

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

- Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
  
- Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires:                      Continuous pagination.

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

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
  
- Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
  
- Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

# BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

---

NOVEMBER, 1877.

UP THE THAMES.

THIRD PAPER.



HAMPTON COURT—WEST FRONT.

TO-DAY our movement shall be up the Thames by rail, starting on the south side of the river to reach an objective point on the north bank. So crooked is the stream, and so much more crooked are the different systems of railways, with their competing branches crossing each other and making the most audacious inroads on each other's territory, that the direction in which we are travelling at any given moment, or the station from which we start, is a very poor index to the quarter for



HAMPTON COURT--LOOKING UP THE RIVER.

which we are bound. The railways, to say nothing of the river, that wanders at its own sweet will, as water commonly does in a country offering it no obstructions, are quite defiant of their geographical names. The Great Western runs north, west and south-east; the South-western strikes south, south-east and north-west; while the Chatham and Dover distributes itself over most of the region south-east of London, closing its circuit by a line along the coast of the Channel that completes a triangle. We can go almost anywhere by any road. It is necessary, however, in this as in other mundane proceedings, to make a selection. We must have a will before we find a way. Let our way, then, be to Waterloo Station, on the South-western rail.

Half an hour's run lands us at Hampton Court, with a number of fellow-passengers to keep us company if we want them, and in fact whether we want them or not. Those who travel into or out of a city of four millions must lay their account with being ever in a crowd. Our consolation is, that in the city the crowd is so constant and so wholly strange to us as to defeat its effect, and create the feeling of solitude we have so often been told of; while outside of it, at the parks and show-places, the amplitude of space, density and variety of plantations, and multiplicity of carefully designed turns, nooks and retreats, are such that retirement of a more genuine character is within easy reach. The crowd, we know, is about us, but it does not elbow us, and we need hardly see it. The current of humanity, springing from one or a dozen trains or steamboats, dribbles away, soon after leaving its parent source, into a multitude of little divergent channels, like irrigating water, and covers the surface without interference.

It would be a curious statistical inquiry how many visitors Hampton Court has lost since the Cartoons were removed in 1865 to the South

Kensington Museum. Actually, of course, the whole number has increased, is increasing, and is not going to be diminished. The query is, How many more there would be now were those eminent bits of pasteboard—slit up for the guidance of piece-work at a Flemish loom, tossed after the weavers had done with them into a lumber-room, then after a century's neglect disinterred by the taste of Rubens and Charles I., brought to England, their poor frayed and faded fragments glued together and made the chief decoration of a royal palace—still in the place assigned them by the munificence and judgment of Charles ? For our part—and we may speak for most Americans—when we heard, thought, or read of Hampton Court, we thought of the Cartoons. Engravings of them were plenty—much more so than of the palace itself. Numbers of domestic connoisseurs know Raphael principally as the painter of the Cartoons.

A few who have not heard of them have heard of Wolsey. The puffy old cardinal furnishes the surviving one of the two main props of

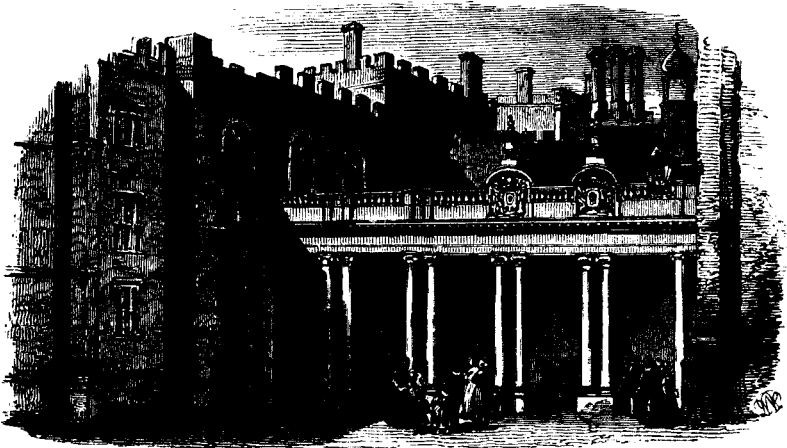


ENTRANCE TO WOLSEY'S HALL.

Hampton's glory. An oddly-assorted pair, indeed—the delicate Italian painter, without a thought outside of his art, and the bluff English placeman, avid of nothing but honours and wealth. And the association of either of them with the spot is comparatively so slight. Wolsey held the ground for a few years, only by lease, built a mere fraction of the present edifice, and disappeared from the scene within half a gene-

ration. What it boasts, or boasted, of the other belongs to the least noted of his works—half a dozen sketches meant for stuff-patterns, and never intended to be preserved as pictures. Pictures they are, nevertheless, and all the more valuable and surprising as manifesting such easy command of hand and faculty, such a matter-of-course employment of the utmost resources of art on a production designed to have no continuing existence except as finished, rendered and given to the world by a “base mechanical,” with no sense of art at all.

Royalty, and the great generally, availed themselves of their opportunities to select the finest locations and stake out the best claims along these shores. Of elevation there is small choice, a level surface prevailing. What there is has been generally availed of for park or palace with manifest advantage to the landscape. The curves of the river are similarly utilized. Kew and Hampton occupy peninsulas so formed. The latter, with Bushy Park, an appendage, fills a water-washed triangle of some two miles on each side. The southern angle is opposite Thames Ditton, a noted resort for brethren of the angle, with an ancient inn as popular, though not as stylish and costly, as the Star and Garter at Richmond. The town and palace of Hampton lie about half-way up the western side of the demesne. The view up and down the river from Hampton Bridge is one of the crack spectacles of the neighbourhood. Satisfied with it, we pass through the principal street, with the Green in view to our left and Bushy Park beyond it, to the main entrance. This is part of the original palace as built by the cardinal. It leads into the first court. This, with the second or Middle Quadrangle, may all be ascribed to him, with some changes made by Henry VIII. and Christopher Wren. The colonnade of coupled Ionic pillars which runs



MIDDLE QUADRANGLE, HAMPTON COURT,

across it on the south or right-hand side as you enter was designed by Wren. It is out of keeping with its Gothic surroundings. Standing beneath it, you see on the opposite side of the square Wolsey's Hall. It looks like a church. The towers on either side of the gateway between the courts bear some relics of the old faith in the shape of terra-cotta medallions, portraits of the Roman emperors. These decorations were a present to the cardinal from Leo X. The oriel windows by their side bear contributions in a different taste from Henry VIII. They are the escutcheons of that monarch. The two popes, English and Italian, are well met. Our engravings give a good idea of the style of these parts of the edifice. The first or outer square is somewhat larger than the middle one, which is a hundred and thirty-three feet across from north to south, and ninety-one in the opposite direction, or in a line with the longest side of the whole palace.

A stairway beneath the arch leads to the great hall, one hundred and six feet by forty. This having been well furnished recently, its aspect is probably little inferior in splendour to that which it wore in its first days. The open timber roof, gay banners, stained windows and groups of armour bring mediæval magnificence very freshly before us. The ciphers and arms of Henry and his wife, Jane Seymour, are emblazoned on one of the windows, indicating the date of 1536 or 1537. Below them were graciously left Wolsey's imprint—his arms, with a cardinal's hat on each side, and the inscription, "The Lord Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal legat de Latere, archbishop of Yorke and Chancellor of Englande." The tapestry of the hall illustrates sundry passages in the life of Abraham. A Flemish pupil of Raphael is credited with their execution or design.

This hall witnessed, certainly in the reign of George I., and according to tradition in that of Elizabeth, the mimic reproduction of the great drama with which it is associated. It is even said that Shakespeare took part here in his own play, *King Henry VIII., or the Fall of Wolsey*. In 1558 the hall was resplendent with one thousand lamps, Philip and Mary holding their Christmas feast. The Princess Elizabeth was a guest. The next morning she was compliant or politic enough to hear matins in the queen's closet.

The Withdrawing Room opens from the hall. It is remarkable for its carved and illuminated ceiling of oak. Over the chimney is a portrait of Wolsey in profile on wood, not the least interesting of a long list of pictures which are a leading attraction of the place. These are assembled, with few exceptions, in the third quadrangle, built in 1690. Into this we next pass. It takes the place of three of the five original courts, said to have been fully equal to the two which remain.

The modern or Eastern Quadrangle is a hundred and ten by a hundred

and seventeen feet. It is encircled by a colonnade like that in the middle square, and has nothing remarkable, architecturally, about it. In



ARCHWAY IN HAMPTON COURT.

the public rooms that surround us there are, according to the catalogue, over a thousand pictures. Leonardo de Vinci, Paul Veronese, Titian, Giulio Romano, Murillo, and a host of lesser names of the Italian and Spanish schools, with still more of the Flemish, are represented. To most visitors, who may see elsewhere finer works by these masters, the chief attraction of the walls is the series of original portraits by Holbein, Vandyck, Lely and Kueller. The two full-lengths of Charles I. by Vandyck, on foot and on horseback, both widely

known by engravings, are the gems of this department, as a Vandyck will always be of any group of portraits.

Days may be profitably and delightfully spent in studying this fine collection. The first men and women of England for three centuries, handed down to us by the first artists she could command, form a spectacle in which Americans can take a sort of home interest. Nearly all date before 1776, and we have a rightful share in them. Each head and each picture is a study. We have art and history together. Familiar as we may



WOLSEY.

be with the events with which the persons represented are associated, it is impossible to gaze upon their lineaments, set in the accessories of their day by the ablest hands guided by eyes that saw below the surface, and not feel that we have new readings of British annals.

Among the most ancient heads is a medallion of Henry VII. by Torregiano, the peppery and gifted Florentine, who executed the marvellous chapel in Westminster Abbey, and broke the nose of Michael Angelo. English art—or rather art in England—may be said to date from him. He could not create a school of artists in the island—the material did not exist—but the few productions he left there stood out so sharply from anything around them that the possessors of the wealth that was then beginning to accumulate employed it in drawing from the Continent additional treasures from the newly-found world of beauty. The riches of England have grown apace, and her collectors have used them



PORTICO LEADING TO GARDENS.

liberally, if not always wisely, until her galleries, in time, have come to be sought by the connoisseurs, and even the artists, of the Continent.

The last picture-gallery we traverse is the only one at Hampton Court specially built for its purpose, and it is empty. This is the room erected by Sir Christopher Wren for the reception of the Cartoons. It leads us to the corridor that opens on the garden front. We leave behind us, in addition to the state apartments, a great many others which are peopled by other inhabitants than the big spiders, said to be found nowhere else, known as cardinals. The old palace is not kept wholly for show, but is made useful in the political economy of the kingdom by furnishing a retreat to impecunious members of the oligarchy. Certain families of distressed aristocrats are harboured here—clearly a more wholesome arrangement than letting them take their chance in the world and bring discredit on their class.



Emerging on the great gardens, forty-four acres in extent, we find ourselves on broad walks laid out with mathematical regularity, and edged by noble masses of yew, holly, horse-chestnut, etc., almost as rectangular and circular. We are here struck with the great advantage derived in landscape gardening from the rich variety of large evergreens possible in the climate of Britain. The holly, unknown as an outdoor



CENTRE AVENUE.

plant in this country north of Philadelphia, is at home in the north of Scotland, eighteen degrees nearer the pole. We are more fortunate with the Conifers, many of the finest of which family are perfectly hardy here. But we miss the deodar cedar, the redwood and Washingtonia of



HAMPTON COURT—GARDEN FRONT.

California, and cedar of Lebanon. These, unless perhaps the last, can not be depended on much north of the latitude of the *Magnolia grandiflora*. They thrive all over England, with others almost as beautiful, and as delicate north of the Delaware. Of the laurel tribe, also hardy

in England, our Northern States have but a few weakly representatives. So with the Rhododendra.

When, tired of even so charming a scene of arboreal luxury, we knock at the Flower-Pot gate to the left of the palace, and are admitted into the private garden, we make the acquaintance of another stately stranger



GATE TO PRIVATE GARDEN.

we have had the honour at home of meeting only under glass. This is the great vine, ninety years or a hundred old, of the Black Hamburg variety. It does not cover as much space as the Carolina Scuppernong—the native variety that so surprised and delighted Raleigh's Roanoke Island settlers in 1585—often does. But its bunches, sometimes two or three thousand in number, are much larger than the Scuppernong's little clumps of two or three. They weigh something like a pound each, and are thought worthy of be-

ing reserved for Victoria's dessert. Her own family vine has burgeoned so broadly that three thousand pounds of grapes would not be a particularly large dish for a Christmas dinner for the united Guelphs.

We must not forget the Labyrinth, "a mighty maze, but not without a plan," that has bewildered generations of young and old children since the time of its creator, William of Orange. It is a feature of the Dutch style of landscape gardening imprinted by him upon the Hampton grounds. He failed to impress a like stamp upon that chaos of queer shapeless and contradictory means to beneficent ends, the British constitution.

Hampton Court, notwithstanding the naming of the third quadrangle



BUSHY PARK.

the Fountain Court, and the prominence given to a fountain in the design of the principal grounds, is not rich in waterworks. Nature has done a good deal for it in that way, the Thames embracing it on two sides and the lowness of the flat site placing water within easy reach everywhere. This superabundance of the element did not content the magnificent Wolsey. He was a man of great ideas, and to secure a head for his jets he sought an elevated spring at Combe Wood, more than two miles distant. To bring this supply he laid altogether not less than eight miles of leaden pipe weighing twenty-four pounds to the foot, and passing under the bed of the Thames. Reduced to our currency of to-day, these conduits must have cost nearly half a million of dollars. They do their work yet, the gnawing tooth of old *Edax rerum* not having penetrated far below the surface of the earth. Better hydraulic results would now be attained at a considerably reduced cost by a steam-engine and stand-pipe. At the beginning of the sixteenth century this motor was not even in embryo, unless we accept the story of Blasco de Garay's steamer that manœuvred under the eye of Charles V. as fruitlessly as Fitch's and Fulton's before Napoleon. Coal, its dusky pabulum, was also practically a stranger on the upper Thames. The ancient fire-dogs that were wont to bear blazing billets hold their places in the older parts of the palace.

Crossing the Kingston road, which runs across the peninsula and skirts the northern boundary of Hampton Park, we get into its continuation, Bushy Park. This is larger than the chief enclosure, but less pretentious. We cease to be oppressed by the palace and its excess of the

artificial. The great avenues of horse-chestnut, five in number, are running parallel with a length of rather more than a mile and an aggregate breadth of nearly two hundred yards, are formal enough in design, but the mass of foliage gives them the effect of a wood. They lead nowhere in particular, and are flanked by grades and copses in which the genuinely rural prevails. Cottages gleam through the trees. The lowing of kine, the tinkling of the sheep-bell, the gabble of poultry, lead you away from thoughts of prince and city. Deer, domesticated here since long before the introduction of the turkey or the guinea-hen, bear themselves with as quiet ease and freedom from fear as though they were the lords of the manor and held the black-letter title-deeds for the delicious stretch of sward over which they troop. Less stately, but scarce more shy, indigenes are the hares, lineal descendants of those which gave sport to Oliver Cromwell. When that grim Puritan succeeded to the lordship of the saintly cardinal, he was fain, when the Dutch, Scotch and Irish indulged him with a brief chance to doff his buff coat, to take relaxation in coursing. We loiter by the margin of the ponds he dug in the hare-warren, and which were presented as nuisances by the grand jury in 1662. The complaint was that by turning the water of the "New River" into them the said Oliver had made the road from Hampton Wick boggy and unsafe. Another misdemeanor of the deceased was at the same time and in like manner denounced. This was the stopping up of the pathway through the warren. The palings were abated, and the path is open to all nineteenth century comers, as it probably will be to those of the twentieth, this being a land of precedent, averse to change. We may stride triumphantly across the location of the Cromwellian barricades, and not the less so, perhaps, for certain other barricades which he helped to erect in the path of privilege.

Directing our steps to the left, or westward, we again reach the river at the town of Hampton. It is possessed of pretty water-views, but of little else of note except the memory and the house of Garrick. Hither the great actor, after positively his last night on the stage, retired, and settled the long contest for his favour between the Muses of Tragedy and Comedy by inexorably turning his back on both. He did not cease to be the delight of polished society, thanks to his geniality and to literary and conversational powers capable of making him the intimate of Johnson and Reynolds. More fortunate in his temperament and temper than his modern successor, Macready, he never fretted that his profession made him a vagabond by act of Parliament, or that his adoption of it in place of the law had prevented his becoming, by virtue of the same formal and supreme stamp, the equal of the Sampson Brasses, plentiful in his day as in ours among their betters of that honourable vocation. His self respect was of tougher if not sounder grain. "Worth makes

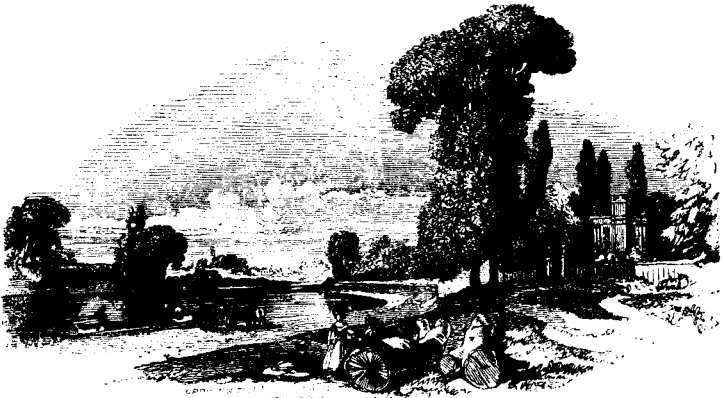
the man, and want of it the fellow," was the motto supplied him by his friend and neighbour, Pope, but obeyed long before he saw it in the poetic form.

Garrick's house is separated from its bit of "grounds," which run



GARRICK'S VILLA.

down to the water's edge, by the highway. It communicates with them by a tunnel, suggested by Johnson. It was not a very novel suggestion, but the excavation deserves notice as probably the one engineering achievement of old Ursus major. We may fancy the Titan of the pen and the tea-table, in his snuffy habit as he lived and as photographed by Boswell, Mrs. Thrale, Fanny Burney, and their epitomizer Macaulay,



RIVER SCENE, THAMES DITTON.

diving under the turnpike and emerging among the osiers and water-rats to offer his orisons at the shrine of Shakespeare. For, in the fashion

of the day, Garrick erected a little brick "temple," and placed therein a statue of the man it was the study of his life to interpret. The temple is there yet. The statue, a fine one by Roubillac, now adorns the hall of the British Museum, a much better place for it. Garrick, and not Sakespeare, is the *genius loci*.

This is but one of the most striking, of a long row of villas that overlook the river, each with its comfortable-looking and rotund trees and trim plant in front, with sometimes a summer-house snuggling down to the ripples. These river-side colonies, thrown out so rapidly by the metropolis, have no colonial look. We cannot associate the idea of a new settlement with rich turf, gravelled walks and large trees devoid of the gaunt and forlorn look suggestive of their fellows' having been hewn away from their side. The houses have some of the pertness, rawness and obtrusiveness of youth, but it is not the youth of the backwoods.

Bob and sinker are in their glory hereabouts. Fishing-rods in the season and good weather form an established part of the scenery, from the islands and from box-like boats called punts in the middle of the water, their slender arches project. It becomes a source of speculation how the breed of fish is kept up. Seth Green has never operated on the Thames. Were he to take it under his wing, a sum in the single rule of three points to the conclusion that all London would take its seat under these willows and extract ample sustenance from the invisible herds. If perch and dace can hold their own against the existing pressure and escape extinction, how would they multiply with the fostering aid of the spawning-box! We are not deep in the mysteries of the angle, but we believe English waters do not boast the catfish. They ought to acquire him. He is almost as hard to extirpate as the perch, would be quite at home in these sluggish pools under the lily-pads, and would harmonize admirably with the eel in the pies and other gross preparations which delight the British palate. He hath, moreover, a John Bull-like air in his broad and burly shape, his smooth and unscaly superficies and and the *noli-me-tangere* character of his dorsal fin. Pity he was unknown to Izaak Walton!

At this particular point the piscatory effect is intensified by the dam just above Hampton Bridge. Two parts of a river are especially fine for fishing. One is the part above the dam, and the other the part below. These two divisions may be said, indeed, in a large sense to cover all the Thames. Moulsey Lock, while favorable to fish and fishermen, is unfavorable to dry land. Yet there is said to be no malaria. Hampton Court has proved a wholesome residence to every occupant, save its founder.



WOLSEY'S TOWER, ESHER.

The angler's capital is Thames Ditton, and his capitol the Swan Inn. Ditton is, like many other pretty English villages, little and old. It is mentioned in *Domesday Boke* as belonging to the bishop of Bayeux in Normandy, famous for the

historic piece of tapestry. Wadard, a gentleman with a Saxon name, held it of him, probably for the quit-rent of an annual eel-pie, although the consideration is not stated. The clergy were, by reason of their frequent meagre days and seasons, great consumers of fish. The phosphorescent character of that diet may have contributed, if we accept certain modern theories of animal chemistry as connected in some unexplained way with psychology, to the intellectual predominance of that class of the population of the Middle Ages. That occasional fasting, whether voluntary and systematic as in the cloisters, or involuntary and altogether the reverse of systematic in Grub street, helps to clear the wits, with or without the aid of phosphorus, is a fixed fact. The stomach is apt to be a stumbling-block to the brain. We are not prone to associate prolonged and productive mental effort with a fair round belly with fat capon lined. It was not the jolly clerics we read of in song, but the lean ascetic brethren who were numerous enough to balance them, that garnered for us the treasures of ancient literature and kept the mind of Christendom alive, if only in a state of suspended animation. It was something that they prevented the mace of chivalry from utterly braining humankind.

The Thames is herabouts joined from the south by a somewhat exceptional style of river, characterized by Milton as "the sullen Mole, that runneth underneath," and by Pope, in dutiful imitation, as "the sullen Mole that hides his diving flood." Both poets play on the word. In our judgment, Milton's line is the better, since Moles do not dive and have no flood—two false figures in one line from the precise and finical Pope! Thomson contributes the epithet of "silent," which will do

well enough as far as it goes, though devoid even of the average force of Jamie. But, as we have intimated, it is a queer river. Pouring into the Thames by several mouths that deviate over quite a delta, its channel, two or three miles above, is destitute in dry season of water. Its current disappears under an elevation called White Hill, and does not come again to light for almost two miles, resembling therein several streams in the United States, notably Lost River in North-eastern Virginia, which has a subterranean course of the same character and about the same length, but has not yet found its Milton or Pope, far superior as it is to its English cousin in natural beauty.

For this defect art and association amply atone. On the southern side of the Mole, not far from the underground portion of its course—"the Swallow" as it is called—stand the charming and storied seats of Esher and Claremont.

Esher was an ancient residence of the bishops of Winchester. Wolsey made it for a time his natural retreat after being ousted from Hampton Court. A retreat it was to him in every sense. He dismissed his servants and all state, and cultivated the deepest despondency. His inexorable master, however, looked down on him, from his ravished towers hard by, unmoved, and, as the sequel in a few years proved, unsatisfied in his greed. Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, was called upon for a contribution. He loyally surrendered to the king the whole estate of Esher, a splendid mansion with all appurtenances and a park a mile in diameter. Henry annexed Esher to Hampton Court, and continued his research for new subjects of spoliation. His daughter Mary gave Esher back to the see of Winchester. Elizabeth bought it and bestowed it on Lord Howard of Effingham, who well earned it by his services against the Armada. Of the families who subsequently owned the place, the Pelhams are the most noted. Now it has passed from their hands. That which has alone been preserved of the palace of Wolsey is an embattled gate-house that looks into the sluggish Mole, and joins it mayhap in musing over "the days that we have seen."

Claremont its next neighbour, unites, with equal or greater charms of landscape, in preaching the old story of the decadence of the great. Lord Clive, the Indian conqueror and speculator, built the house from the design of Capability Browne at a cost of over a hundred thousand pounds. His dwelling and his monument remain to represent Clive. After him, two or three occupants removed, came Leopold of Belgium, with his bride, the Princess Charlotte, pet and hope of the British nation. Their stay was more transient still—a year only, when death dissipated their dreams and cleared the way to the throne for Victoria. Leopold continued to hold the property, and it became a generation later the Asylum of Louis Philippe. To an ordinary mind the miseries

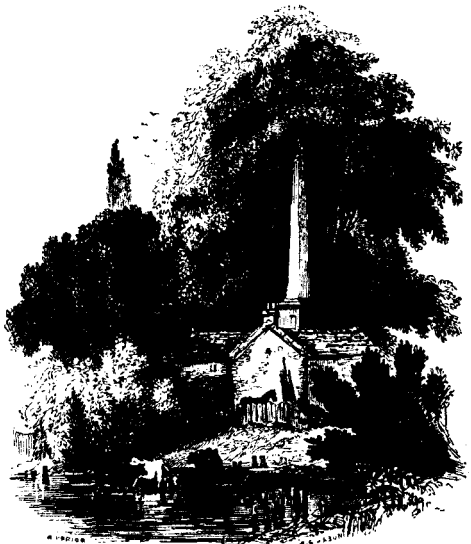


of any one condemned to make this lovely spot his home, are not apt to present themselves as the acme of despair. A sensation of relief and lulling repose would be more reasonably expected, especially after so stormy a career as that of Louis. The change from restless and



CLAREMONT.

capricious Paris to dewy shades and luxurious halls in the heart of changeless and impregnable England ought, on common principles, to have promoted the content and prolonged the life of the old king. Possibly it did, but if so, the French had not many months' escape from a second Orleans re- gency, for the exile's ex- perience of Claremont was brief. We may wander over his lawns, and re- shape to ourselves his rev- eries. Then we may forget the man who lost an em- pire as we look up at the cenotaph of him who con- quered one. Both brought grist to Miller Bull, the the fortunate and practical- minded owner of such vast water-privileges. His wa- ter-power seems proof against all floods, while the corn of all nations



CLIVE'S MONUMENT

must come to his door. Standing under these drooping elms, by this lazy stream, we hear none of the clatter of the great mill, and we cease to dream of affixing a period to its noiseless and effective work.

If we are not tired of parks for to-day, five minutes by rail will carry us west to Oatlands Park, with its appended, and more or less dependent, village of Walton-upon-Thames. But a surfeit even of English country-houses and their pleasancesses is a possible thing; and nowhere are they more abundant than within an hour's walk of our present locality. So, taking Ashley Park, Burwood Park, Pains Hill and many others, as well as the Coway Stakes—said by one school of antiquarians to have been planted in the Thames by Cæsar, and by another to be the relics of a fish-weir—Walton Church and Bradshaw's house, for granted, we shall turn to the east and finish the purview of Hampton with a glance at the old Saxon town of Kingston-on-Thames. Probably an ardent Kingstonian would indignantly disown the impression our three words are apt to give of the place. It is a



PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

rapidly-growing town, and "Egbert, the first king of all England," who held a council at "Kynningeston, famosa illa locus," in 838, would be at a loss to find his way through its streets could he revisit it. It has the population of a Saxon county. Viewed from the massive bridge, with the church-tower rising above an expanse of sightly buildings, it possesses the least possible resemblance to the cluster of wattled huts that may be presumed to have sheltered Egbert and his peers.

A more solid memento of the Saxons is preserved in the King's Stone. This has been of late years set up in the centre of the town, surrounded with an iron railing, and made visible to all comers, skeptical or otherwise. Tradition credits it with having been that upon which the kings of Wessex were crowned, as those of Scotland down to Longshanks, and after him the English, were on the red sandstone palladium of Scone. From the list of ante-Norman monarchs said to have received the sceptre upon it the poetically inclined visitor will select for his chief interest Edwy, whose coronation was celebrated in great state in his seventeenth year. How he fell in love with and married secretly his cousin Elgiva; how Saint Dunstan and his equally saintly though not beatified ally, Odo, archbishop of Canterbury, indignant

at a step taken against their fulminations and protests, and jealous of the fair queen, tore her from his arms, burnt with hot iron the bloom



WALTON CHURCH.

out of her cheeks, and finally put her to death with the most cruel tortures ; and how her broken-hearted boy-lord, dethroned and hunted, died before reaching twenty,—is a standing dish of the pathetic. Unfortunately, the story, handed down to us with much detail, appears to be true. We must not accept it, however, as an average illustration of life in that age of England. The five hundred years before the Conquest do not equal, in the bloody character of their annals, the like period succeeding it. Barbarous enough the Anglo-Saxons were, but wanton cruelty does not seem to have been one of their traits. To produce it some access of religious fury was usually requisite. It was on the church-doors that the skins of their Danish invaders were nailed.

Kingston has no more Dunstans. Alexandra would be perfectly safe in its market-place. The rosy maidens who pervade its streets need not envy her cheeks, and the saints and archbishops who are to officiate at her husband's induction as head of the Anglican Church have their anxieties at present directed to wholly different quarters. They have foes within and foes without, but none in the palace.

Kingston bids fair to revert, after a sort, to the metropolitan position it boasted once, but has lost for nine centuries. The capital is coming to it, and will cover the four remaining miles within a decade or two at the existing rate of progress. Kingston may be assigned to the suburbs already. It is much nearer London, in point of time, than Union Square in New York to the City Hall. A slip of

country not yet endowed with trottoirs and gas-lamps intervenes. Call this park, as you do the square miles of such territory already deep within the metropolis.

London's jurisdiction, as marked by the Boundary Stone, extends much farther up the river than we have as yet gone. Nor are the swans her only vicegerents. The myrmidons of Inspector Bucket, foot and horse, supplement these natty representatives. So do the municipalities encroach upon and overspread the country,

as it is eminently proper they should, seeing that to the charters so long ago exacted, and so long and so jealously guarded, by the towns, so much of the liberty enjoyed by English-speaking people is due. Large cities may be under some circumstances, according to an often-quoted saying, plague-spots on the body politic, but their growth has generally been commensurate with that of knowledge and order, and indicative of anything but a diseased condition of the national organism.

'But here we are, under the shadow of the departed Nine Elms and of the official palace of the Odos, deep enough in Lunnon to satisfy the proudest Cockney, in less time than we have taken in getting off that last commonplace on political economy. Adam Smith and Jefferson never undertook to meditate at thirty-five miles an hour.

E. C. B.



KINGSTON CHURCH.

## ROXY.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE BARBECUE.

YOU would have known it was a holiday in the country-seat village of Luzerne, had you fallen in with a party of country boys dressed in white cotton shirts and trowsers of blue jeans, who hurried along the road at sunrise, to the summit of the hill that overlooks the town. You might have guessed that it was an occasion of merry-making by the eager speech and over-reaching steps of the boys, hastening, boy-like, hours beforehand to the scene of anticipated excitement, trembling lest some happening of interest should be unseen by them. Job's war-horse was never half so eager for the fray. Hearing the voices of others of their kind shouting in the village streets below, they do not pause a moment on the crest but plunge forward down the "dug-road" that slants along the steep hillside, until it reaches the level plain below and debouches into the main street of the town.

But you, had you been of their company, must have halted on the hill to look off eastward where the sun is quivering in the thin yellow-and-white horizon-clouds that hang over green hills. You must have stopped to look at the Luzerne island in its many shades of green, from the dark maple-leaf to the lighter cotton-wood and sycamore, the whole fringed by a margin of yet paler water willows which dip their outermost boughs into the placid water of the broad Ohio, glistening in the early sunlight like the apocalyptic river of life. You must have paused and looked away in the other direction to the long stretch of river to the westward, till at last in a grand sweep to the south you lost sight of that majestic current, which first by the Indians, then by the French, and then by the English-speaking settlers has been called "The Beautiful." You must have looked across the mile-wide current to the little Kentucky village on the bank opposite you, its white houses shut in by a line of green hills behind. And just beneath, on the nearer bank, lies Luzerne, one of the oldest towns in this new country, and the fairest object in the landscape. There are no fine houses—only white "frame" and red brick ones, with now and then an aboriginal log-cabin standing like an old settler, unabashed among more genteel neighbours. But all the yards are full of apple-trees and rose-bushes and lilacs—*lay-locks* the

people call them—and altheas and flowering almonds. Here one sees chimney-tops and roofs jutting out of the surrounding green of the trees, and there are large patches of unfenced greensward or “common” upon which the newly milked cows are already congregating, their bells, each on a different key, keeping up a ceaseless tinkling. You see the brand-new court-house with glittering brass ball above the belfry, standing in the treeless, grass-green “public square;” and there in plain sight is the old town pump in front of the court-house, and about it the boys and girls who have come hither for water.

But the party of country boys with whom we started have almost reached the foot of the hill. They have gone down running, walking, and leaping by turns. Now and then one of them stops, and looking over the valley and the village, swings his cap and cries out: “Hurrah for Harrison and Tyler!” or, “Hurrah for Tippecanoe and Tyler too!” Not, perhaps, because he knows or cares anything about the candidates for the presidency, but because a young cock must flap his wings and crow. Most of the enthusiasm of a political canvass is the effervescence of animal spirits. The struggle of the leaders is to make this overflowing tide of surplus life grind their grist. It was the processions and hard cider and log-cabins of 1840 that gave the Whigs the election.

But now other parties of straggling boys and men are coming into the village, afoot and on horseback, over this hill and over others, and along the river-banks; while skiffs are crossing from Kentucky. In the village the trees are full of birds; yellow-hammers, jays, blue-birds, sap-suckers, red-birds, pee-wees, cat-birds, martins, and all others that abound in the genial climate of southern Indiana, are filling the air with their whistling calls to one another; the singing locust sends forth everywhere in quick-following vibrant waves his curious notes; but we do not hear these things. The usually quiet streets have already the premonitory symptoms of the on-coming excitement of the day, and the village lads in Sunday clothes, but barefoot none the less, are singing lustily to one another, such refrains as this:

“Hurrah for Harrison and Tyler!  
Beat the Dutch or bust your b’iler!”

to which some sturdy Democratic boy, resolved not to strike his colours, replies with a defiant, “Hurrah for Little Van!” and the Whig, feeling himself in the ascendant for the day, responds by singing:

“Little Van’s a used-up man,  
A used-up man, a used-up man,  
A used-up man is he!”

But the opposite side can readily answer again with ditties quite as forcible and ungrammatical.

