breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn.'

The compliments to her beauty, her feminine grace and goodness, her masculine sense and understanding, her purity and dignity of character, could not have been surpassed by the most impassioned lover; and one little Swiftian touch, the slight blemish admitted, to give an air of reality to the picture, seemed only to prove the sincerity of the painter. He makes Pallas

'Infuse, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth.
She managed her estate with care,
But liked three footmen to her chair.'

George Eliot's descriptions are not more graphic than the picture Swift gives of the surprise and disdain with which the secluded and studious girl, modest and something shy, on first entering society finds herself surrounded by the frivolous, fluttering, vicious fops and fools of fashion;—the silent scorn with which she hears the empty talk and 'cant' compliments of the men; the disgust and shame she feels at the silly chatter and scandal of the women:

'Yet some of either sex endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taste and wit
She condescended to admit.
All humble worth she strove to raise
Would not be prais'd, but lov'd to praise.'

'The learned met with free approach
Although they came not in a coach.
Some clergy, too, she would allow,
Nor quarreled with their awkward bow.
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownsman of a different make.

'Vanessa, not in years a score,
Sighs for a gown of forty-four,
Imaginary charms can find,
In eyes with reading almost blind,
She fancies music in his tongue,
No farther looks, but thinks him young.'

When, at last, she confesses her passion,
her tutor is as much astonished as if he had
never heard of Eloisa :

'Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
His thoughts had wholly been confined
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew till he was told,
Whether the nymph was young or old.'

At first he affects to take the matter as a
joke, but she compels him to treat it se-
riously. Reason and virtue, she says, have
guided her to love, and all the learning, wit,
and wisdom he has taught her to admire in
books, all the godlike virtues she had
learned from him to adore in the great men
of old, she has found concentrated in
Cadenus :

'If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd and wise ;
If such an author were alive
How all would for his friendship strive ;
Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author and the friend.
The utmost her desires can reach
Is but to learn what he can teach,
While every passion of her mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.
Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame.
And though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came he could not tell,
But sure she never talked so well.'

Love hē cannot give her, but he offers
her a devoted and lasting friendship instead :

'Love why do we one passion call
When 'tis a compound of them all,
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear.
But friendship in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last
When love's allurements long are past,

Which gently warms but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return.
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem,
With that devotion we bestow
When goddesses appear below.'

Vanessa begs a truce to those sublime
conceits only fit for the romances he had
taught her to despise. Since he has chosen
to abdicate the master's throne, and has
placed her on so lofty an eminence above
him, it is now his place to learn from her :

'She hopes he will not think it strange
If both should now their stations change :
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor, and the pupil he.'

The whole poem is extremely clever, and
too much neglected by readers of the pres-
ent day ; but our extracts must conclude
with the celebrated lines which Swift's
apologists have always found so difficult to
reconcile with their theory of his persistent
coldness to Vanessa :

¶But what success Vanessa met
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph to please her swain
Talks in the high romantic strain,
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends,
Or to compound the business whether
They temper love and books together,
Must never to mankind be told
Nor shall the conscious muse unfold.'

The facts seem to be that Vanessa be-
came passionately attached to Swift, and
satisfied from the pleasure he showed in
her society, and the interest he took in her
studies, that her love was returned, believed
that he was only waiting for the church
preferment he expected to ask her to be
his wife. Therefore, when he was appointed
dean of St. Patrick's, and she saw him leav-
ing England without having spoken a word
of love or marriage, her disappointment and
despair swept away all reserve, and all her
love was revealed. In spite of his attempt
to exculpate himself in 'Cadenus and
Vanessa,' few will doubt that Swift was not
only well aware of Miss Vanhomrigh's ro-
mantic devotion, but had encouraged it as
far as the office of tutor and mentor which
he had assumed permitted ; yet we may
also believe that his distress and annoyance
were very great when he found how violent
and uncontrollable was the passion he had
excited. He offered her the same exalted

and constant friendship which he had before offered to Esther Johnson, but with a very different result. Esther had been brought up in a dependant and subordinate situation, and had early learned obedience, submission, and self-control. Miss Vanhomrigh had a position in society, was an heiress and a *belle esprit* if not a beauty, accustomed to be considered and to have a will of her own. Esther Johnson was docile and yielding; Miss Vanhomrigh high-spirited and headstrong. Besides, his little pupil of Moss Park had been wholly formed and moulded by Swift, and looked at all things through the medium in which they were presented to her by him; while, however eagerly Miss Vanhomrigh accepted his theories and adopted his opinions, her real character, which was as vehement and determined as his own, was not to be changed by his teaching, nor her passions controlled by his will. Hence arose the strange contest between love and friendship recorded

in 'Cadenus and Vanessa,'—a contest which their correspondence shows to have really existed between Swift and Miss Vanhomrigh. By alternate flattery and reproof, soothing and severity, by reasoning, remonstrance, and entreaty, Swift endeavoured to make her contented with the friendship, esteem, and regard which were all he could give her; while Vanessa, once the violence of her passion had overcome her womanly reticence, sought by eloquent arguments, pathetic complaints, and passionate prayers, to win some warmer response to the love that possessed her whole being.

'Oh!' she exclaims, after an impassioned entreaty that Swift would visit her oftener, 'Oh! that you may have but so much regard for me left that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought! I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe I cannot help telling you this and live.'

LOUISA MURRAY.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

SPRING'S HERALD.

SHARP is the frost, the Northern Light
Flickers and shoots its streamers bright;

Snow-drifts cumber the untracked road;
Bends the pine with its heavy load;

Each small star, though it shines so bright,
Looks half pinched with the cold to-night,

Longing after its summer skies
Where it swam, soft as angel's eyes.

All its feathers fluffed up with cold,
Stiffened claws that can barely hold

The swinging branch of the ice-clad tree,—
Wonderful bird! dost thou sing for glee?

Comes its answer,—I sing, I sing,
News of the summer and sun to bring,

Thoughts of the past spring, hopes of the new,
Scents of the flowers and snatches of blue,

To soothe the grass and comfort the root
Till the slow sap stirs beneath my foot ;

I sing, and my song is not sung in vain,
See ! one snow-crystal dissolved to rain,

Winter's sorrows had stiffened your face
Now, warm tears melt you a little space,

Soon your tears will depart again,
Frost will follow the short-lived rain,

Winter will still this swelling throat,
Cold snow smother this piercing note,

Earth will forget the message I bring,
I shall be dead,—but I sing ! I sing !

* * * *

Rose the wind, and the drifting snow
Slowly over the fence doth go,

Rose the snow like a ghost in pain,
Sinking back to its rest again.

Slowly the stars rise, one by one,
Rise and sink till the night is done.

Came the shuddering dawn of day
But the singing had died away,

The frozen bird on the frozen bough
Perched, and its singing was silenced now.

Silenced ;—and yet when the wind is still
And the pines make music along the hill,

When the new-blown snow in the light of day
Glistens as naught but the new snow may,

When the warm breath stiffens upon the cheek
And the cold cuts short half the words we speak,

When the ice is a good foot thick or more,
And we hear the voice on the other shore,

Then,—for all that the bird is dead,
And its thrilling love-song silenced,—

We hear its voice from the frozen bough.
Listen ! and you may hear it now !

* * * *

*Each good deed and each sweet true song
Finds an echo our whole life long.*

F. R.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED.*

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK III.—POOR ANGELO.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BUSINESS-LIKE TO THE LAST.

THE long wail of despair which followed Brian's reply to his sister's question, the look of horror on Dorcas Halfday's face, the sudden prostration of strength which left the woman helpless, were all evidence of danger to the invalid.

Brian drew a short, quick breath of surprise, and then lay and considered the position with his gaze directed towards the miserable Dorcas.

'I have been poisoned then?' he said very calmly at last.

Dorcas crouched down upon the damp floor of the cabin, and turned her face away from him.

'Yes,' she answered; 'oh! God forgive us all—yes.'

'By your husband?'

'It was my fault,' she murmured. 'I had been carrying poison with me ever since I had grown jealous of my husband, and if I had failed in my revenge upon the woman, if it had been as bad as I had suspected, I should have drunk it. I told Michael so to-night, and he took the poison from me.'

'And put it into that water-bottle,' said Brian, 'which I have just emptied of its contents. What poison was it?'

Brian had become very cool and grave; he was face to face with death, he saw, and would have met it shortly—this was the end of his existence and his vain ambitions. He had passed from one danger to another and his enemies had been too strong for him, but the worst being come, the prospect did not daunt him. He had done no harm to man or woman in his day, he had striven more than once to effect some good, and his nerves were quickly steeled to the inevitable like the brave man at heart that he was.

Dorcas told him what poison she had purchased by small instalments of various druggists in the town, and what excuses she had made for procuring it, and he listened to her with attention.

'It is a poison sure enough in its effect,' he said very calmly, 'but it will give me an hour or two's grace—for which I am thankful.'

'But will you not do something at once? Cannot something be done—oh! my poor Brian,' cried Dorcas, wringing her hands, 'you will not die without an effort to save yourself?'

'There is no doctor on board,' he replied; 'I am too weak for violent remedies, and I will not chance further prostration with important business to transact. I have work to do that requires a steady brain, Dorcas, and you must help me.'

'Oh! I cannot do anything, I am going mad,' cried Dorcas.

'Try and be calm to oblige me,' he said sternly now, 'unless you are thinking of your husband's position rather than of mine?'

'No,—he is a villain,' she said, shuddering; 'I will not think of him—I will not care for him again. Although,' she added, with a strange leap towards the extenuating circumstances—such as they were—of the case, 'he grew alarmed just now, and told me to come and save you. He did indeed, Brian. It was a moment's impulse that made him put the poison in the water; he had not brought it with him; he had no intention of harming you half-an-hour ago—he—'

'Let the scoundrel be. We will talk of him presently, if there's time,' said Brian more restlessly. 'Tom,' to the lad who was standing open-mouthed and terror-stricken, 'find me pen, ink, and paper, there's a good-fellow and look sharp about it.'

The boy, released from the spell that had

* Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1875.

oppressed him, rushed from the cabin to the deck, but with no intention of procuring the writing materials which Brian had asked for, and which were already in the cabin itself. There had been murder done, now there was justice to be done, and the crew to consult; the victim had been kind and grateful for his rough care of him, and Tom had learned to like Brian very much. The boy's excitement, once loosed, was intense, and was quickly communicated to the crew, who saw at once the extra responsibility incurred by the desperate action of Michael Sewell.

Brian waited impatiently for the pen and ink, listened to the scuffling of heavily-shod feet above deck, and the angry roar of many voices, and speculated as to the cause of the uproar. He had not thought of the lad's communicating the facts to the sailors until the boy's return, when he was accompanied by the captain of the collier, and one or two of the crew, who came tumbling down the stairs together.

'Is it true—has he poisoned you? How did he do it?' were the questions hurled at Brian.

'It is quite true. Don't make any more noise than you can help,' answered Brian, 'don't disturb me longer than you can help either.'

'He shall swing for it,' cried the captain, with one or two strong oaths; 'we've tied him hand and foot, and he don't stir again till we hand him over to the police at Bridlington. We've had enough of that fellow; he's brought a sight of trouble on the lot of us, and I don't see the end of it yet.'

'Get me pen, ink, and paper, please—and don't talk,' said Brian irritably.

'Ah! We shall want your deposition, you shall have the pen and paper. Don't you feel awfully queer now, sir?'

'Not yet.'

'You look like it,' was the answer. 'Here, drink this off at once—it will do you good.'

'What is it,' asked Brian, as a cup of mysterious looking liquid was proffered him.

'Mustard and warm water. It is the best thing that—'

'Not for this,' replied Brian, putting the cup aside with his weak hand. 'I have a faint knowledge of antidotes, and this will only render matters worse, I am sure.'

'You don't say that,' said the mate of the ship; 'oh! good Lord! then you are really going to die?'

'In good time—possibly.'

'We shall be in the harbour in another hour—we shall find a doctor there—can't you keep up for another hour, sir, don't you think?' inquired the captain.

'I am going to try,' was Brian's quiet answer.

'That's well. Try as hard as you can; and tell somebody—everybody—that we had nothing to do with this. You won't forget that—you'll write that down first thing, mayhap, or we shall all be bundled off to prison on suspicion. Oh! dear, dear,' exclaimed the captain, 'what an awful mess we have got into, to be sure.'

'If you would find me pen and ink, and clear out of this,' said Brian petulantly, 'I might get to business before, the worst comes. You detain me—you annoy me.'

'Had we not better look after that woman—she's in it somehow, I know?' asked one of the men.

'This is a good friend of mine, who put me on my guard as soon as she could,' answered Brian; 'let that be remembered amongst you when the further troubles come.'

'All right, sir.'

The crew departed, leaving Brian and his sister together, and with a small quantity of writing material placed at their disposal at last.

'Now to business, Dorcas,' he said.

Dorcas was more completely prostrated, mentally and bodily, than her brother, who had made intense efforts to collect himself, and had succeeded in the effort. It was strange how much strength was left in him, he thought; how at the last—the very last—it had been mercifully extended to him, so that he might do justice to those in whom he was interested. If he had been a believer in modern miracles, he might have fancied that one of them, in this instance, was working in his favor, and keeping back that terrible weakness to which he knew he must speedily succumb. The death-warrant had been signed and he must go; he was not afraid; and for his present self-command, and strange renewal of his strength he was intensely grateful. It gave him time to prepare.

Dorcas struggled to her feet, after some

entreaty and a few reproaches, and prepared to write as Brian Halfday dictated to her. It was a composition under difficulties, though the vessel was tossed no longer violently by the sea, and there were opportunities of hearing even so weak a voice as Brian's. It was the last will and testament of Brian Halfday which Dorcas had been called upon to write; and as she wrote she marvelled at her brother's coolness, and method, and forethought. He left all the money he possessed in the world, with the exception of one legacy, to Mabel Westbrook; he called attention to the fortune which the last will of Adam Halfday would place his executors and assigns in possession of, and which in due course was to become the property of Mabel Westbrook aforesaid; he bequeathed a legacy of five hundred pounds to his sister Dorcas Sewell; and he left a valuable but small collection of fossils and minerals to the Trustees of the Penton Museum.

'There, that will do,' I think,' he said coolly; 'let me see the copy, Dorcas!'

Dorcas placed the will in his hand, and he held it, in his short-sighted fashion, close to his eyes and examined it critically.

'I didn't want that five hundred pounds,' Dorcas said, moodily; 'what good will it do me?'

'It does not belong to Miss Westbrook—it is not part and parcel of the restitution money—and I must think of my own flesh and blood a little.'

'Don't think of me, Brian; I am not worth it.'

'You may be penniless without it, although I hope Miss Westbrook will look after you,' he said, still studying the will

'But—'

'But Michael Sewell,' said Brian; 'well, what of him?'

'Nothing,' answered Dorcas; 'he will be hanged for this, poor fellow.'

'Poor fellow,' echoed Brian, drily; 'yes, it is extremely probable. Well, that money will help you in the expenses of his defence; and a clever counsel may get him off with flying colours—who knows? I'll trouble you to alter one or two of these words, Dorcas. We do not spell executor with an "e" in the last syllable, and there should be a double "s" in fossil.'

Dorcas took the will back, and regarded him curiously.

'I don't think you are going to die, after all,' she said.

'Why not?'

'A man on the point of death would not care how "fossil" was spelt,' she replied.

'It is a document that should be correct in every detail,' said Brian; 'and one cannot be too particular in the matter of wills. Now, please call two of the crew for witnesses. You are interested in this document, and must not sign.'

Dorcas shivered.

'He is on deck. I shall break my heart if I face him a prisoner there. Oh! Brian,' she cried, flinging herself close to his side, and clasping her thin hands, 'can nothing be done to help him—nothing?'

'Very little, I am afraid.'

'If he could escape—if you could only hear the story of his sudden temptation—if you knew how sorry he was the instant afterwards—'

'Ah! the instant afterwards, that's it,' said Brian ironically. 'If it were only the instant before that people were sorry, or repentant, what a happier world this would be.'

'You blame me for thinking of him; but I can't help it, Brian even now. I try—but I can't,' she cried; 'forgive me; I will do my duty to you, at least.'

'Forgiven, Dorcas, readily,' he said, laying his hand upon her raven hair. 'It is a woman's error with a touch of heaven in it—to love the undeserving—too well.'

'You are worse!' she cried, as he spoke with his old difficulty and weakness.

'A little faint—for an instant. That's all.'

Dorcas ran up the steps at once, forgetting herself and her husband; and the captain and mate of the vessel came downstairs again at her appeal. Brian had recovered from his faintness by that time, or was strong enough to repress any exhibition of it when they were close to his berth. He looked at them very steadily.

'I want you two gentlemen to witness my signature,' he said, 'and to affix your own afterwards with your addresses on the left hand corner of the document. See now.'

Brian affixed his name to the will, and the sailors watched the operation closely.

'You've a steady hand yet, sir,' observed the captain.

'You'll pull through,' said the mate, 'and that infernal blackguard upstairs will 'scape hanging.'

'Sign, please,' said Brian.

The sailors added their signatures to the will of Brian Halfday, and then the captain said inquiringly—

'That's the deposition I suppose.'

'A deposition must be made before a magistrate,' said Brian, 'this is my last will and testament.'

'But haven't you said anything about the poisoning?'

'Not at present. It is necessary to write a line or two though,' he added, 'to save an innocent woman.'

'No, no,' cried Dorcas passionately, 'don't think of me. I brought the poison with me—how do you know I did not come here with the object of killing you—oh! let me suffer for Michael, if you can.'

'We must make this story very clear or harm will come of it,' said Brian thoughtfully; 'give me the pen again, and a fresh sheet of paper, please. I think there's time yet.'

But there was neither time nor strength left; Brian had overtaxed the powers that he had been in possession of lately, and before the paper was given him he had fainted away. It was a deep swoon from which he did not quickly recover—it was the first sign of the poison beginning its deadly work, Dorcas thought, with horror, and the sister's interest and love grew strong within her once more, and set him who had brought about the mischief into the darkness to which he naturally belonged.

Brian rallied again, but it was not on ship-board.

All that happened at Bridlington as the ship sailed into the barbour, he learned an hour later, when he had been carried on a litter to a private apartment in the town, where it had been thought a man might die in a convenient and comfortable fashion without troubling too many people with his premature decease.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NEW NURSE.

THE brightness and freshness of the morning came as a welcome to the re-

turning senses of Brian Halfday lying in his strange bed and in a room that was new to him. He came back to what was left to him of this world the same odd, observant being whom we have endeavored to portray to our readers, and his first action was to snatch impatiently at a curtain that hung between him and the light from the opposite window. It was so quickly done, that a woman on her knees, in that rare attitude of earnest prayer which is scarce enough in these days, was startled by its suddenness, and gave a faint cry of surprise before she rose to her feet and bent over him very tenderly.

