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"I HAVENT STOLEN ANYTHING, HAVE I?"

# BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1877.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

## CHAPTER VIII.

NICHOLAS having telegraphed his departure for home, was met at the station by his devoted servant Pont, who dropped his hat upon the platform, seized him by both his hands, and shook them until they ached.

"'Pears like you're de prodigal son done come back," said Pont. "I tole de missis she muss git up a fuss-rate veal dinner for yer sho, dis time, and git out yer silk dressin'-gown, an' call in de neighbours, cos you'd been nigh about dead, and come to life ag'in."

When Pont had finished his little speech, which he had been concocting and rehearsing all the morning, the young man's neighbours who crowded the platform, pressed up to welcome him, and congratulate him upon his safety.

It was very pleasant for Nicholas to find himself among familiar scenes and old friends. He wondered why he had ever left them ; and between the station and his home, he went through the experience that comes once to every sensitive young man with the first consciousness that he has been forever removed from the sphere of dependence to a life of active and self-directed manhood. For a few unhappy minutes, he was filled with a tender, self-pitying regret that he could never again be what he had been. He shrank from life and its responsibilities. He half wished that he were a woman, in order that he might honourably bind himself to retirement, and evade the struggles with men which seemed so coarse and repulsive to him. But he had learned that he was a man, and knew that the smooth, round shell which had held him could never take the fledgeling back.

He was not in a talkative mood, as his carriage crawled slowly up the Ottercliff hill, but the pressure upon Pont was too great to be successfully withstood.

"'Pears like you's a pretty good Baptiss now, Mas'r Minturn," said Pont, looking back with his good-natured grin. "You done come to't at las'. De' Lantic Ocean done de business for yer dis time, mas'r. I know'd you'd be foted some way, an' we's got de prodigal son back ag'in, an' had 'im baptize, wid a new name."

"Why, Pont," said Nicholas laughing, "I was baptized when I was a baby."

"Ye didn't need it den, I gib ye my word. Ye was as innocent as a lamb, an' ye didn't need it. It's de old sinners dat wants washin' in deep water. You's only sprinkled, I reckon?"

"I suppose so," responded Nicholas.

"Now, I tell ye what it is, mas'r," Pont went on, as if he were uttering a self-evident theological proposition; "when a man gits mercy, he wants 'mersion. Sprinklin' is well enough for babies; it makes 'em cry, but it don't hurt 'em. 'Mersion goes wid mercy, ebery time wid a nigger, and I reckon it's 'bout de same wid white folks."

"What were you saying about a new name, Pont?" inquired Nicholas.

"Ah! mas'r you got yer new name dis side o' Jordan,—Mas'r Hero, now. Missis read it to me in de papers."

"Well, I hope, you'll not call me by the new name, Pont; I don't like it," said Nicholas.

"I kin talk about it to de horses, I reckon?" said Pont inquiringly.

"Yes, but never to people."

Pont was filled with wonder at this refusal of Nicholas to answer to the name that had been given to him at the time he "administered his baptism," but his young master had always been an enigma to him, and as Pont had relieved his mind, he left him, for the remainder of the drive, to his thoughts.

"Thee is very welcome, dear Nicholas, to thy home again," said sweet and tearful Mrs. Fleming, as he alighted at the door. There was no kiss; there was no profusion of exclamations and questions; there was no effusion of sentiment, but there rested on the face of the placid Quaker lady a deep and tender joy. She led him to his room that spoke of her orderly neatness, pressed his hand and left him. He was once more in the atmosphere of love and home and safety; and the changes and perils through which he had passed came back to him with a power that overwhelmed him. He dropped upon his knees by the side of the bed where he had so often knelt with his mother's arm around his neck, and wept like a child. He rested his head on his hands for long minutes, in a tender and almost delicious swoon of mingled sorrow, joy, and gratitude. His welcome had been sweet, but he missed with a pang of which he did not believe himself susceptible after his long and stupifying grief, the bodily presence of one who he could not but believe still knelt

by his bed in her spiritual form, with her arm around his neck and a blessing on her lips.