By this time it wants a quarter of six o’clock, and the bell in the belfry

of the tavern is ringing in a jerky fashion its warning for breakfast. It is the one invariable thing—holidays may come and go, but the tavern bell never fails to ring at six and twelve and six, with a first bell fifteen minutes before the hours for meals. The movements of all the people in the town are regulated by this steady old bell, and were it to waver in its punctuality the life of the community would be thrown into disorder; clocks would have no regulator, meals would be out of time, farmers would not know when to start toward home, preachers would have no reminder of the length of their sermons.

By seven o'clock on this day of the barbecue, the village is in a state of general expectancy. Girls are travelling to and fro singly and in squads; women are talking to each other over garden fences, and at front gates; merchants in their Sunday clothes are standing on the sidewalks, and boys are hurrying away to the great beech-woods on the river-bank above the town, where the barbecue is to be held, and then hurrying back to the village to see what is to be seen there. Wagons loaded with provisions of various sorts are constantly arriving from the country and making their way direct to the barbecue ground.

"Where are you going, Roxy?" asks a girl of sixteen in a lawn dress of another a year older, perhaps, in a bright new gingham. She speaks with that flutter of expectancy in her voice which girls always have at such times.

"To the beech-woods to see them roast the oxen—I thought it might please Bobo, here," and saying this she turned toward a pale boy whom she led by the hand.

"Please Bobo, here," the lad echoed with a childish exultation, and a strange wistful look in his eyes.

"I wonder what poor Bobo thinks about these things?" said the girl in lawn, looking at the lad's pale face and uncertain eyes.

"Bobo thinks about these things," he echoed with a baby-like chuckle of happiness.

"I believe he does, don't you, Roxy?"

"I know he does," said Roxy, looking at her unfortunate charge tenderly. "To be sure he does."

"To be sure he does," chimed in Bobo, with a delight, which was increased by the smiles of the girls.

"You see," continued Roxy, "he was a very smart little fellow till he got that fall. I don't think his mind is injured, exactly. It is only the brain. It seems to me like old Mrs. Post's cataract over her eyes, a sort of film—a cataract over his mind, Twonnet.\* Things don't get in and out well, but he seems to keep trying to think inside."

---

\*This orthography best represents the common pronunciation of the name among the village people. It rhymes exactly with the word "bonnet."

"Think inside!" cried the foolish fellow, beginning now to pull Roxy's hand to signify that he wanted to go, and saying, "See how nice!" as he pointed to the flag suspended over the street.

"He is very fond of red," exclaimed Roxy.

"You're better than most people, Roxy. They'd be ashamed to take anybody that was—was—simple—you know, around with them."

"Why?" said Roxy in surprise. "I think Bobo will always be one of those 'little ones' that are mentioned in the Bible. He don't know any harm, and I won't let him learn any. I could hardly live without him." Then she added in a lower tone: "I used to feel a little ashamed of him sometimes when people laughed. But that was a very bad feeling, I am sure. Good Bobo!"

"Good Bobo!" he chuckled, still pulling at Roxy's hand until she had to go on, Bobo expressing his pleasure whenever they passed beneath the flags. Going through the crowd of people in holiday dress, who were slaking their thirst at the town pump—the handle of which had no rest—they turned at last into the principal street running toward the river. The village was chiefly built on the second bank or terrace. The street led them down to the lower bank, which was thinly occupied by one or two hay warehouses and some dilapidated dwellings. This part of the town had once been in a fair way to take the lead on account of its proximity to the landing, but in the great flood of 1832 the river had quite submerged it, rising almost to the height of the rooms on the second floor, and floating away one or two buildings. The possibility of a repetition of this calamity had prevented the erection of new houses on this level, and some of the better ones had been given up by their owners, so that now this part of the town was the domain of fishermen, boatmen, and those poor people who, having always to struggle to keep the soul in the body, are glad to get any shelter in which to keep the body itself. The fewness of their chattels made removals easy, and since they were, most of them, amphibious creatures, they had no morbid dread of a freshet. Several of the better class, too, had held on to their rose-embowered homes on this lovely river-bank, declaring their belief that "the flood of '32" had deepened the channel of the river, so that there was now no danger.

But this lower bank seemed all the more beautiful to Roxy and Bobo that there were so few houses on it. The fences for the most part had not been rebuilt after the flood, so that there was a broad expanse of greensward. Their path took them along the river-bank, and to Roxy the wide river was always a source of undefined joy.

Following the hurrying squads of boys and men, and the track of wagons, they came at last into the forest of primeval beech that stretched away for a mile above the town, on this lower flat bordering the river.



Here were not such beech trees as grow on the valley hills of New England, stunted in height and with a divided trunk. These great trees, having a deep and fertile soil, push their trunks in stately columns heavenward, sending forth, everywhere, slender lateral limbs that droop soon after leaving the trunk, then recover themselves and droop a little once more at the distant tips, almost making Hogarth's line. The stillness of the deep shade was broken now by the invasion of busy men and idle boys; there were indescribable cries; the orders, advice, and jokes shouted from one to another, had a sound as of desecration. Here a table was being spread, set in the form of a hollow square to accommodate a thousand people; in another place hundreds of great loaves of bread were being cut into slices by men with sharp knives.

All of this pleased Bobo, but when at last, Roxy led him to the pit, thirty feet long, over which half a dozen oxen split in halves were undergoing the process called barbecuing, he was greatly excited. A great fire had been kept burning in this trench during the night, and now the bottom, six feet below the surface, was covered with a bed of glowing coals. As the beeves over this fire were turned from time to time, they kept up a constant hissing, as such a giant's broil must; and this sound with the intense heat terrified the lad.

He was better pleased when Roxy led him away to a tree where a thrifty farmer was selling ginger-cakes and cider, and spent all her money—five old-fashioned “coppers”—in buying for him a glass of cider which sold for five cents, with a scolloped ginger-cake thrown in.

But now the drum and fife were heard, and Roxy could plainly see a procession of Whigs from the country coming down the hill in the rear of the village. Others were coming by the other roads that led into the town. The crowd of idlers who scattered about the grove now started pell-mell for the village, where all of these companies, in wagons and on horseback, were to be formed into one grand procession.

But Roxy took pains to secure for Bobo a perch on a fence-corner at the end of the lane by which the wood was entered. When at last the procession came, the poor fellow clapped his hands at sight of the wagons with log-cabins and great barrels of “hard cider” on them. Every waving banner gave him pleasure, and the drum and fife set him into an ecstasy. When the crowd cheered for Harrison and Tyler, he did not fail to join in the shout. The party of country boys who had come over the hill in the morning, observing the delight of the poor fellow, began to make sport of him, calling him an idiot and quizzing him with puzzling questions, thus drawing the attention of the crowd to Bobo, who sat on the fence, and to Roxy, who stood by, and tried in vain to shield him from the mockery.

Happily about that time the procession halted on account of some dif-

faculty in turning an angle with the long wagon which held the twenty-five allegorical young girls from Posey township, who represented the two dozen states of the Union, with a plump Hoosier Goddess of Liberty presiding over them. It happened that in the part of the procession which halted opposite to Bobo's perch on the fence was Mark Bonamy, who was quite an important figure in the procession. His father—Colonel Bonamy—had been a member of Congress, and as a Whig son of a Democratic father of such prominence, the young man of twenty-one was made much of. Reckoned the most promising young man in the county, he was to-day to declaim his maiden speech before the great audience at the barbecue. But being a politician, already ambitious for office, he chose not to ride in the carriage with the "orators of the day," but on his own horse among the young men, to whose good-will he must look for his political success. The boys perched on the "rider" of the rail-fence were now asking Bobo questions, to which the simple fellow only gave answer by echoing the last words; and seeing the flush of pain on Roxy's face at the laughter thus excited, Mark called out to the boy to let Bobo alone.

"It don't matter," replied the boy; "he's only a fool, anyhow, if he is named Bonaparte."

At this the other boys tittered, but young Bonamy wheeled his horse out of the line, and, seizing Bobo's chief tormentor by the collar of his roundabout, gave him a vigorous shaking, and then dropped him trembling with terror to the ground. His comrades, not wishing to meet the same punishment, leaped down upon the other side of the fence and dispersed into the crowd.

"Thank you, Marcus," said Roxy.

"Oh, that's all right," answered Mark, with Western unconventionality. He tried to look unconscious as he again took his place in the ranks with reddened face, and the same crowd that had laughed at the ridicule put upon Bobo now cheered Mark for punishing his persecutor. Even Bobo showed satisfaction at the boy's downfall.

The Whig leaders of 1840 roasted beeves in order to persuade the independent voters to listen to arguments on the tariff; they washed down abstruse reasonings about the United States Bank with hard cider; and by good feeling persuaded the citizens to believe in internal improvement. But in order to the success of such a plan, it was necessary that the speeches should come first. The procession, therefore, was marched to the stand; the horsemen dismounted; the allegorical young ladies, who represented sovereign states, dressed in white muslin, took places on the stand; and most of the other people seated themselves on the benches in front, while the drums and fifes were played on the platform, where also were ranged the speakers and some ornamental figures.

—an ex-Congressman, a colonel of the war of 1812, and a few lingering veterans of the Revolution, who sat near the front, that their gray hairs, solitary arms, and wooden legs might be the more conspicuous.

Since Mark Bonamy's interference in her behalf, Roxy had rapidly elevated the young man into an hero. She cared nothing whatever about banks or tariffs, or internal improvements, but now she was eager to hear Mark make his speech: For when an enthusiastic young girl comes to admire a man for one thing, she straightway sets about finding other reasons for admiration.

Mark was sent to the front to make the opening speech, upon which one of the young men got up on a bench in the back part of the audience and cried: "Three cheers for Bonamy!" The grateful Roxy was pleased with this tribute to her hero, whose triumph seemed somewhat to be her own. Bobo recognized his deliverer and straightway pointed his finger at Mark, saying to Roxy:

"Look y', Roxy, look y' there!"

Indeed, she had much trouble to keep him from pointing and talking throughout Mark's speech.

In Roxy's estimation the speech was an eloquent one. There were no learned discussions of banks and tariffs, no exhaustive treatment of the question of the propriety of internal improvements by the general government—all of these questions were to be handled by Judge Wool, who was double-shotted with statistics. Mark Bonamy's speech was not statesman-like. It was all the more popular for that. He had the advantage, to begin with, of a fine presence. His large, well formed body, his healthful, handsome countenance, his clear eye, and the general look of quick intelligence about him, and a certain air of good-fellowship, won upon the audience, even while the young man stood with flushed face waiting for the cheering to subside. He did not lack self-possession, and his speech was full of adroit appeals to national pride and to party spirit. He made some allusions to the venerable soldiers who sat by him and to their comrades who slumbered in their bloody graves on the hard fought field of Bunker Hill and Brandywine, and German-town and Trenton. He brought forth rounds of cheers by his remarks on Harrison's log-cabin. Measured by the applause he gained it was the best speech of the day. A critic might have said that many of the most telling points were unfairly taken, but a critic has no place at a barbecue. How else could Roxy judge of such a speech but by the effect?

Very few of the voters were able to follow Judge Wool's argument against the veto of the Bank Bill and the removal of the deposits, and in favour of the adoption of a protective tariff that should save the country from the jaws of the British lion. But the old heads declared it a "mighty weighty" argument, and the young ones, feeling its heavi-

ness, assented. After some stirring speeches by more magnetic men, there was music by the drum and fife, and then the hungry crowd surrounded the tables, on which there was little else but bread and the barbecued meat.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### AFTER THE FEAST.

WHEN Roxy wended her way home that afternoon she found the streets full of people, many of whom had not limited their potations to hard cider. Flem Giddings, whose left arm had been shot away while he was ramming a cannon at a Fourth of July celebration, was very anxious to fight, but even his drunken companions were too chivalrous to fight with a one-armed man. So the poor cripple went round vainly defying every man he met, daring each one to fight and declaring that he "could lick any two-fisted coward in town, by thunder and lightning!" A little further on, big Wash Jones kept staggering up to plucky little Dan McCrea, declaring that Dan was a coward. But Dan, who was not quite so drunk, was unwilling to strike Wash until at last the latter slapped Dan in the face, upon which the fiery little fellow let his hard fist fly, doubling the big man against a wall. Roxy, terrified at the disorder, was hurrying by at that moment; she saw the blow and the fall of the bleeding man, and she uttered a little startled cry. Forgetting herself and Bobo, the excited girl pushed through the crowd and undertook to lift up the fallen champion. Dan looked ashamed of his blow, and the rest crowding round, felt cowed, when Roxy, with tears on her face, said:

"What do you stand by for and let drunken men fight? Come, put poor Wash on his horse and send him home."

The men were quick enough now to lift up the sot and help him into his saddle. It was notorious that Wash could hardly be so drunk that he could not ride. He balanced himself in the saddle with difficulty, and the horse, who had learned to adapt himself to his reeling burden, swayed from side to side.

"Psh-shaw!" stuttered the rider as the blood trickled upon his mud-bespattered clothes, "aint I a-a-a purty sight? To go home to my wife looking this a-way."

Whereupon he began to weep in a maudlin fashion, and the men burst into a guffaw, Jim Peters declaring that he 'lowed Wash would preach his own funeral sermon when he was dead. But Roxy went home crying. For she was thinking of the woman whose probable uf-

ferings she measured by her own sensibilities. And the men stood looking after her, declaring to one another that she was "a odd thing, to be sure."

When Roxy had passed the pump on her return, and had come into the quieter part of the village, Bobo, who had been looking at the flags, perceived that she was crying. He went directly in front of her, and taking out his handkerchief, began eagerly to wipe away the tears, saying in pitiful tones, "No, no! Roxy mustn't cry! Roxy mustn't cry!" But his sympathy only made the tears flow faster than ever, while Bobo still wiped them away, entreating her not to cry, until at last he began to cry himself, upon which Roxy by a strong effort controlled herself.

The house in which Roxy Adams lived was one of the original log-buildings of the village. It stood near the edge of the common, and some distance from the large, four-chimneyed brick which was the home of the half-witted Bobo, who was first cousin to Roxy on the mother's side. Roxy's father was the principal shoemaker of the village; he could make an excellent pair of "rights and lefts," and if the customer insisted on having them, he could turn out the old-fashioned "evens,"—boots that would fit either foot, and which, by change from one foot to another, could be made to wear more economically. The old shoemaker was also quite remarkable for the stubborn and contentious ability with which he discussed all those questions that agitated the village intellect of the time.

When Roxy passed in at the gate with Bobo, she found her father sitting under the apple-tree by the door. He gave her a word of reproof for her tardiness—not that she deserved it, but that, like other people of that day, he deemed it necessary to find fault with young people as often as possible. Roxy took the rebuke in silence, hastening to milk the old, black and white, spotted muley\* cow, whose ugly, hornless head was visible over the back gate, where she stood in the alley, awaiting her usual pail of bran. Then supper had to be cooked in the old wide-mouthed fire-place. The corn-dodgers—or, as they called them on the Indiana side of the river, the "pones"—were tossed from hand to hand until they assumed the correct oval shape. Then they were deposited in the iron skillet already heated on the fire, coals were put beneath, and a shovelful of hot coals heaped on the lid—or "led," as the Hoosiers call it, no doubt from a mistaken derivation

---

\* This word, like many of our most curious and widely prevalent Americanisms, is not in the dictionaries. It may have come from mule—the aboriginal English cows are hornless, and our hornless breed is, perhaps, hybrid. Hornless cows on Long Island are called "buffaloes." The word *muley* is not to be confounded with "mooley cow," a child's word for any cow.

of the word. The coffee was ground, and after being mixed with the white of egg to "settle" it, was put into the pot; the singing iron tea-kettle hanging on the crane paid its tribute of hot water, and then the coffee-pot was set on the trivet, over the live coals.

By the time the tavern bell announced the arrival of the hour for eating, Roxy had called her father to supper, and Bobo, who found no place so pleasant as Roxy's home, sat down to supper with them. While they ate, they could see through the front door troops of horsemen, who, warned by the tavern bell, had taken their last drink in honour of the hero of Tippecanoe, and started homeward in various stages of inebriety, some hurrying insanelly for Harrison and Tyler, many hurrying for nothing in particular.

The pitiful and religious soul of Roxy saw not a particle of the ludicrous side of this grotesque exhibition of humanity in voluntary craze. She saw—and exaggerated perhaps—the domestic sorrow at the end of their several roads, and she saw them as a procession of lost souls riding pell-mell into a perdition which she had learned to regard as a place of literal fiery torment.

Is it strange, therefore, that when Mr. Whittaker, the Presbyterian minister, came in after supper, she should ask him earnestly and abruptly why God, who was full of love, should make this world, in which there was so awful a preponderance of sorrow? It was in vain that the minister tried to answer her by shifting the responsibility to the shoulders of man, who committed sin in Adam, "the federal head of the race;" it was in vain that he took refuge in the sovereignty of God and the mystery of His existence. The girl saw only that God brought multitudes of people into life whose destiny was eternal sorrow, and whose destiny must have been known to Him from the beginning. She did not once venture to doubt the goodness of God; but her spirit kept on wounding itself with its own questioning, and Mr. Whittaker, with all his logic, could give her no relief. For feeling often evades logic, be it ever so nice and discriminating. Whittaker, however, kept up the conversation, glad of any pretext for talk with Roxy. The shoemaker was pleased to see him puzzled by the girl's cleverness; but he seemed to side with Whittaker.

It was not considered proper at that day for a minister to spend so much time in the society of the unconverted as Whittaker did in that of Roxy's father; but the minister found him, in spite of his perversity, a most interesting sinner. Whittaker liked to sharpen his wits against those of the shoemaker, who had read and thought a good deal in an eccentric way. The conversation was specially pleasant when the daughter listened to their discussions, for the minister was not yet quite twenty-five years of age, and what young man of twenty-five is insensi-

ble to the pleasure of talking with a bright girl of seventeen for a listener ?

When the minister and her father seated themselves under an apple-tree, it cost Roxy a pang to lose the pleasure of hearing them talk ; but Bobo was exacting, and she sat down to amuse him with a monotonous play of her own devising, which consisted in rolling a marble round the tea-tray. The minister was not quite willing to lose his auditor : he asked Mr. Adams several times if the night air was not bad, but the shoemaker was in one of his perverse moods, and refused to take the hint.

At last the time came for Roxy to lead Bobo home, and as she came out the door, she heard her father say, in his most disputatious tone :

“ I tell you, Mr. Whittaker, Henry the Eighth was the greatest monarch England ever had. He put down popery.”

“ But how about the women whose heads he cut off ? ” asked the preacher, laughing.

“ That was a mere incident—a mere incident in his glorious career, sir,” said the other, earnestly. “ Half-a-dozen women’s heads, more or less, are nothing to what he did for civil and religious liberty.”

“ But suppose one of the heads had been Roxy’s ? ” queried Whittaker, watching Roxy as she unlatched the gate.

“ That’s nothing to do with it,” persisted Adams. “ Roxy’s head is as light as the rest.”

Roxy was a little hurt by her father’s speech ; but she knew his love of contradiction, and neither she nor any one else could ever be quite sure when he was in earnest. His most solemn beliefs were often put forth in badinage, and he delighted to mask his jests under the most vehement assertions. I doubt if he himself ever quite knew the difference between his irony and his convictions.

But after Roxy had gone the father relented a little. He confessed that the girl’s foolishness was different from that of other girls. But it was folly none the less. For if a girl isn’t a fool about fine clothes and beaux and all that, she is sure to make up for it about religion. Here he paused for Whittaker to reply, but he was silent, and Adams could not see in the darkness whether or not he was rendered uncomfortable by his remark. So, urged on by the demon of contradiction, he proceeded :—

“ Little or big, young or old, women are all fools. But Roxy had it rather different from the rest. It struck in with her. She was only ten years old when old Seth Lumley was sent to jail for stealing hogs and his wife and three little children were pretty nigh starving. That little fool of a Roxy picked blackberries three Saturdays, handrunning, and brought them into town three miles, and sold them and gave all

the money to the old woman. But the blackberry briars tore more of her clothes than the blackberries came to. The little goose did it because she believed the Bible and all that of doing good to the poor and so on. She believes the Bible yet. She's the only person in town that's fool enough to think that all the stuff you preachers say is true and meant to be carried out. The rest of you don't believe it—at least nobody tries to do these things. They were just meant to sound nicely in church, you know."

Again he paused to give Whittaker a chance to contradict.

"I tell you," he went on, "I don't believe in over-pious folks. Roxy would take the shoes off her feet to give them to some lazy fool that ought to work. She will take care of Bobo, for instance. That gives Bobo's mother time to dress and run 'round. Now what's the use in Roxy's being such a fool? It's all because you preachers harp on self-denial so much. So it goes. The girls that are not fools are made fools by you preachers."

Adams had not meant to be so rude, but Whittaker's meekness under his stinging speeches was very provoking. Having set out to irritate his companion he became irritated at his own failure and was carried further than he intended. Whittaker thought best not to grow angry with this last remark, but laughed at it as pleasantry. The old shoemaker's face, however, did not relax. He only looked sullen and fierce as though he had seriously intended to insult his guest.

"Preachers and talking cobblers *are* a demoralizing set, I grant," said Whittaker, rising to go.

"It is the chief business of a talking cobbler to protect people from the influence of preachers," answered Adams.

Suspecting the growing annoyance of his companion, Adams relented and began to cast about for some words with which to turn his savage and quite insincere speech into pleasantry. But the conversation was interrupted just then by the racket of two snare-drums and one bass-drum, and the shrill screaming of a fife. The demonstrations of the day were being concluded by a torch-light procession. Both Whittaker and Adams were relieved by the interruption, which gave the minister a chance to say good-night, and which gave Adams the inscriptions to read. The first one was a revolving transparency which had upon its first side "Out of ;" then upon the second was the picture of a log-cabin; on the third the words "into the ;" on the fourth, a rude drawing of the "presidential mansion," as we republicans call it; so that it read to all beholders: "Out of a log-cabin into the White House." There were many others denouncing the administration, calling the president a "Dutchman," and reciting the military glories of the hero of Tippecanoe. Of course the changes were rung upon "hard cider," which was sup-



posed to be General Harrison's meat and drink. At the very rear of the procession came a company of young fellows with a transparency inscribed : " For Representative, Mark Bonamy—the eloquent young Whig."

Meantime Roxy stood upon the steps of her aunt's house with Bobo, who was transported at seeing the bright display. She herself was quite pleased with the inscription which complimented Mark.

She handed little Bonaparte Hanks over to his mother, saying,

" Here's Bobo. He's been a good boy. He saw the torches, Aunt Henrietta."

" Saw the torches, Aunt Henrietta," said the lad, for he had lived with Roxy until he had come to style his mother as she did.

Aunt Henrietta did not pay much attention to Bobo. She sent him off to bed, and said to Roxy :

" He must be great company to you, Roxy. I like to leave him with you, for I know it makes you happy. And he thinks so much of you."

And then when Roxy had said good-night and gone away home, Aunt Henrietta turned to Jemima, her " help," and remarked, with great benignity, that she did not know what that poor, motherless girl would do for society and enjoyment if it were not for Bo. And with this placid shifting of the obligation to the side most comfortable to herself, Mrs. Henrietta Hanks would fain have dismissed the subject. But social distinctions had not yet become well established in the West, and Jemima, who had been Mrs. Hanks's school-mate in childhood, and who still called her " Henriette," was in the habit of having her " say " in all discussions.

" You air rale kind, Henriette," she answered with a laugh ; " it must be a favour to Roxy to slave herself for that poor, simple child. And as he don't hardly know one hand from t'other, he must be lots of comp'ny for the smartest girl in Luzerne," and Jemima Dumbleton laughed aloud.

Mrs. Hanks would have been angry, if it had not been that to get angry was troublesome,—the more so that the indispensable Jemima was sure to keep her temper and get the best of any discussion. So the mistress only flushed a little, and replied :

" Don't give me any impertinence, Jemima. You haven't finished scrubbing the kitchen floor yet."

" I'm *much* obleeged," chuckled Jemima, half aloud, " it's a great privilege to scrub the floor. I'll have to git right down on my knees to express my gratitude," and down she knelt to resume her scouring of the floor, singing as she worked, with more vigour than melody, the words of an old chorus :

"Oh, hender me not, for I *will* serve the Lord,  
And I'll praise Him when I die."

As Roxy walked home beneath the black locust-trees that bordered the sidewalk, she had an uncomfortable sense of wrong. She knew her aunt too well to hope for any thanks for her pains with Bobo ; but she could not get quite over expecting them. She had taken up the care of the boy because she saw him neglected, and because he was one of "the Bible little ones," as she phrased it. Her attentions to him had their spring in pure benevolence and religious devotion ; but now she began to rebuke herself sternly for "seeking the praise of men." She offered an earnest prayer that this, her sin, might be forgiven, and she resolved to be more kind than ever to Bobo.

As she entered the path that led out of the street to the edge of the common in which stood their house and garden-patch, she met the minister going home. He paused a moment to praise her for her self-denying kindness to her unfortunate cousin, then wished her good-night and passed on. Spite of all Roxy's resolutions against caring for the praise of men, she found the appreciative words very sweet in her ears as she went on home in the stillness of the summer night.

When she came to the house, her father stood by the gate which led into the yard, already reproaching himself for his irascibility and his almost involuntary rudeness to Mr. Whittaker ; and since he was discordant with himself, he was cross with Roxy.

"Much good you will ever get by taking care of Bobo," he said. "Your aunt won't thank you, or leave you a shoe-string when she dies.

Roxy did not reply, but went off to bed annoyed—not, however, at what her father had said to her. She was used to his irritability, and she knew besides, that if she were to neglect Bo, the crusty but tender-hearted father would be the first to take him up. But from his mood she saw that he had not parted pleasantly with Whittaker. And as she climbed the stairs she thought of Whittaker's visit and wondered whether he would be driven away by her father's harshness. And mingling with thoughts of the slender form of Whittaker in her imagination, there came thoughts of the fine presence of Mark Bonamy, and of his flowing speech. It was a pleasant world, after all. She could afford to put out of memory Aunt Henrietta's ingratitude and her father's moods.

Mark, on his part, was at that very moment drinking to the success of the log-cabin candidate, and if Roxy could have seen him then, the picture with which she pleased herself of a high-toned and chivalrous young man would doubtless have lost some of the superfluous colour which the events of the day had given it.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE COUNTRY HOE-DOWN.

It was some weeks after the barbecue that Mark Bonamy, now a Whig candidate for representative in the Indiana legislature, set out to electioneer. He was accompanied on this expedition by Major Tom Lathers, who was running for sheriff. Both the young politician and the old one had taken the precaution to dress themselves in country jeans of undyed brown wool, commonly known as butternut. Lathers was a tall, slim, fibrous man, whose very face was stringy. He sat straight up on his rawboned, bobtailed horse and seemed forever looking off into vacancy, like a wistful greyhound. Mark had not succeeded in toning himself quite down to the country standard. He did his best to look the sloven, but there was that in his handsome face, well-nourished physique and graceful carriage that belied his butternut clothes. He was but masquerading after all. But Lathers was to home-spun born; his gaunt, angular, tendonous figure, stepping when he walked as an automaton might when worked by cords and pulleys, was not unbecomingly clad in brown jeans and "stogy" boots.

The two were riding now towards Tanner Township, the wildest corner of the county. Here on the head-waters of Rocky Fork there was a dance appointed for this very evening, and the experienced Lathers had scented game.

"I tell you what, Bonamy, there's nothing like hoe-downs and the like. Everybody is good-natured at a dance. I went to church last Sunday,—I always go to church when an election is coming on. People think I am in a hopeful state and the like, you know, when they see that, and they vote for me to encourage me."

"You see," he proceeded, "a man's mind is always on his own business even in meeting and the like, at least mine is when I'm running for anything. Well, I heerd Whittaker read something from the Apostle Saul, I believe. No, I aint jist right shore, now. Now I come to think, I believe he said it was from the first apostle to the Corinthians, an' I swear I aint well 'nough up in Bible to know who was the first and who was the second apostle to the Corinthians."

Here Lathers spat meditatively, while Mark turned his head away.

"Well, never mind. It was either Saul or Paul, I think. He said something about a feast, or big goin's on and the like, at Jerusalem, that was to come off sometime shortly. And he said that a great and effectooal door was opened to him. Well, I says to mysel, that old Saul—Saulomon his full name was, I reckon—understood his business mighty well. He took folks when they was a-havin' a gool time and



THE COUNTRY HOE-DOWN.

the like. Them was my meditations, Mark, in the house of the Lord."

And Major Lathers stopped to laugh and wink his gray eyes at Mark.

"An' when I heerd they was a good, ole-fashioned hoe-down over onto Rocky Fork, I says a great and effectooal door—a big barn-door, it 'peared like—is opened to me and Mark Bonamy. Tanner Township is rightly Locofoco, but if you show your purty face among the women folks, and I give the men a little sawder and the like, you know, we'll use them up like the pilgrim fathers did the British on Bunker Hill that fourth of July.

About sunset the two arrived at Kirtley's double cabin. Already there were signs of the oncoming festivities.

"Hello, Old Gid," said Lathers, who knew just when familiarity was likely to win, "you alive yet, you old sinner? How air you, any way? It's mighty strange you an' me haint dead and done fer, after all we've been through. I wish I was half as hearty as you look."

"Well, Major, *is* that air you?" grinned Kirtley. "Howdy ole coon?" and he reached out his hand. "I'm middlin' peart. Come over this way to get some votes, I reckon? 'Taint no use. Darnedest set of Locos over here you ever see."

"Oh, I know that. I tho't I'd come along and shake hands and the like with a ole friend, and quarrel with you about Old Hickory, jist for fun. You always hev a bottle of good whiskey, and you don't kick a ole military friend out-doors on account of politics and the like. Blam'd if I don't feel more at home when I'm inside your door than I do in ary 'nother house in this county. How's the ole woman and that doggoned purty girl of yourn? I was afeard to bring Bonamy along, fer fear she'd make a fool an' the like out of him. But I told him you was a pertic'ler friend of his father, the colonel, and that you'd pertect him."

"Wal," said Kirtley, hesitating, "I wish I could make you comfortable. But the folks is got a hoe-down sot fer to-night, an' you-all won't git no sleep ef you stop over here."

"A hoe-down!" cried Lathers, with feigned surprise. "Wal, ef I'd knowed that, I'd a fixed things so as to come to-morry night, seein' as I want to have a square, old-fashioned set-down and the like with you." Here he pulled a bottle of whisky from his pocket and passed it to Kirtley. "But next to a talk with you, I'd enjoy a reel with the girls, like we used to have when I was a youngster." Saying this, Lathers dismounted, without giving Kirtley (who was taking a strong pull at the bottle) time to object. But Mark hesitated.

"Light, Mr. Bonamy, 'light," said Kirtley; ef you kin put up with us we kin with you. Come right in, gentlemen, and I'll put your hosses out."

"Pshaw!" said Lathers, "let me put out my own. Bonamy and me knows how to work jist as well as you do. You Rocky Fork folks is a little stuck-up and the like, Kirtley. You don't know it, but you air. Blam'd ef you haint, now. You think they haint nobody as can do real tough work an' sich like but you. Now Bonamy, here, was brought up to that sort of thing, and as fer me, I was rocked in a gum stump."

The major instinctively spoke more improperly even than was his habit, in addressing Kirtley and others of his kind, though Tom Lathers's English was bad enough at any time.

The old man grinned at the flattery, and Lathers passed the bottle again.

An hour later the dancers were assembling; the beds had been cleared out of the largest room in the cabin, and the fiddler—a plump and reprobate-looking man—was tuning his instrument, and scratching out snatches of "Hi Betty Martin" and "Billy in the Lowgrounds," by way of testing its condition.

Major Lathers went jerking and bobbing round among the guests, but Mark was now the leader. Quick-witted and adroit, he delighted the young women, and by shrewd flattery managed not to make the young men jealous. He ate greedily of the potatoes roasted in the ashes, which were the popular "refreshment." He danced a reel awkwardly enough, but that gave him a chance to ask some of the young men to explain it to him. Major Lathers knew the figure well, and was so proud of it that in nearly all the earlier dances he jerked his slender legs up and down like a puppet. Bonamy might have captured half the votes on Rocky Run, if there had been no Nancy Kirtley. Nancy was at first detained from the room by her household cares, but it was not in Nancy's nature to devote herself long to the kitchen when she had a chance to effect the capture of the young man from town. About eight o'clock when the dancing had been going on an hour, and Bonamy had made a most favourable impression, he observed a look of impatience on the face of the green country girl who was talking with him. Turning in the direction which her eyes took, he saw half-a-dozen young men gathered about a young woman whom he had not seen before, and who now stood with her back to him. He asked his companion who she was.

"Oh! that air plague-goned Nance Kirtley. All the boys makes fools of theirselves over her. She likes to make a fool of a man. *You* better look out, ole hoss!" said she with a polite warning to Mark.

Mark was curious to see Nancy's face, but he could not get away from his present companion without rudeness. That young lady, however, had less delicacy. For when a gawky youth, ambitious to cut out the "town feller," came up with "Sal, take a reel with me?" she burst into

a giggle, and handed over the roast potato she had been eating to Bonamy, saying, "Here, feller, hold my tater while I trot a reel with this 'ere hoss."

Taking the potato as he was bidden, Mark made use of his liberty to seek the acquaintance of the belle of Rocky Fork.

Nancy had purposely stationed herself with her back to the stranger that she might not seem to seek his favour. On his first approach she treated him stiffly, and paid more attention than ever to the rude jokes of her country beaux, though she was in a flutter of flattered vanity from the moment in which she saw him approaching. Such game did not come in her way more than once.

Mark on his part was amazed. Such a face as hers would have been observed in any company, but such a face among the poor whiteys of Rocky Fork, seemed by contrast miraculous. There was no fire of intellect in it; no inward conflict had made on it a single line. It was simply a combination of natural symmetry, a clear, rather Oriental complexion, and exuberant healthfulness. Feeling there was—sensuousness, vanity, and that good-nature which comes of self complacency. Nancy Kirtley was one of those magnificent animals that are all the more magnificent for being only animals. It was beauty of the sort that one sees among quadroons and octoroons—the beauty of a Circassian woman, perhaps,—perfect physical development, undisturbed and uninformed by a soul.