He looked hard at her, a man doubtful whether it was a living, breathing fact before him, or a fair vision to console him at the last.

'A dream?' he cried, 'or is it—you?'

'Yes it is I, Brian.'

'My dear Mabel—how glad I am!'

He took the soft white hands in his and kissed them, and Mabel turned away her head to hide the tears in her eyes.

'I have been waiting for you—oh! so long,' he murmured, 'you will not go away again?'

'Never again.'

'I shall not keep you a great while,' he said, with a faint sigh; 'what is the time?'

'Nine o'clock.'

'Mine is a slow poison, and not much behind its time yet,' said Brian; 'has the doctor been? I seem to have a faint remembrance of swallowing something nasty half-an-hour ago.'

'Yes—he has been,' replied Mabel.

'What does he say? Don't hesitate, my dear new nurse who takes her rightful place here,' said Brian, 'I know the worst, and am not afraid to hear it from your lips.'

'No—you are brave,' she murmured.

'What does he think of me?' he asked.

'He has made many inquiries of your sister, and of Michael Sewell, and—and—oh! don't ask me,' she cried, burying her face in the pillow beside him.

His hand rested on her fair young head awhile.

'Courage, Mabel,' he said, 'I am not much to lose. I have known you such a little time, I have been always irritable, harsh, and exacting with you. Always a disagreeable fellow!'

'No—no,' she said, 'it is not true.'

'It is for me to give way—for happiness has only seemed a possibility of late days. And yet,' he added, 'I am strong.'

'And resigned—say resigned, Brian?'

Brian knitted his brows as if in opposition still.

'I am not certain,' he said tetchily; 'to be poisoned like a rat—to have life and life's ambitions close as suddenly as this, is hard.'

'You will say resigned, for my sake,' she entreated.

'Kiss me then—for mine.'

She leant over him and kissed him lovingly, and he said at once—

'Yes—resigned now.'

There was a silence of a few minutes in which Mabel sat by the bedside with her hand in that of Brian's, until the sick man said suddenly—

'Where is the will I dictated on board ship!'

'There is a paper on the drawers—is this it?'

She gave it to him, and he opened it and read the contents carefully.

'What an infamous handwriting it is,' he muttered, 'and that stupid girl has spelt fossil with one "s," after all. Mabel.'

'Yes,' said Mabel to his appeal.

'Keep this, please,' he said, 'and act upon it, after I have left you.'

'What does it contain?'

'Restitution to a girl grievously wronged by the Halfdays,' he answered.

'But—'

'But we are not going to talk of the money again—we have always quarrelled when that money was in question, Mabel,' he said, interrupting her, 'and this is my last wish, which even a dear little obstinate woman will respect.'

'Yes,' she responded in a low voice, 'I will do anything you wish, Brian.'

'Thank you.'

'But I wish you would not think so much of what is to become of me, or the money—not at the last,' she said.

'What do you want me to do?'

'To let me read to you from the pages of this book,' she said, taking a Bible from the drawers, 'to let me believe you are thinking of the world that lies beyond ours. Oh! Brian, I fear you have not thought enough of that.'

'Who has?' he answered, almost mournfully.'

'Then let me—'

'Presently,' he said with great firmness; 'there is this world and those I leave within it to consider first. That is my duty.'

'Not now.'

'Yes, Mabel dear, it is,' he answered; 'as for myself, I have done no one an injury, and the future does not scare me. And now—to business.'

'What business can there be to think of now?' she asked.

'I am a business-like man,' he said, with a faint smile, 'and would leave everything in its proper place upon the shelf.'

'Can he be going to die?' thought Mabel, as Dorcas Sewell had thought an hour or two since. His voice was stronger and his eyes brighter. Was it the last flickering of the flame before it went out in the darkness, and left her very desolate?

'In the first place,' he said, 'how did you get here? What good genius brought you to my side at the eleventh hour, when I was praying I might see you once again?'

'It was thought by the Scarborough men that the "Mary Grey" must make for Bridlington or sink,' said Mabel, 'and we came on by special train to this place, where we found you, Heaven be thanked!'

'Heaven be thanked, indeed,' repeated Brian; 'and this "we"? Does it mean you and Angelo Salmon?'

'Yes. He is utterly cast down by the consequences of his rash act—he attributes it all to his miserable jealousy—he is here, waiting anxiously to see you.'

'I will see him presently—poor Angelo!' said Brian.

'Why poor Angelo?' asked Mabel, with a little quiver of indignation in her voice.

'He has loved you very desperately and unwisely, Mabel—he has brought much trouble upon himself, as well as upon us. I don't think we treated him very well, and I am sure,' Brian added, 'that we might have treated him much better. He has something to forgive.'

'We acted indiscreetly, perhaps—but, oh, Brian, you and I had misunderstood each other so long,' said Mabel Westbrook.

'Yes—and happiness came suddenly upon us—and we were two weak mortals—not wholly unselfish in our loves,' he replied; 'I should like to speak to Angelo.'

'Shall I call him?'

'Not yet,' said Brian, very quickly, 'I receive my visitors at a later hour.'

'Don't jest—oh! my poor Brian, don't jest now,' she cried.

'I am not unhappy—why should I be very miserable, Mabel, because life ends in contentment, and with few mistakes to rectify, or to atone for? I think I should be wholly happy if—'

'If,' repeated Mabel, as he paused.

The thin fingers closed round hers more tightly.

'If I could look beyond the present time and see what was to become of you—if I were sure that you would be happy in good time yourself,' he said.

'Don't think of me—you must not at this hour.'

'Oh, yes—it is very likely I shall think of anything else at present,' said Brian in his old sharp tones; 'I have a great deal to say about you yet.'

'Will you say it quickly—for I have asked a friend to see you.'

Brian looked hard at her.

'A minister, do you mean?' he said.

'Yes.'

'You are thoughtful for me,' he replied, 'and I have no particular objection—unless it's Gregory Salmon,' he added with extraordinary quickness, 'and I can't stand that old idiot at any price.'

Mabel shuddered at his acerbity—it was hardly natural in that hour. It was surely a bad sign that the end was coming more quickly than she had thought.

'Tell me what you have to say concerning me, Brian—will you?' she asked.

'Tell me of yourself first.'

'In what way?'

'If I look back at this earth—and there are some philosophers that tell us we may do so in a future state—how shall I see my lost love in the years to come? As Angelo's wife?' he asked inquisitively.

'No—no!' cried Mabel indignantly; 'never as his wife or any man's. He has blighted my whole life—I have not forgiven him—I never, never can.'

The door opened softly and cautiously as she spoke, and Angelo Salmon stood upon the threshold and heard all that Mabel said. He came forward with clasped hands and head bowed down, a penitent

who took his sentence meekly, and accepted it as just.

'Pardon me, both of you,' he said, in a hollow voice, 'but I could not stay any longer—I am compelled to leave you.'

'What do you mean?' asked Brian.

Angelo Salmon looked behind him at the door, where two men were standing, mute but observant.

'Who are they?' was Mabel's quick inquiry.

'The police,' was Angelo's reply; 'I am arrested for the attempted murder of this poor sufferer. Brian Halfday's death will lie at my door, I declare solemnly before you all.'

CHAPTER XXV.

SLOW POISON.

GR EATLY to the astonishment of Mabel Westbrook, of Angelo Salmon, and even of the representatives of the constabulary force of Yorkshire, Brian Halfday sat up in bed in his surprise and vexation at the news.

'What's this?' he cried; 'who has arrested you? What for?'

He looked towards the police as if for his answer, and one man stepped forward, cap in hand, and pulled at his front lock of hair by way of salutation to the invalid.

'I beg your pardon, sir. You're the murdered gentleman, I 'spose?'

'Go on. My name is Brian Halfday,' said our hero impatiently; 'who has dared to arrest this gentleman—who prefers in any way a complaint against him?'

'There's been a tremenjeous deal of stir about this affair already, sir,' said the policeman, 'and we're bound to arrest every one mixed up in it. The crew of the "Mary Grey" have told us all that's happened; and as this is likely to be a serious matter, all the parties implicated have been taken up at once.'

Brian lay down in his bed again. His head was disposed to swim, and the result of these further complications was beyond his weak analysis. If he were only a little stronger—if the minutes of his life were not drifting away so quickly—if he could do something to save his rival from the consequences of his old rash act!

'Who are arrested?' he inquired.

'Michael Sewell, for the poisoning business, his wife, the captain of the "Mary Grey," and this gentleman.'

'What has this gentleman to do with the poison I have taken?' asked Brian.

'We don't know anything at present, sir,' said the policeman, apologetically but precisely, 'we're only acting under orders. We shan't know, you see, sir, how you died, whether from the blow or the poison, until the inquest is held on your remains—if you'll excuse my mentioning them at present.'

'Tell these dreadful men to go,' cried Mabel, very white; 'by what right are they here at all?'

'Business, Mabel, business,' said Brian, in a half-reproving tone; 'I am very glad they have come.'

'Thankee, sir,' said the policeman, 'and there'll be a magistrate here in a few minutes to take down your depositions, I was told to say.'

'I don't know that I have anything to say,' replied Brian thoughtfully. 'but I shall be prepared for him. But before you take away my friend, understand that I make no charge against him, and that I solemnly declare my death does not lie at his door, as he has foolishly stated.'

'Why do you say this, Brian?' asked Angelo; 'is it worth while, for such a wretch as I am?'

'It is the truth,' Brian replied, 'and I am anxious to say it for truth's sake.'

'I struck you down.'

'We had a little quarrel, certainly,' said Brian, 'but I was more to blame than you, for you were weak and not yourself, and I said bitter things when you grew angry, and so we came to blows. I was getting better when Michael Sewell poisoned me—I was much better, and you are blameless in this matter, I protest with my last breath.'

Angelo Salmon went swiftly to the bedside, stooped and kissed Brian's hand and then stood up again, erect and firm.

'You are very good to me, but I cannot accept the goodness,' he said; 'grant your forgiveness instead to the madman that I was. It is the only comfort I can receive in this world.'

'Except Mabel's forgiveness also,' said Brian.

'Ah! that is beyond my hopes,' he replied; 'I have blighted her life.'

'Mabel,' said Brian, 'will you say forgiveness with me to this poor friend of ours?'

'Yes—I will, Brian, now,' she answered.

They held their hands to Angelo, who took them in his own, and bowed over them until tears welled from him, which were good for him and his old malady.

'I thank you both,' he muttered, then he turned away and went out of the room, followed by the police. Brian was silent, and Mabel sat and watched him in silence also. It seemed a long time before his voice broke the stillness of the room, and once more it sounded strong and clear and with the ring of the old sharpness in it.

'We must get to business,' he said, 'we have a lot to do still.'

'If you would not talk so much of business,' urged Mabel.

'Tut—tut,' said Brian, 'look at the confusion on the top shelf still, when busy hands might set the matter right.'

'Is he wandering?' thought Mabel, regarding him askance.

'In the first place—always in the first place—a certain Mabel Westbrook, late of Boston, Massachusetts,' said Brian. 'She will act upon that will, and she will go to Penton Museum in good time, tell the new curator who she is, and ask for the last will of Adam Halfday of St. Lazarus, and the name of the solicitor who is stirring in this matter, and whom she may trust implicitly.'

Mabel did not answer, and he half rose and leaned on his elbow in surprise.

'Are you listening?'

'Yes,' she said, listlessly, 'but such business as this concerns me very little.'

'You should consider my instructions, Mabel. Fancy my dying with the thought that you don't understand them,' he said, half-peevishly, and half-reproachfully.

'Forgive me Brian—I will be more attentive,' she hastened to say, 'I understand everything, but I cannot think of myself.'

'Ah! that's very wrong,' he replied, 'lying down again, for as long as I live I have to think of you. As long as you lived I said once I would do that, but,' with a sigh, 'I was over-confident, and looked too far ahead.'

'Pray say no more,' said Mabel.

'We are losing time,' he answered, 'and it's very remarkable we can't keep to busi-

ness this morning. Once more concerning yourself, then. I went to America some few months since.'

Mabel gave a start of surprise at this.

'I wanted to see where all the money had vanished—to find the secret of the collapse of your fortune—and to discover that backwoodsman of whom you told me once. The dry goods youth was not forthcoming,' he added, with a hearty little laugh that was remarkable at this juncture; 'but I found out a great deal against that swindling bank.'

'Don't tell me now,' Mabel pleaded.

'Only this, that there is a chance of retrieving some of the losses, and you are in a better position than many of the shareholders,' said Brian. 'I have left the whole matter in the hands of a friend of mine out there, and he has promised to write to me very shortly. I daresay I shall hear from him the next—oh! by George, I had forgotten Sewell's mixture! No,' he added, 'I shall not hear from the gentleman; but you will open his letter in good time, and act upon it for your own sake—and for mine.'

'Very well,' said Mabel in reply.

'You take no interest in this at present,' said Brian, pressing her hands in his; 'but presently life's duties, and the duty to yourself, will come again. I don't want you to forget me, dear—never wholly to forget me—but I shall die unhappy, if I think I am to remain for ever a shadow on my darling's life. Mabel Westbrook must form new friends, new ties, and marry some good fellow who will prize her almost as much as I should have done had—things been different!'

'Oh! don't talk in this way,' exclaimed Mabel, 'spare me, Brian—do!'

'I have wandered from business—I am getting flighty, I suppose,' he said quaintly, 'and this uncommonly slow poison is beginning to wake up at last.'

'You are worse,' Mabel cried, 'oh! I am sure you are keeping back your feelings—to spare me. Let me ring for—'

'I am not acting, Mabel,' said Brian, 'on the contrary, and this is the remarkable part of it, I cannot quite realize the idea that I am standing on the brink of my grave: If it were not so deadly and insidious a poison, I should be disposed to believe that I was getting rapidly better, but that can't be. Dorcas's story was too plain

and simple—and the worst must come.'

'My poor Brian!'

'And there is so much business before us—and we can't keep to business,' said Brian, tetchily again, 'there is Angelo Salmon to save, now that he is in his sober senses, and you will have to be the principal witness in his favor, and to remember all I say in explanation of the causes of the quarrel. That it was my fault in particular, that I aggravated a man not responsible for his actions, that he did not hurt me, and that I was getting well fast, when Michael Sewell thought it would be more convenient to all parties to get me out of the world. You will say this at a fitting opportunity, Mabel?'

'Yes,' she promised.

'I will state the same in the deposition, if there's time,' said Brian; 'and as for Sewell—well, he's an awful scamp—but I fancy he's sorry for the success of his scheme, especially as it is likely to hang him. Dorcas tells me he repented of his crime before he knew I had drunk the water, and that he begged her to come and save me. If that's true, tell him some day I forgive him. It may make his last hour as full of peace as mine is.'

'And now—'

'And now, the sooner the magistrate turns up the better perhaps—and then an end of business for ever!'

'Do you feel any weaker, Brian?' she asked anxiously.

'I am sinking—'

'Oh! Great Heaven—my dear, dear Brian—not yet,' screamed Mabel, 'not so suddenly and awfully as this!'

'No, no—don't be afraid,' he exclaimed, 'I was going to add, when you scared me—sinking *with hunger!*'

'Is it possible?'

'I suppose it is fancy,' said Brian, 'it must be fancy, but I wonder if there's such an article downstairs as—'

'As what?' asked Mabel eagerly.

'Upon my honour, I hardly like to mention it to you, it seems so superbly ridiculous,' said Brian.

'What is it you want?'

'You will not be offended—because it's more on my mind than—theminster?'

'No—no—what is it, Brian?'

'A MUTTON-CHOP!'

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GREAT POISONING CASE.

THE pleasant town of Bridlington had availed itself of its chance of a sensation, and was stirred to the depths by all the elements of mystery and romance with which the case of Brian Halfday was surrounded. Twelve hours from the arrival of the 'Mary Grey,' of Sunderland, in the harbour of Bridlington, all Yorkshire was talking of the story, exaggerating details and amplifying facts, after the general fashion. Love and jealousy were at the bottom of it, and that rendered the narrative more interesting, culminating as it seemed in the murder, or the attempted murder of the principal character. Who was in love, who had been jealous, who was going to die, was not particularly clear to the outsiders; but the local papers would have their records presently, and public curiosity would be satisfied. Meanwhile there were a few incidents for hungry gossippers to feed upon—a ship leaving the harbour of Scarborough in a storm in order to carry away one of the rivals, or the lady—or both—a run for Bridlington, a tragedy by the way, a man borne down the quay on a litter with a crowd of excited sailors following, a woman waiting for the body, another woman and her husband, and the captain of the 'Mary Grey,' handed over to the police, the son of a clergyman in Pentonshire mixed up in the affair, and placed under arrest; surely these were sufficient items of sensation for the vulgar, and even the highly genteel, to speculate with, until the truth should shine forth in the veracious columns of the daily press.

It was known in Bridlington before midday that the depositions of the victim had been taken by a duly qualified justice of the peace, and that one individual overborne by remorse or to save the time of the authorities, had already confessed to that which, under the circumstances, it was extremely difficult for him to deny. Michael Sewell, in fact, was superlatively penitent, an admirable specimen of a man who was sorry for all the wrong he had committed. He pleaded impulse, a sudden fit of temptation, a crime without a method in it—he was ready to plead anything that would set him in a better light before his fellow-crea-

tures than that of a deliberate and cold-blooded poisoner. He could not affirm too quickly and too emphatically that he never meant to do it, and that before he thought he had done it, he had sent his wife in haste to the rescue. He told this, and a great deal more than this, to a solicitor who promised to take his case in hand; but the whole affair was inextricably involved, and neither he nor the lawyer could see how it would end. Everybody was mixed up in it in so remarkable a manner, that there seemed as many conspirators in the business, as in the Powder Plot against King James of sacred memory.

The police arrived at the conclusion that there was a great deal in it also, and that they should come at it presently—which, to save time we may assert at once, they never did. They were persevering and energetic in a cause that was hopeless from the first, and what they lacked in comprehension they made up in vigilance. They arrested everybody on suspicion—having first talked the county magistrates into issuing warrants for everybody's apprehension. They saw a malefactor or a conspirator in each man or woman connected with the poisoner or the poisoned, and were half disposed to believe that a Fenian conspiracy was at the bottom of the whole business. They respected neither place nor person, even the Reverend Gregory Salmon turning up in the afternoon a Bridlington, was placed immediately under arrest, his actions having been singular on the preceding day at the 'Mastodon Hotel,' and it being incontestably proved that he was aware of his son's attack upon Brian Halfday, and had been heard on the platform of the railway station at Scarborough imploring his son to be cautious in the matter for his own sake and the family's.

Mabel, at an earlier period of the mystery, had not communicated with the detective police in vain, and Gregory Salmon had been under suspicion for a considerable period for no other reason than that he was the most unlikely person to admit himself to a felonious transaction.