The news of his arrival spread quickly through the village of Ottercliff, and he was thronged all day with visits of welcome and congratulation. He had not thought of the old friends of his mother at the Catacombs, or on the Rhigi, but they were apparently as glad to see him as if he had executed their commissions. Such hearty evidences of their friendship were very grateful to him; and the joys of the day quite repaid him for all the hardships he had suffered, and the dangers to which he had been exposed.

During the afternoon he wrote a note to Mr. Bellamy Gold, requesting him to come to him on the following morning, bringing with him all the books relating to his estate, and all the vouchers for his investments. He had determined at the earliest moment to take the charge of his own affairs, and to retain the services of the village lawyer as his adviser. He would assume the cares that belonged to him, and have something to do.

When the lawyer appeared with his huge bundle of books and papers, it was with a troubled look upon his face. He had done his work well and had nothing to hide; but some of his work was incomplete, and he anticipated the loss of a lucrative trust.

"I knew it would come," he said. "I knew it would come some time,"—and he tried to say it with a cordial smile,—“but I thought I was sure of you for the next two years. However, it is all right, and if you want to take matters into your own hands, you know that I shall not be far off, and that I shall always be glad to serve you.”

The day was a laborious one for both, for it took a long time for Nicholas to understand, and the lawyer to explain, the multitude of complicated affairs that came up for consideration. Everything was found to be snug and safe,—everything but one. The lawyer had made a recent investment in bonds, for the registration of which he would be obliged to make a visit to New York. He had not attended to this, because the bonds were safe under his lock and key, and his work had crowded him. As Nicholas desired to go over the business again to make sure that he comprehended it all, the lawyer consented to leave the mass of his documentary materials at the house for the night. Nicholas placed them in the family safe, locked them in, put the key in his pocket, and weary with his day's work, took a seat in the carriage which Pont had driven to the door, and accompanied the lawyer to his home. He was stopped many times on the way to the village by humble neighbours who had had no opportunity to visit him, and he gave them so much time that when he returned, the sun had already set, and the shadows of the evening were gathering upon the river and the landscape.

Mrs. Fleming ordered tea to be served upon the piazza. Although it was midsummer, the air was deliciously cool and refreshing. With only a single question Mrs. Fleming set Nicholas talking, and he told to her, for the first time, the story of his wreck and rescue.

While they sat, the moon came up, broad and full, casting deep shadows far out upon the river, but illuminating the water beyond, and bringing into view the river craft as they passed up and down the beautiful stream. They sat for a long time in silence when they noticed a schooner pointing directly toward the house. The moon lighted up her canvas, and they could see the graceful form of her hull as she came toward the shore. Then, almost in an instant she disappeared, for she had come under the shadow of the bluff.

They waited for a few minutes, catching now and then the reflection of a light. But the light went out, or was put out of sight. The two questioning watchers said nothing to each other for a long time. Then at the same instant they noticed the re-appearance of the light, which remained apparent long enough to show that the schooner had come to anchor, and was still.

"That is a very unusual occurrence," said Mrs. Fleming.

"It certainly is," Nicholas responded. "I never saw a schooner anchor there before. What can they want?"

At this moment, a dark figure approached them, coming up the lawn. They knew that no one had had time to reach them from the strange craft, so Nicholas said :

"Pont, is that you?"

"Yis, mas'r."

"Where have you been at this late hour?"

"Been on de look-out, mas'r."

"Well, what have you seen?"

"I seen something dat don't mean no good, no how, sah," replied the negro.

"Do you mean the schooner yonder?"

"Yis, mas'r."

"Well, what do you think it means?"

"I do' know, sah, but it don't mean no good, no how. Dem men hain't no business dah."

"Suppose you take a boat and row out towards them and find out what you can."

"Will ye go 'long, sah?" inquired Pont, who evidently had no stomach for the expedition.

"Yes, I'll go with you," said Nicholas; and, taking his hat he followed his servant down the narrow path that led to the boat-house. Arriving there, a small skiff with a single pair of sculls was unfastened,

and the two men stepped noiselessly into it and pushed off. Pont rowed close in shore, as noiselessly as if he had been an Adirondack hunter, floating for midnight game. He rowed until they could see the dark hull of the schooner, and detect the lines of her masts defined against the sky. He pulled on until they lay abreast of her. There was no sound on board, and there were no lights to be seen. She was out of the track of all passing craft, and, so far as the reconnoiterers could judge, the men on board had turned in and gone to sleep.