From the moment that Mark Bonamy looked upon this uncultivated girl in her new homespun, and surrounded by her circle of hawbuck admirers, he began to forget all about the purpose of his visit to Rocky Run. Major Tom Lathers, as he flung himself through a Virginia reel with a gait much like that of a springhalt horse, was still anxiously watching Bonamy, and he mentally concluded that Mark was as sure to scorch his wings as a moth that had caught sight of a candle.

"Will you dance the next reel with me?" Mark asked somewhat eagerly of Nancy Kirtley.

"Must give Jim his turn first," said the crafty Nancy. "Give you the next chance, Mr. Bonamy, ef you keer fer it."

It was in vain that Mark's former companion, when she returned for her half-eaten potato, sought to engage him again in conversation. He did nothing but stand and wait for Nancy, and look at her while she whirled through the next reel as Jim McGowan's partner. In fact, everybody else did much the same; all the young men declaring that she *was some, sartain*. She danced with a perfect *abandon*, for there is nothing a well-developed animal likes better than exercise and excitement; and perfect physical equilibrium always produces a certain grace of motion.

While Mark stood looking at Nancy, Major Lathers came and touched him on the shoulder.

"Mark," he whispered, "if you don't take your eyes off that air creature you're a gone tatur, shore as shootin'. Don't you see that Jim McGowan's scowlin' at you now, and if you cut him out he'll be dead ag'inst you. Come, old feller, you'll git used up as bad as Julius Cæsar did whin he went down into Egypt and fell in love with Pharaoh's daughter and the like, and got licked by it. Let an ole friend pull you out of the bulrushes and the like. Don't you have no more to do with that girl, do ye hear?"

"But I've promised to dance the next reel with her," pleaded Mark, feeling the force of Lathers's remark, and feeling his own powerlessness to resist the current upon which he was drifting.

"The devil you have!" cried the major. "Then you're a goner, sure enough. Saltpeter wont save you. All the young men'll be ag'inst you, because you've cut 'em out and sich like, and all the girls'll be down on you, because you run after the purtiest one. Don't be a fool, Mark. Think of my interest as well as your'n."

"Wait till I've had one reel," said Mark. "I'm only in for a little fun, you know. Isn't she a splendid creature, Major?"

"Splendid! the devil!" muttered Lathers, turning away and shrewdly meditating how to cut loose from Mark.

Mark danced his reel with Nancy, and then devoted himself to her. Having no further use for Jim, she snubbed him, and Jim swore that Bonamy shouldn't git a vote on the Fork. Nothing but Bonamy's excellent muscle prevented McGowan's taking a more summary revenge.

When at midnight the company marched out of doors and stationed themselves around a table made of rough boards supported by stakes driven in the ground, they found a rude but substantial supper of bacon and hominy, corn-bread, sweet-cake and apple pies. For luxury, there was coffee in place of the sassafras tea with which Rocky Fork was accustomed to regale itself, and, for a wonder, the sweet'nin' was "store sugar"—of the brown New Orleans variety—instead of "country," or maple molasses, such as was used on ordinary occasions. The cake, however, was made with the country molasses.

Mark, whose infatuation seemed to increase, devoted himself at supper to his Hebe, whom he would have liked better had she been entirely silent. It taxed his gallantry to laugh at her awkward and bearish pleasantries.

"I say, Bonamy," whispered Lathers, "ef you don't flog round into the channel almighty quick, I shan't lash flat-boats weth you no longer. I'll cut mine loose and swing around and leave you high and dry onto the san'-bar."



"I'll be a good boy after supper, Major," said Mark. Lathers saw that he was hopelessly enchanted with the siren of Rocky Fork, and he proceeded straightway to execute his threat. He sought out Jim McGowan, and told the irate fellow how he had done his best to keep Mark from makin' a fool of hisself.

"I'll pay him back," said Jim.

"I know'd you would," answered Lathers.

"He wont get no votes on Rocky Fork," said Jim.

"I tole him so," said the major. "He might know you'd hurt him, severe like, when he comes in and spiles your game an' the like. I'll git him away first thing in the mornin'. Then the girl'll find she's throwed away her beau and got nothin' but a fool an' the like for one dance. She'll come back to you meeker'n Moses when the Philistines was after him. He'd orter know you could keep anybody from votin' fer him here, and git Whigs to trade off somewheres else. Now, for instance, ef you should git a lot of Rocky Forkers and the like to trade with Whigs,—to say to some of my friends that ef they'd vote ag'inst Mark, you-all'd vote for me or the like, you might hit a enemy and do a good turn fer a friend. Besides you know I'm dead ag'inst the dog law, and dog law is what Rocky Fork don't want."

From Jim the Major proceeded to talk with "old man Kirtley," to whom he said that he didn't blame Mark fer gittin' in love with sich a girl. He might do worse'n to marry sich a splendid creature and the like. Fer his part he'll tell Mark so in the mornin'. He also assured Mr. Kirtley that fer his part he was dead ag'inst the dog law. Dogs an' sich like was one of the things a man had a right to in a free country. Poor men hadn't got many comforts, and dogs was one of 'em. (The chief product of the Rocky Fork region, as the major knew, was dogs.)

Lathers then talked to the "women folks." He said he didn't think so much of a purty face and sich like as he used to. What you wanted in a woman was to be of some account; and girls *too* good-looking got to be fools, and stuck-up like and got into trouble, like Cleopaytry, and the like, you know. He also took occasion to tell the ladies of Rocky Fork that he was dead ag'inst the dog law. Poor folks had as much right to dogs and *sich* like as rich folks to sheep and *sich* like.

To the young men Tom Lathers said he didn't believe in a man dancin' with one girl all the time, perticuler when he didn't mean to marry her and sich like. It was scandalious. When he come to Rocky Fork ag'in he wouldn't bring no town fellers and the like along. He believed in country folks himself, and besides he was dead ag'inst all your dog laws and the like. Ef he got to be sheriff he'd show 'em that dog laws couldn't be crammed down people's throats in this country. Didn't the Declaration, which our fathers signed on Bunker Hill, declare

that all men were born free and equal? Wasn't a dog just as good as a sheep and *sich* like, he'd like to know; and if taxin' dogs wasn't taxation without representation, he'd jist like to know what was, now you know, hey?

With such blandishments Lathers spent the time until the party broke up with a final jig, when at length he succeeded in getting Mark away, but not until after nearly all the guests had departed.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE HEROINE OF VERCHERES.

BY THE REV. ÆN. MCD. DAWSON.

### I.

'Twas autumn. Fields of golden grain  
Repaid the labours of the swain.  
Gathered with joy each son of toil  
The produce of the virgin soil.

Where grandly flows Saint Lawrence tide  
A maiden fair was seen to guide  
Her lonely steps. 'Mid sweetest flowers  
Her pleasure found and shady bowers.

Sweet scene of peace! The brighter days  
That yet will dawn it well portrays.  
With flowers, dear maid, wreath for thy brow  
Fame's chaplet, fame that yet will grow  
And weave for thee a deathless crown.  
When years to ages shall have grown,  
With freshness ever new 'twill shine,  
Thy memory with a nation's twine.

Long as the mighty waters flow  
Thy noble deed shall cause to glow  
Canadian breasts, through centuries long  
The fertile theme of Glory's song.

### II.

Ah! surely, ne'er was known a happier scene:  
The maid, the harvesters, the sky serene;  
When hark! that yell! the red man's war-whoop wild!  
Is slain or seized each swain in toils beguiled

Of savage hordes that spread destruction round,  
The harvest field a ghastly battle ground !

How fares that lonely maid ? The wild man's eye  
Through bowers umbrageous could her form descry.  
Enough. Flash after flash her life blood seeks.  
In vain. Her safety Heaven's protection speaks.  
And yet not safe. An Indian fierce pursues  
Hard on her track. The opening gate she views,  
Its threshold treads, when, lo ! is rudely grasped  
By savage hand her flowing robe. Unclasped  
'Tis borne away. The portal prompt affords  
Retreat and safety. Ward ye ! Indian hordes !  
" To arms ! to arms ! " the rescued maiden's cry,  
" To arms ! to arms ! " the echoing walls reply.

And now that slender form in war's array  
Alone the rampart mans, all aid away !  
With speed the cannon's charged, is heard its boom,  
Proclaims each sound a fated red man's doom.  
So bold, erewhile, the affrighted Indian band  
For shelter flies. No shelter is at hand.

Behold ! responsive to the cannon's roar,  
With speed of lightning, to Saint Lawrence shore,  
Hastens a warrior troop. Now falls the foe,  
Their best and bravest in the dust laid low.  
The rescued harvesters with loud acclaim  
Delighted hail their fair deliverer's name.  
Long will it live. No time can e'er efface  
Its matchless glory. Aye, as speed apace  
The rolling ages, it will brighter grow,  
And aged men, with pride, to children show  
The brilliant page that faithful record bears  
Of maiden brave,—THE HEROINE OF VERCHERES !

[In 1692, the people of Canada, or La Nouvelle France, at that time, only 12,417 in number, were harassed by incursions of the Iroquois, the fiercest, perhaps, of all the Indian tribes. Mr. Stanislaus Drapeau, in a recent number of that interesting French periodical, *Le Foyer Domestique*, informs us that Abbé Daniel, in his history of the chief French families of Canada, relates as follows, the tragical event at Fort Verchères and the intrepid conduct of Mademoiselle de Verchères. M. Daniel's authority was M. de la Potherie, a contemporary writer :—" The Iroquois, who had come in great numbers, availed themselves of the time when the men were employed at the harvest labours, to rush upon them and strangle them. Mademoiselle de Verchères, at the time fourteen years of age, was walking on the banks of the river. As she observed one of the savages approach stealthily, and discharge at her five musquet shots, she fled with all speed and endeavoured to gain the fort. The Indian immediately starts in pursuit, arms in hand, and presses hard on her steps. Mademoiselle redoubles her exertions. She is on the point of escaping from her formidable enemy and reaching the fort, when she feels herself seized by the shawl which she wore around her neck. She quickly unties

it, opens the gate, and, shutting it promptly against the savage, she calls out, "To arms ! to arms !" Without attending to the groans of the women who were quite disconsolate on seeing their husbands carried away, she ascends the bastion where stood the sentry. There, having exchanged her head-dress for a military cap and shouldered a musquet, she performs several military evolutions in order to give the Indians to understand that there was a numerous force, whilst, in reality, there was only one soldier. She loads a cannon with her own hands, and, as there was no wadding, she uses a towel for the purpose, and fires at the enemy. Her aim is so good, that, at each discharge, she knocks down one, and sometime two, of the savages. Astonished at resistance which they had not expected, and seeing their warriors fall, one after another, the Iroquois begin to lose heart. Mademoiselle de Verchères observes their confusion, and skilfully profiting by it, fires more rapidly, and, with the assistance of the soldier, ceases not to ply the cannon. She was still firing, when, hearing the cannonade, M. de Crisasi, one of the bravest warriors of New France, hurried from Montreal to her assistance. The savages were gone. They had fled, carrying with them their prisoners. The resolute officer pursued them without loss of time, and, after three days' march, overtook them on the banks of Lake Champlain. They had entrenched themselves in a wood, where they had heaped up trunks of trees and enormous masses of rock for their protection. Making no account of these hindrances, the brave commander attacked them, surrounded them and cut them all to pieces, with the exception of three who managed to escape. Their prisoners were set at liberty. When the news of all that had occurred reached Montreal, the whole country was filled with cries of admiration of the youthful lady who had shown so much courage and presence of mind. It was who should be loudest in her praise. From that time she was called the HEROINE OF VERCHÈRES, a name which posterity retains." Fifteen years later, Mademoiselle de Verchères contracted an honourable and happy marriage with the Sieur de la Pérade. After a nobly spent life, she died at the age of sixty, the same year as her husband.]

---

## FISH AND FISHERMEN.

BY F. C. SUMICHRAST.

THE Commission which has this summer been sitting in Halifax for the purpose of settling the amount of compensation due to Canada under the provisions of the Washington Treaty, has not unnaturally drawn attention to the sea fisheries of the Dominion and of Newfoundland. It may be said that comparatively few persons have any idea either of the value of these fisheries, or of the modes of fishing in general use ; not, indeed, that this can be wondered at in the case of those who live far inland, away from seaports and fishing stations, and having no opportunity of seeing for themselves the importance of the fisheries to a large part of our population. It might reasonably be expected, however, that the dwellers by the sea would be well versed in fish lore, and understand the business so far as to form a just idea of our sea wealth. This expectation will not always be fulfilled, and while many have a vague

notion that there is money to be made by fishing, they have no clear conception of the extent of the business, of the amount of capital embarked in it, or of the actual dangers encountered by the fishermen in the prosecution of their calling.

Of all the Provinces of the Dominion, Nova Scotia takes the lead in this industry, as it does also in ship-building, its configuration and position combining to make it an essentially Maritime Province. The seas which wash its shores abound in fish, easily caught in smack boats. At a short distance from the coast exist banks known as excellent feeding grounds, and to which numbers of small schooners resort every year in search of good "fares." But the Nova Scotia fisherman is not now content with the shore fishery, and in larger, better formed, and faster vessels than those which frequent the coast banks, he makes his way to Baie des Chaleurs, to the Newfoundland Banks, and to the Labrador. The business is not invariably remunerative; it may happen that one year the fishing fleet in the Gulf will catch as much fish as it can carry away, while the Bankmen will have to come home empty; the fluctuations are both great and frequent, and the key to them has not yet been found. But altogether fishing is a profitable occupation, and gives a man the chance of making plenty of money in a few weeks. A successful trip will often net each member of the crew a sum such as he could not possibly have acquired by following any occupation on shore during the same amount of time, and this speedy acquisition of "the root of all evil" is a strong inducement to the young farmer to desert his acres for a few weeks, and embark with his comrades on a mackereling or cod-fishing trip. Be it said, in passing, that this habit is not conducive to good farming.

More than twenty-four thousand men are engaged in the fishing business of Nova Scotia; so say the returns of the Department, but they do not tell the whole tale. Nova Scotians are by birth, training, and surroundings eminently fitted for that peculiar industry. There are no oarsmen in the world who, where speed, strength, and endurance combined are required, can compare with the men dwelling on the Atlantic seaboard of this Province. Accustomed to pull in heavy seine boats from their youth up, they handle the oar with a facility surprising to a man who pins his faith on the scientific stroke carried to such a pitch of perfection in the eights of the Cam and the Isis, and the fours of American Colleges. But match a crew of Halifax fishermen against the pick of Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Yale, and other distinguished schools of rowing, and the fishermen, with their awkward elbow twist, will run away from their opponents in smooth water, and drown them in rough. They are equally good seamen, and will handle a fore-and-after in a gale of wind in a manner that would have compelled the admiration

of the late Admiral Rous, who used to swear that seamanship is unknown now-a-days, one of the lost arts that Wendell Phillips talks about so pleasantly. There is wild weather on the coast of Nova Scotia, and summer gales are not always soft and gentle. The mighty Atlantic rollers toss you a vessel in fine style when the wind blows strong, and it takes a cool head and a daring heart to fight the storms that rage on the Banks. These qualities are common enough among the Nova Scotia fisherlads, and their possession makes these men valuable to ship-owners. Go on board a Gloucester fishing schooner, and under the Stars and Stripes flying at the mast head you will find, in seven cases out of ten, a Nova Scotian as master, and Nova Scotians as crew. The American vessels are, indeed, largely manned and commanded by Nova Scotians who, sure of obtaining employment at Gloucester or Marblehead, emigrate every spring in great numbers. It is a common occurrence to see one of those beautiful craft bound for the Banks or North Bay, put into Liverpool, Barrington, Chester, Halifax, and complete its crew, the master knowing well the value of our fishermen, and preferring them to the genuine Yankee. "The Nova Scotian," says the author of a little book on the Fisheries of Gloucester, "is numbered among the best class of our fishermen. Bred to the business from early youth, discontented with the inferior craft and methods of his own land, ambitious for greater advantages than are afforded him at home, he prosecutes his calling with a zeal that assures success. If his habits are good, and he makes a proper use of his opportunities, there is nothing to prevent his rising to the part-ownership and command of the vessel in which he sails, and many of the smartest skippers of the fleet are of Nova Scotian birth." Considering that Gloucester owes much of her prosperity to the efforts of the men thus described, this testimony to their skill is due them.

The twenty-four thousand fishermen of Nova Scotia form, of course, the bulk of this army of the deep; the other maritime provinces help to swell the numbers—in New Brunswick there are over nine thousand men engaged in the fisheries; in Prince Edward Island, eight thousand; making altogether an aggregate of over forty-one thousand men employed during a great part of the year in catching and curing fish. Taking now the number of vessels employed in the fisheries, we have a total of 653 in Nova Scotia, the aggregate tonnage of which is 24,800 tons, and 463 in New Brunswick, with a tonnage of 5,061; the boats number up as follows: Nova Scotia, 9,585; New Brunswick, 3,850; Prince Edward Island, 400. The capital represented by these vessels and boats is pretty large, amounting to \$1,708,180, in which sum is not included the value of nets and weirs, \$831,798, giving over two and a half million dollars as the value of the fishing material alone. The

capital invested in this industry will increase every year, as more advanced methods come into favour, and larger and better vessels are employed in the business. The average tonnage of the Nova Scotia vessels is 39 tons, while the single district of Gloucester, the head-quarters of the North American fisheries, has a fleet of 503 vessels averaging 61 tons. In respect of fast, large vessels the Maritime Provinces are behind Gloucester; this is the more to be regretted that, as has been shown, there are no fishermen superior to those of these Provinces. With larger craft and improved appliances there is no reason why the supremacy now enjoyed by Gloucester should not be transferred to some Canadian port, say Halifax, which is remarkably well situated for carrying on precisely such a business as that which has made the fortune of the little town at Cape Race. In 1875 the total value of the fishery products of Gloucester amounted to nearly four million dollars, or within two million dollars of the total value of the Nova Scotian fisheries last year. These figures speak for themselves.

There is a marked improvement, however, in the class of schooners now fitted out in Nova Scotia for the Bank and North Bay fisheries. The sight of the fast-sailing, well-appointed American vessels has led some owners to believe that with similar craft and crews they would make similar profits, and the consequence is that there are now some schooners hailing from the Lower Provinces almost fit to compare with the Gloucester clippers. They never have any difficulty in finding a crew. Of course there are dangers attendant on the prosecution of the business; storms of terrific violence burst upon the fleet, and destroy more than one vessel, but, on the other hand, there is the chance of speedily striking a school of fish and "filling up" in a few days. A lucky trip profits not the owner alone, but every member of the crew.

Take, for instance, a mackerel catcher, of forty to fifty tons. She will have a crew of about fourteen men, including the skipper, who probably owns a large share in the vessel—sometimes, but not often, is sole owner. He can afford to pick his crew, for plenty of men offer, so he takes none but such as are smart fishermen and seamen; green hands, sickly individuals, have no chance of being accepted. He sets his crew to work getting in the ballast and stores, provisions, salt, fuel, bait, and barrels in which to pack the catch. Provisions are found by him, and must be plentiful and of good quality—no "salt-horse" will do; fishermen "live like fighting cocks" on board these schooners, and must be carefully looked after by the commissariat officer. The cook is an important personage and is well paid—on some of the Gloucester vessels he receives as much as eighty dollars a month and a share in the profits—but then he is hard worked, especially on a banker. He must have meals ready at all hours, for the men will not leave off fishing when the

fish are biting, nor will they agree to go without their food once they are ready for it.

When the fishing ground is reached, the skipper assigns each man his position at the side of the vessel. Each berth is narrow ; there is just room for a man to stand sideways and tend his lines, which are made fast to cleats on the bulwarks. He must keep his feet still, for if he moves about he may tangle his neighbour's lines, and a row would immediately result ; he must be skilled in casting, so that his hook, instead of falling far out into the water, as it should do, may not catch in the face or neck of his neighbour, and thus cause another disturbance. He has his bait—previously cut in a machine for the purpose, fixed on the port-side—at hand, and a barrel into which he drops the mackerel as fast as he catches them. When the barrel is full he rolls it away, slaps an empty one in its place, dashes back to his berth, and goes on casting out and hauling in as if for dear life. All the men fish from the starboard side, the best berth being by the quarter-deck, and the worst by the fore-rigging. Some fishermen, however, care very little where they are stationed ; even forward of the fore-rigging they will beat the man who has the pride of place. Before the fishing is begun the wheel is lashed, the foresail and jib stowed, and the vessel allowed to drift under her mainsail only, the boom being shoved out square to port. If the weather is rough, the crew take in a reef ; if it gets worse, they take in another, but it must be very bad indeed to make them haul in all lines and turn to close-reef and heave to. Given a large school of hungry mackerel, and the crew will let the vessel roll, rail under, and threaten to carry away her boom, rather than leave off hauling in the shining beauties. The wind and sea, however, may rise so fast as to make it necessary to seek shelter ; the bonnet goes off the jib, the mainsail is close reefed, and away flies the ship through the boiling waters, running for a lee under which she may wait till the gale is spent. The moment it is over, all hands up anchor, make sail, and back to the grounds, to find, in all likelihood, that the mackerel have gone too. Then the fish are hunted for till found, the vessel filled up and steered for home. Each man has made a private mark on every barrel of fish he has caught, and when port is reached his catch is weighed separately, culled, and packed according to grade. The whole trip is sold, and then every member of the crew receives half the value of his own catch, the other half going to the vessel.

Jigging mackerel is exciting work when the fish bite freely, and there is naturally great competition between the different vessels of the fleet, each trying to outdo the other, and resorting to various expedients for the purpose of drawing away the mackerel from its competitors. "Lee-bowing" is a common practice ; it consists in taking a vessel close to



leeward of one which is doing well, and throwing out bait ; the fish will at once desert the first craft, and go in a body to the second. The "lee-bowed" schooner's crew may, to avenge themselves, either run abreast of the other craft and take their chance of going to the bottom in the collision, or, if they have secured a good fare, they may "sink" the mackerel, that is, throw overboard such quantities of bait that the fish will follow it to the bottom, thus effectually putting a stop to the fishery. Strange things happen on the fishing grounds, when excitement runs high, and a score of schooners are engaged in a fierce competition ; stress of weather is not unfrequently made responsible for broken booms, stove-in quarters, head gear carried away, and sails split from head to foot ; there are unreported collisions, free fight, and daring deeds of seamanship, but once on shore, all these things are forgotten if only the trip has been successful.

Trawling for cod is remunerative but dangerous. In this fishery the schooner anchors on the chosen bank, riding to a long-shanked anchor by a manilla hawser, and the crew go off in dories, light flat-bottomed, high-sided boats, to set their trawls. The complement is generally two men to each dory, and the work is anything but easy ; it is, in fact, a heavy drudgery ; the fishermen must rise early to go off to their trawls, which they have to haul up, to remove the fish caught, rebait and reset their lines, and at the same time look after their safety, for their occupation is carried on in rough water most of the time. A dory, in the hands of men used to manage it, is a very safe craft, but the least carelessness may cause the frail skiff to capsize, and the catch to be lost. Worse than this, the men may easily lose themselves in the fogs which so suddenly form on the Banks, and unless they can speedily regain their vessel, they must take their chance of days of privation and suffering, and even of death, far from help. There are abundant instances of this, and few indeed are the trips to the Banks not marked by some incidents. It happens occasionally that the lost fishermen are rescued, but often they are never heard of again, and when the vessel reaches port, a paragraph in the local papers serves as their epitaphs. Then the storms which burst upon the banking fleet scarcely ever pass away without a number of lives being sacrificed. In "The Lord's Day Gate," on August 24, 1873, nine Gloucester vessels went down, with 128 men, and during the whole season, which was a stormy and disastrous one, no less than thirty-one Gloucester schooners were lost. That August gale raged with terrific violence along the whole sweep of the Nova Scotian coasts, wrecking vessels and destroying life, so that men were aghast when news came from all points telling of the awful devastation. This bank-fishery is, then, not to be pursued by those who fear storms and floods ; it pays well, but it makes heavy demands on property and human

life, and every year the long list of women made widows, and of children made fatherless, by the raging sea, increases with marked regularity. The song of the Newhaven fishwife, as she walked through Edinburgh streets hawking her "callar herrin," is echoed by the women on our seaboard.

The fisherman himself takes the risks of his life calmly enough. His object is to make money, and a trip to the Banks, if fairly successful, will more than repay him for his labour. He hauls in his lines, and makes ready for the approaching storm as coolly as, the blow over, he casts the bait over the side and tries again for fish. While the gale lasts he watches his own cable and the motions of the other ships. He knows that if the stout manilla parts his craft will be driven headlong to destruction; for the fleet is anchored in pretty close order, and a single drifting schooner can scarcely clear every other vessel. A collision in such weather, in such a sea as runs on the Banks, means instant dissolution,—the vessels really run *atop* of each other; the mighty billows lift the one craft and drop it upon the other doomed one, a wild cry flies off to heaven, and a score of souls go down to their watery grave.

Then even in calm weather there is risk if the fog be thick, and how thick fog is on the Banks none know but those who have been through it. The swift trans-Atlantic steamers are supposed to slacken their speed in such weather and to keep a good look-out, sounding their whistle to give warning of their approach; the large sailing-vessels, barques, and ships, are bound to sound the fog-horn, and to exercise particular care in fog; but spite of precautions it happens at times that a shock is felt,—a few ends of ropes are caught on yard or bowsprit, and the big ship or steamer ploughs on its way heedless of what has happened. The watch says nothing, the officers know nothing, the official log-book contains no entry, and the widows and orphans in the little fishing village are left to mourn the fate of the sunken schooner that has disappeared in the night and mist leaving no trace of its whereabouts.

Still the very dangers of the occupation make the fishing fleet a splendid school for seamen. The varying chances of the weather, the storms that must be faced and fought, the necessity existing for each man of the crew being ready for any deed of daring seamanship, combine to make the fishermen the *beau ideal* of smart hands. Give them the drill and discipline of a man-of-war, and they will be unequalled. France long ago recognized the value of the Bank fisheries in training seamen, and she has promoted the interests of her Newfoundland fleet by all the means in her power. She pays handsome bounties and grants certain privileges to the men, knowing that in time of need she can find among them the right material for manning her navy. She retains in this wise her sailors for herself, and derives a benefit from their industry, instead

of letting them go, as Canada does, to help her neighbour and rival. Considering that our Maritime Provinces could quadruple their gains from the sea by throwing a little more energy into the enterprise, and affording employment to the hundreds of Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers who yearly emigrate to Gloucester and Marblehead, it is painful to reflect that our own people are, by their skill and industry, aiding to raise a rival, and an ungenerous one at that. The American schooners have to call in at Nova Scotian ports for bait and supplies, for which of course they pay, but why should we, who have the bait, the supplies, the timber to build vessels as fast and as staunch, and the men to man them, be content to let a competitor help himself to the largest share of the wealth of our own seas? Whose is the fault, save our own? We neglect our opportunities, and we must not be surprised if a smarter people seizes upon and improves them. Where is the port on the Canadian seaboard that can boast of a fleet of 361 fishing schooners, fully equal in every detail of equipment and the qualities which give speed and safety, to the first-class yachts that dance upon the waters of Massachusetts Bay or Long Island Sound? Gloucester does possess such a fleet, and finds it pay so well that, notwithstanding losses, season after season are additions made to the number. Is it not possible for us to emulate such an example? to replace the flag of the Union by the flag of the Dominion? to man Canadian craft with Canadian fishermen, instead of letting our competitors distance us in the race by making use of our own picked men? If we had the will, no doubt the way would be found.

---

### FROM LONDON TO ANTWERP.

IT was about ten o'clock Saturday night when the train from Bishopsgate ran out to the pier at Harwich, crowded with passengers for the boat to Rotterdam. The steamer, with its white smoke-stack, lay rocking on the waves at the pier-end, panting and impatient to be off.

Joining the crowd, I hurried across the gangway, and, following the example of my fellow-travellers, hunted up the steward, and made vigorous efforts to secure a berth in the cabin. But, alas! it was all in vain. Efforts and "tips" were alike useless. Every berth had already an occupant, and so, philosophically resigning myself to my lot, I prepared to pass the night, as others were doing, star-gazing on deck. The sea was smooth. The night was of the temperature of an English August, when the lobbies and benches of the House of Commons are

silent and deserted, and all faces are set countrywards, or towards the wider pleasure fields of the Solent, the Continent, or the Moors.

It was pleasanter on deck, enjoying the pure air, than trying to sleep in the stuffy cabin. I did not envy the greedy fellows who had been in such haste to seek their own comfort. The virtue of not being in time to do likewise must have its own reward. So I reasoned as I paced the deck with the other unfortunates, who had at least the same consolation.

The steamer, let loose from the pier, turned its prow towards Holland and steamed out of the harbour. We passed a bell-buoy which rang out its melancholy warning, like the wail of a lost soul. We steamed on, rising and falling on the roll of the dead swell, on away from the green fields of England, with the phosphorus light dashing off our bow and seething in the broad wake behind. Towards morning fatigue and sleep overcame all virtuous resolutions in favour of the open air. The steward made me up a bed on the cabin table. I slept amid grotesque forms lying in every fantastic attitude.

The wind freshened with the sunrising, and when, about 10 o'clock, we sighted the low, flat coast of the Netherlands, there was a stiff breeze and a good swell. The deck was now crowded, and the cabin-table, cleared of sleepers, offered breakfast to those happy ones whom one cannot help envying on ship-board, whose appetites seem to grow stronger with every increasing gust of wind and every lurch of the vessel. Many of us felt comfortable enough on the open deck, and really enjoyed the sunshine and the billows, and the flying spray, and the white gulls which followed us or kept abreast, but were wise enough to rest satisfied with that, and refrained from the trying ordeal of going down to breakfast.

By noon we were waiting off the bar of the Maas for high tide. We waited, I should think, more than a hour, turning twice in the trough of the sea, watching the surf breaking on the bar, the low white coast, the tall churches, and the people in their Sunday attire hurrying down to see us cross.

There is no little danger, as vessels have been known to strike amidships and break in two. Of course there were kind friends to tell us all that might happen, so that when the signal was given from the shore, and the steamer, with a full head of steam, made directly for the angry, seething mass of water, we felt our pulses beat with quicker throb, and listened in some excitement for the possible thud and crash. But it did not come. The danger was no doubt exaggerated for our benefit. The good steamer plowed gallantly through, and in a few minutes we were in smooth water.

For twelve miles we swept up the river, passing villages and churches, fishing smacks such as one sees in those pictures of life off the Hague which appear in every exhibition of the Royal Academy, and by proxy

in the *Illustrated London News*, and typical Dutch peasant lads and lasses by their mud cabins. No wonder those strong-looking animals make such good settlers in Minnesota and the North-West. They seem used to the roughest living; cabins so low that to enter one would have to stoop as humbly as a camel at the needle's eye at Jerusalem, contained two or three families of placid, contented, happy-looking people.

A few miles below Rotterdam, the Custom House Officer boarded us and politely passed our baggage, giving little trouble or inconvenience to any one.

A fine fresh looking girl, who might have been English or an Anglicised American, and who was evidently travelling alone, rejecting all offers of assistance, pointed out and succeeded in passing a large number of pieces with little difficulty.

One often wonders who one's unknown fellow-passengers may be, and I could not help associating this particular person with the historian Motley. Why, I do not know. He was at the time, I believed, in Holland, engaged on the historical work for which his other histories were a preparation. But why this particular person should have been a daughter, going to him on a visit, is a freak of imagination, which one can hardly explain.

So we meet people in life. Our path meets and crosses theirs. We form our conjectures as to who they may be, and then we separate, it may be never to see or hear of them again, or, as sometimes happens, to meet as guests at the same house or sojourners at the same hotel, and to learn that our conjectures were not far astray.

There was a good deal of shipping in the harbour, flying flags of many nations. Some war vessels attracted our attention, and among them two Dutch Monitors, with funnels, and bulwarks scarcely rising above the water. Many of us were for the New Bath Hotel, all travelling, but without any connection with each other, on Cook's tickets, and the proprietor to whom had been telegraphed word of our intended arrival, met us at the wharf, an unlooked for attention, which, I am under the impression we paid for afterwards. Cook certainly deserves the gratitude of tourists, and I have no sympathy with the people who rail at him.

Nothing could induce me to join one of his parties, and be marched over the continent with a parcel of uncongenial and vulgar people.

No amount of trouble and expense saved, and no attention at railway stations and hotels, would compensate for being bored by one's fellow-travellers.

But it is a great thing to be able to buy your ticket for the whole tour before you leave London, and to have the choice of every desirable route. It is a great thing to save the trouble of paying your fare on every steamboat and railway; it is better to save expense at the same time; and

best to get rid of the annoyance of being cheated in the change of money as you pass from one country to another. A few minutes at Cook's office in the city will secure all this.

I had taken a ticket for a circular tour, divided into three parts, each part comprehended in a book of coupons, and the three books put up in a convenient little green cover, kept together by an elastic band.

Part I. was from London, by Harwich, to Lucerne, with the privilege of stopping at Rotterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Liege, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Bonn, Heidelberg, Mayence, Basle, and other places. Part II. was from Lucerne, by Alpnacht and the Brunig, to Geneva, stopping at Brienz, Giesbach, Interlaken, Thun, Berne, and Lausanne. Part III. was from Geneva to London, stopping at several places between Geneva and Paris, at Paris, Rouen, Dieppe, and New-Haven. Each part was valid for thirty days from the date of the stamp at the office where one commenced to use it.

I found this ticket a great convenience, and again and again blessed the enterprising Cook, as I took my place in the morning in the railway carriage or steamboat, while others were delayed at the ticket office, and found by use that my little green book acted like a talisman on stern guards and pursers.

The New Bath Hotel, which we reached about three o'clock, had a good *table d'hôte* with an excellent bottle of Bordeaux, and, as I had hardly yet broken my fast, and was therefore in the most appreciative condition, made a decidedly good impression.