The last arrest connected with a case which threatened to assume gigantic proportions and become a *cause célèbre* of the British Empire was made in the afternoon of the Saturday when Brian Halfday was waiting patiently to depart from a world of disappointments, and marvelling at the

action, or want of action, of the exceedingly slow poison which Michael Sewell had administered to him. In his last moments, Brian, always of a studious turn of mind, thought it would be advisable to become a philosopher. Having settled every detail of his business, made his deposition, talked to the minister, and eaten a mutton chop—to the amazement of his doctor, who came in while he was picking the bone—he set himself to study the properties of the poison from the pages of a medical book which Mabel, as curious as himself, was enabled to procure for him in the town. He had found it impossible to glean any information from the doctor, who was more than usually cautious, even for a doctor, in expressing an opinion on a case which was becoming the more extraordinary the longer it lasted; and he sat in a dressing-gown before the fire endeavoring to solve the mystery for himself. He was of a scientific turn of mind, and thought that he should be able to discover something presently, if he had time, and if Mabel's presence did not distract him too much. The patient would show great irritability, the book said, under the effects of the poison, and it would be as well to humor any delusions with which the victim might be afflicted. His delusion evidently was that he was becoming stronger, and hence he had insisted on getting up, and in borrowing a dressing-gown for the occasion—all of which eccentricity was a bad sign, unless the antidote, although given some hours behind time, had proved a complete and triumphant success. Doctor Borland was half disposed to believe in the efficacy of the antidote, and to thank Heaven that he had been called in in time to be of service to suffering humanity. He had more than a faint hope, too, that Brian had not taken as much poison as his sister had declared he had, and that there had been a considerable amount of exaggeration in the matter altogether. Still there might ensue a terrible and sudden collapse, and he warned Mabel of this as likely to occur at any instant; and poor Mabel sat and watched her lover very anxiously, as he bent over his book and made notes on the margin with a lead-pencil, and went into sundry algebraic calculations with great intentness. Suddenly he closed the volume with a bang that brought her heart into her mouth.

'I can't make it out—it is a poison that

should have behaved itself in a more rational manner,' he cried; 'by every calculation under the sun, I ought to have been dead about six hours.'

'Oh! Brian—don't!' cried Mabel.

'All the chemists could not have been in league to deceive Dorcas,' said Brian; 'and she bought it by separate instalments. Perhaps some of them were out of the article, and gave her something less hurtful instead; and in mixing it together the quality has got deteriorated. It's always as well to get your articles direct from the Apothecaries' Hall, London; in my little experiments I have been very particular in that matter.'

'Brian,' said Mabel, 'I—I don't think you could talk like this if you were getting worse. And yet I am afraid to hope—unless you give me hope.'

'No—we must not be sanguine, Mabel,' he said, very gravely now; 'but time steals on in our favour, and the life is not all gone out of me.'

'Heaven has heard my prayers, I trust,' said Mabel, fervently.

'Heaven will not interfere if I have been fool enough to take half-an-ounce of the genuine article, Mabel,' he said drily; 'but I can't reconcile my symptoms with the stuff sold to Dorcas; unless—'

'Unless what?'

'Unless my previous prostration has delayed matters, instead of precipitating them, as I should have thought it would have done. Why are you looking at your watch.'

'I am expecting a friend.'

'Not another minister,' said Brian, with alarm.

'No.'

'Another doctor—ha! you will deceive me even at the last, true woman that you are,' he said, passing his arm round her, and drawing her for an instant to his side.

Mabel released herself from him gently, but she was sure he was getting stronger by degrees!

'I telegraphed to York, at Dr. Borland's request, some hours ago,' Mabel confessed.

'Thank you,' he replied; 'I shall be glad of a second opinion. I don't want to die if I can help it; although,' he added, 'I don't fear death much; I suppose it is Mabel Westbrook who has made me brave.'

'No; your own good heart, Brian.'

'Don't flatter me; you know I am the

most aggravating man whom you have ever met. You have told me so before.'

'I can't bear to hear you jest, Brian,' said Mabel.

'Ah! it was no jest to me then,' he said—'come in!'

The last words were uttered with his old business-like sharpness, as a knock sounded on the panels of the door. Mabel opened the door the instant afterwards.

'Is it the other doctor?' asked Brian, as Mabel paused, and looked beyond her into the landing-place without.

'No,' replied Mabel.

'Who is it then? Another policeman?'

'No,' she said. 'One minute, Brian. Patience dear.'

She passed out of the room, and closed the door behind her. The seryant was beckoning mysteriously to her on the landing-place, and she went towards her.

'The gentleman ain't dead yet, miss?' the girl asked, 'is he?'

'No,' she said, 'what is it?'

'Somebody downstairs as wishes to see him particular—he's terrible cut up at the news too, which he has only just heard, he says,' replied the servant; 'and he's shaking all over like a jelly-fish.'

'Who is it?'

'His father.'

Mabel hesitated; and then said—

'Let him come up directly.'

She returned to the room, where Brian's dark eyes met hers inquiringly.

'Some one has called, Brian, of whom you have spoken harshly more than once,' said Mabel.

'Who is it?'

'Your father.'

Brian thought over the request.

'I said I would never forgive that man,' said Brian; 'but it is too late in the day to bear ill-will against him.'

'You will see him?'

'Yes—I will see him.'

There was a shuffling outside the door as he spoke, and a feeble hand tapping without. Mabel rose and admitted the visitor, who tottered in, a poor, decrepit, palsy-stricken being, wrecked forever of all health, and strength, and nerve. He burst into tears at the first sight of Brian, and would have fallen upon him had not Mabel seized him by the arms and placed him in the chair which she had recently quitted.

'Oh! my poor, dear boy—what does it

all mean? What is the matter—what has happened to you?' he cried.

'Have you not heard?' Brian rejoined.

'I have heard all kinds of things—I don't know what to believe, and what to doubt—I'm not strong enough to be taken off my guard like this, without any preparation,' he said, 'you don't know how very weak I am—nobody knows or cares, or they would have more consideration for me—I'm completely broken down, Brian, since I had the pleasure of seeing you last—I am indeed.'

He sobbed afresh at the recapitulation of his own misfortunes, until Mabel Westbrook touched him lightly on the shoulder.

'You are unmindful of the feelings of your son,' she said, 'you distress him.'

'No—he does not distress me in the least,' Brian remarked, 'although I am sorry to see the change in him.'

'Thank you, Brian, for your sympathy. I thought you would be—I told Dorcas long ago you would if you once caught sight of me. I said to her only a week since, that if you knew how low I had got, you would be one of the first to take care of me, and find me a comfortable corner in your house somewhere, where I could be carefully nursed—not jumbled together like a bag of bones and dropped anywhere,' he added, 'as Michael Sewell drops me. Curse him.'

Mabel, a watchful nurse in Brian's service, would have interposed again, had not Brian raised his hand.

'Let him be, Mabel,' he said, 'he is excited. He will be better presently.'

'This is Mabel Westbrook?' William Halfday said.

'Yes—it is.'

'I am pleased to make your acquaintance, madam. I am highly honoured,' he said, without looking in her direction; 'you see before you, in Brian Halfday's father, a poor trodden-down nonentity. Times have changed since your father and I were friends together, and that boy loved me.'

Brian waited for his father to cease weeping so hysterically, before he said—

'What has brought you to Bridlington?'

'What has brought me?' he said, with a little feeble shriek, 'why you. I have said so already.'

'How did you discover me?' asked the son.

'You are the talk of the county,' said

William Halfday, 'and everybody is speaking of your murder. I have been in terrible suspense the last four and twenty hours, for Dorcas deserted me and left only three and sixpence on the mantel-piece, and nothing to eat in the house—said she was coming back again in an hour, and never came near me again. Pretty treatment that, madam,' he said, turning towards Mabel at last, 'from one's own daughter too, and I so dreadfully ill. If she had thought a little more of me, and a little less of that trumpery husband of hers, it would have been far more creditable to her in every way. But I'm an utter wreck, and without a soul to care for me.'

'There, don't cry again,' said Brian quickly, 'it will do you no good, and it takes up a great deal of your time. So you heard of my murder, Mr. Halfday—and terribly shocked you were, of course?'

'You might have knocked me down with a feather,' replied his father, 'for I was very weak this morning, not having had proper attention, or proper nourishment since six o'clock last night. A dreadful time to leave a man in my delicate condition—only think of it?'

'Yes—I am thinking of it,' said Brian.

'And as for the facts of the case, I was fairly bewildered in endeavouring to discover them,' William Halfday continued, 'but that Dorcas and Michael were taken up at Bridlington, and Michael had tried to kill you—just like him, that wretch would kill anybody in his tempers!—was sufficient for me to act upon. I came on at once, weak as I was—and here I am, and if you have got any brandy-and-water about—half a thimbleful—I'll take it as a mercy.'

Mabel looked towards Brian who nodded his head. Mr. William Halfday was completely prostrated and required a stimulant, it was evident, and Mabel tendered him a glass of cold brandy-and-water which he drank with avidity, and with his teeth rattling against the glass.

'Thank you very much,' he said, giving back the empty glass, 'I am exceedingly obliged to you. My gratitude is none the less genuine for being a poor dependent on your bounty. And you are really going to leave us, Brian?'

'The doctor says so,' answered his son.

'And with Michael taken up for the murder, and Dorcas under arrest also, I suppose

—ahem—it has not struck you very forcibly what is to become of me?' said William Halfday. 'But it is a serious position—I am entirely helpless. I don't know what to do. I haven't a friend in the whole world, upon my soul.'

Brian shrugged his shoulders, but he did not respond harshly to this poor exhibition of selfishness. It was natural that this man should think of himself in his weakness as much as he had done in his strength, and care as little for the weakness of others. The troubles closing round William Halfday, rather than the night drawing in upon the son, had been this man's first thought in coming to Bridlington.

'No—I have not considered you a great deal,' Brian confessed.

'Don't apologize,' said the father.

'I have even made my will this afternoon without a thought of you.'

'I am astonished at that,' replied William Halfday, 'for when a man is setting his house in order, he should think of all those by whom he has been surrounded, and of those ties of kindred, which, growing strong at the last, elevate a man above the petty animosities of this world. It is not too late to make a codicil, you know. You're looking pretty strong still.'

'Strange being,' said Brian, mournfully regarding him, 'I have taken your neglect of me all my life as a grievance—surely it was a blessing in disguise.'

'I—I don't know what you mean,' stammered his father as he looked away from him.

'See to him, now and then, Mabel, if I should die,' said Brian, 'don't let him starve.'

'He is your father,' murmured Mabel, 'and therefore—'

'No fresh promises—no new task beyond your strength—no more mistakes,' cried Brian energetically. 'I will not have your life devoted to one who has done his best to shipwreck yours. I only ask you to see to him now and then—to make sure he is in good hands—and so to leave him there. This man is deserving of less from you, and must have no more.'

William Halfday shook with greater force.

'I don't know,' he said tremulously, 'that I ever heard a crueller speech than that—from a man in your position too.'

'The Halfdays must never cross her

happiness again. They have been, from first to last, a blight upon her,' muttered Brian. 'If I could have only lived to make a nend!'

'You have,' answered Mabel earnestly.

'If by some miracle this poison really failed in its effect—'

'What's that?' said William Halfday.

'Is it poison you have taken?'

'Yes—poison.'

'Administered by Michael Sewell?' asked the father.

'Yes.'

'But was it not Michael Sewell who attacked you in a boat on the sea, along with Mr. Salmon and the captain of a pirate—I mean a collier—vessel? I have heard nothing about poison,' said his father.

'The news has got mixed,' said Brian. 'Your daughter Dorcas carried poison with her to make short work of her own life, poor woman; and Michael took it from her for precaution's sake. Finding me in the way somewhat, and the poison being handy, he tilted it into my water-bottle—and here's the result.'

'But the poison. Was it in a small phial—fluted?' inquired William Halfday.

'I don't know.'

'You are sure Dorcas had it in her possession yesterday—that it was taken from Dorcas by her husband?' he cried.

'Yes.'

'Then you are no more poisoned than I am,' said William Halfday, rubbing his hands together in his excitement and satisfaction. 'And there will be somebody left in the world to see to me after all.'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed Brian.

'I was afraid of Dorcas. I had been afraid of her and her moods for the last four days, and when she told me sullenly she did not think she should live much longer, and I found out she was always carrying a phial with her, one night, when she was asleep, I emptied it of its contents, and filled it with water instead.'

'Thank Heaven!' cried Mabel.

'Amen,' said Brian; and then the lovers forgot present company, and embraced each other from sheer excess of joy, whilst Mr. William Halfday regarded them with astonishment, and seemed even a little shocked.

'You will excuse us,' said Brian, after awhile. 'But we have had so little happi-

ness in our two lives, that we are compelled to snatch at it as it flies past.'

'And I have made you two happy then?' said the father. 'I am very glad. I—I have really no remembrance of making anybody happy before.'

'You have saved the life of your son,' said Mabel.

'I am glad of it. He will not forget me for it, I dare say,' replied William Halfday, with alacrity. 'And although I was thinking of Dorcas at the time, and how awkwardly situated I should be without her, yet my prudence and forethought have had some good results after all. Allow me to thank Heaven, too, that this dear boy is spared to me!'

'All right,' said Brian; 'but you can do that presently.'

'Certainly. I am in no particular hurry. And if you could favour me with one more thimbleful of your brandy-and-water, to steady nerves that have been seriously shaken by this dreadful excitement and suspense, I should be obliged,' said Mr. Halfday.

A glass of brandy-and-water being tendered him, Mr. Halfday raised it in his shaking hand, and nodded cheerfully at the couple facing him.

'I see how it is,' he said, with a violent wink convulsing his own countenance.

'Here's health to you both and good luck.'

'Health and good luck,' repeated Brian.

'Well, Mabel, they are coming at last.'

CHAPTER XXVII.

AFTER THE STORMS.

BRIAN Halfday was right. Health and good luck were to follow all the miseries and misconceptions with which that year had begun for him and Mabel. The trials of life had been short and sharp, but were to remain for ever memorable. After all, there was nothing much to regret in them, and a great deal to look back upon gratefully—the fair landmarks in the history of a true affection. If Mabel, in her rash, unselfish consideration for the peace of mind of other folk, had nearly shipwrecked her own, still her mistakes were on the right side of the heart; and all was well that ended so well and brightly as this.

The great case collapsed like a bubble after it was discovered that nobody was poisoned. Michael Sewell laughed very heartily when the news first reached him, and said that he was aware of it all along, for he had tasted the stuff in the bottle after taking it from his wife's hands; but the only person disposed to believe him was that wife herself, who considered it extremely probable, and just in Michael's style.

There was a grand unlocking of police cells, and a grand procession therefrom, Michael Sewell and Dorcas, Angelo and his indignant father, and the captain of the "Mary Grey"—the latter vowing that he would make a case of damages for his detention; but exceedingly glad, nevertheless, that he had got so well out of a troublesome piece of business. Concerning the skirmish between Angelo and Brian in the boat, that for ever remained a mystery to those not deeply concerned. Angelo was silent, and Brian said, laughingly, to a few who were inquisitive, that when he got better, he should consider the practicability of taking out a summons for the assault, only, unfortunately, he had no witnesses to support the charge. To Angelo he was above all jesting. The love of this weak-minded young fellow was to be respected for all time, even if his jealousy was to be deplored.

Angelo had sobered down and become a grave and thoughtful man. Eccentricity had died out with his own violent dash at revenge. The rivals had become friends, and Angelo was grateful that Brian's life had been spared. The clergyman's son was not of the stuff that malefactors are made, and he had approached so closely to the verge of crime that to be saved at the eleventh hour was to render him a stronger and a better man henceforth.

'You will not desert us, Angelo,' said Brian to him one day, when there was a rumour of the date's being fixed for Brian's marriage with Mabel; 'you will show your friendship and true courage—your forgiveness even—by being with us then?'

Angelo wavered.

'It may be beyond my strength—but I should like to be there,' he answered.

'You will come—for our sakes as well as your own,' said Mabel, who was, however,

a little nervous of the experiment which Brian had suggested.

Angelo fell into his own odd, embarrassed manner which had been missing from him for a long time. It was a good sign, the lovers thought.

'Thank you—I—I think I'll come. If I might be allowed to—to give Brian away, I should feel more easy in my mind,' he said.

'To give Brian away!' exclaimed the bewildered Mabel.

'Oh! I forgot, it's the giving the bride away, isn't it?' he stammered; 'well, it's about the same thing, only I should have liked to pass Brian over, if only to show there's no jealousy left in my heart.'

'Wouldn't giving Mabel away answer the same end?' suggested Brian.

'Well—yes—but Mabel might not like me to do that,' he said, looking at her wistfully.

'Are you not the oldest friend I have in England?' asked Mabel.

'Thank you,' Angelo answered.

So Angelo Salmon gave the bride away, to the astonishment of many of his friends, and was as brave and strong as Brian had prophesied that he would be. He was proud of his task, too—it was a sign that Mabel had forgiven him completely, and his heart was lighter and not heavier in consequence.

'I give her to one who will be strong enough to protect her against the troubles of this world,' he said at a later hour; 'I should have been always too weak for that, I am afraid.'

But we are precipitating a crisis by a few lines, and ere the curtain is rung down upon our characters, we would for the last time speak of the strange adventures of the money which Mabel Westbrook had brought from America to benefit the Halfdays.

It was in Penton, where our story opens, that it closes. Where the shadows began, in the twilight of one April day, to steal over the life of Mabel Westbrook, the brighter life commenced and the darkness sank back beyond the hills. It was in the old lodgings too, on the Penton Road where Mabel had taken refuge for a week or two before her marriage, that Dorcas had proved at last that Michael Sewell had his fits of penitence, and was not so thorough a scamp as every one acquainted with him was dis-

posed to believe. Mabel was alone when Dorcas and her husband called upon her, but Brian appeared before the interview was over, followed by his father who was nervous concerning the movements of these four, and did not care to be long out of their sight, lest he should drop also from their recollections before anything was settled about him, or—settled upon him.

Dorcas was looking bright and pretty again—her husband had made large promises of amendment, and spoken of the lesson in life which had been taught him by adversity. He had escaped hanging by a 'fluke,' and he was young enough to value life, and shrewd enough to see how one false step had nearly swept him from it. How time would work upon such a character as this, Brian could not guess; he was not particularly sanguine, but then he was always sceptical, and as Dorcas said with a sigh, he had never liked Michael, or seen him at his best. Having seen Michael Sewell at his worst had been quite enough for Brian Halfday.

'I have brought Michael here to ask your pardon for all the trouble and anxiety he has caused you,' Dorcas said very proudly, upon their entrance.

'Indeed,' said Mabel, who was surprised beyond all composure at her visitors.

'And he will speak up for himself, and tell you what he thinks is just and right on his part,' said Dorcas, stepping aside to allow her husband to emerge into the foreground, and make the speech she had promised for him; 'now, Michael please.'