They sat for some minutes in silence, and then they heard a movement; and against the moonlight that flooded the western water and the western sky, they saw three or four figures rise, and slowly disappear. Then they heard the sound of oars, and after a few minutes, a black speck showed itself out upon the gleaming water, moving away from them toward a village on the opposite side of the river.

"Turn about and row back, Pont," said Nicholas. The command was silently obeyed, and when Nicholas reached his house he found Mrs. Fleming awaiting his return, just where he had left her.

"What did you find?" she inquired.

"We found a schooner, and saw her men leave her. They are probably a lot of shirks, who have run in here to get out of sight, and thus to secure an opportunity for a carouse on shore. I don't think we have anything to fear from them."

Although they all went nervous and indefinitely apprehensive to bed, they passed the night without disturbance; but the next day, while the village lawyer and Nicholas were reviewing their work in a state of profound absorption, they were conscious of a movement near them, and looking up, they saw, observing them with wicked black eyes, a middle-aged, rough-looking man, who had entered the house unbidden and unheralded.

"Beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said, scraping his right foot and placing his hat under his arm, "but would you be kind enough to give a poor fellow a trifle to get to New York? I was put off the train here, for the lack of the needful, you know."

The safe stood open by the side of Nicholas, revealing its valuable contents. It was too late to shut it, but Nicholas impulsively rose and closed and locked it, and put the key in his pocket, as he was in the habit of doing. The motion was watched with evident interest by the intruder.

The appeal of the tramp was humbly enough made, but both Nicholas and his companion instinctively recognised its insincerity, and felt that the man was a spy.

"What business have you in this house, you dirty dog?" said Nicholas, his anger rising the moment he began to speak.

"Well, it doesn't look as if I had any," replied the man, sullenly,

"and it's very well for you with your money and your fine house, to call a poor fellow like me a dirty dog, but I haven't stolen anything, have I?"

"I don't know," said Nicholas.

"There are two of you : you'd better search me."

The man's eyes flashed as he said this, and he gave a hitch to the sleeves of his coat as if he would like to have them try it.

"Look here," said Mr. Bellamy Gold, "you had better leave the town the first chance you can get, or I'll have you arrested for a vagrant."

"I shall leave town when I get ready, and I shall leave this house when I get ready, too. Perhaps you'd like to put me out, now, come!"

The fellow had hardly time to complete his menace when Nicholas leaped to his feet, grasped the man's collar, wheeled him about, and taking him by his shoulders, pushed him, violently resisting, out of the room, through the hall, and down the steps. The rascal had dropped his hat at the door, and this Nicholas tossed after him.

He was in a great rage and started to come back, but he had felt the force of the young muscles, and saw that Nicholas in the doorway had him at a disadvantage.

"You are a smart boy, you are," he growled huskily, "but I'll get you in a tight place yet! Never you mind! I'll have it out of you—if I ever catch you anywhere," he prudently added.

Nicholas laughed at him and he seemed reluctant to go away, but at last he went off, growling and threatening, and talking to himself. Nicholas stood in the door and watched him until he passed out of sight. The man's features, his figure, his gait, his voice, were as thoroughly impressed upon his memory as if he had known him from boyhood.

Before Nicholas closed the door and locked it against further intrusion, he called for Pont. When the negro appeared, Nicholas asked him if he had seen the tramp. He replied that he had.

"Then," said Nicholas. "take the short cut to the station; get there before him, and see what he does with himself."

Pont started upon a run, and soon disappeared behind the shrubbery. Then Nicholas went back laughing to the lawyer, whom he found very much disturbed.

"I don't like this," said Mr. Bellamy Gold. "You have provoked the man's ill-will, and if I haven't mistaken his character, he would murder you as readily and remorselessly as he would eat a dinner. I don't like it. It's a bad thing."

"Well, it is done, and it can't be helped," said Nicholas.