About five o'clock I strolled out into the street to find my way to the English Church, in the Haringvliet. It seemed as if I had gone back at least three centuries, as I wandered along the canal past quaint old buildings, and among people at least as quaint. It was near church time, and pious dames, with those old gold and ivory head-dresses which one sees in Holbein's pictures, and looking for all the world as if they had come out of their frames for a holiday, were wending their way to evening service, followed by pages with their Bibles and Psalm-books. The English service was not to commence till seven, and so I went into the Church of St. Lawrence, the Groote Kerk or old Cathedral. It is a brick building, of the Gothic style of architecture, dating from about the year 1470, and consists of nave, aisle, and chancel, and is well adapted to Catholic worship.

A glance, however, at the interior arrangements, sufficed to show that such worship was at present unknown there. The chancel was fenced off at its junction with the nave, with an iron fence such as one sees about grave-yards. Inside were desks and benches, apparently for holding civil or ecclesiastical courts. There was no altar in what had been the sanctuary. There were, however, some monuments to de-

parted greatness, and among them one to Admiral de Witt. The nave was pretty well boxed up with pews. A large organ stood in a gallery at the west end, and a pulpit and clerk's desk hugged one of the columns supporting the clerestory. The congregation was already commencing to gather, and I determined to give up the idea of going to the English service, and being in Holland to do as the Dutch.

A warden or deacon showed me into one of the long slips of pews, a crowd of the lower class of people who stood in the aisle making way for us to pass. I was alone in the pew at first, and amused myself watching the appearance and manner of those who from time to time entered. The ladies had their hair dressed as I have described, and it will not be wise to attempt any further description. The gentlemen were in evening costume,—dress coats and white neck-ties. The ladies seemed to occupy pews by themselves; and, before the service, were intently devoted to Bible-reading, while their lords and masters elsewhere were differently occupied. I was much amused at the coolness of the latter. They entered church as one would enter a ball-room, swung easily into one of the long slips, stood a minute to say a prayer into their hats, then put them on, sat down and nodded to their acquaintances in different parts of the church. The arrivals of pew-holders were few and at intervals, while the crowd of non-pewholders in the aisle increased rapidly.

About seven o'clock, a clerk in the reading-desk under the pulpit gave out a metrical psalm. The fine organ in the west gallery breathed forth an accompaniment, and a few of the congregation, notably the woman-choir near the desk, sang. The men sat with their hats on, and the buzz of conversation continued. After the singing there was read a chapter of the Bible, to which the majority of the congregation paid no attention. I could not understand this indifference. This preliminary service ended, we heard a quick step coming down the aisle, and a man, apparently about thirty, in Geneva gown, bands and cap, mounted the pulpit stairs. Hats were doffed and all sprang to attention. He first announced a psalm. At this signal the crowd which had been collecting swarmed in and filled the pews. They seemed to be the most appreciative part of the congregation, and eagerly turned up the words and score of the psalm printed at the back of the Bibles. The organ again rolled down the nave and up among the arches of the groined ceiling the grand notes of the psalm, and a vast volume of sound rose in praise to God. It was certainly most impressive! Sweetness and grandeur combined! The strain of worship rose and fell in measured cadence, and beneath all ran the flow of Dutch gutturals, like a turbulent undercurrent.

The sermon which followed, after a short prayer, was a very eloquent

one. It was delivered without notes, and the preacher was fluent and, at times, impassioned. Not knowing the language I could not catch more than an historical allusion here and there, and yet there was much pleasure to be gained in listening and watching the speaker's eye and action.

At the end of half an hour a psalm was introduced, dividing the sermon into two parts, a practice which, I believe, is common in Protestant churches on the Continent. The second part occupied about a quarter of an hour, and as I had little sleep the night before, I was not sorry when it was over.

These orderly and systematic Dutch seem fond of division, for the offertory was divided in the same way. First came a collector down the aisle with a bag, into which I dropped my offering. What was my surprise, however, to see him followed by another, and that one by a third. Most of my neighbours dropped something into each, and if they divided the small sum people generally give on such occasions into three parts, the portion which fell to each must have been very small.

After service, I walked back to the hotel, and found my room delightfully situated on the ground floor, with the canal flowing under the window. Here, with the sound of the water lapping the wall falling on my ears, I was hushed to sleep. Honey and rolls with tea and coffee, the regular continental breakfast, greeted our eyes when we entered the *salle à manger* next morning. Where in the world does all the honey come from? Not all the bees of *Hymettus* labouring from the time of Pericles till now could furnish what is consumed by continental tourists in a single summer. Every hotel, every pension, every steamboat supplies it, just as it does the inevitable *poulet roti* for dinner. Honey and rolls seems a slight preparation for a day's fatigue in travelling, and so we had to order extras which mine host made us pay an exorbitant price for afterwards.

I was provided with Cook's Hotel Coupons, about which I had received conflicting advice in London, and which I had determined to test. They are put up in books, three coupons for a day, and seven days in a book. No. 1 is for bed and breakfast, No. 2 for dinner, and No. 3 for tea or supper, and are to be had for eight shillings or two dollars a day. When I tendered them in settlement for my bill, the waiter, a son of the proprietor, managed to put on so many extras as to make them almost worthless. At first I was very angry at the imposture, and declined to pay. But what else could be done? The train left at nine o'clock for Antwerp. There was no use of missing the train and spoiling one's pleasure by wrangling with a Dutchman, and so I made up my mind to be cheated with equanimity; but I left Rotterdam with a low opinion of the Dutch, the New Bath Hotel, and Cook's Coupons. My



opinion of the latter was completely changed afterwards, as I found them readily accepted in Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, and a great saving of expense and trouble.

In the railway carriage on the train for Antwerp, one had time to formulate one's impressions as we journeyed leisurely through the low country, past clay fields and turnpikes and point keepers, the latter women generally, in railway uniform, standing with shouldered flags as motionless as soldiers at the Horse Guards. In the same carriage were an Englishman and his bride, and a party of four Dutch people, husbands and wives. One, a sea captain, was jolly and talkative, but his vocabulary was, for the most part, limited to his native tongue. He knew a few words of English, and as many of French. With these he opened fire. Nothing daunted I engaged with him. We had a lively and interesting conversation in mingled Dutch, French and English, every hiatus, of which there were many, being filled by my jolly friend with shouts of laughter. He was a sea captain—that was certain. He had made trips to Bristol—that was equally certain. But the point of departure was uncertain. I think it must have been somewhere in the West Indies. One piece of information he gave me about which there could be no doubt, viz., that they drank English beer in Holland, and that he gave it his highest approval.

The train swept into the station at Antwerp, and leaving my luggage in the left-luggage room, Badeker in hand, I set out for the Cathedral. It was not difficult to find, for its tall tower and spire stood up like a land-mark above the city. A franc bought a ticket of admission at the door, and I passed in hot and eager, with straining eyes reaching out for almost the one object of my coming, Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." What a delightful sensation, to realize the wishes and dreams of years!

So, I shall never forget the feelings with which I came on the deck of the *Prussian* one beautiful October morning, and saw the mists rising and unveiling Greencastle with its trailing ivy, and the sun gilding the church-tower among the oak trees at Moville, or caught the first glimpse of the Giant's Causeway and the round towers of Ireland, or gazed upon the green fields and hedges of England, amid the hills of Lancashire, or stood at the foot of the towers of Lincoln Cathedral and looked up at the old minster, and heard the sweet voices of the choristers chanting Even-song in the choir. These were all dreams realized, and best of all, there was in them no tinge of disappointment.

So with Rubens. An article in an old art journal, read when a boy of eight or ten years, had fired my imagination with the glow of Rubens' style and colouring,—his wonderful creations of flesh and blood. Since then, prints and photographs and chromos of this particular picture had

associated his name with the scenes which cluster about Calvary. The copy of the "Descent from the Cross," in the Normal School collection at Toronto, had certainly not increased my strong desire to see the original, as it had been powerless to dissipate it. Now it was at last before me. There on the wall to the left of the chancel arch, in the mellow light which fell through the tracery of the cathedral windows, was the one picture which had occupied a large share of my thoughts and imagination for years. I could not see it well at first. The living figures in the foreground annoyed me, — artists in linen blouses, with their easels planted here and there, engaged in copying, sometimes moving about to different points of view discussing and criticising. By-and-by we got used to the surroundings, and were able to disregard them, and to see only the familiar scene upon the wall. And what shall I say of it? I have met people who expressed a strong dislike for Rubens, as I have others who took no pleasure in reading Dickens. Every great master has detractors. I cannot say that I admire his style generally. That collection of flesh in the Louvre does not produce any elevation of sentiment, but the contrary. The pictures are as sensual as some of Swinbourne's poetry. How different is the impression produced by Murillo's "Assumption"! The change in passing from one room to the other, is like the change from a rollicking drunken company of debauchees to the purity of Paradise. At that time I had not seen the Louvre and the collection there, and so there were no bad associations to mar the effect of this beautiful picture. It is a marvel how the same man could have treated such different subjects so successfully. Gazing up at it we felt in the very presence of Calvary. The ashy pallor of the dead Christ, the natural posture of the body in the folds of the sheet, the eager faces above, expressing devotion and care lest a mishap might bruise the dear form already so "bruised for our iniquities," and the love of the two Marys, so great yet so different, were all most real.

"The Elevation of the Cross," a companion picture by the same master, hung on the other side of the arch. It is less known, but I believe is considered not less remarkable.

After examining some fine oak carving which workmen were putting up over the choir stalls, and a series of remarkable pannel paintings, the Stations of the Cross, on the south wall of the nave, I hurried off to the Church of St. Paul. After a fifteen minutes walk through narrow and crooked streets, I stood before the door. It was locked! This seemed strange, for a continental church, one of the sights of the city which derived a revenue from the pockets of tourists, to be locked! I could not understand it. An explanation was soon forthcoming. As I looked up at the tower, I heard a voice at my elbow, asking in good English if I wished to see the church. It was a portly *commissionaire*,

who had suddenly dropped from the skies. On my replying in the affirmative, he led the way to a side entrance. A thrice-repeated rap brought the Sacristan, a pale and rather dirty-looking youth, whose appearance was *perhaps* the result of mortification and fasting. He took my franc, and admitted me to a spacious vestibule. The *commissionaire* waited outside. The Sacristan swung open a door leading not into the church, but into the church-yard, intimated that there was something worth seeing there, and sank down into his seat by the inner door.

Following the path a few feet, a turn brought me face to face with a Calvary, a small artificial hill with steps. On the top stood a cross, and a life-size cast of the Crucified Saviour. I can hardly describe the effect of being thus brought, without warning or preparation, into the presence of that awful scene. What a change from life to death!—from the bustle and din of the street, and the hurrying crowds of men, each carrying his burden of sin and sorrow, to the hush and stillness of the cross, where the sinner may lay down his heavy load, and the sorrowful and weary may find joy and rest.

The rain came drizzling down, falling upon the lichen-grown stones of the church tower, down upon the green sward and the slippery steps, down upon the mute white figure which yet appealed with so much force and tenderness to the strongest emotions of the heart.

Truly Rome knows how to teach the mind and heart by the eye no less than by the ear. The roughly-painted "Ecce Homo" over the bench by the mountain path, the rude red cross in the wild Alpine pass, the crucified Christs at Dieppe, which stretch their arms to fishermen returning from their nights' toil, in the grey light of morning, how powerfully do they preach the lesson of redemption. I was certainly impressed, and stood some moments in devout meditation. Beneath the Calvary was a grotto. Following the path which led into it, I found a sepulchre. It was made of rock, an iron grating permitting a view of the interior. A cast similar to that on the cross, partly draped lay within it, with a blood stain on the nail point in the hands and feet.

But the impression which this might have produced was spoiled by the evidences of superstition which hung about, votive offerings of wax and plaster casts. There were hearts and hands, arms, feet and other members of the body. If they were merely to signify the gratitude of suppliants who had been cured by the power of God, no exception could be taken to them, but if they were offerings to this particular shrine as possessing virtue in itself, they differ nothing from the gifts in heathen temples. A person of a nervous temperament could not have remained long in this strange place—in the presence of death—in the oppressive silence of the tomb. To me it was a pleasing retreat from the excitement of travel, from the crowded railway carriage and the thronged

street. There was nothing in bad taste, except the grotesque offerings I have mentioned, to mar the spirit of devotion. Here one could realize the rest after the sufferings of Good Friday, before the triumph of Easter, and could think of that day when upon one's own life, with its efforts and aspirations, shall fall the silence of the grave.

From the sepulchre the path led behind the wall, when a sudden turn in the way brought before the unsuspecting visitor the most startling scene. It was a rude representation of purgatory, cut out of the face of a rock. There were, I should say, from fifty to a hundred figures. The flames of the pit were leaping up and wrapping themselves about them. Consternation and agony were depicted on every countenance. But there were different degrees of punishment. Some had just their heads above the sea of fire; others seemed to be sinking and disappearing altogether; some had their head and shoulders above the flame, while others were free from the waist up, and others again were leaving their prison for Paradise.

The whole was coloured. The different degrees of agony of the spirits were portrayed, if rudely, effectively by the sculptor, and the Roman doctrine of purgatory was set forth more vividly than could have been done in a score of sermons. What terror must this scene again and again have struck into the hearts of children and simple peasants! How powerfully must it have acted to fix the doctrine in the popular mind.

A few moments sufficed to see the church. There was not much in it of peculiar interest, except a fine picture by Rubens, "Christ being scourged." Saying farewell to the pale sacristan and the portly *commissionnaire*, who rejected a twenty centime fee with scorn, and received half a franc with corresponding satisfaction, I hurried off to the station. The train was on the point of departure. The porter could not find my valise. Minutes seemed hours, while the engine whistled, and the guards closed the carriage doors. *Voilà!* it is here! The door banged behind me as I sprang into a carriage and sank down among the cushions, while the train rolled out of the station for Brussels.

F. T.

## THE SCOTTISH STONE OF DESTINY.

[The *Lia Fail*, or Stone of Destiny, is the subject of many fabulous traditions. Ancient chronicles recount that, after having been Jacob's pillow at Bethel, it was a valued relic in the time of Gathelus, a Spanish King, and contemporary of Romulus. This monarch sent it with his son, when the latter invaded Ireland. It was for centuries the coronation throne of Irish princes, until it was removed first to Iona, where Fergus, son of Erc, was crowned upon it, A.D. 503, and thence to Scone, in 842, by Kenneth II., when the Scots had overcome the Picts. It remained in the Abbey of Scone, as the coronation chair of the Kings of Scotland, until carried off by Edward I., in order that nothing might be left to remind the Scots of their former independence. He, however, placed it, with veneration, near the altar in Westminster Abbey, where it may now be seen forming the support of the coronation chair of the British Sovereigns. The mysterious connection which this stone is supposed to have with the destinies of the Scots, is celebrated in the well known Latin couplet :—

“ Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum  
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.”]

WEIRD and mystic is the story,  
Shrouded in forgotten lore,  
How the Royal Stone of Scotland  
Found a place on Scotland's shore.

No human hands e'er fashioned it,  
Nor shaped its rugged form ;  
It thundered down the mountain side,  
Dislodged by Alpine storm.

'Twas pillow for the weary head  
At Bethel, on the night  
When Jacob's raptured vision saw  
The ladder crowned with light.

A thousand years passed o'er it  
In many climes and lands,  
The throne of savage princes,  
Who ruled their heathen bands.

Ere the Assyrian hosts were shattered,  
Sleeping all the sleep of death,  
Smitten in their battle harness,  
Blasted by the angel's breath ;

Ere the star of Rome had risen  
 Glorious after many wars,  
 Ere she first was led to battle  
 By the wolf-nursed son of Mars ;

The southern breeze blew softly  
 That filled the Spanish sail,  
 And bore to Erin's monarchs  
 The mystic Lia Fail.

Great Fergus seized the trophy,  
 And on it, by God's grace,  
 Was crowned in bonnie Scotland,  
 First prince of Scottish race.

O'er a long line of heroes,  
 Old Caledonia's Kings,  
 The Sacred Stone of Destiny  
 A mystic glory flings.

And now the Royal City,  
 On Thames' historic shore,  
 Enshrines the throne of Fergus—  
 This granite rock of yore.

J. D. EDGAR.

## NIPIGON LAKE.

HIGH-SHOULDERED and ruddy and sturdy,  
 Like droves of pre-Adamite monsters,  
 The vast mounded rocks of red basalt  
 Lie basking round Nipigon's waters ;  
 And still lies the lake, as if fearing,  
 To trouble their centuried slumber ;  
 And heavy o'er lake and in heaven  
 A dim veil of smoke tells of forests  
 Ablaze in the far lonely Northland ;  
 And over us, blood-red and sullen,  
 The sun shines on gray-shrouded islands,  
 And under us, blood-red and sullen,  
 The sun in the dark umber water  
 Looks up at the gray murky heaven,  
 While one lonely loon on the water  
 Is wailing his mate, and beside us  
 Two-shaggy-haired Chippeway children  
 In silence watch sadly the white man.

E. K.

## A DAIMIO'S LIFE.

THE official list of daimios published in Yedo in 1862 gave the names, titles and revenues of two hundred and sixty-two of the "Yedo nobility," as they were called, in distinction from the kugés or "Kioto nobility." The daimios were richer and more powerful; the kugés were of nobler birth and higher rank. The daimios were the parvenus of feudalism: the kugés' ancestry were of immemorial antiquity. In the veins of the daimios flowed the blood of men: in the kugés ran the blood of the god. The revenues of daimios varied from forty thousand to four million dollars each. The richest of them was the prince of Kaga, whose death and gorgeous funeral took place in Tokio in May of last year. After him came the princes of Owari, Chikuzen and Mito. There were twenty-one daimios powerful and wealthy enough to be styled "princes." Though compelled when in Yedo to bow before their august lord the shô-gun ("tycoon"), who was only the chief of the daimios, they in their own province ruled supreme, and had the power of life or death. Often defiant and domineering to their neighbours, the lesser daimios, these turbulent vassals, one and all, were so kept in curb by the strong hand of the shô-gun, that profound peace reigned in Japan for over two and a half centuries.

The daimio whose life we shall outline was named Matsudaira. We shall not be accused of violating confidence or privacy by more than fifty-five families, this, at most, being the number of noblemen that gloried in this once awe-inspiring name. Whoever bore it thereby professed to be a relative of the Tokugawa family, who for two hundred and sixty-eight years usurped the authority of the true emperor, the mikado, and flaunted their trefoil flag until foreigners came to believe that Japan had two emperors, and that the "tycoon" was one of them.

Matsudaira's father was the ruler of a province having a revenue of over one million dollars per annum. As all the daimios, great and small, were obliged to leave their wives in Yedo as hostages, Matsudaira opened his eyes first in Yedo. He was born in one of those peculiar products of Japanese architecture, called a *yashiki*, in which the nobility and gentry of Japan live. Old Yedo was once full of these great hollow squares, but Tokio sees fewer of them year by year and fire by fire. Baby Matsudaira was not baptized, but on the seventh day of his life received his infant name of Hatomaru, from which *maru* could be dropped in the language of affection or brevity. Hato was nursed by his own mother, and was clothed in the silk and soft cotton gown

in the province of which he was to be ruler. He grew into childhood, and as early as five years old put on the *hakama*, the wide kilt or trousers which once distinguished the privileged classes. Even when carried in the arms of the officer charged with the duty of bearing him about, the daimio's baby wore the gold-hilted short sword, while the sword-bearer, a boy of twelve, bore the larger one. It was no uncommon sight, three years ago in Japan, to see nearly all the infants of the samurai, or privileged classes, thus adorned with short swords. When children could but just toddle, the two swords emblematic of their class were thrust in their belt. As Japanese sentiment held that the sword was part of the samurai himself, a child of two years old was not considered too young to wear one. If the sword were not in the baby's girdle, it was kept in that of the maid who carried him.

Our little baby daimio's head, like that of all well-brought-up children, was shaved clean, and not a hair was allowed to grow except upon the top of the scalp, where the little tuft was made into a topknot, and pomatumed into a right-angled queue. He was as pretty as nearly all Japanese children are, and had the rare advantage of being always clean, which it were a libel against the next neighbour to godliness to say concerning the street-urchins of his country. The rising generation of plebeians live almost entirely in the streets during every hour of daylight, and as there is no word in the Japanese language for soap, one may easily evolve from imagination the amount of free soil on the faces of the chubby and rosy children of Tokio. Think not, however, that young Japan lets the sun go down on his dirt. Though a stranger to alkaline compounds, he, with father and mother and friends and neighbours, enters one of the very numerous public bath-houses at sundown. There the whole family parboil themselves in water hot enough to flay a Caucasian, and emerge happy, hungry and clean. To explain a ruffled temper or a state of anxiety to a Japanese by telling him you were "kept in hot water all the time," would be more apt to convey the idea to his mind that you were describing Paradise.

Little Matsudaira continued to be the clean, pretty baby and the radiant and eager child until he was seven years old, when his name was changed again. This was in accordance with the custom so prevalent in Japan of changing what we call our Christian names several times during one's life, but especially on reaching the seventh and fifteenth years, and on removing, assuming a new duty, business or office, and on retiring from active life. Even after death persons receive posthumous names, and the tombs of Japan are never inscribed with the names which the living bore. Very few of the Japanese students who studied in America passed under their true names, though they resumed them on returning to Japan.



Matsudaira was the only child of his mother, but not of his father. In almost every daimio's mansion, and legally in all, there are from two to eight women who are allowed him as concubines. That "peculiar institution" lately headed by Brigham Young, is no new thing in Japan. The Japanese have had no "revelations" on brass plates, no book, either of Mormon or of Gammon, indeed no dogma to found their practice upon, yet their peculiar institution is very ancient. Brigham, in their eyes, was a very modern upstart and imitator of the "holy country," Japan. They do not have any special theory of philosophy or any "doctrinal basis" for this phase of their morals, and smile innocently at the idea of needing any. They are very curious to know all about Utah, for they look upon it with a kindly feeling, and regard Deseret as a piece of Japan set down in the United States. They confess themselves puzzled to find that the customs of Utah do not spread throughout the entire country. In Japan concubinage is quite general, from the mikado, who may have twelve "ladies of the chamber," to the lowest labourer who can support more than one female. In a majority of cases, however, one wife, if faithful, is the rule. The children born of the brevet wives are considered legitimate, and in the absence of issue by the real wife inherit the father's property. Strange as it may seem to an American eye, peace seems in general to reign in the Japanese household, though jealousy and poison often do their work.

The life of a child in a daimio's yashiki, as in other homes, is the usual round of play and food and sleep. His toys, though very different from those of an American child, are, as in every land, the mimicry and mirror of the life of the children of larger growth. Hatomaru played on the neat thick mats that cover the floor of every Japanese house, from the temple-palace of the emperor to the hut of the peasant; rambled over the miniature mountains and among the dwarf trees and tiny lakes of the garden; fed the huge voracious goldfish or the brilliant-plumaged aquatic fowls. He fed upon the simple diet on which feed the homogeneous people of Japan, from emperor to outcast, and from the smooth-gummed infant to smooth-gummed dotard. The Japanese begins his rice-diet before he leaves his mother's breast, and uses it as his daily food until he sleeps on a broader though colder bosom. Though eggs, fish and vegetables are common, rice is the stay and staff of life. The daimio's baby grew as round and rosy as the chubby children of his farmers or artisans. At night the tired child slept on silken quilts spread out on the floor. Though materials vary with rank and means, two quilts spread on the floor constitute the national and universal bed of Japan.

Japanese education in his day was simply much reading, more writing and less reckoning. The baby daimio was early taught to read and write the alphabets of Japan and the characters of China. Very few

daimios ever became profound scholars, and so Matsudaira contented himself with only a good reading knowledge of Chinese. His education in etiquette was, however, more thorough. Before he could stand he was taught to express "Thank you," and before he was two years old to fall on his knees and bow his head to the ground. Almost his first articulate words were *Dozo* ("Please") and *Arigato* ("Thank you"). At the age of ten years he was as polished a little gentleman as ever delighted the heart of parent. From ten to fifteen education became the acquisition of accomplishments, such as poetry, writing, drawing, &c., and the manly sports of riding, fencing, spear-exercise and wrestling. Very few of his class ever became perfect in these, but, like the average, he became fairly proficient.

At fifteen he was a tall and manly-looking boy, ruddy and round-limbed, and promising. He accompanied his father on his semi-annual journey from Yedo to his provincial home. There he learned of the clan at whose head he expected to be. His subjects numbered half a million, most of them farmers and fishermen. In his dominions were three cities, a score of towns, and hundreds of villages. Tea, silk, rice, copper, and native manufactures were the products of his dominions, whose revenues he was soon to direct. Of the half-million of his people, four-fifths may be set down as in the condition of the Saxon serfs of the Norman masters of England, or the old *adscripti glebe* of the Romans. They were the men whose forefathers, by patient and minute manual toil, had terraced the mountain-gulches and had reduced all the valleys and plains to irrigated rice-fields. Born on one spot of ground, they died on it, perhaps on the very square yard of soil on which their remote ancestor breathed his last. The Japanese farmer rises before the first croak of the raven, and with a hoe overturns the mud of the rice-fields, and transplants, hoes and weeds till autumn. In November he reaps the standing rice with a hook, threshes it with an iron comb, pounds out the hulls by manual toil, often fans it by hand, and contentedly (?) gives to his lord one-half or two-thirds of the produce as rent for the land. In times of plenty he exists—in time of drought or scarcity he almost starves.

After these subjects of our daimio came the somewhat high rank of artisans with ancient tools, and a few miners with antediluvian methods of assay and mining; and after them the shopkeepers and merchants of the towns. Whoever owned a thousand dollars' worth of property was reckoned a rich man. Of priests there were a goodly number. On the five thousand square miles of the daimio's territory there stood over seven thousand temples, shrines or monasteries. Out of his half-million subjects six thousand were priests. Their revenue was equal to that of the daimio's own for his personal and governmental expenses. One

sees how the farmer, the most ignorant of all the daimio's subjects, after paying over half the produce as land-rent, out of the remaining one-third of his crop supported a large family of children and paid his tithes to the shaven bonzes in silken robes who prayed in the gilded and gorgeous temples, and forgot not to live well, as became their reverences to do.

All these, however, were political ciphers or minus quantities. The power, the public opinion of the clan, existed only among the samurai, who under Matsudaira numbered about three thousand men, not counting their families. Of these three thousand, the main part were of little influence or importance in the clan, though in social superiority immeasurably above the richest merchant or most intelligent artisan. Their badges as superior beings were the two swords—one short, one long—always worn in the girdle on the left side. The leaders of the clan were the *Dai sanji* ("great men"), or the daimio's ministers. They were the embodiment of true power, or at least the exponents of it. They expressed the will of the clan. Should a fractious daimio recalcitrate against the will of his retainers, they usually won their point, unless, indeed, the daimio was a man of tremendous energy of character, which rarely happened in the degenerate nineteenth century.

When the lord of the clan appeared in public he was attended by his chief men and household officials, who walked at a respectful distance behind. In entering and leaving the house even his ministers fell on their knees, and their foreheads touched the floor. In all cases the common people prostrated themselves to the ground.

In his provincial city, Matsudaira lived within his castle. His capital lay in a valley, with mountains on every side. The centre of the city was occupied by the castle-circuit, which enclosed four square miles, and consisted of two enceintes of walls and moats, with bridges, towers and an inner citadel. In this was the residence of the lord, surrounded by gardens and groves, and those wonders of landscape gardening for which the Japanese florists are so justly renowned. Besides this there was a summer-house on the mountain-side having an outlook on the minutely beautiful scenery of Japan. Here the prince could feast and revel and smoke his pipes of tobacco, or meditate, or could contrast his own condition with that of the labourers who went nine-tenths naked as, with ropes over their shoulders, they draw the heavily-laden boats up the river against the swift current. This summer-house was used not only for banquets and gay carousals, but as a resting-place after shooting or hawking, for Matsudaira prided himself on his perch of trained falcons, and was fond of hawking, both for the sport and the game.

In both Yedo and his provincial capital his days were occupied with one round of eating, sleeping, smoking, and the pleasures of wine, women

and song. He married when he was seventeen the daughter of a daimio of rather higher rank than himself. Not content with her charms, he added two of the fairest maidens who had captivated his fancy when in his own capital city. One was witty and poetical, and every week read some new stanza of her own composing. The other was musical, and charmed her lord by day and night with that music which to an ear trained to enjoy the Western gamut and harmonics sound so barbarous, not to say feline, but which to Japanese ears is full of ravishing melody. When tired of his charmers, games of Japanese chess, riding and archery followed, and this full-grown, able bodied man, like two hundred and fifty more of his peers, could have been seen playing by the hour with zest games which the men of the race that rules the world cast away with their pinafores. In spring-time Matsudaira made picnics to Oji, Mukojima, Goten-yama, &c.—places as well known in Yedo as Central Park is known to New Yorkers or Fairmount to Philadelphians.

At stated times he called to pay his respects to that august usurper of imperial power, the shō-gun. In his mansion in the hill-citadel of the immense castle of Yedo, this pseudo monarch received the homage of his vassals, the daimios of every grade. The life of a daimio being one of pomp and proud display, Matsudaira felt it to be the supreme moment of his life when a proud following of his retainers sallied out of the great gate of his yashiki and moved toward the shō-gun's palace. Daimios often spent all their wealth on their trains, and sometimes ran into ruinous debt in order to outdazzle their rivals with the splendour of their retinues. On the days when they went to the castle to offer their congratulations, an immense crowd always collected to watch the procession. Hand-books of heraldry, containing the names, titles, revenues, chief retainers, pictures of the crests, insignia and regalia of each prince, lord and clan, were published monthly with the latest correction, and the spectators could thus distinguish each train as it passed by. A daimio's purse, power and rank were judged by his procession and display.

With many daimios, all the followers in their trains, high and low, were genuine retainers and faithful vassals. Most of them, however, for the sake of pride or economy, swelled their following into ostentation or brought them within the limits of necessary and decent appearance by hiring men temporarily for the purpose, like lackeys for a funeral. In old Yedo several thousand men of good calves, shoulders and topknots gained their living solely by this means. Keeping dresses marked with the crests of the various clans, they could appear in the following of a northern high lord to-day, a southern to-morrow, and a western the next day. The broad streets within the castle-circuit of Tokio still show how admirably they were made for the purpose of spectacular display, As the train sallies out from the main gate, we see all the lord's servants

on their knees and with heads to the ground. First issue a dozen men bearing aloft the spears, the hooded lances, the crests and banners of the clan. Then follow a corps of baggage-bearers, each with two handsome lackered and gilded travelling-boxes slung over a pole on his shoulder. There are several score of these coolies in the procession. The boxes have nothing in them. They are carried only for pomp and display. The tens, scores or hundreds of retainers, as the case may be, have on a wide dress, like a pair of huge wings, above a wide kilt. Each appears with his two swords. Here and there rides a high officer on horseback, and in the middle of the train, seated in a Japanese palanquin, borne on men's shoulders, is the lord himself. Then more sworded retainers and baggage carriers, all of whom are attired in the blue hempen dress of ceremony. A few of the followers of certain rank and office wear high caps of black lackered paper perched on the forehead. All the others go bareheaded, and tucking up their baggy lower garments, walk with legs as bare as a Bushman's. As there were in those days no foreigners to look on, laugh, or account it strange, bare legs were thought no loss of dignity, and a dazzling display of calves struck admiration in every beholder.

The audience with the shô-gun over, Matsudaira took up his journey to his province to receive the congratulations of his clan and to govern his dominions. The real work of government was done by his ministers. Matsudaira busied himself with the deepest concern about pipes, falcons, the finest brands of *saké*, pretty women and lively music. The science of government with him consisted in being borne with great pomp once a week to the *hancho* or government office, saying a very majestic "Yes" to everything proposed to him, and playing his part of supreme figure-head of the clan.

The coming of the alien to the land of the gods was the knell of the dual system of government in Japan. A vast majority of the armed classes were opposed to the foreigners and wished to drive them out. They clamoured for the shô-gun to do it, and taxed him with cowardice for delay. The clansmen of Choshu, the daimio in whose country was the port of Shimonoseki, fired on foreign vessels against the orders of the shô-gun. With a motley army he tried to coerce this spirited clan. He was beaten, and his prestige was lost. His authority was daily ebbing. The tide of power set toward Kioto. The daimios assembled there, and came to Yedo no more. Three of the most powerful clans made a conspiracy to overthrow the counterfeit government at Yedo, and to reinstate the mikado in full ancient sovereign power. Civil war broke out. The design was to depose the shô-gun, restore the emperor, and then to "sweep" or "brush" away the foreigners from Japan. The eastern and western, northern and southern daimios fought together.

Two years elapsed before the empire was at peace. In 1870 the entire government was centralized in the person of the mikado, the only true emperor of Japan. The usurpation of six centuries was ended. The shô-gun, an usurper from the beginning, was reduced to his proper level, that of an ordinary daimio. The preposterous title of *tycoon* ("great prince" or "exalted potentate") became a by-word and a shaking of the head to all Japanese who knew their own history, and now finds a faded immortality only in unrevised foreign encyclopædias. In 1872 the feudal system was swept away by the mikado's edict. The daimios were ordered to restore to him their fiefs of land. The supreme and entire authority reverting to the mikado and imperial court, the country was once again governed as in the times before the twelfth century. The era of loyalty had passed. The day of patriotism had dawned.

Matsudaira bade a solemn farewell to all his old followers assembled in the great hall of the castle, and then set out for Tokio, where he now lives as a private gentleman, beloved and respected by all who know him.

We have outlined very briefly the life of a Japanese daimio ; and this life, true of one, will answer with a few trivial alterations for most of the class in the present century. Three centuries ago the daimio was a mailed warrior leading his men-at-arms. Two centuries and a half of peace made him a puppet in power and a Lucifer in pride. The daimio of to-day is a mediatized and harmless gentleman in gold lace and cockade. In the time of his country's need he was weighed in the balance and found wanting. To-day the old servants of the daimios, acting in the name of the mikado, rule them as a few units in the sum-total of the Japanese people. The men of nerve and brain and physical vigour rule New Japan. They are the men whom poverty made temperate and continent.