Thus adjured, Michael Sewell stepped forward and delivered his oration in his usual abrupt way, whilst Dorcas sat down and regarded him admiringly. It was in the middle of the speech that Brian and his father entered and begged him to continue and not to consider their presence as an interruption, and Michael Sewell went off, after a pause, again.

'I was saying, Brian,' he said to our hero, by way of explaining the preliminary points of his address which Brian had not heard, 'that I am a creature of impulse, and a bit of a fool, rash and headlong, and all that, and that God knows I have suffered for it as much as any man—and been as sorry afterwards.'

'I am glad to hear you are sorry,' said Brian dryly.

'Ah!—and look here, I am going to prove I am sorry. I don't suppose,' he said, 'that any one would believe me without I could show I am able to make a sacrifice as well as anybody else. Miss Westbrook,' he said, addressing her in particular, 'it is a little late in the day, but there is the money—not quite all the money, certainly—which you paid to the account of Adam Halfday one day in the spring.'

He placed a packet of notes on the table, adding—

'I have brought it in money—I thought you would prefer it to a cheque.' Mabel seemed to hesitate still.

'I did not think——,' she began, when Brian, with his impetuous rudeness, interrupted her.

'Do not talk of that old farce of restitution, Mabel,' he said, 'for even Adam Halfday's last will restores it to your future husband.'

'You must not imagine that the notice of Brian's claims to the estate frightened me at all,' said Michael, 'don't think that, because I could have bolted with the lot.'

'How much money is there left from the wreck?' asked Brian.

'Fifteen thousand pounds—almost,' answered Michael; 'I have kept back a little for myself—not much—to set me and Dorcas up in business somewhere abroad. You will not begrudge us that?'

'Keep it,' said Brian, after looking at Mabel for her consent to this.

'Thankee,' he answered.

'And if you will go your way alone from this day,' began Brian, 'leaving Dorcas to our care until time has assured us you are to be trusted, I think——'

Dorcas interposed here, as hot and angry as in the old days—

'Would you separate man and wife?' she cried indignantly, 'do you think I would leave him now I have every faith in him?'

'He wishes you to accompany him?' asked Brian.

'Ay, I do,' cried Michael Sewell; 'I wouldn't part with this good little woman for the world. She will keep me straight, see if she does not.'

'My dear Michael!' exclaimed Dorcas.

'She must go then,' said Brian doubtfully.

'I suppose you think I am shamming re-

pentance, Brian?' asked Michael, 'you never could believe in me.'

'I think at the present moment you have a strong idea of attempting your best,' was the reply.

'I have,' said Michael, 'and you shall hear I have done well too—and, by Heaven, I am glad you will be alive to hear it! There's one thing.'

'What is it?'

'I can't do with the old man,' Michael said, with a shudder; 'I can't get along with his beastly selfish ways, I shall be much better without him. For God's sake take care of him, Brian, somewhere.'

'I don't want to go with you, Michael,' whined William Halfday. 'I'd rather stop in England, if my dear boy Brian, whose life I have saved, will find me house and home.'

'I think I know of a cottage——'

'Not that infernal place above Datchet Bridge,' exclaimed his father with alacrity, 'put me in the workhouse rather than up there.'

'I will find a home and a nurse for you,' said Brian.

William Halfday murmured his thanks. It was no more than Brian could help doing, he thought, and he only hoped he should get a proper amount of attention

from a hired domestic. He would have preferred to be one of the family after Brian had married.

'And now,' said Dorcas, seizing Mabel's hands and kissing her, 'let me leave you to Brian's care, and wish God's blessing on your future lives. You are the first woman Brian has loved, the first my own hard heart has ever warmed to. He will never be suspicious of you, as he has of me and Michael,' she added half fretfully. 'He will always think the best of you. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye, Dorcas,' said Mabel, returning her caress.

There were more farewells, but amidst them all, Michael did not offer to shake hands with the man whose life he had coveted. He bowed his head gravely to Brian, and walked away, and the young and confident wife went with him, her hands linked upon his arm.

'So they pass from your life, Mabel, and will shadow it no more,' said Brian after they were gone, 'and there is only one Halfday left to trouble you.'

'To trouble me as long as I live,' she murmured; 'just as he promised me at Datchet Bridge.'

FINIS.

WHERE THOU WERT LAID.

Where thou wert laid with many tears
 Long since the rose was wont to bloom,
 But roses die as speed the years,
 And briars spring around the tomb:

For those that wept above thy clay
 Long time have slept the sleep that knows
 No dream—no ushering in of day—
 No intermission of repose.

'Tis well! With millions gone before
 Thou hast thy dwelling, and to thee,
 As roll the ages, millions more
 With sighs and tears shall gathered be.

H. L. SPENCER.

ROUND THE TABLE.

I SOMETIMES think that if I were one of those fortunate ladies who possess, besides a good position in society, a house and means commensurate with a large-hearted hospitality, I should make a resolute effort to introduce certain social reforms. To this end I should constantly remind myself that a mission was open to me which any woman might deem honourable, and that is to encourage the practice of the social virtues and the graces of life in a country where they sadly need to be cultivated. It should be my aim to bring together often the young people of both sexes, not in the indiscriminate elbowing of a showy party, but in gatherings more select and less ostentatious. A grand dinner-party I should never countenance. A great banquet, where speaking follows the elaborate eating, may sometimes be endured for the sake of the speeches; a small dinner-party, where the guests are friends in sympathy with one another, may be the most delightful of social meetings. But Heaven preserve me from the grand dinner which is between the two, with its interminable courses, its stiffness, its rapidity, and its gormandising. 'We,' says a Spartan in an old play, 'are great both at eating and working, but the Athenians at talking, and eating little, and the Thebans at eating a great deal.' The Bœotians, with their proverbial dullness and capacity for eating, must have brought the grand dinner-party to a state of perfection; but the Athenians, who thought more of talking than eating, probably enjoyed themselves more. I should aim at being Athenian rather than Theban in my dinners, and therefore I say that in my house the grand dinner-party should be unknown. A few friends or acquaintances, chosen, not indiscriminately, but with a view to their characteristic tastes and pursuits, should often, I hope, sit at my table, and a simple dinner would be followed by a song or two, or a chapter read from a pleasant book. And my friends should understand that I would not be offended if they stayed no later than ten o'clock. Dancing I should encourage of course, but I should leave grand balls

for the Queen's representatives. What an unmitigated misery is a ball in a private house of average dimensions! Its 'success' in our society is measured by the number of people who are induced to come and jostle one another in the stifling rooms. 'How did Mrs. A's party go off?' 'Oh splendidly, there were more than two hundred people there.' 'Dear me, it must have been a great success.' 'It was, I assure you.' Such is the language of polite, mendacious society; but the worn-out male, as he yawns through his morning toilet, growls to himself in a different strain. 'What a blank nuisance these parties are! That woman is a fool to cram her rooms with all sorts of people, and worse than a fool to require them to dance. There were two men to every woman, and the whole place was like a bee-hive all the time. Not a chance to get a bit of supper till after one o'clock. I might have known what it would be like, and I was a condemned idiot for going. No more parties for me this winter!' This crowding of parties is fatal to social enjoyment. For six high-spirited souls or spooning—forgive the word: I should reform that in time out of polite conversation—or spooning lovers who are happy at such an assembly, there are sixty people who are listless, disappointed, or miserable. That kindly social philosopher, Arthur Helps, has made one of his 'Friends in Council' say some sensible things on this subject: 'Sir Arthur Godolphin.—I have often thought that I would like to have much influence with one of the foremost leaders of fashion, some great lady. . . . For a whole year I should wish to guide her absolutely as regards the entertainments she had to give. Take a ball, for instance. This is really the best entertainment in the world, or would be if it were managed properly. . . . I would first make her carefully measure her rooms. I should aid her in doing that, and would show her what space should be allowed for those who have to sit down—

Ellesmere.—How the polite Sir Arthur avoids the disagreeable word 'wall-flowers!'

Sir Arthur.—and for those who have to dance. I would instil into her mind the simple axiom that when you ask people to dance you should give them room to dance.

Ellesmere.—My bisection—only in other words.

Sir Arthur.—I would insist upon her ball beginning early and ending early, and would order her to make a fuss about punctuality. The hours should be from eight o'clock to one. Those who really care about dancing are the sort of people who are not devoted to grand and late dinners. . . . I would diminish in every respect the sumptuousness of the affair. I rarely assist at such entertainments; but when I do, I always see that half, at least, of this sumptuousness is entirely useless.

Now these are the points which I, as a social reformer, should impress by example and precept upon those who entertain. I should give, instead of one large and splendid and miserable party, two or three simple and pleasant ones, and in the consciousness that I was acting wisely, I should risk giving offense to those of my friends not invited to my first entertainment who were too dull to appreciate the loftiness of my aims. And to those I had asked to come and be happy, I should give a reasonable space wherein to enjoy themselves. Above all, knowing that most, if not all my gentlemen had serious work to commence at an early hour in the morning, I should abbreviate the hours of pleasure.

How often have I thought, 'I should have enjoyed myself at such and such a party had I been able to get away when I wanted to.' The mistake is universal amongst us of pressing a guest to stay when he intimates a desire to go at a reasonable hour. 'If you go so early I shall think you have not enjoyed yourself.' What the dickens is a poor fellow to do when his hostess puts the matter to him in this way? Yes, one of the first social reforms I should inaugurate in my imagined position of a social leader, would be the curtailment in point of time of all entertainments. A few of the younger ladies would rebel, but all the men worth considering would bless me warmly. Something would then be done towards inducing the best men to perform their duty to society—the men who, according to Mr. John Stuart Mill, should in the present constitution of society keep away from it alto-

gether. But I certainly should not give parties for dancing only: I should have occasional reading parties, and private theatricals once in a while. Of these perhaps I shall speak hereafter. I know some of those who are sitting round the table have something to say of their own, and will justly object to me doing all the talking.

—There is a friend of mine to whom I shall henceforward talk ungrammatically, write elaborately misspelt letters, and misquote persistently. In all this I shall have a double object: to revenge a series of injuries he has of late perpetrated upon me; and to ruinously undermine his respect for any critical faculty of which he may supposed me possessed. There is no presumption in my indicating that he attributes such a faculty to me, or makes pretence of so doing; for therein lies the very gist of my displeasure with him. He has, in short, made it his habit of late, to come and break bread with me now and again, and afterwards, holding me helpless in the bonds of hospitable duty, to pull out of his pocket bundles of MSS, and read to me articles and poems which he has still under the *limæ labor*. Now I deem it no infliction to listen to his articles or to his poems; they are generally very good, and he reads them capitally; in fact, with enthusiastic appreciation. But he embitters my pleasure and even jeopardizes our mutual goodwill, by requesting me invariably to 'express a candid critical opinion, and make unhesitatingly any suggestions or corrections that may occur to my mind.' What can be more distressing than my position? To praise his every production *in toto*, from alpha to omega, would be to stultify myself and betray the untruth I was uttering; for my friend is no simpleton. To find any radical fault, or one too many of incidental errors or blemishes, would be in all likelihood to incur his displeasure, even though he might protest that he was delighted, and actually strive to persuade himself that he did not feel hurt. I have to aim at a happy mean, most difficult of discovery, and skilfully to spice hearty general praise with friendly censure on some trivial points. In selecting these trivial points with an anxious care, I am certain to pick out his favourite weaknesses! Yet I must say something; or he takes my silence

as a polite veil for utter lack of appreciation. When will men learn that they are mortal? When will grown-up children cease to play with edged tools; and my amiable persecutor to hand me the sword with which to wound his self-love, and, perchance, even to cut the pleasant bonds of our friendship? For my own part, I find that my vanity is every day stabbed sorely enough, until it is well-nigh defunct, without seeking for it a Strato that I may play Brutus. With Canning I say heartily:—

‘..of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the *Candid Friend!*’

—The number of books that ‘every one must read’ is beginning to make me despondent. I never met a man who was not ‘meaning to read’ an indefinite number of these terrible books;—nor one who had read so many that, though he were a student on the shady side of fifty, some young enthusiast of eighteen summers could not pick a hole in his literary armour. Would it not be as well to face this matter? We start out on our mental campaigns with an ardour of intention before which visions of the Bodleian and British Museum libraries appear trifles. The realities are very substantial when we see them; and, among many thousand volumes, when we see on every side titles, well-known to us, of books we ‘really must read,’ then do our hearts sink somewhat. So, at any rate, has mine at such times. But not long afterwards we allow a new novel, a magazine, a newspaper, to steal lightly away our uncounted moments and leave us still with printed worlds to conquer, and still ‘meaning’ to conquer them. ‘Time is money’ is a trite half-truth; and we elevate it to no higher dignity than a truism when we add that time is very much more than money. We count the poorer thing carefully; why not the better? Since we make out no ‘deposit slips’ for hours as for our dollars, for minutes as for our cents, we vaguely credit ourselves with a great time-treasure, which we squander as though it were inexhaustible. But what is the richest heritage of years we can succeed to? The question is platitude enough without its answer. Nevertheless, we most of us allow a simple little calculation from years to hours to remain unmade; and are content to put a hasty ‘equal’ between intentions and possi-

bilities without reducing either to a known quantity. To do so as far as we can will always startle us and is generally salutary. With regard to reading alone, a man who steadily continues it for sixty years at the rate of five volumes a month,—by no means a despicable average,—will have perused finally just three thousand six hundred volumes. This is scarcely a Bodleian; but it is more than many get through who count themselves close students. Consideration of a plain fact such as this may at least convince us of the necessity of system; and lead us to curtail, either our indulgence in unprofitable, if pleasant, ephemeral literature, or our ambition in the direction of books that ‘every one must read.’

—THE collection of pictures exhibited in New York in the Academy of Design and the Metropolitan Museum, as the contribution of New York to the Centennial Exhibition, was interesting, not only because the paintings were choice specimens of well-known painters, but also because it furnished a very fair index to the taste and culture of the wealthy Americans who contributed the collection, and who, judged by their index, seem to be discriminating as well as generous patrons of European artists. Among the contributors were state governors, bankers, merchants, and ladies of wealth, and the painters represented were chiefly French, German, and Spanish, with a small admixture of English and American pictures. The most remarkable collection was the ‘James Taylor Johnson Collection,’ which was nothing less than princely, but which, to the regret of many who admired it as a superb whole, has since been sold and disposed of on account of the financial embarrassments of its owner. The great object of interest in the collection was Turner’s ‘Slave-ship,’ characterized by Ruskin as the noblest sea-picture ever painted by man. Perhaps it is, but surely such pale, lurid waves,—crossed by the fatal, blood-dyed track, and full of sea monsters, as clearly visible as in an aquarium—were never seen in any terrestrial sea. By dint of studying the picture for a considerable time, one can discern its wonderful power, and throw oneself into the spirit of the painter’s conception; but—think it true to nature, one

cannot! However, it remains an open question whether painters of Turner's genius may or may not, to a certain extent, sacrifice literal truth to nature to high poetic idealization. Will any one give a well-grounded opinion on this subject? As to Turner's picture, I fear that the average visitor would be of the opinion which I heard expressed by a young lady, (American, of course,) who had been reading the description of Ruskin, attached to the back of the picture, and who declared that the description was 'a great deal handsomer than the painting.' One of the other gems of the collection was a picture which could not fail to arrest the attention of all classes of visitors, so vivid and powerful was it in its terrible reality; a picture familiar to many through engravings—Muller's 'Last Victims of the Reign of Terror,' listening, in the Conciergerie, to the roll of death, As one stands gazing at the pallid, terror-stricken faces, so full of anguish and despair, one feels as if the scene—once so sadly real—had again become a reality before one's eyes. Church's 'Niagara'—by far the best picture of the Falls ever painted—was also in this collection. So truly is the water given, that one almost listens for the roar, and fancies one sees the rapids flowing down in their perpetual, ever-changing, yet never-ceasing rush. Among the other most remarkable pictures in this room was Holman Hunt's 'Isabella and her Basil-pot,'—from the old story of Boccario—so touchingly and exquisitely rendered by Keats. Every one who has read it will remember the haunting refrain:—

'For cruel, 'tis, said she,
To steal my Basil-pot away from me!'

A number of good specimens of Bouguereau, Meyers, Von Bremen, Troyon, &c. &c., also graced this collection, but any comments on them must be left to another day.

—I cannot understand why, in discussing such a question as the conferring of the franchise upon women whose property qualifications would entitle them to it, if they were men, it is so often quietly *assumed* that such women do not desire the franchise and would not exercise it if they had it. I know a good many sensible and intelligent

women of this class, who, while they do not 'clamour' for the franchise, since 'clamouring' is not at all in their way, yet do consider it an injustice that, simply on the ground of sex, they are debarred from a privilege usually attending the possession of property, a privilege exercised by the least intelligent and most ignorant man who works for them, and who is perhaps taxed for a minute fraction of the amount for which they pay taxes. Some of these women not merely manage their own business, and bring up their families of *sons* as well as daughters to be creditable members of society, but also conduct, and conduct well, benevolent and philanthropic institutions requiring much thought, care, and judgment. Why it should be supposed that, if they had the franchise, they would not exercise its important duties as faithfully and intelligently as any of the other duties so well discharged by them; or why such an exercise of it should interfere in any respect with these other duties; or, lastly, why the simple recording of a vote should drag them into any 'noisy arena,' any more than making their purchases at shop or market, or going to a bank to draw or deposit money; are curious questions, more easily asked than answered. And if voting would be so demoralizing to women, how comes it that it is not ruinous to the average man? Women have shown their appreciation of the privilege of voting for school boards, where they have had it conferred upon them, and I believe that female property-holders, if the franchise were bestowed upon them, would exercise it as a right and duty, at least as intelligently as the average male voter. As for 'standing' as 'candidates,' because they have the right to vote, they would no more think of it than clergymen do now. I believe much of the timidity felt about this matter arises from a 'needlessly anxious calculation, on the part of politicians, as to the effect which would be produced on the balance of power by the addition of a fractional number of female votes.