W. E. G.

---

### THE FALL.

THERE'S a sweet sadness in thy name, O Fall,  
 Which, like the sighing of an old-time tune,  
 Tells of bright days departed far too soon.  
 Spring and her fresh young flowers thou dost recall,  
 And Summer's riper charms ; the carnival  
 Of Nature, happy in her children's glee ;  
 Man, beast and bird, fountain and field and tree,  
 Rejoicing in His love who made them all.  
 Ah, me ! the beautiful, bright days are gone !  
 We knew not half how fair they were till thou  
 Hadst stolen upon us with thy solemn brow  
 And voice prophetic of wild Winter's moan.  
 How oft true friends, like Summer's joyous days,  
 Are slighted, living ; dead, are crowned with praise.

JOHN READE.

## EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY.

## NO. 7. BRYANT.

BY GEORGE STEWART, JR.

“No one,” said the Professor, “can read a little of Bryant. His poetry is as intoxicating as the pages of a sensational romance. I literally gorge myself every time I take up one of his volumes. I cannot be satisfied with simply reading ‘The Ages,’ ‘Thanatopsis,’ ‘the Hymn to Death,’ ‘The Death of the Flowers,’ or the entrancing ‘Forest Hymn,’ but I must go on until I come to the last page. I am afraid that with regard to Bryant’s poetry I am a veritable gourmand. Do not think that by this I mean that he is not satisfying, for every poem is a feast of itself. But I cannot resist the temptation when his book is in my hand, to read on until I finish it. I wouldn’t dare take up Bryant after tea, for if I did I would lose my whole night’s sleep.”

“I too have felt his wonderful power,” said Frank. “His simplest and shortest poems have many a time sent me off musing among the clouds. His language is simple, but not commonplace. You never catch him using foreign words or the phrases which belong to the schoolmaster. Bryant is no pedant. His poetry is as free as the woods he describes so well. His diction is as charming as nature itself. Indeed, he is the poet of nature, and the best of his writings sing of the seasons, the elements, the trees, the flowers, and the various phases of animal life. He is a true son of the forest, and as he roams through the woods, he stops now and then on his way to paint in rich colours, in undying pigments, the beautiful scenes which meet his eye. And he has an eye for the beautiful. An eye of keen perception. An eye which takes in at a glance all that is worth seeing. No tree, or shrub, or bit of sky escapes him. Nothing crosses his path unperceived by him. In liquid numbers that roll trippingly from the tongue, or in that deep sounding blank verse, which he has almost made his own, he tells of the marvellous works of nature. Where shall we find a more rounded and perfect poem than the inscription for the entrance to a wood? You leave behind you care and sorrow and misery, and in this calm retreat find a panacea for all your troubles. In this cool shade you hear the very dashings of the tiny rivulet, as it splashes over its bed of pebbly sands. You hear the singing of the birds, and you witness the joys of an ideal wood, such as Bryant alone can describe. This grand poem celebrates a scene in the poet’s old home in Cummington,

and it was written only a little later than his masterpiece, 'Thanatopsis.'"

"That was his first poem, was it not?"

"It was his first great poem. He wrote it at the age of eighteen. He wrote respectable verse at the age of eight, and when he was only thirteen, he published a clever satire on Thomas Jefferson, which he called *The Embargo*. This little work of some thirty-six pages passed through two editions. It is quite scarce, and I doubt if you could obtain a copy now at any price. 'Thanatopsis'—the poem which did so much to bring Bryant into notice, was not published until several years after it was written. The poet left it among his papers till 1816, when it was sent by his father to Richard H. Dana, along with the piece, then called *A Fragment*, but which afterward received the name it has since been known by, 'The Inscription on the Entrance to a Wood.' Dana had never met Bryant up to this time, and by some means or other he conceived the idea that Bryant's father, Dr. Peter Bryant, had written *Thanatopsis*, and the son had done the "Fragment." Dana was very anxious to see the author of the famous poem, and as the Doctor was a member of the State Legislature, the editor lost no time in repairing to the Senate Chamber. He saw a very intellectual-looking gentleman of dark complexion, thick eye-brows, dark hair, finely developed forehead and handsome features, but there was nothing which denoted the poetic faculty about him. He was disappointed, surely this could not be the new poet! It was not until 1821, when William Cullen Bryant arrived in Cambridge to deliver the 'Phi Beta Kappa' poem at Harvard, that Dana discovered the real author of 'Thanatopsis.' The life-long friendship and acquaintance of the two poets began here. When the great poem was published Dana was principal member of the club which conducted the *North American Review*, and it was accordingly printed for the first time in that publication. It was originally made to begin with 'Yet a few days, &c.,' and conclude with 'And make their bed with thee.' After Bryant's father died, the poet added the present introduction and conclusion to his poem. As Longfellow in his description of Grand Pré describes some thing he has never seen, so Bryant talks grandly of

'Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste.'

and of the 'rolling Oregon,' at a time when he had beheld neither. 'Thanatopsis' is a most suggestive poem. It is full of imagery and thought, and one cannot read it too often. It awakens wonder at the subtlety of the poet's mind, and provokes admiration of the genius which unbosoms itself in every line. One finds himself stopping midway in the poem, to enquire what manner of youth this was whose



knowledge of humankind was so sensitive and keen, while he was yet in his teens. One must pause to take in the grandeur of the thought which tears through the sonorous stanzas. The boy of eighteen writes with the fire and grasp of a man of iron soul, and with the incisive knowledge of one who had learned well the lessons of life with the passage of hurrying years. There are few poems in any language, none certainly to be found in the stanzas of Southern poets, which breathe out so much vigorous sentiment, such lofty scorn, and at the same time reveal so much delicacy in feeling or betray such tenderness as we find in this splendid work. It holds a place second to no other on the same subject. Bryant himself has not equalled it even by his 'Hymn to Death,' which he composed in 1825 when he was at New York editing the *New York Review*."

"That is the poem which opens so grandly in praise of death, is it not, and which ends with so much pathos and contains the allusion to the poet's father?"

"The very same. Bryant makes a vigorous defence in behalf of the King of Terrors. He asks who are his accusers.

'The living!—they who never felt thy power,  
And know thee not. The curses of the wretch  
Whose crimes are ripe, his sufferings when thy hand  
Is on him, and the hour he dreads is come,  
Are writ among thy praises. But the good—  
Does he whom thy kind hand dismissed to peace,  
Upaid the gentle violence that took off  
His fetters, and unbarred his prison cell?"

And then in his own grand way, rich in the same fancy which struggled in the mind of the exuberant Shelley, our poet crowds his canvass with a masterpiece, and sings anew a song which only the soul of a genius could inspire. The very effort is a good one. It is too much even for him. He has overwrought himself. The strain was too great, and he writes these touching lines as a conclusion. It is here that one finds the allusion to his father. An allusion full of filial love and reverence. An allusion which further on in his works finds utterance again and again :

'Alas ! I little thought that the stern power  
Whose fearful praise I sung, would try me thus  
Before the strain was ended. It must cease—  
For he is in his grave who taught my youth  
The art of verse, and in the bud of life  
Offered me to the muses. Oh, cut off  
Untimely ! when thy reason in its strength,  
Ripened by years of toil and studious search,  
And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught  
Thy hand to practice best the lenient art  
To which thou gavest thy laborious days.

And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when the earth  
 Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes  
 And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy skill  
 Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and turned pale  
 When thou wert gone. This faltering verse, which thou  
 Shalt not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have  
 To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope  
 To copy thy example, and to leave  
 A name of which the wretched shall not think  
 As of an enemy's, whom they forgive  
 As all forgive the dead. Rest, therefore, thou  
 Whose early guidance trained my infant steps—  
 Rest, in the bosom of God, till the brief sleep  
 Of death is over, and a happier life  
 Shall dawn to waken thine insensible dust.

' Now thou art not—and yet the men whose guilt  
 Has wearied Heaven for vengeance—he who bears  
 False witness—he who takes the orphan's bread,  
 And robs the widow—he who spreads abroad  
 Polluted hands of mockery, of prayer,  
 Are left to cumber earth. Shuddering I look  
 On what is written, yet I blot not out  
 The desultory numbers—let them stand,  
 The record of an idle revery !'

“ In 1824, Mr. Bryant's sister died of consumption, and in 1827, in his poem 'To the Past,' the poet thus refers to his father and that sister he loved so well—

' And then shall I behold  
 Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,  
 And her, who still and cold,  
 Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.'

and to the latter also, in 'The Death of the Flowers,' written some time in the autumn of 1825,

' And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,  
 The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.'

“ But all through his poetry, the same kindly sentiment is seen. It is in this poem about the death of the flowers, that the noble line which everyone quotes so often, appears—

' The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,'

and it is in this glorious conceit that we get a glimpse of the autumn time which can never be forgotten. The poet sighs for the fair young flowers that have passed away, and he stands in the thick wood and pronounces a requiem over each. In review pass before him the wind-flower, the violet, the brier-rose, the aster and the other delightful buds and blossoms that in their time shed their fragrance and exhibited their

beauty and form for man's delight. He has some tender word for each, and he likens the frost which fell upon them to the fall of the plague on men. But he has written other poems about this season of the year, that season in which the woods become poetical and sad, and when the leaves are just beginning to change their coat, when the maple is prettiest and the ground is full of variegated leaves. He has given us two gems, 'Autumn Woods,' and a later poem, revealing the fine descriptive abilities of the poet, 'My Autumn Walk.' This latter was written in October, 1864, after the civil war, and it rings with a sort of restrained power, as if the bard dared not trust himself to go as far as he would wish. I will repeat the four lines which conclude the poem, and they will enable you to observe their ringing melody—

' The leaves are swept from the branches ;  
 But the living buds are there,  
 With folded flower and foliage,  
 To sprout in a kinder air.' "

" In all his songs of Nature, Bryant, is ever the same charming teacher. Whether he tells of spring and the budding plants of summer, whose woodlands sing and waters shout of the autumn and its melancholy days, or of winter with its storms and sullen threat; he is as natural in each as he is in them all. He exhausts his subjects. Nature is his domain, and to describe her wondrous works is his prerogative. Many of his best things were written when he was very young."

" Yes. He was twenty-one and about to be admitted to the bar, when he wrote his graceful poem 'To a Waterfowl.' He was uncertain at the time where he should fix his abode, and the poem was suggested to his mind on seeing a waterfowl flying northward in a sky crimson with the setting sun. He kept it by him until 1818 when it was published for the first time in the *North American Review*. Two years after this he wrote his beautiful 'Green River,' and in 1821 it was printed in Dana's *Idle Man*, a short-lived but meritorious publication. Bryant was living near the Green River in Great Barrington, Mass., at the time, and while there he wrote more than twenty poems for the *Boston Literary Gazette*, a periodical which came out twice a month. It was here also that another of his great poems was composed, his ever fresh and beautiful 'Forest Hymn' which starts off with,

' The groves were God's first temples.'

He has written few pieces which can surpass this. There is a matchless grace and a wealth of description about it quite Bryantic. It is full of thought, of suggestiveness and true poetry. It is rich in allusion and comparison. As one reads this delightful hymn the words of Professor

Wilson have a deeper meaning, and all mankind will say with him in regard to our poet, 'that it is indeed in the beautiful that the genius of Bryant finds its prime delight.' He ensouls all dead insensate things in that deep and delicate sense of their seeming life which they breathe and smile before the eyes 'that love all they look upon,' and thus there is animation and enjoyment in the heart of the solitude. He does more than this. I would go farther than Wilson in his estimate of Bryant. He is the poet who creates images which rise up in our souls and fill our minds and hearts with new, holy and inspiring thoughts. Till we have read Bryant we know little of the beauties of nature. We scarce know anything of the grand old woods, of the birds, of the blossoms and the brooks. He shapes all the works of nature, and endows them with fair proportions. He sees poetry in the tall grasses, songs in the tiniest flowerets, hymns in the swirling winds and soft music in the trees. He fashions, in his own eloquent way the true poetry of the forest and glade, and when in our walks through the woods we pluck a violet or an aster, or resting, sit by some idle stream or pause at the feet of an oak or a maple, the songs of Bryant fill the air all round about with their melody and sweetness. The humblest blossom is immortalized in his verse, and he sings in a tuneful key for all."

"I agree with you, Charles," said the Professor, "Bryant is truly the Poet of Nature, and he is a distinctive American poet. Like Emerson and Longfellow, he has endeavoured to awaken interest in the things of his own land. He is to America what Wordsworth, the old bard of Rydal Mount, was to England. Indeed, the two poets have something in common. Bryant always loved to read Wordsworth's clanging ballads. Mr. Dana relates in the preface to a new edition of his *Idle Man*, the influence which the English poet had upon Bryant when he read his works for the first time. A thousand springs appeared to rise up within him, and his whole being seemed to change. He had seen few books of poetry, and Pope had been the idol of his life; but when he opened the new book and read the delicious conceits of the lake-side dreamer, he became at once a student of nature, and he sought the woods and its surroundings, and resolved to paint new and fresh scenes that all the world might read and enjoy. He kept his purpose, and his brilliant pages tell us how well he accomplished it. You have read his *Apostrophe to June*, have you not? It is a poem which will linger longer in the memory than even 'Thanatopsis,' though, of course, it is not so grand a theme. The measure in which it is written has something to do with this. It is in this creation that he speaks of the 'housewife-  
bee and butterfly,' and chants so charmingly of the 'songs of maids beneath the moon,' and then he goes off, as is his frequent wont, to saddening thoughts and dreams about death and those who have only:

gone before. I think he makes these turns in his verse with admirable delicacy and feeling. This trait of his amounts almost to genius. The old Greeks turned a rhyme deftly, but Bryant turns a whole thought, witness in proof this, his 'Hymn to Death,' his 'June,' and others of his pieces."

"Yes, I have noticed this, and I think it a strong feature of his work. The reader, unconsciously, drifts along in the direction which the poet leads. It is not a wandering off from the subject, but merely a turn in the road, and the travellers, reader, and poet, seek, almost without knowing, its inviting pathway. And Bryant is a faithful guide. He knows all the cool retreats, all the delightful shades, all the pleasant nooks and corners, and we can follow him blindly, and drink in the sweets which his rich parterre contains."

"I have found this more than once to be the case. I love the way in which he takes us from one beautiful thing of nature to another, from a flower to a tree, from a singing oriole to some nimble squirrel. When you read Bryant, you are prepared for something like this, and he moves along so gradually, and takes you step by step so delicately, that you hardly notice whither you are going until you are so far out of the direct road, that you cannot retrace your steps. Do you remember reading his 'Indian at the Burial Place?' There is a good deal of subdued fire in that poem. Bryant's Indian is a veritable savage of the Cooper type, and he utters thoughts as noble as any which the author of *Deerslayer* ever penned. The warrior seeks the ancient burial place of his sires, and chants a dirge on the spot from which his wasted race withdrew long years before, ashamed, weak and crushed. After recounting the stern hardships which his race has endured, the red man utters this prophetic thought—

'But I beheld a fearful sign,  
To which the white men's eyes are blind;  
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,  
And leave no trace behind,  
Save ruins o'er the region spread,  
And the white stones above the dead.

'Before these fields were shorn and tilled,  
Full to the brim our rivers flowed;  
The melody of waters filled  
The fresh and boundless wood;  
And torrents dashed and rivulets played,  
And fountains spouted in the shade.

'Those grateful sounds are heard no more,  
The springs are silent in the sun;  
The rivers by the blackened shore,  
With lessening current run;  
The realm our tribes are crushed to get  
May be a barren desert yet.'

"The thought is a beautiful one," said Frank, "but I am beginning to lose faith in the Indian as a poetical study. I see him a central figure of the romance only. I am losing my admiration for the noble brave. Mayne Reid in his way, Emerson Bennet in his, Cooper in his grand and powerful way, have lifted up the savage to a great height, and they see a thousand noble characteristics in him which do not exist at all. Your true Indian is the dusky warrior, who appears in the pages of Parkman, always savage, always cruel, crafty, stoical and treacherous, occasionally brave and not often fit to be trusted. Bryant's Indian is the savage of Cooper in a modified form, and his mind is full of noble and excellent thoughts."

"Yes, Frank," said the old Professor, "but I am very glad Bryant has given us his Indian poems. They are sad stories, but full of art in the telling. What could take the place in our literature of his Indian story, which reveals an incident which may have happened? What is more eloquent, in any poetry, than the glimpse he gives us of Maquon and his love? The living figures of the chief and his bride, and the grave of the dead destroyer, form a picture that seems to breathe with life. The warrior sallies out in search of game, the red deer, for his bride, and returns to find her absent. He sees strange traces along the ground. His quick eye tells him that struggling hands have torn the vines from the walls, and on the broken and bent sassafras he sees a tress of the well-known hair. He calls aloud, but no answer, save the echo of his own wild words, comes back. He pauses a moment, and the soft hum of the bee on the flower breaks the terrible stillness. He grasps his war-axe and bow, and sheaf of darts, and bounds away. He has no time for idle grief, and the tears that would fain come, are brushed away. He seeks the print of strange feet, and starts wildly on the trail. He discovers in his own sagacious way the road taken by his enemy - -

' And he darts on the fatal path more fleet  
Than the blast that hurries the vapour and sleet,  
O'er the wild November day.'

This is all the poet tell us of 'the chase, but it is enough to rouse the imagination, and make us reflect. The next three verses conclude the story, and we know that Maquon's bride was stolen in the early summer, but it was into the fall before she smiled at his hearth again, for in a glowing and glorious measure Bryant says :

' \* At length the maples in crimson are dyed,  
And the grape is black on the cabin side,—

' But far in the pine-grove, dark and cold,  
Where the yellow leaf falls not,  
Nor the autumn shines in scarlet and gold,  
There lies a hillock of fresh dark mould,  
In the deepest gloom of the spot.

‘ And the Indian girls that pass that way,  
 Point out the ravisher’s grave ;  
 ‘ And how soon to the bower, she loved,’ they say,  
 ‘ Returned the maid that was borne away  
 From Maquon, the fond and the brave.’ ”

“ And again in his ‘ Indian Girl’s Lament,’ we have another charming bit of romance. Indeed I am more than pleased that Bryant has included in his work these Indian legends. Without them American poems would be incomplete. And if his Indian is not real flesh and blood, we are only sorry for it. I should be very sorry if all his characters were only ideal creatures. I should be sorry for mankind if this were so. I should be sorry, too, if the incidents which he relates all through his writings were untrue, for I think the world is better because these poems were written, and if Bryant has not told us truth, where can we find it? No, the world has long since blessed the day which gave us the venerable poet. What a privilege he enjoys. He has lived in two centuries. He has seen the old school of poetry pass away, and has witnessed the dawn of the new. For sixty years and more he has been the intimate of the great ones, who, on two hemispheres, have led thought and scholarship and song. He has, in his turn, been a leader himself in all three. He wrote creditable stanzas before Byron died, and his name rang through the four quarters of the globe long before Coleridge ceased to write. The contemporary of Moore, of Shelley the fanciful, of Wordsworth, of Keats, the Howitts and the Lambs ; the life-long companion of Irving, of Cooper, of Cole and of Halleck, he has seen many a poet blossom into song, live his brief life, and pass away to the other world. He read the wonderful creations of Scott as they came fresh from the press. He published a volume of poems before Tennyson was born, and a second edition of his poetry appeared when Longfellow was a babe of scarcely a year old. He began life young, and as a child was as precocious as Macaulay, and as eager to read as Whipple, who knew the ‘ Citizen of the World,’ before he was six. Like the gifted ‘ Barry Cornwall ’ who died a short time ago, Bryant can stretch forth his hands and touch the great men and women of two ages. He has sung for each and knew them all. The melodious song of ‘ Pitcairn’s Island ’ was written the year after Byron’s death, and about the same time ‘ The Skies ’ and the lines to the moon appeared. The three are strong in Bryant’s characteristics, the latter especially so.”

“ Bryant has often assisted young writers, has he not ; and frequently helped them on with his counsel and advice ? ”

“ Yes, he is quite notable in this way. Several authors of the present day owe much to Bryant. One of his protegés was Webber, the essayist and novelist. Webber was a good critic also, and has left behind him a

praiseworthy review of Hawthorne, his works and literary method, besides several other papers of lesser note. Webber was in New York one day, and with the exception of Audubon he knew scarcely any one in the great city. He had long been an admirer of Bryant's poetry, and after a good deal of consideration he resolved to call on the busy editor and poet, and with no other introduction than a manuscript, present himself at the office. He did so and was cordially received. He found the poet in one of his pleasantest moods, and was overjoyed at the attention he received. The poet took his paper, promised to read it, and invited the young literary aspirant to call the next day. Webber went out into the street in a perfect transport of joy. He had seen Bryant, heard him speak, and was to see him on the morrow again. His heart was light, as you may imagine, and on the following day he hastened to fulfil his engagement at an early hour. In those days Mr. Bryant used to get down to his office by seven o'clock in the morning at the latest, and so by the time young Webber called he was ready to see him. In the meantime he had read the manuscript and was so much pleased with it that as soon as its author entered the room he began to speak his praises of it. He handed him a letter of introduction to Winchester, the publisher, and the youth went on his way rejoicing. Winchester, acting on Bryant's hint, at once engaged him to write a series of papers on Texan Adventure, for his literary journal, *The New World*.

"I remember something of Webber. He wrote 'Old Hicks, the Guide,' and a story which, I recollect, was once very popular with us at school. I think it was called 'The Shot in the Eye.' It was a wild thing, full of spirit, energy, and adventure. Was it not published in two journals at the same time? I remember some talk about it to that effect."

"Yes, it was originally written for the *Democratic Review*, O'Sullivan's publication. The manuscript was delivered to him, but after some weeks passed, it could not be found, though it was really searched for diligently. Webber waited for some months, and resolving to delay no longer, he re-wrote the story and handed it over to the *Whig-Review*—a new magazine—and the tale came out in its second number. O'Sullivan, in the meantime, accidentally came across the long lost manuscript, and he gave it out to the printers, without saying a word about it to Webber. That is how 'The Shot in the Eye' came to be published simultaneously in two American journals. Webber was a curious fellow and always fond of adventure. He went to Central America on an expedition which Walker commanded, and was killed there. He married, in 1849, a Boston lady, who was clever with the pencil, and many of her illustrations appeared in her husband's books. Most of the pictures in *The Hunter's Naturalist* were executed by her. Webber was only



thirty-seven when he died, and in his lifetime knew several eminent people, chief among whom were Bryant, Audubon, Whipple, and others."

"Though not much given to humour, in his poetry, Bryant has introduced the element into an occasional poem of his. His humour is of the satiric kind, and it is very neat. His 'Ode to a Mosquito' is one of this class, and it is delicately done. The mosquito, our poet calls an 'offspring of the gods, though born of earth,' and starting with this idea, he goes on to say, that Titan was his sire, and the ocean nymph his nurse. 'The mosquito, you see, is, therefore, a most respectable insect. He has been brought up amid elegant surroundings. In his young days he nestled softly in a cradle which swung beneath the rushes, and here he rocked gently until his gauzy wings grew strong. The poet handles this dainty thing carefully and well, and he tells us how the air wafted him along, and he traces his career through the forests and the city. In Broadway the insect is invited to taste the alabaster neck, and asked to dine off the fresh cheek and chin of some young maids who throng the streets of the city, and suck the bright blood which courses through the transparent skin. But the insect knows too much for that. What, says he, eat rouge, get poisoned with China bloom, and turn sick at the taste of Rowland's Kalydor. No, no. He forthwith proceeds to bleed the poet himself, but Bryant remonstrates at this, and tells him is to try elsewhere. He is gaunt and thin. Try, says the poet—

'Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood  
 Enriched by generous wine and costly meat,  
 On well-filled skins, sleek as thy native mud,  
 Fix thy light pump and press thy freckled feet :  
 Go to the men for whom in ocean's halls  
 The oyster breeds, and the green turtle sprawls.

'There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows  
 To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now  
 The ruddy cheek and now the ruddier nose  
 Shall tempt thee, as thou flittest round the brow ;  
 And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,  
 No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.' "

"Surely," laughed Charles, "no one but Bryant could write thus of the mosquito. I shall have greater respect for the offspring of the gods' ever after. Indeed I shall esteem it as an honour to be bitten by him and when he comes my way again, I will bare my arm and bid him drink deep of the fountain within. Rowland, who makes those splendid preparations which remove our freckles, thicken our falling locks, and whiten our decaying teeth, until we look young and fresh again, has

been immortalized by the poets. Bryant here refers to his kalydor, and Byron sings glibly of his 'incomparable oil, Macassar.'"

"In personal poems, Bryant has given some real genius. His sonnet to Cole, that great painter whom some deem superior to Allston, written on the occasion of his departure for Europe, is in Bryant's freshest and skilfullest mood, 'The Future Life,' 'The Life that Is,' and 'October, 1866,' are poems addressed to his wife, the latter after her death. None can read these heart touches without emotion. Every word breathes the deepest love and the keenest affection. Death has cast its gloom in the poet's household many times, and we often see traces of his march and the sorrow he has caused, in the poems which tell so eloquently the story of the sweet singer's home life."

"As a translator, Bryant has earned an excellent reputation. While in New York in 1827, he took some pains to acquire the Spanish language, and several of the poems contributed to the *United States Review*, which grew out of the old *New York Review*, were translations from the Spanish, German, Latin, and Greek. 'Mary Magdalen' is perhaps his more ambitious performance from the Spanish, though some will prefer, on account of its ring probably, 'The Alcayde of Molina.'"

"I have seen it somewhere stated that Bryant's translation of Homer was superior to Derby's, and largely in advance of Pope's. Is this true?"

"Yes, I believe it is. You see Bryant, like Longfellow in his Dante, has striven to preserve as much as possible the exact language of his poet. He has overstepped no bounds. Unlike Moore, who has given us so many delightful songs from Anacreon, Bryant gives us Homer, while the Irish singer just lets us have the faintest glimpse of the Greek poet. Bryant is very literal, but at the same time, his translation reads like a fresh poem. In 1865 he began to translate the Iliad, and in December, 1871, his great work was completed and the Odyssey also. All through his life one can see, especially in his later years, the influence which Greek poetry has had upon his mind. It has given a classical turn to his poetry, and changed the scope and current of his thought in several ways. The leading critics, in estimating Bryant's translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey, seem to consider that his triumphs are even greater in the latter than in the former. Be this as it may, no one can take up either without feeling impressed with the wide scholarship and culture which are displayed by the poet in these two notable books, works which will stand alone as monuments of his skill and taste and high cultivation. He has not wooed the muse in vain, and as a translator, he is artistic, finished, and thorough."

"Bryant has told, in his time, many stories of the heart, but nothing that he has written will live longer than the poems which he has pre-

pared for children. Two of them are known far and near. They were not written for any special publication, but composed as the poet was moved to write by the impulse of the moment. He kept them by him in manuscript for many weeks, and they first saw the light in an edition of his poems. The first of these is 'Sella's Fairy Slippers.' A child playing on the rivulet's bank found one day a dainty pair of slippers, white as the snow and spangled with twinkling points like stars. Her name was wrought in silver on the edge, and full of joy she showed them to her mother. But the prudent matron bade her put them by and said :

‘ \* \* \* I cannot see thy name  
Upon the border,—only characters  
Of mystic look and dim are there, like signs  
Of some strange art ; nay, daughter wear them not.’

“ And little Sella hung them in the porch. But after May has done, and Midsummer had come, the child at noon one day was missed, and though they sought for her in her favourite haunts, by the great rock, and far along the stream, none saw the little maid, and two long days passed by. And at the close of that sad second day—

‘ \* \* \* with red eyes,  
The mother sat within her home alone.’

She hurried and with a shriek of joy she saw her Sella by her side. The child had tried the tiny slippers on ; they were shaped so fairly to her feet ; and lo ! she was in a moment transported. She tells her mother of the adventures she passed through, how she walked over the ocean's bed in company with sprites and fairies, and we have a delicious bit of description here. But she grew anxious to see her mother, and the poet tells us at last, how her fair conductor led her home again, and how weary was the journey upward. Arriving at her mother's door, her guide kissed her tenderly, and she saw her face no more. The story is one of the sweetest ever written, and the allegory in the background teaches an interesting lesson. The second child's is equally happy in description and in moral. It is the beautiful bit of nature which Bryant calls his 'Little People of the Snow.' It was published during the Christmas season of 1872, and the story of the little elves is one of the most instructive and beautiful in the whole range of juvenile literature. In it we are told how a little child was beguiled into another world, and Mr. Bryant's description of this under ground garden is full of form and beauty. These two poems are sufficient in themselves to make a reputation for any poet, even if he had written nothing else. It is of a class too, which cannot fail to do a vast amount of good. Parents would perform a judicious act in putting such poems as these, along with Dickens's *Child's Dream of a Star*, in the hands of their children.”

"You are right, and the fact that such authors as Howells and Longfellow, and Taylor, and Trowbridge, and many others, have become purveyors for the literary appetites of our children, seems to point to a splendid future for coming generations of young readers. Juvenile libraries will no longer consist of trashy, goodey-goodey books, written by namby-pamby and obscure writers, but the shelves will be filled with the productions of the masters in letters. The minds of children will grow robust after a course of Bryant, Holmes, Aldrich and the rest."

"Sometimes Bryant has formed a poem in his head long before he has put it in shape on paper. His *Flood of Years* was written about a year ago, some time after the thought had been in his mind. At last he took it up and made a poem of it."

"Bryant is sometimes indebted to actual incidents for some of his poems, though most of his writings are the outcome of his own ripe and vigorous thought. The child's funeral—a pretty poem—happened oddly enough. The author was in Europe, and an English lady in a letter to him related an occurrence which was so curious, and at the same time so interesting, that Bryant could not resist the temptation to put the idea into verse. In the south of Italy a little child had died, died when its little tongue had just begun to lisp the names of those it loved best :

'The father strove his struggling grief to quell,  
The mother wept as mothers use to weep,  
Two little sisters wearied them to tell  
When their dear Carlo would awake from sleep.'

"The father gathered many flowers with which to grace the little corpse, and he was laid in an inner room upon his funeral couch.

'They laid a crown of roses on his head,  
And murmured, "brighter is his crown above."  
  
'They scattered round him, on the snowy sheet,  
Laburnam' strings of sunny-coloured gems,  
Sad hyacinths, and violets dim and sweet,  
And orange blossoms on their dark green stems.'

"The solemn rites of blessing are performed, prayers are said, and the stricken ones go into the room to take the little body away to lay it in the earth below, when lo, the baby greets them with a little cry, and they discover him sitting up and playing with his own funeral wreath :

'The little sisters laugh, and leap, and try,  
To climb the bed on which the infant lay.  
  
'And there he sits alone, and gayly shakes  
In his full hands, the blossoms red and white,  
And smiles with winking eyes, like one who wakes  
From long deep slumbers at the morning light.'

“The incident of itself is charming enough, but put into such poetry as Bryant writes, it forthwith resolves itself into a classic, and is another child-poem of singular beauty and expression.”

“Apart from his poetry, Bryant is a prose writer of singular elegance and beauty of style. His letters of a traveller are models of pure writing, and show rare felicity of thought and movement. The companion volume, ‘Letters from the East,’ contain notes of a visit to Egypt and Palestine. It is interesting to sit down to-day and read Bryant’s European and American letters of forty years ago. He writes from Pisa, Florence, Rome, Paris, Venice, the Shetland Isles, London, Cuba, Florida, and other places in different parts of the world. He chats pleasantly about art, and men, and customs, and relates incidents by the way which are quite delightful, as much on account of the changes which have taken place since then, as by reason of the fund of information which they possess. Bryant was one who went about Europe with his eyes and ears open. Nothing worth recording seems to have escaped him, and his letters are as fresh and breezy as if they were given to the public for the first time to-day. The American letters are not so fresh, inasmuch as the changes have been more sweeping in their character since Bryant wrote his chronicles, and they are useful now only as impressions formed something less than half a century ago, by a man with thought in his composition. His other volume of prose papers will always retain their interest. These are his orations, speeches and addresses delivered at different times in the orator’s career.”

“I have read them and must admire their polish and finish,” said Charles. “I know of no one who could write anything like them, save Phillips, or Webster. Bryant deals with his subjects pictorially and picturesquely. Every sentence is perfectly formed, and his choice of language is skillful and elegant. He has lived so long, and knows so intimately, all the great personages of his time, and is so thoroughly acquainted with everything which belongs to his age, that he can talk intelligently and well upon any topic which may arise. No one can speak more eloquently than he, and utter such words of wisdom at the unveiling of a statue of some eminent man; no one can preside at a public dinner with more dignity and grace, and utter a more happy post-prandial address than Bryant. His words flow without hesitancy. His commanding presence and chaste language awaken admiration in the breasts of his hearers. In the book of orations which bears his name, we have his remarks on Thomas Cole, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Washington Irving, James F. Cooper, Verplanck, Kossuth, Morse, Shakespeare, Scott, besides speeches on a number of social subjects. His other prose works consist chiefly of the editorship which he has given to various books—The ‘Library of Poetry and Song,’ ‘Picturesque America,’ &c., and a

novel, or rather a translation of a story from the Spanish of Carolina Coronado, entitled *Jarilla*. Bryant has been connected with the *Evening Post* since 1826, and in the issue of that journal of November 13th, 1851, he wrote a 'History of the First Fifty Years' of its career. It was founded November 16th, 1801, by William Coleman, a barrister. In 1829 Coleman died, and William Leggett took his place in the paper. The latter retired in 1836, when Mr. Byrant returned from Europe and took charge. He has remained in that position ever since, and the *Post* to-day is a very valuable property."

The venerable poet is a man of strong will, but a tender heart. He is loved by many who know him only through his works. He is loved by all who know him personally. His great and good qualities of head and heart endear him to countless thousands. His poems reflect the purity of his life."

---

---

## WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

#### THE COUPE.

OUR history must now retrace its steps, for a few months, to the day when Cecil Landon left his wife for Wellborough on the morning after that eventful picnic at Windsor. He had, as he had seemed to do, in reality forgiven his wife for the deception which she had confessed to having practised on him at the time of their marriage; but the thought of it still rankled in his breast. He was profoundly dissatisfied with her, and also dissatisfied with himself at having been so easily persuaded to forgiveness. He was by no means of the hard material out of which are carved domestic tyrants; but, like most conceited men, he resented exceedingly being made the subject of deception.

The incident of the day before and its probable consequences also annoyed him far more than he would like to have confessed; he shrank from the ridicule which was sure to be evoked by it, even more than from the scandal it would create; for, for that he felt there was no serious ground. His wife, he was confident, had told him the truth at last. But not until it had been wrung from her; not until she had

made him a laughing-stock to Society, and caused him to commit an offence which, in the eyes of Lady Elizabeth Groves (of whose designs upon Mr. Whympier-Hobson he was well aware), would be unpardonable, and he very much cared, if not for the good opinion, at least for the good word of Lady Elizabeth Groves. His sagacity even foresaw that Gossip, with its usual blundering malice, would associate the young man's name with that of Ella, and this, if it did not anger him more than all, made him feel more bitter than aught else against his wife.

It was with a vexed and gloomy spirit indeed that Cecil Landon drove up to the railway station, and sprang out of his hansom ere it stopped. He was early for the train—which had been hitherto a thing unusual with him (there had been no lingering farewells this time when he left his home)—but he felt that motive, action, haste, were imperative. He was consumed by a fever of the mind, though it was not stirred by expectation nor cheered by hope ; and it drove him not towards rest, but to take external stimulants. His heart was full of bitterness, but his eyes were quick as ever to observe all that was passing about him. His wrath was as the anger of a child, which vanishes or changes to some other passion when any object of attraction presents itself. At the ticket office, which had only just been opened, one would-be passenger was already before him. It was a lady, and, to judge by her figure, a young one, though her face could not be seen, since she was in earnest conversation with the railway clerk, and it was thrust forward almost into the pigeon-hole.

“What a time these women are in getting their tickets,” muttered Cecil to himself ; “they have always some question to put which common-sense would tell them. What rubbish the people talk who want to give them the franchise, when they have not even the intelligence to understand their Bradshaws.”

“She has been three full minutes already,” continued he, half aloud, and the clerk seeing him consult his watch, and glad of the opportunity to dismiss his importunate customer, inquired, “Where for, sir ?—You must move on, miss,” he added to the young lady, “since the ticket is lost there is no help for it but to pay again.”

The young lady uttered a sigh—deeper one would have thought than the occasion should have demanded—and turned sorrowfully away.

Even then, Cecil did not see her face ; nor to do him justice, was he influenced by the fact that she was young, or the possibility that she might be pretty ; but the sigh touched him, as it would have done had it been uttered by any one of her sex, or indeed of his own. To his keen ear it spoke of poverty—notwithstanding that the pigeon-hole was for first-class passengers—of an inability to pay ; and towards the poor Cecil's heart was always tender.

"What is the matter with that young lady?" inquired he, as he took her place.

"Oh, she has lost her return ticket—or says so; it's a very old dodge if she hasn't," returned the clerk derisively.

"Where was it she wished to go to?"

"To Grantham, just beyond Pullham Junction. She wanted to know whether she could not pay at that end of her journey, instead of this, which would be a queer start."

"Give me a ticket for Grantham."

"I have stamped yours for Wellborough. You certainly said Wellborough," said the much enduring clerk. "If men, as well as women are not to know their own minds, we railway-clerks will have harder work than ever."

"I know my mind, which is to have both tickets," observed Cecil gravely.

"Oh, I see you wish to pay for the young lady."

The clerk's face was a picture as he gave out the two tickets. He dared not smile, because Cecil's hand was so dangerously near to his own face; but it turned purple with suppressed amusement. I am afraid he did not give the young man the credit he deserved for his philanthropic intentions. The young lady had withdrawn to the platform, and when Cecil came up to her, was counting the slender contents of a little purse with an air of anxiety as well as melancholy.

"Here is your ticket, madam," said Cecil, in respectful tones.

"Have you found it, sir? oh thank you," said she, looking brightly up, and speaking with earnest gratitude. He thought that gentle face, with its little flush of colour, the fairest object he had ever beheld. There was no positive disloyalty to Ella's beauty in his admiration, for there was no comparison between the two women. Ella was a brunette, whereas the young lady in question was a blonde; there was nothing dark about her, except those long eyelashes under which looked forth those tender eyes of blue; her complexion was exquisite, it had absolutely no fault, except perhaps an excessive delicacy. The bow of her Cupidon lips was straightened for the moment by a smile as she thanked him, but ere the gracious words had left them became a bow again.

"This is not my ticket, sir," said she, with gravity, "mine was a half ticket."

"But you had lost it, the clerk said, so I ventured to supply its place."

He placed it in her hand, lifted his hat, and walked on towards the train, which was waiting by the platform. I have painted him ill, if it is not distinctly understood that Cecil Landon—within certain limits, and with most of us, alas! there is a limit—was a gentleman. He had no intention of presuming upon the service he had rendered; indeed,



he thought very little of it ; money was not only of no consequence in his own eyes, but he did not recognise its necessary importance in many cases in those of other people. He treated the purchase of the ticket—which, perhaps, had cost him thirty shillings—as though the lady had dropped her glove and he had picked it up for her.

“ But sir, you mustn't, indeed I can't accept it,” exclaimed a quick and agitated voice, close to his ear. She had run up to him, and even touched his arm to draw his attention, which had been directed to the portmanteau a porter was placing for him under the seat of a carriage.

“ But you can't travel without a ticket, madam, and there is the ticket,” said he, smiling, and after the old and attractive fashion too. That touch of her little hand, involuntary as it had been, had moved him strangely.

“ But the obligation, sir, is so considerable, and to a complete stranger too.”

“ Whatever it is, it is on my side,” replied Cecil, “ if you will condescend to accept the service.”

This somewhat high-flown speech evidently flew over the young lady's head. She only saw that something kind was intended, and ere she could acknowledge it the bell began to ring, and the guard to call out : “ Take your seats for Ledbridge, Pullham, and Wellborough. Where are you for, Miss ? Grantham ?—then this is the carriage,” and he handed her into the very coupé in which Cecil had placed his luggage. She looked a little decomposed, but in those days of coupés there were no ladies' carriages,” and she could scarcely have said : “ I do not wish to travel with this gentleman.”

Cecil noticed the look, and observed, with his hand on his portmanteau : “ If you would rather be alone—— ” but the train was actually in motion ere he finished the sentence, so there was no option for him but to jump in or be left behind.

“ I am sure I ought not to be sorry,” said the young lady, simply, as they moved out of the station, “ for the opportunity that is thus afforded me of—of—cultivating your further acquaintance ; otherwise I should have felt like a downright robber ; would you be kind enough, sir, to favour me with your name and address ? ”

“ Oh certainly ! ” said Cecil, smiling. “ You shall have them both before you reach your journey's end.” There was no reason why he should not have given them at once, yet something—not, alas ! his good genius nor her's—dissuaded him from it.

“ I will send you the cheque by to-night's post,” continued the young lady, who had taken out her pocket book, and sat, pencil in hand, ready for his communication. “ Perhaps you will put it down your-

self ; I shall feel much easier in my mind, and indeed, sir,"—seeing him hesitate—"I must insist upon it."

Thus adjured, he hastily wrote down a few words, closed the book and returned it to her.

"You are very young—or else must be very rich—to have a cheque-book of your own," observed he, smiling.

"It is certainly not for the latter reason," returned she, with an answering smile. "The fact is, my sister and I, being alone in the world, have the sole management of our own little affairs ; but it is she who is the woman of business, and it is her name, not mine, which appears in our pecuniary transactions."

"I have no doubt it is a 'good' name, as we say in the city," laughed Cecil ; "but still I should like to know that of the other partner of the firm."

"Since you have given me yours," said she gravely, "I have no right, nor indeed any reason, to withhold mine : it is Rose Mytton."

"A very pretty and a very appropriate name," said Cecil.

"I don't see that," answered she simply. "It is rather a funny one in the plural. Mr. Welby—that's our vicar—calls Helen and me the pair of mittens. A little joke goes a long way down at Grantham."

"When I said it was appropriate, I was referring to your Christian name," observed Cecil.

"Oh, I see, you intend to be complimentary," and she gave him a grave little bow.

Cecil felt that he had made a mistake—or at least that he had been "forcing the pace" too early, so he hastened to be very matter of fact, to erase any unfavourable impression he might have made.

"Good heavens ! I never looked after your luggage ; did you see it labelled ?"

"I have nothing but this," she said, pointing to a black leather bag, which she had carried on her arm while on the platform. "I was only in London for one day ; the fact is I came up on some business of my sister's, and stayed the night with some friends of ours, who started for the seaside this morning. That was what made the loss of my return ticket so very inconvenient. I had not enough of money left to pay my fare even by the third class ; and no one to apply to for more. So you have really done me a very great service."

"No more than anyone else would have done, who had the good fortune to have the opportunity," said Cecil. "But how curious, and indeed shocking, it seems, that the want of a few shillings in her purse should place a young lady like yourself in a position of positive embarrassment."

"You would be very often shocked at Helen and me, I do assure you,"

returned Miss Mytton, laughing, "if you are shocked at that. When we sit on our special committee of Ways and Means, at the end of every month, the firm often finds itself 'positively embarrassed.'"

"What, in spite of that cheque-book, and the balance at the banker's, that it presupposes?"

"We sometimes bring it down very low indeed," continued the young lady gaily. "Do you think it will stand against another five pounds," says Helen; "because you know the bankers say: 'We expect our customers to keep fifty pounds in hand;' only they are so pleasant and accommodating to Helen and me, that they never make a fuss about it."

"Of course they don't," said Cecil. "They are better pleased—or ought to be—with having the firm of Mytton Sisters on their books, than that of Anybody Brothers, with fifty thousand pounds."

"Well, I am not quite sure of that," laughed Miss Rose; "but at all events they never complain."

"But if you are not the acting member of the firm, how comes it that you come to town on business, instead of the senior partner—for I conclude you are the junior?"

"Yes, I am the junior, though only by a year or two. Well, the fact is, my sister was not quite well, and I insisted upon going to London in her place. She objected very much, and even had the cruelty to suggest that I was not competent to undertake the expedition. She actually said I should never find my way to town and back; and how nearly that prophecy has come true! She will never trust me to go from home alone again I expect."

"But I hope the business got transacted all right."

"Oh yes; I think I have managed that. Are you a judge of drawings?"

"I know something about them, in a stiff professional way," said Cecil, with reference to his studies at the Military Academy.

"Oh, you are an engineer perhaps."

"No," said Cecil, blushing; he felt that he could never reveal his true calling to this charming young creature. "I was educated, however, with some such intention."

"Well, then you will be able to judge."

From an outside pocket of the leather bag the young lady took a small portfolio, full of sketches, some of which she handed to him. They were for the most part illustrations of rather striking situations—combats, quarrels, the partings and meetings of lovers, and so on.

"They are very vigorous," remarked Cecil, "and so far as my opinion goes, of quite exceptional merit. But the subjects are a little what may be called 'sensational'—don't you think so?"

"Yes, indeed I do," answered the young lady, laughing, "and so does the artist. 'My dear,' says Helen to me sometimes, quite gravely, 'would you be so good as to let me have a pork-chop for supper?'—I am the house-keeper, you must know, and provide for the establishment—'I must have some terrible dreams to-night, in order to be up to my work for "The Raven's Wing" to-morrow.' 'The Raven's Wing' is a magazine to which, among others, my sister supplies the illustrations. It is very exacting in the way of 'sensation.' The editor writes: 'You must do us a good Vampire for the next part;,' and, never having seen a vampire, poor Helen has to stimulate her imagination."

Cecil was much tickled with this idea, and laughed as he had not laughed certainly for the last twenty-four hours.

"And all these other pictures, the murders and the combats, and the falling down steep precipices, are they all for magazines?"

"Yes, some have been bespoken, but most of them have been drawn, as Helen says, on 'spec'—you would be delighted with Helen, since you are fond of fun,—she wishes to increase her connection with the periodicals, and had made an appointment to show some drawings to a certain editor, when she was taken ill—or at least with a bad sore throat,—and so I kept it for her. I am glad to say that her interests have not suffered by her absence."

"I can easily imagine it, since you were her proxy," said Cecil, quietly, and as though stating some mathematical fact. She did not give him this time that reproof of the grave little bow, and he felt, to use an aquatic phrase, that "he was gaining."

Though he kept his eyes still fixed upon the drawings, the blush of pleasure that rose to her pretty cheek did not escape him, nor the nervous plunge her hand made into the portfolio for more pictures.

"The funniest part of the whole affair," said she, "is that Helen herself does not care for figure-drawing. Her own line is landscape, which unhappily is in little or no demand with the magazines. Now that is what I call a pretty picture."

She put into his hand an etching of a small country-house. Every detail of it was exquisite, and though small, perfectly distinct, and even elaborate. It showed a low-roofed dwelling, with French windows opening upon a small but well-kept garden. Above it, like some giant-sentinel, towered a great chalk hill, here bare, here covered with foliage, and crowned with a forest of beeches.

"What a charming retreat!" cried Cecil. "Am I right in conjecturing it to be the country-house of the firm?"

"You have guessed it," replied the young lady delightedly. "It was somebody's hunting-box at one time, and used to be called 'The Box,'"

but when we took it the vicar insisted on its name being altered; he said it sounded 'horsey,' so we now call it 'The Casket.'"

"And I hope the vicar has christened its inmates 'The Jewels.'"

"What clever guesses you make. He really does call us his jewels."

"I object to that," said Cecil promptly. "He has no right to use the possessive pronoun, has he? You can't be both his jewels at all events." It was curious how interested he felt in this absurd inquiry; and in making quite certain that it was Miss Helen Mytton—if it was either—and not Miss Rose, whom the parson called "his jewel."

"Mr. Welby is a privileged person," she replied laughing, "and calls people what he pleases."

"He has re-christened their cottage, but that is the limit as to change of name he is likely to go with either of the firm?"

"We are neither of us likely to become Mrs. Welby, if you mean that."

"Well, I did mean that," confessed Cecil, with a sigh of relief "though I feel that it was impertinent in me to express it. Pray forgive me."

"Well, you see, there is still that money owing to you for my ticket," answered Miss Rose, archly; "and debtors are obliged to forgive things."

"Then I should like always to remain your creditor," said Cecil naively; "that I might make little slips of behaviour, and be so bewitchingly forgiven. Pray thank your sister," added he before her forehead could form a frown, "for the great pleasure her drawings have afforded an ignorant but admiring stranger," and he began to wrap them up again in the tissue paper in which they had been folded.

"Your name is in my pocket-book though you have not mentioned it," said she softly; "and for my part I shall scarcely consider you as a stranger after your great kindness."

"I am sure I shall not consider you so, after yours," replied Cecil almost below his breath, though they were quite alone.

He had not only forgotten all about his quarrel with his wife by this time, but almost her very existence. Yet it is fair to say that he would not have done this but for the quarrel. Let me whisper in your ears, ladies: there is no time so dangerous to let a husband go out of your sight as just after you have had a disagreement with him. The most faithful, the most dutiful, the best of men, are on such occasions, if not prone to disloyalty, exceedingly susceptible of the influences of other women. "If my wife doesn't appreciate me," say these vain and unstable creatures, when any one of the other sex is making herself agreeable to them, though in the most innocent and ordinary way, "here is another—worth a dozen of her to look at—who has better taste." I

have written it in the "vulgar tongue," but that is what they feel, every one of them, from an archbishop downwards.

[The concluding chapters of this story are unquestionably its best; they have much dramatic force and are wrought with skill. To give them entire would, however, draw largely upon our space in several numbers of our next year's volume; and rather than do this, we yield to a general desire to conclude the story in the present number. This will entail great curtailment, and in a measure do injustice to Mr. Payn; but it is unavoidable. We give such portions of the concluding chapters, condensed or entire, or in the way of editorial summary, as may be necessary to give the reader the drift of the concluding, and most effective, part of the story.—ED. *Belford's Magazine*.]

[The next chapter introduces us to a pending collision, from which we make a short extract:—]

"Rose," he said, unconsciously addressing the girl by her Christian name, "there is going to be an accident; there is not a moment to be lost. You must jump out." And he opened the carriage door.

"An accident!—jump out!" she murmured, aghast with fear. "I can never do it."

The voices of men calling wildly mingled with the shrieks of the engine, as it screamed forth its passionate warning to its approaching brother.

"Then I will jump with you," said Cecil. He took her unresistingly in his arms; and as he did so, even in that moment of supreme peril, pressed her tenderly to his breast. "You will be safe with me," he murmured—though he was far from thinking so—as he stood with her upon the carriage step. Her long brown hair had come unfastened, and the fierce wind blew it about his face, so that he could scarcely see; but on the whole he judged the spot to be favourable for his venture.

The train was running in a cutting, and the bank rose high and green before him without stones. He leapt out, taking care to jump well forward; there was a rushing through the air, the shock of a dead-weight fall, and then a roar and crash, as though the very world were breaking up into its constituent atoms.

"Are you hurt?" was Cecil's eager inquiry as, stunned and bruised, but not, as he imagined, seriously injured, he leant over his still prostrate companion.

"No—that is a little," she murmured; "my arm is hurt. But do not mind me. Good heavens, look at the train!"

The train, or rather both trains, had come together with a shock which, though greatly mitigated by the efforts of their respective drivers ere they leapt from their posts, had made a wreck of the foremost carriages, the fragments of which strewed the line. The air was rent with shrieks and groans and appalling cries for aid.

[The accident resulted in Cecil driving Rose to her home in Grantham, remaining there for dinner (at which he met Rev. Mr. Welby), and in establishing relations between himself and Rose which brought her completely within the range of his powers, and him to feel that he was playing the part of a scoundrel. Madly in love with her, however, he allowed himself to be carried on to marriage with her. Hugh Darrell then comes upon the scene again; revealing to Helen Mytton the fact of Cecil's previous marriage. Helen takes Cecil to task. We now quote in full :—]

---

#### THE MEETING IN THE LOCK.

THE circumstances which interfered, and, as Landon weakly imagined, fortunately interfered, with the immediate confession of his position, was a certain water excursion organised by the vicar, in the special honour of the newly-married couple, and to which Rose was looking forward with childish expectation. It was to take place on the Thames, a river with whose beauties she was wholly unacquainted, and involved a journey by railway of considerable length. To Helen, the notion of taking part in any amusement under such circumstances was simply ghastly and repulsive; but she could hardly absent herself, save upon some plea of indisposition, which would have been certain to keep Rose at home or to spoil her pleasure. To Cecil it was a day of reprieve, which to some minds, at least, is preferable to the one of execution. His mind was too much pre-occupied by the consideration of how events would shape themselves, when his confession should have been made, to note how Helen shrank from him; he was thinking of Ella's passion, her love for him changed to hate, and her quick thoughts bent upon revenge; he knew her well—the more shame to him for so treating her—and could calculate the force with which such a blow would strike her, and the effects it would produce. She would move heaven and earth to right herself in the world's eyes and get him punished. She would invoke the law for certain, and when that failed, as he was well assured it would fail, she might even try other means of vengeance. She was not one to sit down quiet under so cruel an injury. He did not think it impossible that in her wild rage she might even play the Eleanor to his fair Rosamond. Then he pictured to himself his Rose's anguish with all the pillars of domestic peace in ruins about her; and his heart sank within him. His punishment had indeed begun.

It was so far fortunate that, in consideration of the excursion having been planned in Rose's honour, the vicar, for once, paid her peculiar attention, and left Helen in Cecil's charge; otherwise Rose must needs have noticed her husband's gloomy looks and absent air. To Helen,

who guessed the cause only too well, his silence during the railway journey was welcome, since it permitted her to think her own sad thoughts without molestation. At the river-side, however, the vicar had prepared some compensation for himself. Instead of a large boat for the accommodation of the party, he had bespoken two skiffs, in which they were to row some miles down the stream, and dine at a certain house of entertainment. It would never do, he said, to separate bride and bridegroom; so Helen was to go with him, and Rose with her husband. Under other circumstances, Cecil would have accepted this arrangement willingly enough; he much preferred his wife's company to that of her sister, for whom he entertained an intuitive dread, which did not, however, prevent him from slyly bantering her on the subject of the vicar's devotion. On this occasion, however, he was in no mood for banter; but took the place assigned to him without a word.

Hé was a good oarsman, but the sculls felt in his hand like lead, as he pulled out from shore. Rose on the contrary, was full of spirits. She had never been on the water with him before, or seen him in the boating-dress which became him so admirably. The wooded reach, down which they sped so swiftly, delighted her with its unaccustomed charms. The changing leaf from its fiery red to soberest brown, walled them in on both sides with its varied tapestry; above them was the autumn sky with its isles of fleecy cloud. Hamlet and hall, church and mill, the sounding lasher and the echoing lock, were feasts to her eye and ear; and when her glance, surfeited with the gorgeous panorama, sought some more quiet bliss, it rested on her husband.

"How soft and soothing is the very motion of the boat, and all these sights and sounds," said she to Cecil. "It seems almost a sin to talk."

"That is not everybody's feeling," answered he, smiling. "Listen."

His poised the oars upon the rowlocks and let the skiff glide on, when, instantly, a far-off sound of talk and laughter broke upon their ears.

"There is a merry party on ahead. What is it, Rose?"

Rose, of course, was looking forward, and he the other way; a bend of the river had hitherto concealed these persons from her view, but now she caught sight of them.

"There is a large pleasure-boat full of people said she. "And it has six oars. What a pace they go!"

"I think we can catch them, however, before they reach the lock," observed Cecil, looking round.

"Welby, can you spurt?" cried he to the vicar, whose skiff was but a few yards behind them.

"Try me," answered the other with a slight ring of boastfulness in his tone.

He was not so young as Landon, but, in the case of the oar, youth



gives no great superiority; and in his college-days the vicar had cloven the waters of that very river with no little credit to himself and his college-club. That "Try me" in fact was the acceptance of a challenge, and no sooner had the words been uttered than both skiffs began to fly. For the sense of speed and the delights that accompanies it, there is nothing like "spurting"—to the steerer; and Rose was in the seventh heaven of happiness.

"The boat ahead has quickened its stroke," cried she, clapping her hands with glee. "We are going to have a race with *them* too."

In the way of emulation—else so many husbands would not be ruined—the female is even more greedy of triumph than the male.

A six-oared boat, with four ladies in it under an awning, has commonly but a small chance, even with a start, against a skiff, with one lady and no awning, rowed by a powerful oarsman; but in the present case the six were picked men—young gentlemen from London, whose home in summer was on the river, and whose hearts were there even when the claims of the law, the public service, or of their relations, called them elsewhere. On this occasion, in presence of their ladies, these cavaliers acquitted themselves to admiration; and Rose beheld the awning raised and more than one fair flushed face look forth, to mark the progress of the pursuers. As for Cecil, he was "putting his back into it," and saw nothing but his own knees.

The three boats reached the lock-gates, opened wide for their reception, almost at the same instant; and then, of course, the respective athletes ignored the existence of their rivals, and looked—or rather, tried to look, for they were hot, breathless, and "pumped out,"—as though there had been no race at all. The six-oared boat took one side of the lock, and the skiffs—that of Landon being in advance of the rector—the other; the men holding by the chains as the waters sank. If the gentlemen ignored one another, however, the ladies made up for it by scanning each other very narrowly; not a feature of Rose's or Helen's, not a brooch, nor a bow, nor a stray lock of their hair, escaped the notice of the tenants of the awning; and though the two sisters were less curious in their behaviour, it is probable they could have made out a pretty exact inventory of their late rivals and their apparel after the first half-second.

One lady of the four especially attracted Rose's attention. She was of dark, indeed, almost Spanish complexion, and of great beauty; her dress, though a little too handsome for the occasion, was in excellent taste. But it was neither her personal charms nor her apparel, which riveted Rose's gaze; but the way in which she stared at Rose's husband. Just as Helen had seen them in Darall's face at church the preceding day, so now Rose marked Incredulity, Astonishment, Horror, arise in this woman's, and finally uncontrollable Passion—the rage of the tigress.

Landon, as I have said, was busy with his lengthening chain and keeping the frail boat away from the wet wall, and observed nothing of this, until presently a voice rang through the echoing lock, startling every ear, and chilling him to the very marrow—"Cecil!"

He turned his face—a moment before aglow with toil, but now aghast with fear—and met Ella's piercing eyes.

"Cecil!"

She had repeated his name, but still he answered nothing. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; his despairing eyes sought the dark waters as though beneath them alone were to be found release and escape. Yet he was somehow conscious—perhaps he saw her reflection in the stream—that Ella was standing up and pointing to Rose.

"Cecil! Who is that woman?"

Then with a sharp pain he looked up at Rose. Pale as a river lily, she sat confronting Ella, and in a firm quiet voice replied:

"I am his wife, madam."

"His wife? Then who am I? I speak to *you*, sir."

Cecil was well aware she spoke to him. He also knew that the lock-gates were opening behind him, and giving, as it seemed, a glimpse of light and life. Up to that time he had felt like a rat in a hole, but without the pluck of the rat. Now there was freedom—for the moment at least—before him; he thrust the skiff from the wall, plunged his sculls into the water, and shot out into the sunlight like an arrow from a bow. No confession of defeat and guilt could have been more complete; and poor Rose fell back in her seat—which was fortunately fenced round as usual, like an arm-chair—and fainted away.

The air and her quick motion through it, however, revived her, and she presently came to herself, though only with a dim consciousness of what had happened.

Cecil, on the other hand, had by that time summoned all his wits about him, and met her wandering glance with an affectionate smile.

"You are better now, darling, are you not? I am so deeply sorry for what has happened!"

"What has happened?" sighed she; then, with a deep flush she added, "ah! that woman! I remember now. She called you 'Cecil'—said she was your wife."

"Yes dear; she did. But it was all untrue."

"All?"

"Well, no; not all, of course, love. I have behaved very ill; but that was before I knew you, Rose."

It was curious, considering the base subterfuges to which he had already sunk, that Cecil thus shrank from saying anything to Ella's disparagement. To do him justice, it was quite as much remorse as fear

that had kept him silent under her questioning in the lock. When she had cried out to him, on Rose's saying that she was his wife, "Then, who am I, sir?" he had not had the heart—that is to say, he had lacked the brutality as well as the courage—to deny the tie between them. Rose's simplicity and ignorance of the world were such that she had, hitherto, imagined that no image of another woman had ever occupied the place of her own in her husband's breast. She had imagined it to be a sort of sanctuary, which had remained pure and void until he saw her, and set her up in it as its idol. But now that she perceived this had not been the case, she at once grasped the fact that men in general are far from being immaculate. It was out of the question that her husband should be an exception save upon the side of virtue; it was evident, therefore, that he had given way to vice under a great temptation. She was not angry with him, as some women would have been, for taking all the blame upon himself, and saying nothing against his seducer; but she was by no means more inclined upon that account to take a charitable view of the young person in the six-oared galley. Her impudence had certainly been beyond all belief; but then young persons of that description must necessarily be impudent; nor was she even without a suspicion that poor Ella was intoxicated. Perhaps, what annoyed Rose most was the fact that this unfortunate and amazing rencontre had taken place in the presence of her sister and Mr. Welby.

Neither spoke again till they drew near a pretty riverside inn, about a mile below the lock. Then Cecil mildly said:

"We are to get out here, love."

"Why?" cried Rose, with a little shudder, and a half-glance behind her.

She would have preferred him to row on at the same rate for ten miles an hour for an indefinite time, so as to distance that six-oared galley, with the young person in it who called her husband "Cecil," altogether.

"We are to dine here, darling," said he persuasively.

"Dine!" she echoed, not scornfully, but with the air of one who never looks to enjoy dinner again. Perhaps, thought she, the occupants of that galley were about to dine there also, a notion that made her shiver.

However, she got out, and they were ushered into the sitting-room that had been prepared for them. It looked on the river, of course, which was itself an element of horror; and in a minute or two the measured stroke of the six-oared boat was heard as it came down the stream.

Rose, seated on the sofa, as far from the window as possible, grew once more deadly pale; she had taken up some illustrated newspaper

to hide her face from the waiter, and Cecil noticed how it trembled in her hand. Then his eyes turned to the mirror above the mantel-piece; the brightly-painted boat, with its gay-coloured awning, which happily hid those beneath it, crossed its surface like a glittering pageant seen in a magic glass—for him full of baleful menace—and passed away in a breath.

Landon drew a deep sigh of relief.

"Has it gone by?" asked Rose in a tremulous whisper.

"Yes, dearest; it has gone by."

Then came the beat of sculls; and in the mirror Cecil saw pale Helen and the vicar with troubled brow. It was, above all things, necessary that he should make his peace with Rose before those others came.

"Can you not forgive me, darling?" he whispered tenderly.

"I *have* forgiven you," she answered. "Let us forget it. Never let us speak of it more."

He kissed her, but said nothing; his heart misgave him that that last wish was vain indeed; that this evil day was but the beginning of troubles. But it was something to have obtained her pardon.

The next moment their two companions entered the room.

[Landon was soon after the events here described arrested for bigamy upon the sworn information of Colonel Juxon. Here the author leaves him for a time, to introduce the reader to Commissary Ray and his bride; of whom it is only necessary to say that when he discovered that she had no money, and she discovered that he had none, they came to an open quarrel, in which the former de Horsingham defended herself by drawing a pistol upon her liege lord. We next find the elder Landon paying a visit to Ella. Through Gracie she signified her unwillingness to see him; at which the old man bitterly cursed her. And next comes the trial. Mr. Vance is attorney for the prosecution, with the great Mr. Pawson for counsel. Mr. Everett and Mr. Redburn act in similar capacities for the defence.]

#### THE FIRST DAY'S TRIAL.

Imagine Cecil, having surrendered to his bail, standing in the prisoners'-dock, in the great court-house, filled from roof to floor with spectators whose eyes devoured him. Even the judge himself raised his gold-rimmed glasses, and surveyed him with a prolonged stare after which he took a pinch of snuff. It was the first case in the assize list—a true bill having, of course, been returned against him by the grand jury—and everybody in court was fresh and eager. His demeanour was quiet and possessed, though by no means bold. He had the courage to run his eye round that vast assemblage, and to rest it for an instant, though without any sign of recognition, upon those he knew. Mr.

Whympers-Hobson, whom his glance arrested in the middle of some humorous remark to a neighbour in the gallery—probably concerning Cecil himself, for he turned scarlet beneath his eye—was in the gallery on his left. His eyes had not fallen on him since he had thrown him, neck and heels, into Virginia Water. In the opposite gallery, a portion of which had been reserved for ladies, was Helen, who had come by Rose's special commandment, under convoy of Mrs. Darall. Cecil noticed, too, that there were many of his London acquaintances, some of whom sought, as some avoided, his eye. Others there were whose faces were familiar to him, but whose names, and the places where he had met them, he had forgotten. One, in particular, a tall white-headed man, with sloping shoulders, like a student, returned his passing glance with a look of intense disfavour. Beside these, there were no persons in whom he had any special interest, for the witnesses in the case were, for the present, kept out of court. It was with them, as he was well aware, that his true ordeal lay, and with one among them above all.

He looked forward with sickening expectation to the moment when that door at the back of the witness-box should open and admit Ella; he felt his cheeks pale at the very thought of it, and his eyes seek the ground. And he had to wait for it for weary hours. The counsel for the prosecution opened the case at considerable, and indeed unusual, length. Cecil listened with more or less of attention, but he was chiefly taken up with speculations as to how Ella would look, and especially how she would look at him. Upon the whole, he hoped, as he expected, that it would be with vindictive severity; any touch of ancient tenderness or pity would, he felt, unman him quite. At times a subdued hum—the inarticulate expression of deep and unfavourable feeling—would compel him to give heed to the counsel's words. Then he heard himself described as a vile and dissolute wretch, making use of a mere informality of the law—which, an ignorance only equalled by his villainy had caused him to believe a valid plea—to break faith with the woman he had married, and to seduce the affections of another on the pretence of being a free man. He did not seem to have known so much of his own life as this lawyer in the wig and gown knew, and was describing with such merciless minuteness. And yet, dark as were the colours in which his picture was drawn, how far short was it of the blackness of the original as it must needs appear to Ella's eyes; and, again, his thoughts reverted to his former wife.

By the breathless silence, broken by the occasional sob from some easily-moved woman, the counsel must now be talking of Ella; and it was so. He was describing how she had given him her maiden love, had trusted in him, had cleaved to him in spite of his absence and indiffer-

ence, and of how the news of his heartless treachery had fallen upon her without foreshadowing a hint. "She was not," said the counsel, "blameless in respect to one point of her conduct—to be presently referred to; but she was altogether blameless and undeserving of this wrong as regarded him." Then he went on to touch with what seemed tender delicacy, but was, in fact, judicious lightness, on the quarrel between Ella and her father, and the unhappy error into which she had been led by her excited feelings with respect to her change of name. "An attempt might be made," he said, "by the other side to influence the jury in the prisoner's favour, by the fact that his knowledge of the deception had embittered his relations with his wife, and turned his thoughts to getting rid of her. But the jury were men of principle as well as of intelligence, and would look on that matter in its true light. The man was tired of his wife no doubt; unhappily, many dissolute and profligate persons did get tired of their wives, though scarcely within so short a time as this man; but the true reason of his second marriage was that his licentious nature had been attracted by the charms of another woman. In his own mind there had not existed a shadow of a doubt of his being already legally married; but he had used the informality already alluded to as a salve to his conscience in contracting a new alliance. The second wife, he (the counsel) had heard, would not make her appearance that day in court. She was said to be ill, which was likely enough, or it might be that she was disinclined to give this man the moral support of her presence." Here Mr. Redburn begged to call the attention of his learned friend to the fact, that a medical certificate had been handed in, which described Mrs. Henry Landon, "as I shall most certainly prove her entitled to be called," incapacitated by illness from attending the court.

"Ah, well; that might be so. Some of the jury might themselves be acquainted with the convenience of medical certificates," at which remark, since some half-dozen jurymen had been already struck off the list that morning upon that very ground, there was "much laughter."