—THE writer of 'Current Events' in the February number of the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*, does some injustice, through inadvertence, no doubt, to the step recently taken by the Evangelical Alliance of Toronto, to discourage Sunday funerals. It is hardly

fair to set down to a 'Judaizing' spirit, a movement which is really one of *self-defence*, and for which excellent reasons exist, well known to those who have taken measures in the matter, though they might, naturally enough, not at once occur to a critic who looks at it from the outside. If the presence of clergymen were not required at funerals, they might, perhaps, be reasonably considered as stepping out of their place in dictating whether interments are to occur on Sunday, or not. But as hardly any are willing that their friends should be interred without the last services of the church, for the comfort of the survivors,—even in the case of those who have never troubled the Church much during life,—a clergyman's presence is considered a *sine quâ non*. Now, every one who considers what is the ordinary pressure of a minister's work on Sunday, in conducting two services, and superintending his Sunday-School, must admit that these constitute quite a sufficient tax on his time and strength, without adding thereto the labour of attending Sunday funerals. If 'the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath,' it is utterly subversive of its spirit to make it the occasion of entailing on any class of men burdens too heavy to be borne. And it is the mercenary selfishness of society, rather than any other cause, which makes Sunday a favorite day for funerals. People will give up their time on that day rather than on an other, because it does not entail any loss in 'hard cash.' Whether its unprofitable employment may not entail loss in things more important—they do not seem to consider. For although there may be elevating and softening influences connected with the services, for those who attend them, what benefit can be derived by those who merely hang about outside till the procession is formed, and then show clearly enough, by their demeanor, that their thoughts are anywhere rather than with the dead. As to being quiet and undisturbed in thought beside the grave of a departed friend,—that is hardly possible amidst the fuss and parade of an average funeral. And, indeed, when one considers how conventional and barren of feeling are most funerals, one feels inclined to query:—'Why have a funeral (in the ordinary sense of the word) at all?' I have often heard persons of sensitive feeling express a strong

desire to be attended to the grave only by those nearest and dearest friends who would be real mourners, and who would not consider it 'a bore' to attend a ceremony 'out of compliment,' to the survivors. And why must funerals always be at a certain conventional hour,—the very worst, in summer, at which they could be held in our climate? I should very much prefer being quietly attended to the last resting-place in the tranquil hours of a summer evening, by the few nearest friends to whom in life I could always look for sympathy, to the most magnificent pageant on which money was ever wasted. And the conventional hearse! Why do we tolerate its gloomy hideousness so long? Christian funerals should not be shrouded in gloom. However, this is a digression. But so long as clergymen are required to be present at funerals, to speak words of Christian faith and hope to the mourners, they have a right to request that, whenever possible, interments shall not be appointed for a day on which they are already so fully taxed that they would not be justified in undertaking any other duty, except in the most urgent necessity.

—Anything more absurd than the 'May-Bennett' duel it would be difficult for the tripping pen of reporter to indite, or the fluent brain of penny-a-liner to fabricate. After creating a little sensation of its own, and figuring almost every day in leaded magnificence of hinted horrors, it has come down to this, that two foolish boys went out with all the dread paraphernalia of duelling pistols (of first-class make), surgeons (with the best testimonials and instrument cases), seconds (warranted bloodthirsty), and the inevitable brandy-flask,—in fact, everything a duellist's heart could require, *except* the mutual determination to fire at each other. As neither gentleman probably suspected the other of any such villainous intention as that of burning filthy gunpowder in any other than a heavenward direction, we may presume that *they*, at least, were not astounded at the result; but the seconds must have felt greatly inclined to punch each his principal's head. After this travesty, society need fear no revival of the duello: the recent burlesque has been too broad to call for repetition, or even an appearance of the authors before the footlights.

While condemning the, so called, laws of honour of the good old fighting days for the blood they spilt, it must at least be acknowledged that, in those times, gentlemen duellists had this redeeming feature in their characters, that the courage of their convictions did not often desert them inopportunely at the moment when the fatal paces were stepped out, and they met their antagonists face to face.

—I have noticed from the daily papers that revivals are going on freely in all parts of the Province, and the ordinary not-over-punctually-church-going individual is being laid in wait for by earnest folk, capable of compassing heaven and earth to make a proselyte, and is being called on 'to show cause' (in legal phraseology) why he should not instantly experience a change of con-

viction and purpose. Unfortunately, the process generally leaves an unpleasant sensation upon the mind of the unregenerate, and he is apt to expose the ludicrous side of the subject on returning to his congenial haunts. This is a pity, for while there can be little doubt that revivals do much harm in many ways, yet we must not forget that the men and women who buttonhole us at unseasonable moments are very terribly in earnest. For them to hear and believe the things they do hear and believe, and yet not rush forth to command and to importune men to come in, would be proof of such callousness of heart on their part as would justly draw down upon them far severer comment than the excess of zeal which they at present display may be thought to merit.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Dominion Parliament met on the 8th ult., with the usual formalities, though without even the ordinary display of interest or enthusiasm. There is no disguising the evident fact that politics have ceased to arouse the attention of any but those who have deep stakes at issue in the game. Both before and after the opening of the Houses, there have been vaticinations; but whether they come from the one side or the other, they are almost sure to be falsified by the event. A favourite Opposition prophecy, it was, that the Premier had a subtle scheme in waiting: no less than the dismissal of the House to their constituents after the passage of the Estimates—they were, somewhat according to the Sangrado method, first to be bled, and then to be purged. There was but one hitch in the programme, and that a fatal one,—Mr. Mackenzie's motive for so erratic a course. The answer was, that the indignation of the country had manifested itself so clearly, and the Conservative reaction was so open and palpable, that even the present Government could not fail to observe the signs

of the times, and to seize them, in a somewhat rude and surprising way, by the forelock. Now we take Mr. Mackenzie to be too shrewd a Scot to be frightened with false fire. Certainly, if there were a Conservative reaction, the best way would be to prove it in Parliament, where it is not likely to be proved, rather than out of it. It is impossible to believe that the Government would lose much by a dissolution to-morrow; still less that the experience of this session and the next would make many converts to the Opposition side. That there are faults in the course pursued by the Dominion administration can hardly be denied; they are evident enough to any impartial observer. The only question with those who have an interest in the prosperity and growth of the nation is,—Should we do better by a change? We are quite satisfied that, as matters go, Canada may as well be governed by its present rulers as any others to be thought of just now.

As for the Conservative reaction, except so far as the hierarchy of Quebec are

determined to precipitate it in that Province, it is sheer moonshine. That there should be some calm reflection upon the inexorable verdict of 1872-3 is likely enough. The victory over the late Government was, after all, a snap judgment; and it is not surprising that reasonable men should, some years after, endeavour to reconsider and revise it. But there is no evidence whatever, that the people, as a whole, desire any change in the régime. What have they to gain by it? Would Sir John Macdonald and Dr. Tupper, with M. M. Langevin, Masson, and Mousseau, Mr. Campbell of Nova Scotia, and Mr. Pope of Prince Edward Island, do better for us, than those now in power? Would the fiscal system be placed upon a better footing than now? We doubt it. Would determined resistance be made to the dictation of the hierarchy? Every one knows that it would not. And when we hear of purity in Opposition, and corruption in office, does not the cry pall upon the ear of any man of the existing generation?

It has been said that the mass of the people have no historical memory; it may be so, but they cannot have forgotten all that has passed within the last quarter of a century. If the popular memory has thus lost its vigour—if every triumph or defeat of party, is to be a signal for wiping off old scores, and incurring new debts and promising new indictments for corrupt dealings with public moneys and public interests—then let it be so understood. It might be well that some such oblivion should be thrown about the past, now that so many scandals arise, or are factitiously invented every day. No sooner was the Pacific Scandal laid in its grave, than others arose to take its place in a solemn lying in state. The “funeral baked meats” which garnished the obsequies of the Scandal, “did coldly furnish forth” the orgies of the Big Push wake. If the people have become sated with this Stygian banquet, who is to blame, if not the parties and their unchanging strategy? When there appeared to be some reasonable bone of contention, charges of corruption were rife, but they only served as the by-play of combatants in earnest. When Mr. Brown sat as judge and prosecutor in a committee of investigation charged with inquiry into alleged malfeasance against Mr. Hincks, every one

knew that they were only skirmishing attacks to pave the way for the advance of a phalanx which represented honest principles. Now all is changed: at the next election, the *Globe* is not ashamed to avow that neither party will have any principle but the achievement of success, and no practice but that of scandal and slander. The words are too good to be lost, especially as they come direct from Ottawa: ‘Both parties here are feeling and shewing an amount of bitterness and acerbity unparalleled for many years. Both Government and Opposition are trying to rake up charges of corruption against political opponents in preparation for the election after next session.’ In short, every party man is to be a cock, scraping out filth from his neighbour’s dung-hill, instead of crowing upon his own.

The first evidence of the truth contained in this prophecy, came somewhat before its utterance. If it be true, as we have seen affirmed, that the attack upon Sir John Macdonald, in the matter of the Secret Service money, through the columns of the *Globe*, was penned by a member of the House of Commons, all that need be said is, that he ought to be ashamed of himself. That a hireling of any newspaper should be a representative of the people is bad enough; but that he should abuse his trust, and serve the master who pays him, rather than they who confide in him, is simply disgraceful. Whether the insinuation as to the authorship of the letter is well-founded or not, is not of much importance; indeed it would be improper as well as distasteful to us to inquire into its truth. But regarding the innuendoes conveyed in that letter, there ought to be but one opinion in the minds of all unprejudiced men. Whatever Sir John Macdonald’s faults may have been, no one has a right, at this time of day, to charge him with being either sordid or selfish. That he was fond of power in the hey-day of his political prosperity, not even he himself would deny; that he sometimes strained a point to maintain himself in place, we can well believe; indeed the Pacific Railway investigation proved it. But that he ever used improperly, either for personal or party purposes, any public moneys over which he had control, we would as soon believe, and not sooner, than similar charges which have been preferred against

Mr. Mackenzie. The secret service money was voted for exceedingly delicate uses, and the retention of it nominally in the hands of Sir John Macdonald so long, is not very difficult to understand. Explanations, except such as indicate the impossibility to explain, are out of the question. It is sufficient for the public to know what the Premier, with equal candour and generosity, confessed, that no improper use had been made of the money, either by Sir John or any of those who had been with him in office. The only difference between the two leaders was one of constitutional practice. On this point there may legitimately be a divergence, quite apart from any moral question supposed to be involved. On the general principle that only an existing Ministry, having the confidence of Parliament, should pay out public moneys, there can be no question; but it is very easy to see, that, when a promise of secrecy had been a condition precedent upon which alone information of paramount importance could be gained, the Minister who had pledged his honour would feel bound to keep faith, even to the length of concealing the agents or their information from the knowledge of his successor in office. We are not in England, and can hardly be bound by home procedure, and it would at least have been dangerous, if not a positive violation of his pledge, had Sir John Macdonald revealed the sources of his knowledge, at the risk of their discovery by agents of a traitorous party, now in avowed alliance with his opponents. At all events, we have the satisfaction of knowing that, whether the ex-Premier were right or not as to the point of honour, or wrong in his view of governmental duty, no injustice has been done to the public, no money stolen or misused, no trust betrayed, but only that a malicious and wanton slander has shrivelled up at the touch as of Ithuriel's spear. The policy of scandal now formally announced by the *Globe*, is certainly the most disgraceful parties could adopt; perhaps, however, it is their only one. At the same time, one voice at least shall be raised against these abominable tactics, and, to use Lord Chatham's words, 'this more shameless avowal of them.'

Speeches from the Throne have doubtless improved in literary merit since the time

when William Cobbett exposed the 'errors and nonsense' contained in one of them by way of appendix to his English Grammar. Yet it can hardly be said that intrinsically they are worth as much they used to be. These utterances may be considered in a two-fold light: either as imparting information with regard to the past—an account of ministerial stewardship in fact; or as announcements for the future, a programme or 'bill of fare,' as it is the fashion to call it, of the Session. In either aspect they can hardly be said to serve the purpose or fulfil the functions so well as they used to do. Most of the intelligence is no news, but merely a bald statement of what the journals of the day have given and discussed it may be months previously. This is certainly not the fault of governments: the avenues of information have been enlarged and opened to the masses, the facilities for reading and learning have been largely increased, and it is no longer considered necessary to keep the people in the dark, as it was once the fashion to do, from the end of one session to the beginning of another.

The result is that the major part of a modern speech consists of mere padding. Nor when we come to the other or minor portion is the deficiency made up. The maxim of late years has been, not to offer a plethora of good things, but to make a very little go a great way. Ministers seem to pride themselves upon adroitness in this art much as the first gold-beater must have exulted when he discovered how small a portion of gold he could hammer out to the tenuity of the finest tissue-paper, or as a penurious parent when he finds that, by administering puffy aliment to his voracious offspring, instead of solid food, he may save money. Of course in a political 'dead time' like the present, when there are few great issues pending, there is no reason why ministers should task their ingenuity in order to make subjects for legislation, nor is there any utility in promising a large budget of measures, a moiety of which it is not likely they will be able to pass. As Lord Beaconsfield observed a few sessions ago, the list may be small, and yet not be definitively and unalterably fixed at any stated number. It is always well to have several well-digested measures in reserve to be brought out in due time should the House prove equal to their digestion. Surprises of this kind are

always grateful to legislators as well as to the public.

The speech delivered by his Excellency last month was of the average type. Parliament was informed of a number of things it knew before, and some bills, all of a useful and practical, that is of a non-sensational, character were foreshadowed. Sir John Macdonald was facetious as usual over the poverty of the programme, but he need not have spoken of 'Lenten fare,' at least until *Mardi gras* had come and gone. The visit of their Excellencies to British Columbia properly occupied the first place in the speech, although, considering the unusual character of the excursion, and its importance politically and otherwise, we think a little more space, as well as a little of his Excellency's force and vigour of expression might have been spent upon it.

Mr. Blake's achievements in England were referred to with becoming modesty, yet they were by no means of slight value. The Minister of Justice spent his vacation industriously and profitably, and readers of the blue-book, just published, will observe that on all the four topics of conference with Downing street, the honorable gentleman was successful. The State papers submitted to Lord Carnarvon's consideration are models of clear and exhaustive statement, as well as of cogent reasoning. With the United States the Government has not been able to do so well—indeed, to do anything. Notwithstanding that the Americans have, for years, enjoyed the Canadian fisheries, Mr. Fish has not taken the first step towards fulfilling treaty obligations. The English Commissioner has crossed the ocean twice in vain; Sir Alexander Galt has been kept waiting to do his duty as the Canadian representative; counsel have been retained and feed in vain. The Americans display the same Punic faith Mr. Mackenzie so vigorously assailed, and yet, after coolly retaining millions of English money, contrary to the award of the Geneva Commission, they neglect to take the first step towards paying the price of privileges they have enjoyed for the last five years. Great Britain and Canada have certainly been cheated on every hand, from the arbitration downwards.

There is a plethora of blue-books just now, but as it is likely that they are as little to the taste of our readers as to our own, we shall not attempt to give even a meagre

notion of their contents. As was to have been expected, there has been a serious falling off in the customs and other sources of revenue—in the first of these there is a decrease of about two millions and a half, and altogether of more than eight millions. This has been, of course, owing to the serious depression of trade, and was partly, though not adequately, anticipated by the Finance Minister. The prospect for the year 1876-7, is not by any means too bright, and preparation may perhaps be necessary for a further diminution in the receipts. Trade shows some signs of revival, yet they are not by any means clear and certain enough to build a fabric of hope upon; besides eight months of the fiscal year have already passed. The estimated expenditure on the other hand is to be in excess of last year's, though not to any great extent. As the *Globe* justly remarks, there is an actual decrease in ordinary Governmental expenditure, the extra items being 'Indian grants under treaties, Mounted Police, and aid to settlers in Manitoba.'

Mr. Cartwright's remedy for the growth of expenditure and the falling off of revenue is retrenchment; and he appears to have applied the pruning-hook with an unsparing hand. Still, there is a limit to a policy of this description. In the next financial year, the present state of affairs may possibly be aggravated on both sides of the Dominion balance-sheet and it would then become a serious question whether the expenditure can be materially reduced without impairing the efficiency of the public service. It is at all times unwise, not to say unjust, to starve the employees of the Crown, and it is peculiarly so at a time when every necessity of life, indeed everything purchasable by money, is exceptionally high. It must be remembered that if the financial depression weighs heavily upon the Treasury, it tells much more severely on these, who are not paid over-handsomely at the best of times.

It may be convenient to notice briefly here the financial statement lately made by the Minister of Finance. Presuming the reader to be already acquainted with its salient points, it may be remarked that Mr. Cartwright takes a more sanguine view of the immediate future than most business people here are disposed to take. He starts out with a gratifying forecast of the Domi-

nion expenditure—gratifying, that is, if it should be verified by the event. There was a deficit of \$1,900,000, but according to the Budget, after deducting the expenditure for exceptional purpose, there only remains a comparatively moderate sum which may be overcome by the retrenchment already made or to be made during the current half-year. It appears, turning to the other side of the ledger, that the receipts for the latter half of 1876 were about equal to those of the preceding year, and, assuming the same result for the first half of 1877, Mr. Cartwright thinks that there may be no considerable deficit this year. But is he entitled to make that assumption? He admits that the bad harvest has falsified the predictions of 1876; but he expects that the natural results of that misfortune will not flow from it. The customs' duties fell off two millions and a half in the last fiscal year, and they only formed the chief item out of a total of eight millions. Is it not almost certain that the spring importations will be still more contracted? Have we not much reason to fear a succession of business failures? And all this with the adverse effects of a bad food supply at the back of them. It appears, therefore, to us that Mr. Cartwright views our trade prospects in too roseate a hue. The alterations in the tariff, 'we are sorry to say, are not made with any view of encouraging our drooping industries. Tea, a necessary of life which we cannot produce ourselves, and which is already costly enough, is burdened with two cents per lb. specific duty; while sugar, which we can refine for ourselves, remains as it was. There is no great objection to the other items; yet we are inclined to think that the coal oil producers will hardly be satisfied with the abolition of the excise duty and the small and inadequate protection of six per cent customs' charge. Of course, malt, ale, and cigars suffer, but we do not see any reason to complain on that score. The Budget, on the whole, was a clear exposition of the finances, and if it should turn out to have been over-sanguine, people will be grateful even for illusory comfort in these pinching times.

The debate on the Address, which was exceedingly tame, was concluded in an afternoon. Mr. Guthrie, the new member for South Wellington, the mover, acquitted

himself with great credit, in a maiden speech which argued well for his future success in Parliamentary life. Sir John Macdonald's reply was as lively as possible under the circumstances, yet he scarcely attained to Mark Tapley's standard of jollity. Nothing was said about the great Conservative reaction of which so much has been urged in the Opposition press. There was no spark of exultation in the ex-Premier's speech, no glimmering of sunshine upon his face, such as usually radiates from the countenance of him who has begun to hope. No amendment was proposed to the Address, but the Premier agreed to alter the phraseology of the clause which agreed with His Excellency, that some of the public works contemplated in 1867 should not be undertaken or 'pressed to completion at present.' Mr. Mackenzie's speech was short and incisive; but having no particular summons to the fray, he wisely reserved his heavy artillery. The usual explanations of Ministerial changes were given, and the debate, if such it may be called, was somewhat livelier. Sir John Macdonald roasted M. Cauchon rather severely in his characteristic style, and the President, with helpless meekness, retorted that the Opposition leader 'always would be witty;' but, although the point of Sir John's joke was seen, and perhaps felt, it did not appear to make M. Cauchon merry. On the explanations nothing need be said, for the cause of the changes was known and discussed out of doors long ago. The return of Mr. Roy for Kamouraska by a majority of fifty-one shows that the Hon. Mr. Pelletier acted wisely in retreating 'upstairs; yet it was hardly kind to make a victim of M. Perrault.