But, upon the whole, the case for the prosecution was singularly destitute of such streaks of light; it was unmitigatedly stern and hostile as well as protracted; and with its length—which by no means invariably happens—it seemed also to grow in strength. What puzzled Cecil—to whom as we have said his legal advisers had been very reticent—was, that the fact of his having been ignorant of Ella's deception, on which he himself counted for some sympathy, was willingly conceded, and even dwelt upon. Indeed, as he afterwards got to know, it was the chief point relied upon by his enemies against him.

This opening speech took up more than half the day; and the effect upon those who heard it was not only unmistakably hostile to the pri-

soner, but the prisoner himself seemed to feel that the odds, which had been heretofore in his favour, had suddenly veered round ; for the first time he conceived it probable that he would be convicted. A terrible thought, indeed, yet not so terrible as what was to come upon the instant ; the counsel for the prosecution, having sat down, had risen again and called " Ella Landon."

The door opened, and in she came, dressed handsomely, but in black, and looking like a queen in exile. A hushed murmur of admiration, the involuntary tribute to her beauty and her wrongs, pervaded the assembly ; one person only grudged her that act of homage. When Mr. Whympers-Hobson's friend and neighbour, a young man-about-town, broke forth in rapturous eulogy, " By jingo, how could a man have got tired of a woman like that so soon ?" he answered, " For my part, I don't think so much of her ; and besides, one hasn't seen the other."

Almost everyone in court—including the old man in the corner of the gallery, who, with his hand before his face, like one who shields it from the sun, gazed at her, however, through his fingers—had a full view of her ; but her own glance was limited to the judge and the counsel opposite. She had informed herself beforehand of the arrangements of the court-house, and studiously kept her eyes averted from the dock. She looked somewhat pale—which in her case enhanced her loveliness—but perfectly self-possessed ; her face was sad, but wore an expression of great dignity. While the oath was administered to her, it was observed that the book trembled in her hand a little ; but, otherwise, she stood motionless as a statute waiting for the breath of life.

" Your name is Ella Landon ?"

" Yes."

Just that simple monosyllable ; and yet it seemed to convey in it her full assurance that the name was hers by right, and belonged to no other. In the utterance of that single word, Cecil seemed to hear his doom.

Her examination followed, of course, the line of the speech for the prosecution, and revealed nothing that is not already known to us ; but when Mr. Pawson put the question as to the reason of her adopting a false name, she answered sadly, but firmly, like one making confession of sin :

" My reason for taking my mother's name of Mayne was, because I had had a quarrel with my father ; I do not excuse myself in any way for so doing ; it was only less wrong and wicked than the quarrel itself."

There was a pause, during which the rapid pens of the reporters were very distinctly heard, and then Mr. Pawson said :

" There was no material cause, then, why you should have deceived your husband ?"

"None whatever."

"He did not, however, aid and abet you in the deception?"

"He? No." She hesitated, as though in doubt of what was meant.

"I mean," said Mr. Pawson, "that you and he did not agree together before marriage to deceive the public by your assumption of this false name?"

"Most certainly we did not."

To the general ear there was nothing in this reply; but Cecil noticed that it had an effect upon the gentlemen in wigs and gowns, some of whom looked at one another significantly; and at the same time the judge himself stole a glance at him over his spectacles, which had the same effect upon his marrow as the smell of pills, unsilvered. The next time that he should look at him like that, he felt, would be to say, "Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty of the crime laid to your charge." In spite of all his efforts to keep calm, he shuddered from head to foot, and his eyes sought the little ledge before him, on which, in old times, sweet herbs were wont to be placed, to mitigate gaol fever. At the same moment, though he knew it not, Ella looked round and, for the first time, fixed her eyes on him. It was but for an instant, yet those about her noticed that she turned deadly pale.

"The witness has been a long time before the court," remarked the judge, who had observed her pallor. "When you have finished your examination-in-chief, Mr. Pawson, it may be as well to adjourn."

"For my part, my lord, I have no more questions to ask Mrs. Landon," returned the counsel, in a tone of confidence that verged on triumph.

"Then your cross-examination, Mr. Redburn, since it is getting late, and the witness appears somewhat tired, had better be deferred till to-morrow morning."

"Very good, my lord."

Whereupon the court adjourned.

That one story is always good until we have heard the other side, is a fact known even to country justices; but by those who are acquainted with legal matters, a shrewd guess can be generally made as to how a case will "go," even from a partial hearing.

And amongst the men of law then assembled at Pullham, there was very little doubt indeed, on the conclusion of that first day's assize, as to how it would fare with Henry Cecil Landon. "He is a gone coon," was the remark made by the leader of the circuit behind his hand to Mr. Pawson, as that gentleman sat down; and Mr. Pawson nodded an "I believe you."

Mr. Redburn, although at that very moment occupied with his "Very good, my lord," had observed the nod of his learned brother, and knew very well what it meant. A little contemptuous smile played upon his lips,



as much as to say : "The nut might be hard for you to crack ; but for me it will be 'no more difficile than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle ;'" but to those who knew him best this show of confidence went for nothing.

"My client is safe, I reckon," whispered Mr. Vance, stopping his leading counsel on his way to the robing-room.

"Unless something quite unforeseen should occur," said the other, decisively ; "all is over but shouting."

This intelligence wrapped up, however, in less sportive phraseology, Mr. Vance thought it only kind to convey to Ella, who had at once retired from the court to the inn, where (not without difficulty at that busy time) the colonel had secured apartments for herself and Gracie. When the attorney called, the ladies were not in their sitting-room, but presently Gracie entered, and stopped his apologies for calling at so late an hour by the news that Ella had been upon the point of sending for him. "She desires to have a few words in private with you, Mr. Vance."

"I have half an hour at her service," replied the attorney, pulling out his watch, and calculating his leisure with a margin (for he had arrived at a time of life when man can neither hasten nor adjourn his dinner with impunity). "The day's work of a lawyer is never over in assize time, my dear young lady."

"Mrs. Landon will be here immediately ;" and indeed, while Gracie was yet speaking, Ella entered the room, looking very grave and pale. The attorney noticed, for the first time, that she had been weeping ; no wonder, he thought, that she had broken down at last. It was necessary, however, to keep up her courage for the morrow.

"Let me congratulate you, my dear Mrs. Landon, upon your admirable bearing," said he, "throughout the ordeal of to-day."

Ella smiled faintly, and sat down, giving a sign to Gracie that she should leave the room.

"No doubt you feel exhausted. It will be a satisfaction to you, however, to learn that you have not spent your strength in vain. Mr. Pawson has just assured me that—humanly-speaking—the case is over ; that your name and fame will be established beyond question, and—and the guilty punished."

"Is it certain then that the prisoner will be convicted ?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And his sentence ?"

"That will depend upon the discretion of the judge ; it is a bad case ; a very heartless and cruel case ; not less than seven years' penal servitude, I should say ; perhaps ten."

There was a long pause, and then Ella asked : "How is it Mr. Vance,

that you are so much more certain of this result to-day than you were yesterday?"

"We felt confident yesterday, my dear madam; but the main fact on which the prosecution rests has now been proved, namely, that Mr. Landon was at the time of your marriage ignorant of your having adopted a—well, a *nom de cœur*—a pseudonym. If he had known it, it would have been a conspiracy to deceive the public, and the marriage would have been invalid. Mr. Redburn's efforts will probably be devoted to-morrow to shake your testimony upon that point; to establish, that is, a previous knowledge on your husband's part. We know that the fact is on our side; but I would impress upon you to be very careful in your replies; the least admission in the hands of a man like Redburn might be used with fatal effect."

"The prisoner might escape, you think?"

"Certainly; and if he did, your reputation would be compromised, nay, sacrificed. If Mr. Landon has not committed bigamy, you were never his lawful wife; there is no alternative; it is a duel à l'outrance, and as they used to say when such were fought, 'May God defend the right.' We ask no more of Him." And the attorney, mindful of his dinner, rose to go.

"You have been very good and kind to me, Mr. Vance, throughout this painful business," said Ella, as she took his hand. "You have done everything in my cause, I believe, that man can do."

"I hope so, madam; but we will talk of that to-morrow, when we have reaped the fruits of it."

"You once mentioned the name of the attorney upon the other side; Mr. Everett, I believe?"

"Yes, a country lawyer, but one who must have his wits about him to have secured Mr. Redburn for his counsel. He is lodging at the 'White Lion,' with his cloud of witnesses, and I understand—by-the-bye, where is our friend the Colonel?"

"He is dining below in the coffee-room, as Gracie and I have not much appetite for anything beyond tea and toast."

"Ay, ay, but you must keep up, my dear madam; you will need support to-morrow, I assure you."

"That is true," said Ella, gravely. "Good-bye, Mr. Vance."

"Good evening, my dear madam, good evening;" and the lawyer wondered to himself, as he went home, why Mrs. Landon had been so eager about the points of law (in which she had hitherto evinced no interest), and why she had sent Miss Ray away, as though her intention had been some private matter. But women were so fond of a mystery, that they would affect one even when there was none at all.

[For what purpose Ella desired to see Mr. Redburn, the following will explain:]

It is, or was, considered derogatory to the dignity of barristers-at-law to dwell at inns during assize time, and Mr. Redburn had lodgings in the High Street. He had dined alone, and sparely as his custom was,

and was already at work upon an intricate case which was to be tried in the civil court, perhaps upon the morrow, if the great bigamy trial should be disposed of at a sufficiently early hour ; but, in Ella's view, the papers that crowded his table had reference only to that matter. He was doubtless seeking and seeking in vain, for some loophole of escape for her unhappy husband.

He had risen, of course, on her entrance, and had shown no little astonishment when the attorney had introduced her to him by name ; but he had at once recovered himself, and assumed his usual somewhat formal manner.

"Pray be seated, madam," said he, offering her a chair ; and then waited for her to speak, still with his pen in hand.

"You are surprised, sir, doubtless, by a visit at such an untimely hour, and, above all, from me. But I have a matter to communicate to you which is of the utmost importance to one of whose interests you are the guardian."

Mr. Redburn bowed, and smiled a deprecating smile, as though, if it had not been rude to contradict a lady, he would have assured her that nothing was less surprising.

"The matter, too," continued Ella, with a glance at the attorney, "is of a strictly private nature."

"Be so good as to step into this room, Mr. Everett," said Mr. Redburn, opening a door that communicated with a small apartment occupied in the daytime by his clerk.

With the slight protest of a very perceptible shrug of his shoulders the attorney obeyed. It was collusion no doubt, and quite unprecedented collusion, but Mr. Redburn was a great man, and ought to know best.

"Now, madam, what is your business ?"

If she expected to find this gentleman conciliatory and submissive, as behoved a man conscious of a weak cause, and in expectation of defeat, she was mistaken.

"I am come here, Mr. Redburn, on behalf of your client—my husband—Cecil Landon."

"I conclude then at his own request ?"

"Not at all. I have not seen him, save in court, nor have I had any communication with him whatever."

Mr. Redburn bowed again.

"I suppose I may take it for granted, sir, that unless something quite unforeseen should be interposed in his favour, this man will be convicted, and that the law will take its course."

"The law, madam, will, let us hope, be vindicated," answered Mr. Redburn, nursing his knee and speaking very gently ; "but as to which direction it may incline, that is a matter for the jury to decide to-morrow."

"You do not understand me, sir, I am come here to gain no advantage over my unhappy husband ; but, on the contrary, to give him what help I can. You may say that I have hitherto shown myself to be his adversary ; and that is true. It is now my wish to undo the harm that I have done him, so far as in me lies. The point, as I have been informed, on which the case will turn is the foreknowledge of the prisoner as to the deception I practised on him at our marriage."

"That is an important point, madam, no doubt," assented the lawyer.

"If I furnish you with a positive proof of that foreknowledge, could you secure Cecil Landon's acquittal?"

The lawyer scanned her with great intencness before he answered.

"Such a proof as you mention, madam, would no doubt, in conjunction with other evidence that we have to offer, strengthen his position very considerably."

"Great Heaven!" cried she, clasping her hands, "strengthen it! Then you could not be sure of saving him even were you possessed of such a proof?"

"That is not at all what I meant to convey, madam; I would have rather suggested that my client's case is independent of such aid, though it would doubtless be of great assistance."

Ella drew forth a folded paper from a reticule she carried on her arm, and handed it to the lawyer.

"Be so good as to read that," said she.

It was the statement she had written out at Woolwich concerning her quarrel with her father, and which, but for her uncle's persuasion, she would, as we have seen, have placed in Cecil's hands before their marriage. Though very clearly written, it was of considerable length, and the lawyer read it twice over before making any remark upon its contents.

"This seems to be a sort of explanation, madam," said he at last, with an indifferent air, "of your family reasons for adopting an assumed name, and shows them to have been much the same as we have heard them stated to-day in court."

"It is more than an explanation, sir; it is a confession, written down for my husband's eyes on the eve of our marriage."

"The date corresponds, I see," said the lawyer thoughtfully.

"I wrote it at that time, and for the purpose mentioned, sir. It is yours, to make use of as you think best—I mean best for my husband."

There was a long pause, during which the lawyer sat stroking his smooth-shaven chin and deep in thought.

"Do I understand," said he at last, "that you are not prepared to swear, Mrs. Landon, that your husband, did not see this document the day before your marriage?"

"Yes," cried she, eagerly, "that is it. I will not swear that he did not read it on that very morning."

"You wish me to put that question to you in court to-morrow."

"I do."

"Are you aware of the social consequences that must needs happen to yourself in case of my client's acquittal?" said Mr. Redburn, after a short pause.

"I am. I know that henceforth I shall have to bear disgrace as well as desertion; that I shall be the scorn of my own sex and the jest of yours."

"Except with those who know you," answered the lawyer gently. "One man at least there will be who will esteem you as the noblest of women and the most forgiving of wives."

She shook her head forlornly, as one beyond the touch of praise or censure.

"I thank you, sir," said she sadly. Then in a firmer voice: "You

may depend upon me to-morrow, Mr. Redburn. I came to you first not to put repentance out of my power, for my resolve is fixed, but to avoid useless persuasion. I suppose, however, Mr. Pawson ought to know ?”

“If it were a case in which you had only to say, ‘I withdraw from the prosecution,’” returned Mr. Redburn, musing, “I should say, tell him, by all means.” In his secret heart he thought his opponent ought to be told, but he could not easily relinquish the satisfaction of springing this mine upon the unsuspecting foe and blowing him into the air in the very moment of his fancied triumph. “Your counsel may combat your resolution, you see, my dear madam, and even refuse to be bound by it. Then in spite all your good intentions, he may give us a great deal of trouble.”

“Nothing he can say will alter my purpose, Mr. Redburn. This is my own affair, and no one else’s.”

“Your’s is a noble sacrifice,” said Mr. Redburn, slowly.

“I don’t know as to ‘noble,’ sir, but it is greater than you think.”

“How so, madam ?”

“Because if I had gained my cause it would have killed me ; and now, alas, I must needs live on.” She rose to go, but, as if with a sudden thought (though it had been in her mind for weeks and months) she put this question : “You have seen, I conclude, this lady who is now—Mr. Landon’s wife ; what is she like ?”

“I have never seen her, Madam, but Mr. Everett, who has done so, tells me she is very beautiful. Though the cause, of course, of your terrible calamity, she is the innocent cause.”

But Ella, with a movement of impatience, had dropped her veil, and was already moving towards the door. She stopped, however, to take the lawyer’s extended hand, with a few words of thanks.

#### THE SACRIFICE.

The excitement among the audience in the assize court the next morning was even greater than it had been upon the previous day ; the vast hall was, if possible, more closely packed than before, and presented to the prisoner’s eyes, as they wandered over it, an unbroken wall of faces, in which it was difficult to pick out those he knew. There was one face among them, however, which he felt had not been present yesterday, and had guessed the cause of its absence ; namely, his father’s. The old man had found himself unequal to behold his only son in the prisoners’ dock, even though Mr. Redburn had expressed his confidence that he would pass out of it a free man ; yet now, when the odds, as Cecil thought, in common with the vast majority of those around him, had veered round and were apparently against him, there was his father, not many feet from where he himself stood, sitting next to Mr. Everett. His face had grown grayer and graver of these late months, as well it might, but its expression was, on the whole, less wretched than Cecil had expected ; and when it turned towards himself, seemed to endeavour to convey some encouragement and hope.

As soon as the judge took his seat, Ella was summoned into the witness-box, and her appearance was the signal for the profoundest silence. Her face was of ashen paleness ; but though the features were firm and composed, it gave the impression, to a close observer, of tension. It was

quiet, but from restraint rather than from inward calm. She looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight before her, where the counsel for the defence was standing, about to commence her cross-examination. Instead of the searching look which that learned gentleman generally used upon such occasions, he wore an expression of mild magnanimity.

"An incident has come to our knowledge, my lud, since yesterday," he began, "which will, I hope, release your ludship and the gentlemen of the jury from the necessity of hearing any further arguments from either side respecting the present unhappy case. Above all things I would wish to spare the present witness any pain and distress of mind (of which she has endured more than enough already) that can by possibility be avoided; so, without preface or question, I will read aloud the following statement written in the witness's own hand on the night but one previous to her marriage, and given to her (supposed) husband probably upon the following morning—the morning, that is, before that ceremony took place. My learned friend upon the other side will not, as I understand, question the authenticity or genuineness of this document, and indeed the witness herself will admit as much.

"DEAREST CECIL,—Notwithstanding the happiness with which I look forward to our union, and terrible to me as would be the loss of your dear love, I must risk your displeasure—and all its possible consequences—by a revelation of my true position. I cannot permit myself to call you mine under circumstances, however justifiable in my own mind, which may savour to yours of false pretences. The name under which I have passed for many months, and which I still dare to hope I shall exchange for yours, is not my own—it is my mother's name, but not my father's. There have been family troubles, not indeed of a disgraceful, but still of a most painful kind, which have compelled me to adopt it. My father (whom God preserve) is at enmity with me. I need not here explain the causes that have led to it, for there is nothing in them to which my husband could take exception. It has been the result of ungovernable temper upon the one side, and upon the other—on mine—no doubt of temper also; but yet, I trust, not without circumstances of mitigation. In love and reverence for my father I have not failed, though in filial obedience I have been wanting. I have not hesitated to confess to you that I am myself by nature passionate; I do not think I am impatient of control, but my nature revolts against injustice, and in this case injustice has been done to me. I acknowledge, with all my heart, that I have behaved with disrespect towards my father, the man whom, of all others, (save her husband) a woman is bound to revere and honour. I revere and honour him still, and that I deeply regret the breach between us you may gather from the strenuous efforts I have made—and, I am thankful to reflect, successfully—to heal the differences between you and your father. Still he has cast me off, and even forbid me to wear his name; and I, on my part, have taken him at his word and assumed that of my mother. This I have sworn before heaven to wear until I have exchanged it for that of my husband, and whatever may be the consequence to me I shall keep my oath. The matter itself can be of no little consequence to you, but the concealment of it on my part would, I feel, be doing you a great and grievous wrong. Therefore, dearest Cecil, I have herein made confession of my fault, and do

pray Heaven that your dear love may prove great and generous enough to overlook it and forgive, always your loving,

“ ‘ ELLA.’ ”

When the reading was finished, the judge beckoned for the document to be handed up to him, which he attentively perused.

“ This is your handwriting, madam, is it ? ” inquired he of Ella.

“ Yes, my lord.”

“ And it was written on the date assigned to it ? ”

“ Yes, my lord.”

Then the judge signed to Mr. Redburn to go on.

“ I have, I trust, but little more to say, my lud,” returned he, with that sideways bow which is one of the graces of the profession.

“ You told my learned friend, madam, yesterday, that you and the prisoner at the bar did not conspire together to deceive the public with respect to the pseudonym made use of at your marriage ; but you did not, I am sure, intend by that to swear that he had no knowledge of this deception before your marriage ? ”

“ We did not conspire,” answered Ella, in a low faint voice.

“ Just so ; of that I am quite convinced. Your nature, madam, is not one fitted for base conspiracies. But what may have seemed to be of no consequence—or certainly no harm—may, in the eye of the law, be of great weight. The question I have to ask you—and I hope it will be my last—is a different one from that put by my learned friend, and with the reply to which he was so well satisfied ; but your answer to my question will be of even greater importance. It will probably decide the fate of the prisoner at the bar. That he has wronged you deeply, I, for one, will not deny ; but you are not here, madam, as your own avenger.”

She bowed in silence ; her hands grasped the ledge in front of the witness-box convulsively ; even ordinary spectators could see that the moment was supreme with her.

“ Are you prepared to swear, madam, that this confession, written out by your own hand, was not perused by the prisoner at the bar, before your marriage ? ”

“ I am not.”

A murmur of astonishment and compassion ran through the court, and in the midst of it—which immensely heightened the popular excitement—the prisoner burst into tears.

“ I submit, my lord, though I cannot place my unhappy client in the witness-box to corroborate this testimony,” observed Mr. Redburn, with confidence, “ that, proceeding as it does, as it were, from the other side, it is conclusive ; that the charge against the prisoner at the bar has failed in limine.”

The judge looked enquiringly over his spectacles at Mr. Pawson, who rose, immediately, omitting however to settle his gown upon his shoulders, without which, as is well known, no examination of a witness can take place.

“ I have no opposition to offer, my lud, either to the statement my learned brother has elicited,” said he, mechanically, “ or to the deduction he has drawn from it.”

And he sat down again. The excitement of the audience had risen to the highest degree compatible with silence.

"This piece of evidence has taken the court very much by surprise," observed the judge, doubtfully.

"Not more so, my lord, than it has taken *me*, I do assure you," added Mr. Redburn. "Had I been yesterday aware of the existence of this document—which, however, only came into my hands last night—and of course of the use to which it had been put, I should at once have informed my learned friend, and deprived us all of the great intellectual pleasure of hearing his opening speech."

Here, so closely does comedy tread upon the heels of tragedy, there was a general titter.

"If the counsel for the prosecution has nothing further to say," said the judge, knitting his brows, "it would be wasting the time of the court to prolong the matter. The case is over. Prisoner at the bar, you are discharged."

Then the pent-up excitement of the audience found a vent. The judge, as though conscious of the necessity of its doing so, had withdrawn himself, and the court-house was at once transformed into a Tower of Babel. Ella had disappeared from the witness-box, and Cecil had made use of the first moment of freedom to make his way from the court-house in the company of Mr. Welby, who had provided a closed carriage for him without, which whirled him off at once to Grantham.

\* \* \* \*

#### EXILE.

In England, Ella felt life to be unendurable, and preparations were made at once to take her to another clime. It was arranged that in a few weeks her father and she were to start for New Zealand, a colony much affected by that High Church divine, and in which, as it happened, he was possessed of house and land. She was unhappy, but thanks to the recovery of her father's love, and doubtless also to the consolation that always flows from our self-sacrifices, she could not with justice be called wretched. From those who knew her, she had won a rare respect, deeper perhaps than she had ever enjoyed in the days of her prosperity; when the generosity of her soul had remained latent. By the world at large, which knows so little of those it passes judgment on so flippantly, she was ill spoken of. Its lying tongue described her as a designing girl, who had entrapped her lover, as she imagined, into matrimony, and whose conduct when she discovered her mistake had been as unscrupulous as it was vindictive. The fear of a prosecution for perjury had alone wrung from her the admission that had set her husband free; and as for the tenderness with which her character had been treated by the opposing counsel, that was accounted for by her pretty face; though, indeed, added the ladies (for it is their opinion for the most part that I quote), "what people saw in her, in the way of beauty, to make so much fuss about, they were utterly at a loss to discover."

The lawful Mrs. Landon (whom, however, they had not seen), was infinitely better looking, and, as they understood, "poor thing," perfectly respectable in every way. How shocking it was to think that she had nearly lost her husband through a base conspiracy, the members of which comprised, besides this profligate and reckless woman, her father, a clergyman of the Church of England, who had, doubtless, had



his own reasons for disavowing their relationship; and her uncle, a sort of military bully, who had made a personal assault upon a young gentleman of rank and fashion, for expressing the same opinion upon the matter, which was shared by all reasonable persons. With the world, however, Ella no longer mixed; so that its views were lost upon her. In only one piece of gaiety—and that of a quiet sort—did she take part, before she left England. Gracie Ray was married to Hugh Darall from her house.

As for Cecil, he, of course, never spoke of Ella, and but rarely of anything else. A physical shock will destroy a man, in mind and matter; anything amiss—be it but the size of a pin's point—in a man's brain will paralyse the strong, or render the wisest a drivelling idiot; but mental troubles (as the materialist delights to show) have seldom the same force. It is not often that a single disappointment, disgrace, bereavement, what you will, will wholly change a man. Yet thus it was with Cecil Landon. The consciousness of his late narrow escape from social perdition, the knowledge of his ill desert, and, above all, the humiliation of his very soul, caused by the consciousness that he had escaped ruin through the magnanimity of the woman he had loved, had indeed overwhelmed him utterly. Every grain of self-respect had vanished. He avoided society as though he were a leper, for he felt, even when others knew it not, that his presence was contagion.

The one great exception, without which existence would perhaps have been impossible to him, was his wife. Rose believed in him still implicitly, with a credulity which it would have been cruel indeed to have enlightened, and in which, I am glad to say, once for all, she remained throughout her life. She knew that he had been "entangled" by a certain young person, when he was but a boy, and had shown much weakness under great temptation; that a terrible attempt had been made by the same individual to avenge herself upon him, and that—as she, Rose Landon, his lawful wife, had felt quite sure it would—it had signally failed. Her beloved husband had returned to her, purged of his former folly, for which he had been indeed grievously punished, and without stain, save that which he had already confessed to her. For her part she was very willing to let bygones be bygones, but it was by no means to his discredit that the remembrance of his wrong-doing and its consequences still preyed upon his mind. In time, no doubt, his old brightness would return to him, and in the meanwhile she had no reason to reproach him for lack of love. Cecil's devotion to her was complete, and it is but fair to add that it so continued to be.

After the marriage of Gracie, a great gloom fell upon poor Ella, notwithstanding that her father did all he could to cheer her.

"I shall be better, dear father, to-morrow," she said, "and still better the day after; and when we have left England, and are really alone together, I shall be your own dear daughter again, as I was before any shadow came between us. But just now, darling, I must be alone."

So the old man took his hat and left her for an hour or so, to drain her cup of bitterness to the dregs, and (then let us hope) to cast it aside for ever.

She did not envy Gracie her happiness; but the sense of contrast, as she compared her lot in life with her own, was sharp indeed, and it pierced her very soul. It has been cynically said that this or that is worse

than a crime—it is a blunder; and to love not wisely but too well is in woman a blunder that is punished far worse than most crimes. As she sat in her darkening drawing-room, thinking over many things and finding little comfort, word was brought to her that a lady wished to see her.

“I can see no one to-day,” was her reply.

But presently it was told her that the lady had come from far, and on a special errand, that though her name was unknown to her, her business was of importance, and could not be delayed.

“Then let her come up,” said she, wearily; and she came up. A thin, pale girl, with a face full of thought and tenderness, and one which she had somewhere seen before, though she knew not where.

“I have come to you, Mrs. Landon,” she began, in trembling tones——

“My name is Juxon,” interrupted Ella, coldly.

“Not to me, madam, for I know better,” was the unexpected response; “you are the lawful wife of Cecil Landon—I am come here to acknowledge it.”

“Who *are* you?”

“I am Helen Mytton, Rose Mytton’s sister.”

“Well?”

“You are about, as I understand, to leave England—banished by your own act; the victim of your own magnanimity. Before you go, let one at least of those whom circumstances have arrayed against you, acknowledge the greatness of your self-sacrifice.”

“I have sacrificed myself neither for your sake, nor for that of your sister,” was the cold reply.

“I know it, Mrs. Landon. Yet do not forbid us to thank you for it from the bottom of our hearts, but with abasement,” and as she spoke she fell upon her knees at Ella’s feet. “You have saved a pure and innocent girl from an inexpiable shame.”

“Did she send you to say so?”

“No, madam. Thank Heaven, she knows it not; for if she did, the shame would still be hers, as it is mine, let the law say what it will.”

“Yet the law shames me,” said Ella, bitterly.

“No, madam, no; it is powerless to do that: or if it does, it is a shame in which you indeed may glory. As for me, I respect you; I reverence you above all living women. But for you my sister would be—not in your place, no, no, for then she would be enviable indeed, blessed of Heaven, and to be rewarded by it—but dishonoured and defamed; while the child she bears within her—— Oh, what have I done!”

Ella had uttered a sharp, bitter cry, and sank back on the sofa, white and lifeless. In a few moments, however, and assisted by such remedies as Helen knew how to apply, she recovered consciousness.

“Did you say that she will have a child?” she murmured.

“Yes, madam; who, but for you, would be branded as the child of sin and shame.”

“And you came here to taunt me with it?”

Then Helen perceived her error. Intending to bring balm she had brought wormwood.

“To taunt you, madam, Heaven forbid.”

"Then wherefore? To thank me. Do you think I want your thanks?"

"Oh no, madam; though I did come to thank you, I had much more in view."

"What is it then you want of me?"

"Forgiveness. Forgiveness for the innocent, who have yet so deeply wronged you. I could not, I dared not, let you leave England without imploring it—without confessing the victory that is yours, though the world calls it defeat. Dear lady, ere you go, forgive us."

"I forgive you!" said Ella, hoarsely. "I forgive *her*! Go, go," added she, hurriedly, as though she could scarce trust herself not to recall her words.

Helen stopped to print one kiss upon the other's unresponsive lips, and hurried from the room.

"Yes, I forgive them," reiterated Ella, bursting into tears; "I forgive them all—Heaven knows it—but when, oh, when, will it permit me to forget!" She was not thinking of Helen then, nor yet of Rose.

Within the week Ella and her father were on the seas; and in due course arrived at their far-distant home. Its novelty was to her of incalculable value—there was nothing to suggest the past, nor wherewith to contrast the present; and Time, the healer, did gradually his wholesome work with her. They made new friends, but it was long indeed before they encountered any old ones, and that—so sad their case—was beneficial to them both. In a few years, however, it happened that Darall was ordered to Auckland, and he brought Gracie with him. They had two children left in Mrs. Darall's charge at home, for whom the young mother in secret pined. "Why not send for them and grand-mamma, and make your home here?" said Ella; "you are resolute, I know, to accept nothing as a gift from hands however friendly; but my father has purchased land, and wants an honest tenant such as your husband. He has a turn for farming, and the time is favourable. Why should he not leave the army, and live here in comfort, with his boys and girls about him? That no advice could possibly be more selfish, darling, I am well aware, but—confess, is it not good advice?"

"If I could only persuade Hugh," sighed Gracie. For her part she was well content to be wherever he was, and did not mind the being poor; but there were the children—and many more to come, perhaps—and, even as matters were, it was very hard to make both ends meet; yet she hesitated about so great a venture. But Ella took Hugh in hand, and aided by the good Canon, and much unscrupulous assertion of the kind on which angels smile, carried her point, so that the Sapper became a settler, and dived and built, and, all things running smoothly with him, prospered. To Ella this proved a very Indian summer of happiness, late and unlooked for, but which was also lasting. The two households were separated by no great distance, and in love were one. It was very rarely that the Canon and his daughter were now alone, and when it was so, they were far from unhappy. Ella never could do enough to show her affection for him who had left all and come across the world for her sake; and, thanks to that loving service, it was but seldom that the sense of loss intruded on her. It never showed itself to another—save once. They were alone—she and her father—one winter time, and the old man's eyes failing him at night, she was wont to read to

him aloud his favourite old-world books ; among them Dryden. He had chosen the play that contains perhaps the finest scene of passion, betwixt woman and woman, in the whole range of dramatic literature, where the wife of Antony reproaches Cleopatra as having caused her husband's ruin, and Cleopatra thus defends herself :

Yet she who loves him best is Cleopatra.  
If you have suffered, I have suffered more.  
You bore the specious title of a wife,  
To gild your cause, and draw the pitying world  
To favour it. The world condemns poor me,  
For I have lost my honour, lost my fame,  
And the glory of my loyal house,  
And all to bear the branded name of—mistress.

Ella, poor soul, broke down. The compelling hand of genius shaping a worn theme dug from the forgotten past, had still such power to wring the living heart.

For *she* had lost her honour, lost her fame for one whom (all unlike the Egyptian queen) she had not deserted, but who had deserted her.

That was *what* he had cost her ; simply all that a true woman values as her own. It was a bitter moment, and she could not hide its sting ; but it passed by, and there were no more of such.

Of what was left to her of life's sunshine she made the most, since she made sunshine for others. She had her father still almost as alert as ever (though the fire of the Juxon temperament waxed somewhat fainter), and Gracie for her dearest friend, and Gracie's children—who love her as well as they may, next to their own mother—in whom to revive her youth. A woman's not unenviable portion—as women's portions go. The consequences of marrying one's first love have been known to be even more disastrous than in her case.

No apprehension of mischance, by-the-bye, would have deterred the Rev. Samuel Welby, if only the Fates and Helen Mytton would have permitted him to try that experiment. She never married him, however, and he remained her faithful but hopeless lover. Nor did this make him unhappy ; there are some men who have no objection to the rôle of Tantalus in love, and the vicar was one of them. They never quarrelled like real lovers, and had only one topic of disagreement. When he would extol her virtues, calling her the guardian angel of her sister's happiness—as indeed she had been, keeping the bitter truth, or those who would have told it, from her tender ears with flaming sword—she would answer, "Tush: her true guardian angel is on the other side of the globe."

"But my dear Miss Helen, you would surely not compare yourself with that—ahem—exceedingly emotional young person?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Welby ; it would be a piece of conceit beyond my powers of assurance. You are good enough to say sometimes that I am 'one in a thousand;' without questioning your figures, though I have great doubts of them, I may certainly say, that if it be so, the woman you speak of is one in a million."

## Current Literature.

WE often hear it urged that Canadians should aim at homogeneity, by the cultivation of a national spirit ; and to that admonition no one will feel disposed to object. But when it is contended further that this will be found impossible so long as men continue to cherish an attachment to the land from which they sprang, and to flush with pride at the story of its historic triumphs, most reasonable men will at once demur. Examined closely, the proposal involves the absurdly impossible idea that men can drink of Lethe as they cross the deep ; nay more, that they can change those broad characteristics which are national, in so far as they are inherited. A nation no more than an individual is born without bent or idiosyncrasy. Locke's simile of the sheet of white paper is demonstrably false as regards both the unit and the mass. Canada, like every nascent community of recorded times, begins its national life with an inherited capital made up of capacities, virtues, errors, tendencies and energies, good and evil. It is, in short, a composite body, not a simple element ; and, therefore, its character and progress must largely depend upon the nature of its constituent parts. These may be welded or fused together as you will ; yet the compound, after all, is a resultant of the features and forces aggregated in all the materials together.