Mr. John Macdonald's motion appointing a committee to consider the desirability of having daily prayers read previous to every sitting, was, in many respects a proper one, and received general support from both sides of the House. Supposing that members of different persuasions can be brought to agree upon the form to be used, there ought to be no objection to a public recognition of the Divine power and goodness, and a humble supplication for Divine guidance and blessing. That prayer should be offered in the Senate, where age has tempered the fury of unruly passion, and not in the House, where political rancour is too

often deep and bitter, as well as unscrupulous, seems at least strange. The only danger is that the prayers may prove to be an empty form, as they have proved in other countries, and that they might ultimately be read by Mr. Speaker to few, except the sergeant at-arms, the clerks, pages, and door-keepers. It depends upon the House to decide whether this shall be the case here. The members are certainly, as a rule, decorous enough, but it is hard to predicate of the majority any deep sense of religion—any fervent spirit of devotional zeal. It may reasonably be doubted whether the step, however justifiable on the highest grounds, will prove, in practice, a wise one. In so solemn a matter, the desire 'to make a fair show in the flesh' may be infinitely worse than the state of things obtaining heretofore. There are evils to be deprecated more serious than the absence of formal, and it may be perfunctory, worship, and amongst them must be reckoned sham, false pretence, hypocrisy. And it may well be a question for the sincerest Christian in the House of Commons, whether the Almighty Maker and Ruler of all things is really honoured by the lip-service, the listless and heartless petitions, of even so dignified a body as that over which Mr. Anglin presides. Surely it would be doing less dishonour to the Father in Heaven not to pray at all than to pray amiss. The Roman Catholic members of the House have done themselves infinite credit by the frank and generous manner in which they have responded to the appeal of their Protestant colleagues in the representation. A slight difficulty has arisen as to the language in which the prayers are to be read. Mr. Langevin, it would seem, 'insisted' that they should be delivered in French, as well as in English, and we suppose that if the hon. gentleman chooses to stand upon his rights as a French Canadian, he must, technically speaking, be sustained. We are disposed to think that the member for Charlevoix is too good an Ultramontane to submit to heretical prayers without protest. He is the brother of a Bishop, as we have had reason to know of late, and wears on his breast the order of St. Gregory; but he certainly ought not to prove recalcitrant when so good a friend of the hierarchy as M. Masson gracefully and cordially supports the member for Centre

Toronto. One point, mooted by the Speaker, was not settled apparently; it was whether the prayers were to be read before or after the doors were opened. It is to be hoped that the latter alternative will be adopted. There is no pretence that legislative devotions are matters of privilege; their ostensible reason is founded upon the theory that they constitute a public recognition of the Deity; that being the case, no proceeding of the House ought to be more public than its prayers. Indeed publicity might have a favourable effect upon the House itself in more ways than one. The Speaker appears to have undertaken the duties of chaplain with cheerfulness, and it will be entered on the chronicles of the time that prayers have been read for the first time, after a long interval, in the Lower House, by a Roman Catholic layman.

Mr. Casey, the persevering champion of civil service reform, has wisely determined to set about the work he has undertaken, early in the session. In order to procure information upon which to base a substantive motion or at least a demand for a select committee of inquiry, he has given notice of a motion for returns. It is fully time that some steps should be taken to place the civil service upon a more satisfactory footing, as well in the interests of the public as of the public servants. It is vain to hope for any effective reform in the service, so long as politicians are permitted to interfere with it, by the exercise of party patronage. Mr. Mackenzie would confer an inestimable boon upon the country, if he would take the subject earnestly in hand and show his moral courage, as well as his energy, by grappling with a gigantic mischief. The first step must be to warn party men, whether in or out of Parliament, off the ground, by at once and definitively abolishing the vicious system which now obtains of giving members, or leaders whose votes are sought, any claim or right whatever to a voice in appointments and promotions. This can only be done by establishing a rigid and inflexible system, which neither cajolery nor threats shall have power to bend or break.

No scheme, merely upon paper, will serve the purpose; that has been tried already and found wanting. In the first place, a

judicious competitive system ought to be adopted; this would, at once protect the service from the intrusion of drones heretofore foisted upon it at the bidding of politicians. In the next place, promotion should, as a general rule, be based upon seniority, and no outsider, unless for some special work for which he is peculiarly fitted, should be introduced over the heads of competent public servants already on the staff. But thirdly, in addition to seniority, or rather as a qualification of it within the civil service, intelligence, industry, punctuality, and general morality, so far as it bears upon the performance of duty, should all be taken into account. Special aptitude for particular work should be another consideration. One of the mischiefs of the naked principle of promotion by seniority is that it benefits equally the drone, who is lazy or incapable, and the man of conscientious purpose and energetic intelligence, who takes a pride in his work. On the other hand, the alternative system we have suggested would be liable to the risk of favouritism, either political or personal, by the minister, or his chief departmental officers. To obviate this danger, a civil service board, composed of impartial and competent men, should be constituted, with power to pronounce upon the fitness of any applicant for appointment or promotion after a careful and searching investigation. The result should be transmitted without delay to the minister for his approval.

There ought also to be a thorough revision of salaries with a view to make them regular and equitable throughout the service, and the normal increases from time to time should, upon the advice of the Board, and with the approval of the Finance Minister, be made promptly and as a matter of course. If Mr. Casey will exert himself to procure the aid of Government to some such plan as we have roughly limned, he will have accomplished the greatest administrative reform ever submitted to a Canadian Legislature. He will have secured, in the words of Mr. Trevelyan, in his admirable 'Life of Macaulay,' 'that a nomination to the civil service shall thenceforward become the reward of industry and ability, instead of being the price of political support, or the appanage of political interest or family connection.' It must be remem-

bered also, so far as regards promotion, that the civil service is a profession, eminence in which requires peculiar abilities and untiring application. The Government office should no longer be a lounging place for waiters on Providence, but the workroom of the honest and earnest toiler with brain and pen. In no other profession or business of life is incompetence or indolence rewarded so readily as in this; in none does patient merit suffer so sorely from unjust preferences or culpable neglect, if not from overt and acknowledged wrong. 'There is something plausible,' says Lord Macaulay, (*Life, &c.*, chap. xiii) 'in the proposition that the Governor-General should take able men wherever he finds them. But my firm opinion is, that the day on which the civil service of India ceases to be a close service, will be the beginning of an age of jobbing,—the most monstrous, the most extensive, and the most perilous system of abuse in the distribution of patronage that we have ever witnessed.' In a mitigated form we know something of this system in Canada. Much has been effected by ministers in the right direction, but all that has been done, together with all that has been attempted by the most conscientious head of a department, falls far short of the needs of the case. It is our earnest hope that Mr. Casey's efforts may be crowned with success, in order that justice be done to our public servants, in order that the reign of indiscriminating patronage and political favouritism may be brought to an end, and, above all, in order that the public service may be made a means to an end, rather than an end in itself, by excluding or eliminating baser elements and rewarding the faithful and assiduous toiler. By such means alone may the public hope to be honestly dealt with, and the purpose of the administrative service faithfully carried into practical effect.

The Ontario Legislature will shortly be prorogued and its members dispersed to their homes, almost before their absence has been noticed by outsiders. The expiring Session has given no unwonted flash of vitality, before giving up the ghost; yet, from the dullness of the Ottawa debates hitherto, it has relieved the public ennui very much in the same way as a

sick man, long bedridden, is relieved by turning over upon one sore side, with a view to easing the other. In spite of argument and remonstrance, the Farmers' Sons Franchise Bill was pressed to a third reading and passed—a statutory monument to legislative fatuousness. It is needless to mention names, for we dislike the pillory of black-lettering, yet there certainly were found some names upon the division-list, in favour of invidious class legislation, one did not except to read there. Of course, the plea was that the bill is popular in the counties, of which there is not the slightest evidence. Yet it can be made effective, no doubt, at the hustings, and farmer's sons will, of course, be in honour bound to vote for men who have singled them out from the entire population, as the only relatives of the farmer and the only class of the community untaxed who are thought worthy of being gifted with the franchise. What other *young men will say, who are left out in the cold*, it is difficult to guess; the consolation of the politician is that they have no votes, without reflecting that, a few years hence, they may possess them. But, with most politicians, the eminently Christian aphorism, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof' has been interpreted by a gloss from the Talmud of the Philistines, and serves alike for present comfort and future hope.

The defeat of the Orange Bill was perhaps a foregone conclusion, yet it was the most imprudent of the unwise acts for which the Ontario Government is responsible. To Mr. Fraser belongs such praise as is due to the efforts of a good disciplinarian; he had 'marshalled his clan' and instructed them in the manual and platoon exercise, until, when the hour of trial came, they presented a serried front to the foe. Mr. Bethune and three other supporters of the Government, were the only ones who went over to the hostile camp. To drop the metaphor, Mr. Mowat appeared in a new rôle, as the champion of crass prejudices and the vindicator of subservience to the League. Some curiosity had been felt as to the course the Premier would decide to take on this occasion, but all doubt was speedily set at rest, when he 'took the floor.' His address was exceedingly good both in form and delivery; he spoke with

unwonted animation and point, yet we hardly think he convinced a single hearer. There was evidently an *arrière pensée*, such as tender consciences unwittingly betray, when they are making out a case for a course to which they can give but a half-hearted assent. There were, after all, but three points in the Premier's speech worthy of special remark; the first was a bold defiance to the Orange body, coupled with the taunt that he had out-flanked them by skilful manœuvring; the second, an appeal to the fears of honourable members; the third, an appeal, *ad misericordiam*, for tender consideration to the prejudices of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. Mr. Mowat stated that he had, on a former occasion, supported a similar measure to that then before the House, in opposition to all his colleagues. The course of the Government on that occasion has not been forgotten. A great deal of rubbish has been spoken about 'embarrassing' ministers by the introduction of this bill; but for what purpose was the former bill reserved, after its passage, if it were not to 'embarrass' Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues? As might have been foreseen the then Premier of the Dominion refused to be entrapped by so transparent a device, and the bill was returned upon Mr. Mowat's hands not assented to, but yet unvetoes. 'In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird'—especially a bird so wary and experienced as the right honourable gentleman. In his speech on the 7th ultimo, Mr. Mowat boldly avowed that to get rid of the awkward question which the Government had not the courage to face, he introduced a general Bill to meet the particular case—the most indefensible species of legislation perhaps that could be imagined, unless it be an *ex post facto* law. Now, it is unnecessary to go into the objections of Orangemen to the General Act of 1874, as being unsuitable for the purpose and unreasonably expensive. The Premier holds one opinion upon this subject, whilst the members of the society hold the opposite; but on the whole, we are inclined to think that the latter know better what they want, and are more likely to be well informed as to the cost, having had occasion to count it. Moreover, Mr. Meredith's objection that any County Judge might refuse the incorporation of all the lodges within his juris-

diction, although it was sneered at by the Premier, remains unanswered. It is surely not necessary to impute party bias to a Judge to imagine a case where the view suggested by the member for London might be honestly taken; and then of what avail would the General Act be? Besides, does he suppose that any high-spirited body of men would desist from their purpose, after being mocked and flouted with the taunt that they had been checkmated by a politic stratagem? Yet that is in effect the purport of the Premier's explanation.

The second point was a menace of defeat at the polls, uttered in the true spirit of the Catholic League. 'Some of the members,' he observed, 'would not be in their present places, if they had not got Catholic votes.' The third was an appeal to Orangemen not to press a Bill which was offensive to Roman Catholics. Now it is far from being improbable that the great mass of the Roman Catholics do not care the value of a sparrow whether the Orange Society is incorporated or not. But were it otherwise, is that any reason why this Association should be refused a reasonable demand? If a wrong were to be done to the Roman Catholic Church, or the rights of one of its members infringed, in one jot or tittle, by the proposed Act, it would be a different thing; but the sole question is, ought the Legislature to succumb to a crass and unreasonable prejudice, because Mr Fraser commands it to do so? Mr. Bethune's reply to the Premier was terse, forcible, and conclusive, but the division-list showed a majority of ten against Mr. Merrick's motion to recommit.

It is much more agreeable to be able to agree, in the main, with Mr. Crooks's License Act. The evils inflicted on society by intemperance are too glaring to be ignored, and there is reason to fear that they are not yet perceptibly mitigated. Now, there cannot possibly be any doubt whatever, for it has been proved by unimpeachable statistics, that the amount of public drunkenness is intimately related to the number of licenses issued, or the number of places where liquors are sold by retail. At the same time it by no means follows that the entire suppression of the traffic would result in the extirpation of the vice. Apart from the question of their justice, it is our firm conviction that Dun-

kin Acts and Prohibitory Liquor Laws cannot be permanently maintained, and that, even if they could be rigidly enforced, which is impossible, they would fail of their object and, in addition, entail an amount of moral and social mischief of their own creation. The Legislature may, and in our opinion ought, to restrict the retail trade and subject it to proper supervision; anything beyond that is sure, in the long run, to prove abortive. With regard to the Acts passed at the instance of the Treasurer, they are of course open to some plausible objections. Perhaps the latest errs in the matter of domiciliary visits, and the first, no doubt, inflicted unmerited hardships in individual cases; yet the latter is always unfortunately the inseparable concomitant of every effective moral or social reform. The inspectors may not always have been selected with judgment, but that again is almost inevitable when so extensive a scheme is first put in operation. As for the charge of political favouritism, which has been made as a matter of course, we do not think that it has been substantiated. The applicants for the office would naturally be, in great part, friends of the Government, and if they are competent, there is no reason why they should not be appointed. At the same time we cannot but repeat that the Mowat Administration exhibits an unhappy *penchant* for patronage and centralization in every quarter. Then again the Commissioners perhaps have sometimes dealt rather roughly with those who have applied for permission to carry on what had hitherto been an apparently secure livelihood, certainly a business in which many of them had invested their entire capital. At the same time the duty imposed upon the Commissioners is by no means agreeable, and, on the whole, it has been performed conscientiously and well. It was with some astonishment that those who remember the experience of former years, observed the retrograde movement proposed by Mr. Harkin. To revert to the old method of appointing Inspectors by Municipal Councils is utterly out of the question. In Toronto, the office has at times been in the gift of the people, and at other times in that of the Council, and, in either case, the system was absolutely intolerable. A middle course of joint appointment might be practicable, but the former state of things ought never to be

renewed. While exception may be taken to some portions of Mr. Crooks's Bill, we agree with Mr. McDougall, of Simcoe, that it is, on the whole, a good one, and that, at any rate, the law, as thus amended, deserves a fair trial. The evil to be coped with is one which does not admit of trifling, and, therefore, any earnest effort to deal with it effectively, so long as it stops short of injustice or undue meddlesomeness with a legalized trade from which the Province derives considerable revenue, merits tender and patient consideration.

At the close of a session, it is usual to take a retrospective view of the work accomplished by the Legislature; but, on the present occasion, the review would scarcely be edifying. There appears little cause for congratulation in any respect. The Opposition has not discharged its legitimate functions with much credit, and, although we have felt constrained to speak in strong terms of ministerial shortcomings, it has assuredly not been with any desire to aid in restoring Mr. Cameron and his friends to place. It would doubtless be well that the Left should be stronger in numbers and effective power than they now are, because the Government, relying on the numerical strength of its following, seems determined to do as it pleases, and it pleases to do as little as possible. A sharp stimulus in the shape of a strong Opposition might arouse Ministers from their lethargy, infuse vigour into their languid wills, and urge them to pay some heed to the demands of the people. At present, there is a great deal of carping criticism, doubtless, but no strong grasp of principle, no settled and determinate policy. If Mr. Cameron's following were to go to the country to-morrow, what cry could they raise at the hustings? They could hardly hope to gain the ear of the electorate by parading once more the worn-out story of discharged officers and convicts from the Central Prison. The Orange Bill might perhaps do something, but they were quite as ready, under the former régime, to defer to the prejudices of Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, as Mr. Mowat is to yield to the power or blandishments of Mr. Fraser. Take again the question of exemptions, why did the Opposition members confine themselves to the introduction of it in the form of a vote of non-confidence, when

they knew well that the entire strength of the anti-exemption vote could not be brought out? Why did they not follow up their first abortive effort by the introduction of a substantive motion? Simply because their's is a house divided against itself upon that important subject and therefore they shirked it. Ministers have some show of principle and it is embodied in Mr. Fraser; but what shred or patch of policy can the Opposition call its own? It is always turning up some mare's nest or other; but what advantage would accrue to the country by substituting Mr. Cameron for Mr. Mowat? We know of none; indeed, in all probability, it would be a change for the worse.

It is now sufficiently clear that to secure radical reform in the matter of exemptions, which is, by all odds, the most pressing at this juncture, the people must rely on themselves and secure the triumph of their opinions at the polls. From neither party have they anything to hope; but it is in their power to settle the question, independently of both, by ignoring the party distinctions which separate them. Our complaint against the Government was, and is, that, with the exception of the Commissioner of Public Works, they are feeble in will and sluggish in action. They need a thorough stirring-up; they need to be reminded that the voice of the people should be respectfully heard, and heeded when it is heard. No one, unfettered by party ties, will refuse to acknowledge any signs of reinvigoration, energy, and resolution which may unexpectedly appear. But that is no reason why they should be exempt from severe criticism while they remain *fainéant* and inert. The truest friend of the Government can hardly desire that public affairs should be conducted as they have been, for the residue of the Parliamentary term; because it must be evident to him that if they are so conducted, the knell of the Mowat Cabinet would be heard without fail at the general election.

It is not pleasant to recur again to the sinister influence which rules the Cabinet and renders it utterly powerless for good. The Toronto Street Railway discussion was another evidence of its presence and potency. One of our city papers remarks that 'no stronger influence' than that of the Company 'ever comes into the lobbies of our Parliament House,' and further, that

'the agents of the Company had for weeks been haunting those same lobbies.' Our contemporary does not venture, perhaps it scarcely dares, to indicate the source of this powerful pressure. The Messrs. Kiely, although they are eminently respectable and energetic men, have no such strength in their own proper persons. The 'agents,' let it be understood, are the co-religionists of these gentlemen, and the potent 'influence' is that of the Minister who, for the present, rules the Cabinet and sways the destinies of the Province. Now there can be no objection to any legitimate exertions being made on any man's behalf, by his friends, religious, social, or political; but there is every objection to a grave injustice to the chief city of Ontario being perpetrated by a coterie, with the active support of a Minister of the Crown. One need not be a partisan of the Opposition to perceive that so dangerous a perversion of the functions of Government deserves the most severe and trenchant reprobation. A disbelief in the intrinsic virtues of party does not imply, but contrariwise excludes, indifference to principle or conduct in rulers. The non-party man would act a craven part, if he feared to lose his character for impartiality by warmly assailing unjustifiable acts or culpable disregard of the public needs and desires. The Government of a country is responsible for legislation as well as for administration, and if vicious measures are adopted, or good and necessary reforms are treated with negligence, flippancy, and contempt, upon the heads of Ministers the weight of public displeasure must fall, by whatever party-name they may choose to be called.

The recent election in South Waterloo should serve as a warning to Mr. Mowat and his colleagues; it is only one of a series to be continued, if they persist in the course they appear to have deliberately selected. A majority which has fallen from four or five hundred to a dozen is not to be accounted for either by the nationality of the opposing candidate, or the fact that he professed to be a Reformer. If the electors of South Waterloo had confidence in the leaders and wire-pullers of the party, they would have believed all the stories circulated against Mr. Merner, and rejected with disdain his pretended adherence to their party. Two

years ago, neither his German origin nor his Reform principles would have saved him from overwhelming defeat. His compatriots would not have preferred nationality to what was then supposed to be the orthodox political creed; and certainly it is no compliment to the Reformers to insinuate that they are so easily gulled or seduced from their party allegiance by a wolf in sheep's clothing, so poorly disguised as Mr. Merner was represented to be. It ought to be frankly admitted that the defection of so strongly Reform a constituency cannot be accounted for in any such manner. On the contrary, it indicates a breaking loose from the iron bands of party, a growing dissatisfaction at ministerial policy, and an eager longing for salutary reform in the management of public affairs. It is not too late for Mr. Mowat to respond to the changing aspect of the popular mind. It is too late to throw sops to selfish classes; yet, unless a serious revolution should occur within the Cabinet, the wretched device of giving votes to those having no logical or constitutional claim to them, so that there may be something to fall back upon in the hour of danger, will be repeated. Let the Government retrace its steps, cast off the malign influence which paralyzes it, and hear and obey the well-understood wishes of the people. If all this be done, ministers will have no reason to fear a divided and aimless Opposition.

It is difficult to say whether the interest taken in the question of University affiliation is the result of a growing public concern in superior education, or the evidence of a factitious agitation set on foot from rivalry and with dubious purpose. Certainly, if the asperity which has characterized the correspondence as well as the leading articles written on the subject, be any indication of the *animus* of some who have taken part in the controversy, we should reluctantly incline to the latter alternative. There is no reason why the subject should not be calmly and dispassionately examined, unless academic or professional jealousy has ruffled the temper or warped the judgment of the combatants. When too much feeling, and that of the angry rather than the earnest kind, manifests itself, there is too much reason to suspect that interest rather than principle is at the bottom of the affair.

That there has been much honest conviction exhibited, on both hands, we may cheerfully admit, but there also appears to have been a turbid under-current, full of sedimentary matter of the baser sort, in a saturated solution, and ready to be deposited. The subject has perhaps been debated *ad nauseam*, and it is only proposed here to give a few brief comments upon its general features. It should be mentioned, to begin with, that we must trace this wordy warfare to the rivalry of two schools of medicine, contending for the pre-eminence. It has passed into a proverb that, when doctors disagree, there is an end of controversy and a decision is hopeless. It may be so; but curiosity naturally leads one to ask when doctors did anything but disagree, especially if they form in squads or coteries? The unseemly rivalry between these institutions has been the chief cause of the virulence with which the discussion has been conducted, and had the further effect of narrowing, as well as of obscuring, the question at issue. To each of them the aspect of the subject it was thought desirable to present to the public with much embellishment and rhetorical flourish, was something altogether apart from the esoteric motives of which both possessed a hidden and inward consciousness. Upon these concealed springs of action it is not needful to enlarge, and they are merely hinted at to disabuse the public mind of the glamour which interested parties have managed to throw about the question. For our own part, so long as the governing power of the University is free to act in the matter of affiliation, unshackled by any obligation to admit to the privilege any or every institution without exception, and without conditions or stipulations precedent, we see no reason to fear that the special legislation of this year can do much harm. At the same time, it is, to say the least, anomalous, that a medical school which now virtually possesses University powers of its own, since the members of its faculty are the medical examiners of a chartered University, should clamour for a share in the endowment or a voice in the management of our great Provincial seat of learning. In spite of the laboured attempts recently made to draw a parallel between Canadian and British Universities, where none really exists, it is certain that such a claim was never put forth in the mother

country. Moreover, the attempted analogy fails in another respect. The admission of students is one thing, and the double or triple affiliation of schools quite another, and totally distinct one. The first is defensible enough; the second only on the purely selfish ground that it is desirable to give schools or colleges two or three strings to their bows, simply for advertising purposes. In the struggle for existence amongst these rival institutions, the inevitable result must be that every school will demand the right which has been invidiously granted to one, and that, in consequence, an undignified scramble for students, of which we have already had a foretaste, will be the rule instead of the exception. If this is to prove the normal state of things, the medical profession will inevitably be degraded, and it is certainly too much to expect the University of Toronto to be any party to that degradation.

Much has been said about liberating the University, and, strange to say, it seems never to have occurred to those who employ the phrase so glibly, that the word 'liberation,' in connection with an established institution, whether church or university, bears a suspicious relation to disendowment, which is, in fact, its ultimate meaning. No one supposes that any large number of those who have taken part in the recent movement desire to injure the Provincial Institution; still there are knowing ones amongst them who can scarcely conceal the ulterior object of it. It appears—though, strange to say, no report of the remark appeared in the morning papers—that Mr. Lauder proclaimed, as an undoubted fact, that the University of Toronto had lost the confidence of the country, and that the work of superior education was carried on almost entirely by the denominational institutions. It is not necessary to indicate the path upon which the hon. member for East Grey has entered. Obviously his idea of education is clearly that which involves levelling and confiscation. Every true friend of the Provincial University is desirous that its basis should be as broad as its endowment will admit of its being; but he also desires that any scheme to 'liberalize' it should be made in the interest of the people and in the cause of superior education, not to bolster up other academic institutions, no matter how intrinsically deserving they may be.

The University Act of 1853 is invoked on behalf of the double affiliation party, and, from their point of view, with plausibility. At the same time, a brief consideration of the objects of that statute and the reasons assigned for it, would conclusively show that nothing could be more alien from its spirit, or so diametrically opposed to its scope and aim, than the novel agitation inaugurated in its name. The framers of the act were far from intending, when they remodelled the University, to make it one of a family of kindred institutions, equal in power and dignity. On the contrary, their obvious purpose was to render it *par excellence*, the National University and the scheme of affiliation adopted clearly makes manifest their earnest desire gradually to draw under its sheltering wing all the collegiate institutions of the Province. It was for this that they enlarged its basis, lengthened its cords, and strengthened its stakes. They were animated by the desire, though perhaps scarcely cheered with the hope, of one day reuniting the scattered members of the body academic, so as to complete and clothe with noble dignity the maimed and imperfect creation into which they had infused anew the breath of a higher, freer, and more vigorous life. By them, a proposal to make a further distribution of the degree-conferring power, and to enable schools and colleges of any kind to trade in its honours and make merchandise of its good name, would have been rejected with anger and disdain. The Legislature has, unfortunately, chosen the devious path leading to weakness, rivalry, and division. Side by side with the University which was designed to be the *corona vitæ academicæ*, it has given University privileges to any who coveted them. No one who is jealous for the pre-eminence of the people's University, though he may have reluctantly abandoned the dream of those who framed the Act of 1853, can desire to disparage the intellectual standing of any of the other Universities; it would be as unjust as it is unnecessary to do so. At the same time, it requires little penetration to discern in multiplied affiliations; a necessary corollary to the multiplication of Universities, followed, as must be, by the unworthy theory that they all stand upon a footing of equality, whether the property of churches and corporations or the noble heritage of an entire people. It is

this new gloss upon the Act of 1853, by which it is designed to play off against the dignity of the Provincial University, the claims of each, or it may be all, of its competitors, that we firmly and vehemently protest against.

The Electoral Commission, upon which the hopes of both American parties were fixed, has bitterly disappointed Mr. Tilden and the Democrats. The decision arrived at by this tribunal, or board of arbitration, as it may be termed, has left the vexed question of the Presidency where it found it, with the important qualification that, in the end, the faith of both parties is pledged to abide by its decision. It is singular that a body so carefully selected as this commission, the members of which solemnly swore to decide impartially every question submitted to them, should, after all, be divided into unequal sections by a rigid party line. Five of the Congressional representatives belong to each party, and of the five Supreme Court Judges, three are Republicans, and two are Democrats. Had not Judge Davis been chosen as U. S. Senator for Illinois—and it was by a fortuitous combination of two parties that he was elected—he would have occupied Judge Bradley's position, and, in all probability, voted with the Democratic members of it. Now, upon all material questions, and in the absence of Mr. Davis, eight Republicans have carried their point against seven Democrats. Such is the irresistible power of party bias, that men of acknowledged ability and unimpeached integrity have found themselves unable to disentangle themselves from its trammels. Mr. Herbert Spencer merely appeals to universal experience when he observes: 'That the verdicts which will be given by different party-journals upon each ministerial act may be predicted, and that the opposite opinions uttered by speakers and applauded by meetings concerning the same measure, may be foreseen if the political bias is known; are facts from which anyone may infer that the party politician must have his feelings greatly moderated before he can interpret, with even approximate truth, the events of the past, and draw correct inferences respecting the future.' ('Study of Sociology,' p. 265.) The course pursued by the Electoral Commission affords strik-

ing testimony to the truth of these reflections. Selected by large majorities, both in the Republican Senate and the Democratic House, the bulk of both parties willingly submitted their conflicting claims to its arbitrament. Both individually and collectively, its members were charged with a solemn and important duty. It was for them, after patiently sifting evidence and listening to arguments in every contested case, to decide in effect which candidate ought to be the next President of the United States. They were to satisfy the national mind, to disarm suspicion, to allay excitement, and to leave open no loop-hole for clamorous discontent. And yet, notwithstanding the deep sense of the responsibility which rested upon them, they separated into party sections as readily and as naturally as those who selected them divide in either House of Congress. President Grant had expressed an earnest desire that all matters in dispute should be sifted to the bottom, so that whoever were finally adjudged to be the legally elected President, might be inaugurated without murmur or objection. Yet, although all the evidence was laid before them in each disputed case, by a strictly party vote of eight to seven, the members refused to investigate the alleged frauds, or 'go behind' the Governor's certificates. There is no reason to insinuate that the members on either side were consciously influenced by an improper bias; it would be rash and ungenerous, at all events, to do so. Still nothing can be clearer than the fact that they were thus influenced, and that party spirit, in spite of all the potent motives which contended with it, was strong enough to carry away reason and conscience captive. That Mr. Tilden has been deprived of the electoral votes of Florida and Louisiana by barefaced and systematic fraud, stands in no need of proof, for the evidence of it is on record. The people of the United States will deserve the admiration of all men, if the patient endurance they have exhibited during the past four months is maintained to the end. It is our belief that it will be, and that, in spite of some natural soreness and just indignation, they will prove themselves worthy of the high place they occupy

amongst the free commonwealths of the world.

The Imperial Parliament was opened on the 8th ult., by Her Majesty in person. The speech, read by the Lord Chancellor, much resembled, though of course pitched in a higher tone, another delivered at Ottawa on the same day. There was little information communicated, and very few tasks prescribed for Parliament to accomplish. The Earl of Beaconsfield's mundane apotheosis was publicly proclaimed by his reception into the British Olympus. The tantalizing fragments of debate reported by cable only serve to whet the appetite. The failure of the Conference which assembled at Constantinople appears to have taken the Powers by surprise. It had been anticipated that the chief obstacle to its success would arise from the pertinacious determination of Russia to urge matters to an extremity; and this seems to have weighed with Lord Salisbury so far as to induce him to pay marked attention to Gen. Ignatieff. In the end, after all the Powers had agreed upon a basis of settlement, the Porte proved obstinate and intractable. The embassies and delegates withdrew, and the last effort failed. What is to be the opening scene in the next act of the drama? or is there to be another act at all, without the usual melodramatic 'interval of ten years'? The spring will probably disclose the actual purpose of the Czar, concerning which many speculations are rife, and we have yet to learn the true significance of Midhat Pasha's dismissal. Two things are certain: First, that the new Turkish constitution is a mockery and a deception, as all so-called representative contrivances must be, under which a constituency does not elect its representatives, but is told, as the *Daily News* asserts, that three boys and a Pasha have been appointed to speak and vote for it; and secondly, that whilst England will not coerce Turkey, she will not draw sword to protect her. Mr. Gathorne Hardy assured Mr. Gladstone of this, and it is the best justification possible of the ex-Premier's popular agitation.

February 22nd, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

L'INSTRUCTION PUBLIQUE AU CANADA :
 PRECIS HISTORIQUE ET STATISTIQUE. Par
 M. Chauveau, Ancien Ministre de l'Instruc-
 tion Publique dans la Province de Quebec.
 —Quebec, Imprimerie Augustin Coté et Cie.
 1876.

The work before us is a valuable repertory of facts and figures in connection with the history and present condition of public education in Canada. The author, M. Chauveau, has brought to his task many high qualifications ; and, if there are in his works defects of proportion these result, perhaps, rather from the peculiarity of his standpoint, than from any deliberate intention of doing more or less than justice to any particular division of the subject. Not a little was said last year about the poverty of the educational exhibit made by the Province of Quebec at the Centennial ; while Ontario, in the same respect, was held to have done herself the highest honour. In M. Chauveau's work, the balance is, to some extent, redressed. The Province of Ontario has 41 pages 'consecrated,' as the French say, to her educational work, past and present ; while the Province of Quebec has 103. A foreigner taking up the book, and glancing through it without much attention, would at once conclude, either that Quebec was a much more important province than Ontario, or else that education there was a much more important interest than here. No one could object to M. Chauveau as a French Canadian giving a disproportionate place to the educational systems of his own province, were it not that the work in which this occurs was, as the preface tells us, designed as a contribution to a vast Encyclopædia of Public Instruction, in ten octavo volumes, published by a learned and laborious German of Stuttgart, a Dr. Schmid. The mere fact that a French Canadian undertook to write the article 'Canada' for such an encyclopædia, was scarcely, we think, a justification for entering so much more into detail in regard to the Province of Quebec, than in regard to the other Provinces of the Dominion. We have, however, little or no fault to find with M. Chauveau's facts or figures. Full justice is done to the efforts that have been put forth in this Province in the cause of education ; and the statistics furnished seem to have been faithfully compiled from the latest available returns. The systems prevalent in the different Provinces are carefully and clearly described ; and their points of

agreement and difference are noted in a supplementary chapter. Upon the whole, we must congratulate M. Chauveau on having done his work very completely, and also upon the perfect moderation which marks every expression of personal opinion throughout the work. As a Catholic, he is a strong partisan of 'separate schools ;' but even in describing the public school laws of the Provinces of New Brunswick and British Columbia, where all public education is absolutely secularized, he never launches into anything like invective, but contents himself with remarking that such laws cannot in the end yield satisfactory results. Ontario is commended for her liberality in granting separate schools ; but the remark—which we have often seen before—is made that Ontario liberality in this respect falls decidedly below that shown by the Province of Quebec towards the Protestant minority. This, however, is quite a mistake. It is true that in Quebec there is a more complete separation than in Ontario between the Protestant and Catholic school organizations, —that the Department of Education and the Council of Public Instruction are divided into independent sections, one Protestant and one Catholic ; but the necessity for an arrangement of this kind is manifest when we consider that, in Quebec, the dominant church has seized upon popular education as her own domain, and openly moulds it to her own purposes. The common schools there are to all intents and purposes denominational schools ; and every dollar of public money spent upon them goes to building up the influence of a church. The proper comparison to draw, is not between what is accorded to the minority in each Province, but between the claims put forward by the majority in each Province ; that is to say, between what Protestants demand for themselves in Ontario, and what Catholics demand for themselves in Quebec. If the Catholics of Quebec were content with such a measure of recognition of their religion in the public schools, as Protestants are content with in Ontario, there would be no separate schools at all in that Province. But as the Quebec Catholics insist on teaching in public schools, among other things, that Protestantism is a damnable heresy, it is no wonder that it is found necessary to have two sides to the Department of Education.

We cannot enter upon any analysis of the figures furnished by M. Chauveau. His work will prove of great value to any one who de-

sires to obtain a summary view of what has been accomplished in the way of education in the Dominion. A vast amount of information is here brought together which would else have to be sought for over a very wide field. The most serious defect we find in the book is a certain lack of enthusiasm for the cause of education. It is possible that having been officially connected for so long with public education in his own Province, M. Chauveau finds it difficult to take any other than an official view of the facts he has presented. Or it is possible he has some sympathy with that party which regards popular education as a *his aller*, something that has to be done lest worse should happen, but not a thing desirable in itself. M. Chauveau manifestly admires scholarship and every form of elegant learning; but we have not met with a sentence in his book that betrays a real zeal for popular instruction or a sanguine belief in its benefits, present and prospective. The history of public school education should, if full justice is to be done to the theme, be written by a man ardent in the cause, one who finds something to make his heart beat faster in the sight of a well-ordered, progressive public school.

The concluding chapter of the book is entitled "Literary and Intellectual Progress." It was undoubtedly a happy thought to append such a chapter; but here again, as he seems to be himself aware, M. Chauveau does rather more than justice to his own compatriots, and rather less than justice to his fellow-citizens of British origin. Moreover, the chapter is rather a catalogue of names than a real description or criticism of work accomplished. Canada has in truth but little to criticize in the way of literature; and it is far better to acknowledge the fact than to create a delusive appearance of literary wealth by reciting a number of names which, if we use words with any strictness, have absolutely no literary standing at all. When M. Chauveau says of one individual whom he mentions, that "he has published some very remarkable writings both in prose and verse," we must accuse him either of satire or of empty and postposterous compliment. Satire is out of the question; so we must fall back on the other alternative; yet what but injury can result to Canadian letters from this dubbing 'very remarkable' what perhaps, on its appearance, gained but a moment's derision and then passed into obscurity for ever? A notable illustration of personal or party bias in the work is the omission of all mention, among the literary societies of Canada, of which a tolerably full list is given, of the *Institut Canadien*, of Montreal, one of the most active and useful of all. The much more obscure *Institut* of Quebec is mentioned because it has never broken with the Church; but because the sister society at Montreal has asserted its independence, and once counted,

par exemple, a Guibord among its members, even its literary influence must be ignored. To conclude, we can recommend M. Chauveau's work as a trustworthy and useful compilation, but as a history of education in Canada, we think it leaves something to be desired. With the best intentions in the world, M. Chauveau could not hope to do full justice to opinions and systems with which he has no sympathy. We want now a history written from the standpoint of a believer in purely secular education; and to make the narrative entertaining we want a little more *verve* and picturesqueness than M. Chauveau has cared to infuse into his pages. Such a work would be far from depriving the one before us of its value; it would probably take the two together to make the impartial reader fully master of the situation.