It is of importance, therefore, that each of these should be separately examined ; that every nation which has contributed of its strength and weakness to the new nation should be treated by itself, gauged and weighed, as if it stood, *pro hac vice*, alone. Mr. Davin's elaborate work, "The Irishman in Canada,"\* is an effort to accomplish this purpose, so far as regards his own countrymen, and it is certainly a most successful effort. Our author has no idea of asking any European settler to cast off his old nationality any more than he would require him to change his skin, his accent, or his creed. The Briton, the Irishman, the German, and so on, is a bundle of acquired or inherited qualities which will continue to cling to him, will be transmitted to his posterity, and leaven, as well as energize, the entire community. An unpatriotic Irishman or Scotchman—one who wishes "to break with the past," and all its glorious traditions—is sure to prove a worse than indifferent Canadian. It is also well pointed out in the introduction that national works like "The Irishman in Canada" are valuable from a merely historic point of view. Cutting off a portion of the field, they glean and garner in records of fact, and impressions of character, which the future chronicler will only be too glad to and ready to his hand. They serve as storehouses—*mémoires pour servir*—to be drawn upon by the future labourer in the domain of history.

---

\* *The Irishman in Canada* : By NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN. Toronto : Maclear & Co., 1877.

It is extremely difficult, within the brief space at our command, to give an adequate idea of this work, extending as it does over nearly seven hundred pages, and literally crammed as it is with fact, description, anecdote, and reflection. If we succeed in conveying to the reader a general idea of its character, and in commending it to his attentive perusal, we must be content. There are two features in the book which are specially notable—the author's fairness to other nationalities, and to their share in the work of building up the Dominion, and his tact in dealing with those unhappy contentions which have so long divided a high-spirited, generous, and gifted people. It may be that Englishmen and Scotchmen will take exception to some of the claims asserted for Irishmen by Mr. Davin; but they cannot allege that he has failed to give ample credit to men of all origins whenever their words or deeds have been connected with those who are his immediate concern.

The initial chapters are devoted to the nation at home, and the author wisely skims lightly over vexed questions of ethnology and archæology. As it is, however, he appears unintentionally to have committed himself to some doubtful, or at least controverted, positions regarding race. If we understand him aright, he appears to attribute the Arthurian legends to Ireland, and claims, rather broadly, all that is Celtic as something which of necessity reflects credit upon the Emerald Isle. The truth appears to be that each branch of the Celtic race followed out a path of its own, when isolated from its kinsmen. Even the Albanian Scoti, after a time, carved out a groove for themselves, and ran in it; and we scarcely think there is much in common between Macaulay, who is claimed as a Celt, because of his name, and the modern Irishman. Wellington, again, was only an Irishman by the accident of birth, as O'Connell took care to remind him; and the same is true of Swift.

Passing over the chapter devoted to American and Australian indebtedness to Ireland, with the bare mention of a graceful tribute to Bishop Berkeley, whose celebrated lines, which were quoted so often by Daniel Webster, are of course given, and to the chivalrous Montgomery, we come to the subject proper. Mr. Davin appropriately sets out with Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, "the first Irish Governor of Canada," who would have been also the first Governor after the conquest but for the intervention of General Murray. The latter, with the best intentions, failed to conciliate the subject population of Quebec; Carleton, on the other hand, albeit he too came from Ulster, resembled his distinguished successor Lord Dufferin. He "had all that wonderful power of attraction which Froude has marked as native to the Irishman," (p. 76,) and "the perseverance and fertility of resource which have never been wanting in his countrymen in times of emergency." (p. 77.) How he endeavoured, with the aid of the Bishop and clergy, to allay the natural and justifiable discontent of the French inhabitants, and the difficulties he had to contend with when Montgomery and Arnold were on the march northwards, are graphically described—indeed, the account reads like a chapter from Parkman. Within the period 1759–1803, we have sketches of the United Empire Loyalists, the early Protestant Churches, and a most interesting account of Colonel Talbot, and the Talbot settlement on Lake Erie. Mr. Davin's skill in narrative, and particularly in limning cha-

racter, is well brought to the front, as in many other instances elsewhere. Let us quote a few disconnected passages :—

“ He (Talbot) seems also to have made an effort to supply them with religion. He assembled them on Sunday for religious worship, and like a Patriarch read Divine Service to them. He ensured punctuality and a large congregation, by sending the whiskey-bottle round after the service. Not only did he thus lead their minds to heaven, he united them in the bonds of matrimony. He also, it is said, baptized the children. Yet at no time of his life was he what is understood as a religious man. When a young man, he was full of jocosity, and some have affirmed wit ; it is certain that after dinner, like many other men, he was given to retailing stories which are better left untold.

“ His mode of transferring land was peculiar. He was accustomed to pencil down the names of the settler, and this rough-and-ready way of giving a title, was aided by his memory. A transfer was effected, not by elaborate conveyance, but by a piece of India rubber, and a stroke of the pencil. Talbot was a man of liberal views, and gave the land to any good settler, whether English, Scotch, or Irish. To avoid personal encounters, he had one of the panes of glass in his window made to open and shut, and here all negotiations took place ” (pp. 110, 111).

Some of the anecdotes told of Talbot are exceedingly good. The old pioneer had his faults. He was fond of power, somewhat arbitrary and eccentric, but thoroughly honest and singularly unselfish. He was the governor, priest and father of his people, their counsellor, prophet, and, if need were, chastiser. As the grantor of all their lands, he had a right to say, “ I can boast like the Irishman in the farce, of having peopled a whole country with my hands,” (p. 115). A remarkable settlement of seven South Irishmen is described at p. 316. They had resolved that they would live together under one roof, and Colonel Powell enabled them to do so in Lanark. They had a sort of soldiers’ mess together, and their life appears to have been a very romantic one. Still as a colonization scheme, it was hardly the thing, and we wonder that Mr. Davin, who appears to be a true Irishman in his devotion to the fair sex—see his glowing eulogy on women, (pp. 118–120)—did not note at once the inherent weakness, as well as the unloveliness, of the plan adopted by his seven “ celebrities.” *En parenthèse*, we may enter our protest against Moore being called “ the poet laureate of Canada,” on the strength of the Canadian Boat Song. It is a very pretty little trifle in its way, as most of Moore’s lyrics are, but it owes all its popularity to the air which he picked up from the boatmen, and cannot by any stretch of literary charity be called a “ National Anthem.”

The next three chapters relate first to the war of 1812, the salient points of which are treated in a masterly style, fitting prominence being given to Fitzgibbon and other Irish heroes ; and secondly to Irish immigration from 1815 to 1837. The latter subject is exhaustively treated, and the author has evidently spared no pains in bringing to light the history of all the families whose names are familiar words with us to-day. The amount of research in this department is as astonishing as the information afforded is valuable and interesting. Mr. Davin possesses a singular power and felicity of style here,

and he manages to invest the driest details of family history with general interest. The Blakes very properly occupy a foremost place, and many who are not Irishmen will feel grateful for the account of the Hon. W. H. Blake, and his distinguished son. The Minister again figures at p. 660; but the account of the family, and especially of the almost heroic work of the Rev. D. E. Blake, the late Chancellor's brother, is on the whole more skilfully and less hurriedly penned.

With 1837, Mr. Davin enters upon the ablest portion of his book. The events antecedent to the Rebellion, the brief struggle itself, and the subsequent contest for Responsible Government under Metcalfe, could hardly be better drawn from an Irish point of view. The history of the Baldwins, including the now almost forgotten father of the Attorney-General, is, on the whole, the finest passage in the work. Mr. Davin has evidently a deep and sincere admiration for the character of Robert Baldwin, independent of national considerations, and this admiration is certainly warranted to the full by a retrospect of his distinguished career. For our own part, we should be disposed to make a man's estimate of Baldwin's character and political career the test of his own soundness in political theory and purity in political practice. The pages which describe that character and unfold that career (390-5), are well worth careful consideration. They form, of course, but a small part of the history, relating to the statesman, but they contain a concise estimate of his worth. Almost equally good are the portraits of Sullivan, Hincks and Draper, the last, of course, not being an Irishman. There is only one thing of which we complain, and that is, that Mr. Davin should call the term extending from 1825 to 1854 "the Irish period." For that we conceive there is no justification whatever; and, with one exception, it is the only instance where injustice is done to other nationalities by deliberate extrusion. Responsible Government was achieved by the force of united public opinion, and we fear that if the other side of the shield were exposed, it would be found that Mr. Davin's countrymen, notwithstanding their loyalty in 1837—indeed this was part of that loyalty—were the most strenuous champions of arbitrary power. Sullivan was not immaculate, and Daly, "the Lily of the Valley," as Mr. Baldwin called him (p. 393), was everything by turns and nothing long. If we except Baldwin, Hincks, and a few lesser lights, almost all the rest—the rank and file, save a faithful band of Roman Catholics—were on the side of the Family Compact. In depicting the progress of the Confederation movement, again too much credit is given to the oratorical efforts of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. We do not yield to our author in reverence for the honoured memory of the murdered statesman, or in admiration of his great abilities; but, in the nature of things, his brilliant rhetoric could only serve to adorn and illuminate a fabric erected by others. To Messrs. Macdonald, Cartier, Brown, and Galt, the substantial merit of the scheme from its inception alone belongs. They were its architects and builders, let whoever else have added beauty to the building or grace to its *entourage*.

But this notice has already run far beyond its proper bounds, and yet the promise has hardly been fulfilled with which we set out. There are yet unmentioned the distinct departments of professional eminence attained by Irishmen, their position in the Churches, which are treated of one after the



other, in the educational interests, and in our history, political, social, and industrial, to the present hour. These, with all the numerous references to the Maritime Provinces, including Newfoundland, must be examined by the reader for himself. Tested by the index, we do not think it will be found that one Irishman of distinction has been lost sight of. Let us add, that Mr. Davin's style is exceedingly lively and entertaining, flowing smoothly and pleasantly along, from title-page to that word which comes at last to men and books alike—"Finis." The volume is a credit to both author and publishers, and its printing, binding—its mechanical execution generally—are creditable to all concerned. "The Irishman in Canada," to sum up, is a splendid vindication of its subject, and a most complete account of him and his work in the Dominion. To any patriotic Irishman, it ought to be a valued household book, and by Canadians of other races it will be found to be an accurate and valuable repertory of information.

Of the numerous novels manufactured nowadays, it is only those which offer some fresh study of human nature, some special experience of life, or some evidence of finished literary workmanship, which deserve the serious attention of the critic. Dr. Holland's new book\* is certainly deserving of such attention, for he has struck upon veins of character and morals which are of great interest, both from the point of view of imaginative art and of didactic utility. But a writer of fiction must establish the artistic claim before his preaching can be tolerated, and therefore we propose to consider first the merits of "Nicholas Minturn" as a work of imaginative literature. The plot is simple, as the plot of a novel ought to be, for it is only your tyro who constructs extraordinary machinery for the action of his insipid puppets. Minturn is a retiring young man, of good aspirations, who finds himself with "plenty of money and nothing to do," starting life—like Viscount Ipsden in Mr. Charles Reade's "Christie Johnstone"—"with nothing to win." He is advised to travel, and actually sets out for Europe, but a collision in mid-ocean produces a change in his whole plan and ideas of life. It calls forth his latent manhood, brings him in contact with his fate (in the shape of a charming young lady afflicted with numb palsy), and causes him to return to his own country. There he looks on life with new eyes, discovers his *métier* in a crusade against pauperism, and finally marries the girl of his heart, whose affliction, by the way, rather mysteriously disappears. Some stolen bonds play an important part in the plot, but as the story has already been told in this magazine, we need not here repeat it. It always strikes us as evidence of power in a novelist when, after rising from a first perusal of his novel, one carries away a lively and well-defined idea of the principal characters. No one can read "Nicholas Minturn" without acquiring an accurate sense of the individuality of Glezen, of the irrepressible Mrs. Coates, of Bob Spencer, and of Jonas Cavendish. Miss Coates we come to know and love so well as to wish that she and Glezen had been the central figures of the little drama, instead of Nicholas and Miss Larkins. These latter, indeed, are the leading lady and gentleman of the cast, but the success of the play is largely

\* *Nicholas Minturn. A Study in a Story.* By J. G. EOLLAND. Toronto: Belford Brothers.

due to the former, and, after the customary ovation to the leading actors, the audience will not fail to call that brace of lovers before the curtain, and accord them hearty applause. Then besides those we have already named, there is Mr. Coates, Talking Tim, and Pont, all fairly well-defined and interesting characters. Of Mr. Benson, the man of hypocritical integrity, we may say that had the author allowed the actions of that individual to speak for him, and dispensed to a large extent with that Greek chorus of explanation which is continually informing the reader of Mr. Benson's true character, the portraiture would have been all the more striking. There are quite a number of striking situations and graphically told incidents in the book. Perhaps one of the most amusing incidents is that in which Miss Coates cures a bad boy's disposition by outward application (if we might condescend to pun we would call it a "striking" situation). As this furnishes a characteristic specimen of our author's best vein, we cannot do better than quote the incident, apart from the thread of the general story. Bob Spencer consents to go to Miss Coates' Sunday School Class, and promises to take also Larry Con-cannon, the little "Mickey," who stood in the relation of "pard" to him. When there he fully maintains his character as a bad boy, and vexes the patience of his teacher. But matters culminated when he and Larry snow-balled her all the way home :--

"She was filled with shame and rage ; and she had just reached and mounted the steps of her house, when a final shot hit her head and hurt her cruelly.

"On the landing, at the top of the flight, she turned and said in a kind voice :

" 'Come, Bob, come in. I want to give you something.'

"Bob turned to Larry and said : 'I'm agoin' in. Say! (addressing Miss Coates) Can Larry come in?'

"No, I haven't anything for him.'

" 'I'll give ye a taste of it,' said Bob, by way of consolation to his 'pard.' 'You stay out, and knock around, and I'll be out afore long.'

When Miss Coates had fairly inveigled her victim into the house, she boxed his ears so soundly that he was half stupified.

"Bob found the street in a dizzy condition. Larry was waiting a few rods away, and eagerly expectant, came up to him.

" 'Say, Larry, are my cheeks red?' said Bob.

" 'Red aint no name fer't,' said Larry.

" 'It was awful hot in there,' remarked Bob, as they quietly resumed the backward track. \* \* \* Larry had been waiting very impatiently to hear something about the material benefits of the call, and to receive his promised share ; and, as Bob appeared to forget this important matter, he said :

" 'What did she give you?'

" 'Don't you wish you knew?'

" 'You said you'd give me some of it.'

" 'Oh, Larry, you wouldn't like it. It wasn't anything to eat. I can't cut up a gold breast-pin, ye know, with a big diamond into it. Now you jest shut up on that.'

"Poor Larry was disappointed, but he saw that Bob was not in a mood for talk, and so withheld further questions.

"But a great tumult was raging in Bob's breast. The reaction had set in, and he found that he could contain himself but little longer. Coming to a narrow lane that led to a stable, he said :

" 'Larry, let's go in here. I'm kind o' sick.'

"A bare curbstone presented itself as a convenient seat, and the two boys sat down, Bob burying his face in his mittens. Larry did not understand the matter, but he watched Bob curiously, and saw him begin to shake, and convulsively try to swallow something. Then the floodgates gave way, and Bob cried as if his heart were broken.

" 'Say, Bob, what's the matter?' said Larry in a tone of sympathy.

" 'Oh, I don't know,' Bob responded, with a new burst of grief, and with suspirations quite as powerful as those with which his teacher was exercised at the same moment [Miss Coates had a fit of crying after thrashing Bob].

" 'Come, you shall tell, Bob,' Larry persisted.

" 'She got the bu-bu-bulge on me!' exclaimed Bob, sobbing heavily—by which he intended to indicate that she had had the advantage of him in a struggle.

" 'And what did she do?' inquired Larry.

" 'She pu-pu-put a French roof on me, and a-a-a liberty pole, and a-a-gold ball!'

" 'And then Bob bawled in good earnest. It was all out now, and he was at liberty to cry until nature was satisfied.'

It is unnecessary to say that the punching he had received made a convert of Bob, and he entertained a profound respect for his teacher ever after. Not only in the Spencers, father and son, but in the dead beats and others of the Beggar's Paradise, to whom Dr. Holland introduces us, do we find indications that certain phases of New York life are as rich in material as Dickens ever found the corresponding phases of life in London to be. This is a vein which no American writer of fiction but Dr. Holland (if we except a few play-writers) has yet attempted to work. Of the didactic features of "Nicholas Minturn," we can only say, that the author has laid his finger upon the sore spot of pauperism in great cities, and the influences which tend to perpetuate it.

As Nicholas is made to say to the representatives of organized charities at the Athenæum in Beggars' Paradise, "What are many of you doing but nourishing—not designedly, of course, and not directly, perhaps—but still nourishing, in spite of yourselves, the very vice whose consequences you are endeavouring to assuage? What are you doing but trying to build up separate interests in a cause which, in its very nature, has but one? How much of private, church, and political interest stands organized, aggressive and self-defensive, at the head of your great charities? And what have you done? The station-houses are thronged every night with disgusting tramps and paupers who haunt your kitchens for food, who hold out their dirty hands to you in the streets, who refuse work when it is offered to them, and who shame the sunlight with their filthy rags. Does your work grow less with all your expenditure? Is pauperism decreasing? Is it not coming in upon you and beating upon your sympathies and efforts in constantly augmenting waves?" The labours of Nicholas Minturn go somewhat towards illustrating the way in which this gigantic evil must be wrestled with; and the moral of the book now under consideration must be pronounced both healthy and good.

A thoughtful book should have a thoughtful review, and certainly Mr. Allen's late literary venture\* is far more than thoughtful, being in point of fact characterized by actual profundity in its manner of dealing with the

\* *Physiological Aesthetics*. By GRANT ALLEN, B.A. Appleton & Co., Broadway, New York.

various subjects, psychological and physiological, which occupy its pages, and therefore perhaps worthy of being reviewed at the hands of a specialist in place of the mere literary reviewer. The book is decidedly an outcome of modern thought, which finding its boldest expositors in such men as Mill, Darwin and Spencer, principally revels in and consists of minute analysis of all the factors which go to make up the sum of human consciousness as well as the vast organism of nature. Mr. Allen is of course known as the disciple of at least Spencer and Darwin. The dedication to the first-named thinker pronounces him to be the greatest of living philosophers, and the book is said by the author to be "a slight attempt to extend in a single direction the general principles which he has laid down," that is, Spencer.

The questions which the book asks, and to our mind answers satisfactorily, are referred to in the Preface as having been already set aside by Ruskin, the greatest living critic, and by Darwin, the greatest living naturalist, as incapable of solution. These are, why certain phenomena and impressions, visual, auditory, olfactory, tactual, and even gustatory, please us in contradistinction to other phenomena and impressions of the same class which are distasteful to us. Beginning, then, with the two antithetical modes of consciousness, known as Pleasure and Pain, which can be easily referred to a purely bodily origin, that is, to the five senses and the general organic and muscular sensibility, he sketches first the principal varieties of physical pain, dividing it into two main classes, after Professor Bain, of Aberdeen, the massive and acute. Pleasure is defined as the concomitant of the normal amount of function in the sentient tissues, while Pain is the concomitant of destructive action or insufficient nutrition in any sentient tissue, and having thus arrived at a physiological conception of these states of being in general, we are next led to consider how that class of pleasure and pain known as æsthetic differs from those more ordinarily designated as sensuous. Being given a certain physical nature which requires close attention in all life-serving essentials, it follows that man must work, and furthermore, just as surely as he works, so in one way or another will he play. From this fact arise two classes of impulses, play proper, and as differentiated from this, art and the æsthetic pleasures. Finally, the æsthetically beautiful is defined as "that which affords the maximum of stimulation with the minimum of fatigue and waste in processes not directly connected with the vital functions." In the light of this definition, the various phenomena of taste and touch, smell, hearing and sight, are critically examined and classified, the intervention of the intellect and the ideal are brought to bear on these phenomena, thus at length the perfect phenomenon of art is presented to us. The goal of the book is an analysis of poetry, which the author rightly considers the highest of the artistic products, included under four heads: first, simple or abstract ideal sensuous elements; second, complex or concrete ideal sensuous elements; third, ideal emotional elements; and fourth, intellectual elements. According to Mr. Allen, what of our special sensations are in the actuality gratifying, enter effectively into poetical composition, "in proportion to their original pleasurable nature, and to their remoteness from life-serving functions." The names of vivid hues are often met with in poetry, such hues being themselves pleasing to the eye. For instance, the red end of the

spectrum, being less fully represented in nature than the blue, has acquired greater pleasurable as a stimulant, and therefore we find the different varieties of scarlet, crimson, and pink more adapted to poetry than blue or green with their cognate tints. Likewise in hearing, words denoting musical tones are poetical, witness *clear*, *ringing*, *mellow*, in contrast to *shrill*, *hoarse*, and *grating*. It may very naturally be asked that if all a poet does is to combine certain elements which he cognizes as pleasing and favourable both in themselves and to his senses, poetry is surely greatly degraded, and the author so far anticipates this remonstrance that he says "poetical genius is the power of thus combining and arranging these elements."

Of course to those who hold with the evolutionists nothing is easier than such reasoning, namely, that our preferences and distastes in things æsthetic are the result of natural selection—in fact it is, in such a case, the only possible reasoning. But whether one holds with the principle or not, one must thank the author, already so distinguished in the field of psychological inquiry, for a book which is a valuable addition to philosophy.

---

## Musical.

---

IN Herbert Spencer's Essay on the "Origin and Function of Music," which is marvellously suggestive throughout, and important as the effort of a scientist not an enthusiast, occurs the remark that the increasing elaboration of musical sounds out of man's first inarticulate cry, has arisen from the gradually increasing complexity of human emotion. Sound being the exponent or interpreter of emotion, has become more varied and intricate as the emotions themselves, from the myriad causes traceable to civilization in every respect, have become more numerous, diversive, and complex. Such is, as nearly as we can recall it, one of those many striking propositions which Mr. Spencer scatters abroad in his essays, "Moral, Political and Æsthetic," a proposition stripped indeed of the scientific terminology which very probably may have disguised its truth from hundreds, but which is undoubtedly true, and which we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity to take as a text. Accepting then the above demonstration, it should become an interesting question to ascertain how the different influences at present working their will on the mind of man are affecting the development of music as a creative art. Such mental tendencies as scepticism, morbid metaphysical inquiry, scientific training, fear lest any one theory, religious or otherwise, should escape the searching examination now passed on all things, *a priori* reasoning, disrespect or at least rejection of old and tried orthodoxy, and other great changes in the mental attitude of man, must of course affect in some way his attitude in things æsthetic. We look for reverses and we find them. Both in the class of music produced which includes the results of genius, and in the class of music accepted by the people, vast differences may be noted. Modern textbooks on harmony no longer insist on the old hard and fast rules which pedantry imposed and credulity accepted, but, like the *lingua* of beautiful, careless,

adaptable Italy, every rule has this exception, "if the reverse sounds better, it is allowable."

As for dissertations and whole treatises on harmony, the marks are even stronger. Modulation itself is often superseded in very recent music by chromatically altered chords; witness Raff, Hoffman, and Wagner, *par excellence*. All this seems to show that the standard of musical beauty has changed, and now in the place of the smoothly flowing melodies of Haydn and Mozart with gracefully turned phrases and simple cadences, we are given wild contrast, harsh dissonances and resolutions of such uncertain character as make it almost questionable whether the mind is not more startled than pleased. Composers are not loth to write down aggregation of notes which cannot be said to form any chord at all, harsh and ugly because they are trying to represent some state of mind which has no distinctive character but harshness and ugliness; therefore, as we said just now, the standard of beauty or rather of *desirableness* has changed from sweetness to quaintness. Even the most melodious of modern songs of merit have a prevailing character of quaint grotesqueness underlying their sweetness. Of this, many of Arthur Sullivan's songs form a good example. It is to be noted with interest, moreover, that this same tendency is manifest in other arts, and in certain branches of art, such as the different decorations. What strange alliances of colour, deemed uncombinable and unreconcilable by our forefathers, do we now see in dress! Blue and green, yellow and red, and what best exemplifies our meaning, those curious contrivances of colour which produce the rusty browns and bottle-greens, and the dingy reds, each of which we would call ugly if we saw it separately, become artistically desirable in their modern mixtures. Another instance of what may be termed beauty in ugliness is seen in pottery. A child or uncultivated adult would probably never be attracted by the sombre colours and frequently uncouth form of Limoges faience, but a man of cultured and refined taste, and of perfect and appreciative judgment, would in the long run prefer the grotesqueness of Limoges to the delicacy of Sevres, the daintiness of Dresden, and the bright colouring of Maiolica. The delicacy would pall, the daintiness become petty, the brilliancy of colour aggravating, and he would like better the more retiring and suggestive backgrounds of miraculously blended green and brown, and the stray butterfly or flower-spray which has just the right amount of colour, and pleases without intruding.

These comparisons may seem forced, but it must be remembered that in all arts exists great analogy, especially between colour and sound. We have now the word "tone" applied to colour, and "tint" (*klang-farhe*) to music; and have we not lately heard of a symphony in yellow and red? It is therefore neither unnatural nor uninteresting to glance in passing at similarities of development.

The Rev. Mr. Haweis, in his charming book, "Music and Morals," accounts for the rapid development and spread of music by the analytical tendency of the present century. He says: "There is not an aspect of nature, or complication of character, or contrast of thought and feeling which has not been delineated by modern novelists, and painted by modern artists.  
. . . Music is pre-eminently the art of the nineteenth century, because

it is in a supreme manner responsive to the emotional wants, the mixed aspirations, and the passionate self-consciousness of the age." This, we think, is also a reason why music, in its further development, advances through successive stages of prettiness, grandeur, quaintness, and too often lapses into unmeaning ugliness.

Naturally, the earliest emotions depicted in music must be those most excited—love of beauty, as shown in pleasing sounds and gracefully rounded forms; the mind elevated by the contemplation of the beautiful then seeks grandeur, the grand easily becomes the awful, the awful mingles with the weird, and presently the quaint and weird are more loud than the soft and sweet beauties which allured earlier. Of this, Beethoven is a fine example. At first he is recognised as the successful imitator of Mozart; then he enlarges and launches out into an originality and individuality which cannot be repressed, and, towards the end of his life, he appears to reach out into perfectly unknown worlds of wildness and grandeur.

And thus, we think, the more completely music seeks to analyze and represent mental emotion, the more complex in form does it become, until, as in Schumann, thought is piled on thought, and feeling on feeling, till it becomes to those who follow the real idea contained in it more and more beautiful, whilst to those who regard it merely in the light of sensuous pleasure it will be found in these days only a mass of meaningless and ugly progressions. It is hard to say whither this development is tending, and it is not our present object to enquire; undoubtedly, many frantic imitators of the "higher development" school rush into ugliness, pure and simple, from mere useless straining after originality, an impulse surely utterly inartistic, and which, sooner or later, must land its victims in a howling wilderness.

A better result is discoverable in the improved style of music which, comparatively lately, has taken the public ear. Exactly the same class of people who, a very few years ago, delighted in such vapid trash as the compositions of Blockley and Glover, and many others, more vulgar, if not so sentimental, honour and appreciate the thoroughly artistic and quaint, though often simple, productions of Arthur Sullivan, and Gounod, and many actually understand and love Schumann and Franz, two men who may be said to have done for songs what Wagner does for operas. That is to say, they employ both accompaniment and voice equally for the expression not merely of the words of the song but the whole feeling and mental picture of which the words become in these circumstances a less complete description than the music. Truly, this change which has lately come over the public taste is most remarkable; one often finds in songs which only rank among the Claribel class progressions and chords which are clearly Schumannic, and which, but for such as he, could never have entered the minds of these humble writers, for whom, however, some use is found, as here; possibly, they dilute the ideas of the master in their own watery intellects, until they are fit for the multitude who gradually acquire conception of a higher degree of art.

It is difficult to over-estimate the loss sustained by the musical world in the death of *Mdlle. Titjiens*. She alone could be considered as the successor of *Grisi* in the grand declamatory style of singing, and it is a great tribute to her powers to say that just when *Grisi* was becoming unable to sustain the

parts so long associated with her name, (Norma, Valentine, &c) Mdle. Titjiens was able not only to gain acceptance in them, but to make them so much her own as her great predecessor had made them before her. And we may safely say, that at present there is no one to occupy her place. Singers there are and great ones, possessed of higher and lighter voices, amongst whom are pre-eminent Mesdames Nillson & Patti, and Mdle. Alboni, and to these must be added, after her success of this year, Mdme. Gersther. But these all belong to a different class, and the fact remains, that at the present moment the world holds no one who can bear any comparison with the deceased artist in such characters as Lucrezia Bergia, Norma and Semiramis. It was not alone in her singing that she was so successful, but her physique was well suited to those parts as well. Her features, though not attractive, were capable of expressing great variety of emotion; her presence was commanding; and those who have seen her in *Norma* will hardly forget the wonderful force and dignity she threw into each movement, even when merely crossing the stage. She was not content, as so many Opera singers are, with merely singing through a part with a little action; but she studied her rôles, and would have been a great actress, had she not possessed so truly magnificent a voice. It is strange that on this continent, Mdle. Titjiens did not gain the success which was expected. This, of course, was partly owing to the undoubted fact that time had commenced its ravages, and the grand voice was nothing compared to what it had been some years ago. Any one who had heard her in England was bound to confess, that though the artist was as fine as ever, the voice was by no means the same. Another reason for the non-appreciation was, perhaps, that the public here are accustomed to the class of singers already mentioned, those who have high clear voices and great execution. This latter acquirement was never possessed in any marked degree by Mdle. Titjiens, for her voice was of that heavy massive quality not fitted for rapid vocalization, and herein lay her strong point. She was never tempted to make execution the "be all and end all of her art." We have only once heard her attempt a shake, and it was then by no means a success. The consequence was, that she never fell into the bad habit of interpolating shakes not intended by the composer, and her singing of ballads was severe in its pure simplicity. We said that in Opera she has no successor, and this is equally true with regard to the Concert Room. In such songs as she most affected, her dramatic declamatory powers were unrivalled; in "Lofty Sighs," and the "Inflamatus" her voice was heard to immense advantage, whilst any who heard her in her recent tour in America sing "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster" will admit that, though in her decadence, she gave the song such thrilling, awful intensity as no living singer can attempt. It only remains to say that she completely gained the hearts of the British public, as much by her good humour as by her singing. Possessed of a strong constitution, she went through laborious exertions, singing every year right through the Opera season, and then usually starting on a concert tour throughout the United Kingdom, and yet seldom refused to respond to an *encore*, and was scarcely ever known to disappoint an audience. She was in all respects an exceptional artiste, and it will be very difficult for Mr. Mapleson to fill the hiatus she leaves in his Opera Company.

The Crystal Palace Saturday concerts are again in full swing, the first hav-



ing taken place on the 6th of October. The programme of selections looks enticing and is sure to prove so ; amongst works that have not been performed before at these concerts we notice the *symphonie caractéristique* of Berlioz ; *Harold en Italie*, Raff's "Waldsingfonie," of Liszt ; a new Rhapsodie for full orchestra of Reinicke ; an orchestral "In Memoriam," of Saint-Saëns ; *La Ronet d'Omphale* and *La Jeunesse d'Hercule*, and new works by Arthur Sullivan, Prout, Hatton, Benedict and Macfarren.

Mr. Mapleson's huge venture in the shape of a National Opera House seems to have collapsed, as from the pages of the "Architect" we learn the probability of its being turned into a hotel. Pity that it cannot be shipped as it is to America and be directed to Strakosch, who not very long ago had a similar idea for New York, but from some pecuniary reason failed to carry it out. The two impresarios can at least shake hands in their undertaking.

Mdme. Anna Bishop has actually come once more before an English public, and the pity is that she has done so foolish a thing. By the younger London generation her name is almost forgotten, and by the older generation her age is too well known to admit of countenancing her singing again. She recently gave "Let the bright Seraphim," and some operatic scene at Madame Tiebhart's concert, but disapprobation was extreme, and certainly time can not have stayed still with her to the exception of every other artist, for ten years ago her voice was but a wreck of what it had been, and it can scarcely have improved since then.

Madame Ethelka Gerster has been staying at Kissingen after the fatigue of the season ; after paying a visit to her mother she will proceed to Baden where she will sing before the Emperor of Germany ; after that she goes where sooner or later every *prima donna* must try her fate, to St. Petersburg.

The German pianoforte trade, especially at Berlin, has suffered a heavy blow from the recent imposition of a duty of 100 roubles on every piano imported into Russia. The trade was previously very large, as in all the Czar's dominions there are only three pianoforte manufactories of any note.

Mr. F. S. Gilmore has completed an arrangement with Sheridan Shook to give thirty monster concerts at the Hippodrome, New York. The net proceeds are to be devoted to paying the expenses of Mr. Gilmore's band during their projected European tour.

The German Operatic Company, under the management of Mr. T. C. Fryer, opened at the Boston Theatre on the 15th of October, afterwards visiting Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and San Francisco.

Madame Annette Essipoff has been engaged for forty concerts, to be given in different towns of the German Empire, and for which she will receive 18,000 marks.

Dr. Julius Rietz, the intimate friend of Mendelssohn and one of the most distinguished of the present generation of German musicians, died at Dresden on the 12th ult., in the 65th year of his age.

Both the Leeds and Gloucester Festivals have passed off most brilliantly. Albani has been chief soprano at both, while in the contralto music of "Solomon," and in other selections as well, Madame Paten has proved herself again the perfect artiste we all know her to be. Santley, Lloyd and Cumming shared the honour, while to Sir Michael Costa, at the latter Festival, was awarded, perhaps, more than his share of applause.