STUDIES IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION AND HISTORY. By A. M. Fairbairn, New York: Lovell, Adair, Wesson & Co., 1877.

This handy volume, as its author informs us in the preface, consists, for the most part, of essays and lectures, now collected for the first time. Notwithstanding Mr. Fairbairn's modest disclaimer of pretentious dogmatism, the "Studies" may be heartily commended as an earnest and singularly interesting effort to aid in the solution of some of the most absorbing problems of the time. It may be premised, before glancing rapidly at the tone and scope of the work, that it bears evident marks of careful and extensive study and of much original thought. It naturally divides itself into two parts, the first relating to the Philosophy of Religion, and the second to the Philosophy of History, or more strictly speaking of Race. It is to the former that we propose to direct special attention, contenting ourselves with briefly summarizing the contents of the latter.

The first paper treats of 'The Idea of God—its genesis and development.' The word 'development' naturally suggests Darwinian tendencies, and the author, whilst not professing to pronounce any opinion upon the theory of species which owes so much to the most distinguished living naturalist, unhesitatingly adopts the development hypothesis as almost beyond controversy. On this point Mr. Fairbairn remarks:—"There is no intention here of either questioning or denying evolution. Modern thought is too deeply penetrated with it to allow its exclusion from any scientific and speculative conception of the universe. Hegel lived before Darwin, and evolution was known to metaphysics long before it was adopted and naturalized by physics." (p. 85). The author is not concerned, therefore, with the theory of species, which Mr. Darwin himself claims to

be 'in no way hostile to belief in the being of God.' 'Religion,' Mr. Fairbairn remarks, 'is practically co-extensive with man; its presence, even among savage tribes, being the rule, its absence the exception.' How then did man become religious, and what was the earliest form of that religion? How can 'the practical universality and apparent necessity' of his Theism be explained? The philosophical position of our author is at once determined, when he proceeds to examine the solutions proposed for these enigmas. The derivation of the theistic idea from 'natural objects, dreams, or fears' he combats at the outset, as assuming the truth of an empirical philosophy and resolving religious ideas into impressions of sense, without explaining man's faculty or tendency to believe. The faculty or tendency is innate, although the occasion of its development is from without. 'If infant and dog, savage and monkey, alike think natural objects alive, the man does, the animal does not, formulate his thoughts into a religion. Why? If man can get out of the Fetich stage, he can also get into it. Why? Faith is not the result of sensations. Mind is not passive, but active, in the formation of beliefs. The constitutive element is what mind brings to nature, not what nature brings to mind; otherwise no spiritual and invisible could be conceived.' (p. 21). But Mr. Fairbairn rejects the supernatural theory as well as the natural. 'A primitive revelation,' he says, 'were a mere assumption, incapable of proof—capable of the most positive disproof. Although often advanced in the supposed interests of religion, the principle it assumes is most irreligious. If man is dependant on an outer revelation for his idea of God, then he must have what Schelling happily termed "an original Atheism of consciousness." Religion cannot, in that case, be rooted in the nature of man—must be implanted from without. The theory that would derive religion from a revelation is as bad as the theory that would derive it from distempered dreams. Revelation may satisfy or rectify, but cannot create a religious capacity or instinct.' (p. 22). Our author then proceeds to an examination of the subject by the historic method. Having assumed the original unity of the Indo-European family, he traces the origin of Theism back necessarily through language. The similarity of the general term for God in all the languages of this group of nations proves that the idea had taken firm root before the various members of the family had dispersed. Now, what is the meaning of that general term? Simply *di*, to shine; man, therefore, looked to the heavens, and found Deity therein or concealed behind the azure canopy. Into the philological branch of the subject Mr. Fairbairn enters at considerable length, and brings some rather cogent arguments to prove that the farther back we go,

the fewer were the gods, instead of being more numerous. The Indo-European God was not a fetich, or an idol-god. 'The God of our fathers was no ghost of a deceased ancestor seen in feverish dreams.' 'To Indo-European men, Heaven and God were one, not a thing but a person, whose *Thou* stood over against his *I*. His life was one, the life above him was one too. Then that life was generative, productive, the source of every other life, and so to express his full conception, he called the living Heaven, Diespiter, Dyaushpitar—Heaven-Father. (p. 43.) Then follows a most interesting attempt to trace out, by the aid of language and literature, the development of this idea through all its vicissitudes down the stream of time.

The second paper treats of 'Theism and Scientific Speculation.' The conflict between science and religion is one of the most important with which the present generation has to deal. Mr. Fairbairn metes out to each of the belligerent parties its own share of blame. It is his opinion that religion and science cannot properly be in antithesis, although theology and science easily may, and perhaps always will, be at war. 'Religion,' he observes, 'is a permanent and universal characteristic of man, a normal and necessary product of his nature. He grows into religion, but works into theology, *feels* himself into the one, *thinks* himself into the other. He is religious by nature, theological by art.' Conciliation by the division of the respective provinces of religion and science he regards as impossible, nor will peace be secured by conquest. After an earnest protest against the bitterness with which the controversy is conducted on both sides, Mr. Fairbairn proceeds to examine the chief causes of this untoward conflict. In the first place, 'our present theistic contests and perils arise, in great part, from changes effected, or being effected, in our cosmic conceptions.' In short, teleology, or the evidence from design, is the *bete noire* of modern science. 'Theism is represented as an anthropomorphic theory of creation, "process of manufacture" by "a manlike artificer."' In speaking on this point, our author is unusually severe upon Mr. Herbert Spencer, yet there is no portion of the book more attractive than that in which the true parentage of teleology is pointed out. Mr. Fairbairn shows that neither the Hebrew nor Buddhist theory sanctions the idea of 'a process of manufacture.' The real originators of it were the Greeks, from whom it passed to the Christian Fathers and the Schoolmen. In other words, it did not make its appearance as a theological, but as a scientific and philosophical dogma. In England, it was the offspring of the Royal Society, from which, through Boyle or Derham, it passed to Paley and the authors of the Bridgewater Treatises. Passing on to the evolution theory,

Darwin and Spencer are reviewed at length with great vigour and ability. Evolution is a modal and not a causal theory. 'The genesis of a form is not explained when it is shown how it came to be, but only when what caused it to be is made evident. Evolution has done the one, but not the other; has simplified our notion of the creational method, but not of the creational cause' (p. 87). And again: 'Granted the old handicraft theory is replaced by "the struggle for existence," in which by "survival of the fittest," nature evolves more perfect forms and creates new species—what then? Simply the old inevitable question—whence the "existence" to struggle, the "fittest" to survive, the "nature" which is the cause of the contest, whose potencies, too, perform so many wonderful things? The new creational process simply makes us confront the old question of cause—does no more.' (p. 86). The author exposes the futility of such phrases as the *Universeum*, the Inscrutable, and the Unknowable, the last of which 'transmuted into forces, beguiles the physicist into fancying that he is walking in the, to him, sober and certain paths of observation and experiment, while, in truth, he is soaring into the heaven of metaphysics.' But we must draw our notice of this acute and interesting work to a close, without fulfilling the promise made at the outset. This is the more to be regretted because Mr. Fairbairn's paper on the origin, development, and varieties of 'The Belief in Immortality' is full of instruction. The second part unfolds comparative Psychology or the Philosophy of Race, marking out the place and office of the Indo-European and Semitic races in civilization, religion, literature, and philosophy. In concluding this necessarily imperfect sketch of the 'Studies,' we most sincerely recommend it to the reader as a concise, yet comprehensive survey of some of those perplexing problems which agitate the thoughtful minds of the age in which we live.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS GUTHRIE, AND MEMOIR. By his sons the Rev. David K. Guthrie and Charles J. Guthrie, M. A., Toronto. Belford Bros. 1877.

This handsome volume contains a faithful record of a Scottish clergyman, well known all the world over, and far beyond the limits of his own Church, as a man of cheerful piety, high principle, and untiring beneficence. If the work had only contained the bare outlines of such a life of active exertion and hallowing influence, it would deserve the perusal of those who are good and in earnest, as well as those who long to be both. But it is no mere religious biography—no new literary device for sermonizing, under the attractive guise of per-

sonal history. Nine out of ten of ordinary memoirs of the sort are profitless for good, unless the trial of the reader's patience and long-suffering. Ordinary biographies are sometimes fulsome in tone and tediously minute in detail, but the dullest, the most eulogistic and inane of them is not to be compared with the dreary records of pulpit triumphs, and the paltry details of humdrum work in the parish. Yet no one is obliged to read them, and presumably there is a public to which they afford inexpressible delight, or they would not be written, except to console, flatter, or oblige relations, or at any rate published so often as they are.

Dr. Guthrie's Life is not pious drivel; on the contrary its tone is robust and manly; it is full of graphic descriptions of 'Auld Scotia,' and neatly limned portraiture of her sons. Moreover it is full of racy Doric humour, full of anecdote, full of shrewd observations about men, measures, and all matters of human interest. The old classification of mankind into men, women, and clergymen, might be seriously adopted, and, if it were, no one who reads the entertaining volume before us would deny that it is full of interest for all three species of the *genus homo*.

Unfortunately, it is not possible here to quote at length from the work under review, or to attempt to follow the venerable clergyman from his birth at Brechin, in Forfarshire, to his calm and happy passing away, seventy years afterwards, at St. Leonard's-on-the-Sea. A brief glance at the general merits of the work and some few indications of the noble and thoroughly benevolent character of its subject must suffice, and if such a review induces our readers to peruse the volume for themselves, its purpose will be served. It is impossible to read this biography of a Free Churchman who made a prominent figure in the disruption of May, 1843, without almost involuntarily comparing him with another Presbyterian clergyman, who did not 'go out' at that memorable crisis. Of course reference is made to Dr. Norman McLeod, whose biography we had occasion to review last year. It may appear singular that the latter, whose Highland blood would, according to a popular English theory, render him peculiarly orthodox in faith and rigid in practice, should, like Maccaulay, sprung from the same stock, seem, in the eyes of strict Church people, woefully unsound in doctrine. Dr. Guthrie on the other hand was a Lowlander, and although he possessed a most cheerful temper, the broadest sympathies, and the kindest heart, he was neither broad nor sympathetic when the 'auld' creeds and national traditions in religious matters were threatened. Nevertheless, although he is unflinching in his adherence even to the least justifiable severities of Scottish habit or opinion, he always manages in his admirable

Autobiography to show the humorous side of the question. We may remark, *en passant*, that information of a valuable kind is given in the earlier part, regarding that invaluable parochial school system which so long proved Scotland's noblest boast, as her sons went forth to fight the battles of the world, across the border or far away beyond the sea. The University system also is unfolded to us in a series of firm, artistic touches. Like most of the old Scottish school, Dr. Guthrie had very strong ideas upon the sanctity of the Sabbath. He appears never to have doubted the propriety of making home, on one day of the week, a prison on the silent system, or rather something worse; for surely it is better to be left to one's reflections than to be bored to death. On the contrary, the good Doctor thought it better 'to lean to the side of scrupulousness than laxity,' as if all history, not to speak of the after-career of the average clergyman's son, did not inculcate a different moral. Still there was a humorous aspect to this stilted rigidity; and even the stern Sabbatarianism of Dr. Guthrie was not proof against it. Three amusing stories of 'unco' righteousness are told on that subject alone. Amusing anecdotes crop up about that fearful institution, an old-time Scotch communion, when Davie Key pronounced 'thae was grand times, sir, when there were six tables,' or successive batches 'of communicants at one sacrament.' 'The Hunder-an' Third Psalm was aye weel done by the last table, and ye see we could only gie them aught (eight) lines for ilka ane o' the services, and she (the Psalm) was aye terribly throw (nearly finished) by the hinder end o' the tables. Six hours of service, 'to be begin wi', and then an hour o' interval, and syne in again in the evening,' were Davie's grand times, and no doubt he was happy. With much that Dr. Guthrie says, in his genial way, on behalf of some of the old features of the hard school discipline, the sternness and hard-headedness attributed to the Scots, we can heartily agree. Mr. Buckle never made a greater mistake than when he undertook to gauge the Scottish character and weigh in his toy scales the sterling qualities which sent forth from a small, rugged, and exposed mite of territory, the power, the intelligence, the obstinate and indomitable energy, and, on the whole, the sterling probity of the nation 'ayont' the Tweed.

Dr. Guthrie's name is chiefly associated with two great movements widely different in character. No Free-Church-of-Scotland man has any need to be reminded of the disruption of 1843; but we fear that abnormal being the 'general reader,' who has heard something of everything and nothing of anything as he ought, has a very hazy idea of the heroic character of the step taken by four hundred and seventy-four ministers of religion who went forth from the Scottish establishment,

leaving behind them home and salary and pastoral dignity, at the call of duty. As the memoir observes it was the spectacle of 'nearly five hundred ministers disestablishing and disendowing themselves, laying on the altar of conscience a revenue of more than one hundred thousand pounds a year—a sum, which, if capitalized, would amount to fully two millions sterling.' 'These men are mad, and the pity is there is no lunatic asylum big enough to hold them,' said one of their bitterest opponents. In 1870, as Dr. Guthrie's sons take pride in noting, Mr. Gladstone, then Premier of England, described that memorable exodus as that of 'a body to whose moral attitude scarcely any word weaker or lower than that of majesty is, according to the spirit of historical criticism, justly applicable.' Dr. Guthrie's share in the heroism of the time and the work of building the Free Church is detailed with many a thrilling incident of suffering patience, in this volume.

The other movement became a man whose heart was tender and loving, as well as courageous. The pastor of Greyfriars first gathered together the waifs and strays of Edina in what are now known as the ragged schools. Indeed, in every humanizing and benevolent work, he was the hardest and cheeriest worker. If his creed was narrow, his heart was broad and full of love and compassion for his kind. Charity may well own a multitude of intellectual sins and traditional prejudices in one who recognized to the full the apostolic declaration—'faith without works is dead.'

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE; By the Princess Salm-Salm. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.
- THE BASTONNAIS; Tale of the American Invasion of Canada in 1775-76. By John Lesperance. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.
- STUDENT-LIFE AT HARVARD. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1876. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.
- KATE DANTON; OR CAPTAIN DANTON'S DAUGHTERS. A Novel. By Agnes Fleming; Author of *Norine's Revenge*, &c. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.
- FRAGMENTS OF SCIENCE; A Series of detached Essays, Addresses, and Reviews. By John Tyndall, F. R. S. Fifth edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.
- LOVELL'S HISTORY OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA AND OTHER PARTS OF BRITISH AMERICA. Illustrated by numerous engravings. Revised edition from new plates. Montreal: Lovell Printing and Publishing Co. 1876.
- A YACHT VOYAGE. Letters from High Latitudes. By Lord Dufferin; New Edition. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE event of the past month in the dramatic world of Toronto was, of course, the production, for the first time in Canada, we believe, of Shakspeare's 'Cymbeline,' with Miss Neilson as Imogen. The reasons why this play, which in many respects is quite worthy of its author, is so seldom produced on the modern stage are not far to seek. One of these is that the plot turns upon an incident which is of rather too strong a flavor to agree with the delicate, not to say squeamish, stomachs of modern audiences. Another is that the drama as a whole labours under the incurable defect that the latter half is much weaker than the first, and, consequently, comes after it as an anti-climax. The melodrama and sensationalism of the last two acts are but poor substitutes for the strong human interest which runs through the first three. In his creation of *Imogen*, however, Shakspeare has given another proof of his marvellous power in depicting feminine nature; and the character is so strikingly beautiful that it will no doubt, in the future as in the past, be the means of bringing the play upon the stage from time to time, as affording a fresh opportunity for display to an actress capable of taking advantage of it, such as Miss O'Neil, Miss Helen Faucit, Miss Tree, —and we may now add, Miss Neilson. Not that Miss Neilson's impersonation is a thoroughly satisfactory one—far from it. She has appeared in the part on only about half-a-dozen occasions, a public experience quite inadequate to enable her to identify herself with the character as she has identified herself with Juliet and Rosalind. The consequence is that her performance does not give one the idea of a complete and consistent personality; we have before us, not the *Imogen* of Shakspeare, but Miss Neilson acting *Imogen*. The impression is similar to that which one gets when looking at an unfinished portrait. The firm, free lines betokening the great artist, are there; but the want of completeness gives an air of crudeness to the general result. Moreover, Miss Neilson's conception of the character is occasionally at fault; particularly in the scene where she enters the cave. The strong element of comedy which the actress infuses into this episode is neither to be found in the text, nor is it in keeping with the painful circumstances in which *Imogen* finds herself placed.

During her brief visit Miss Neilson also played *Juliet*, *Rosalind*, and *Julia*, in 'The Hunchback.' In this last character Miss Neilson is unapproachable. Of the numerous actresses who have played the part in Toronto,

not one is worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with her. Mrs. Rousby comes nearest; but at what an interval! Whether in the idyllic beauty of the first act, or in the supreme pathos of the later ones, the actress is equally at home, equally admirable. For exquisite refinement, purity, and depth of feeling we doubt if a more nearly perfect impersonation can be witnessed on the stage to-day. *Indeea*, it was not all acting, as the tears on the face of the actress more than once testified. Miss Neilson's *Julia*, in short, deserves to be placed on the same pedestal with her *Juliet*,—that is, making allowance for the fact that the latter is a far more difficult and trying character to act. Of the recent performance of this last it is only necessary to say that it was repeated in the same mutilated version—with one of the finest scenes cut out—as on the occasion of Miss Neilson's previous visit this season.

The *Posthumus* of Mr. Plympton, the young actor who accompanied Miss Neilson, was not one of his happiest efforts. Though in general spirited and intelligent, it was so demonstrative at times as to become almost boisterous. The substitution of a little repose and dignity would have been a considerable gain. In *Romeo* he showed decided improvement, even in the short time which has elapsed since his appearance two months ago. But his best character was unquestionably *Clifford*, in the "Hunchback," a thoroughly manly, dignified, and natural performance. In 'Cymbeline,' Mr. Fitzgerald's *Iachimo* was a tolerably effective picture of the wily Italian, though he spoilt the bed-chamber scene by pitching his voice so low as to be quite inaudible at a little distance. Mr. Gregory's *Cloten* was a capital bit of comedy, which would have been better had the actor known his lines.

Of the other plays given at the Grand Opera House during the month, the only ones calling for particular remark are 'Ours,' and 'Our Boys.' Mr. Robertson's military drama was appropriately given on the occasion of the benefit of the Queen's Own Rifles. Mr. Fitzgerald was excellent as *Hugh Chalcott*, except that in the last act he seemed to have been slightly discomposed by a visit from St. Vitus, so perpetually was he on the move; and Mrs. Morrison went through her drill, and made her Irish stew with even more than her accustomed spirit and 'go.' 'Our Boys' was given at Mr. Hudson's benefit, and the only feature of it calling for remark was that gentleman's humorous and natural performance as old *Middlewick*.