"It's a bad thing," the lawyer repeated. "He has seen everything."



It's a bad thing and you must let me take all these papers back to my office to-night."

Nicholas was suddenly seized with a thought of the schooner. In the absorption of the morning it had gone out of his mind, and he rose and walked out upon the piazza. There was no schooner in sight, and she had probably left during the night. The fact relieved him.

An hour afterward, Pont returned with the information that the supposed tramp, instead of going to the station, went directly to the river, where a boat with a single occupant awaited him. Then he coolly took off his coat, sat down in the boat, and, together, the two men pulled straight across the stream into a cove, and disappeared.

The fact was not calculated to re-assure Nicholas or his lawyer. Neither was surprised at the news, but both had hoped the fellow would go away.

When Mr. Bellamy Gold left the house that evening, he took all his books and papers with him ; but nothing happened during the night to justify his fears, and several days and nights passed away without disturbance, until the threat of the ruffianly intruder had ceased to be thought of, and life at the mansion went on in its usual quiet course.

After all the excitement through which Nicholas had passed, it could not have been expected that he would settle down contentedly to the old life that was once so dear to him. He felt himself becoming uneasy. He had grown familiar with his affairs, and while the examination into them lasted, his mind was occupied. When the interest connected with this had died away, it reached out for something to do. He devised improvements here and there upon his place. He superintended his workmen, or roamed over his estate, or engaged himself in reading, and at last he began to learn that it was less his mind than his heart that was hungry. The beautiful invalid with whom he had been thrown into such strange associations presented herself more—and still more—frequently before his imagination. If he sat upon the piazza, he found the ocean steamer reproduced in every passing vessel, and beheld her reclining in the old attitude upon the deck. Every book he read was illustrated by his fancy with pictures of which she was always the central figure. He thought of her as an occupant of his home, and dreamed of the sweetness with which she would endow it. He thought of himself as her husband, not only, but as the ministering servant to her helplessness. He found his heart constantly rebelling against the statement of Mr. Benson, that marriage with her was "out of the question."

Yet he did not dare to love her. He knew that she liked him. He knew that she was profoundly grateful to him. He felt that she would sacrifice anything to show her appreciation of him and of his services to her, but he had apprehended something in her beyond this, and he was

surprised to learn how keen a pang the apprehension caused him. He knew that he never could have come to this apprehension had it not been through the subtle stimulus which her own magnetic nature and character had exercised upon him,—the apprehension that she would never permit him to sacrifice himself to her. He felt that if there were anything in him that could inspire her heart with love, the measure of that love would be the measure of her determination never to bind his hands in service to one who could not help but would only hinder him.

He found himself longing, too, for sympathy. He could not unveil his heart to a man. If his mother had been alive he would have spoken all his thoughts to her and rejoiced in the privilege; but he recoiled from speaking a word, even to his friend Glezen. Glezen would only say to him: "Well, my boy, if you want her, go in and win." His friend could not possibly sympathize with his experiences and apprehensions, or comprehend the depth and delicacy of his sentiment; and it would be profanation to reveal them to one who would look upon them only with the eye of a practical, business man.

So it was with a feeling of delightful relief that he heard good Mrs. Fleming say to him one evening, while they were sitting together over their tea:

"Nicholas, thee has something on thy mind. May I share it with thee?"

Nicholas did not blush. He did not hesitate. He knew that a woman could comprehend what a man could not, and he opened his whole heart to her. He told her of a thousand things he had hidden from her sight—of Miss Larkin's helplessness, of her sweetness, of her power to move and elevate himself, and of the delightful possibilities which she had opened to his thought. He was tender and enthusiastic. A boy of fifteen would not have been more so, or more confiding and unreserved.

Mrs. Fleming listened to him with the calm and sympathetic smile of one who had had a sweet experience of her own, and who took a profound satisfaction in being so frankly trusted. If she had not loved Nicholas before, she would have loved him then. He had paid to her the most grateful tribute that man can pay to womanhood—a tribute to the wisdom of her heart.

"I thank thee, Nicholas, for this," she said, and rising she went to him, and bending over him as he sat, kissed his forehead. She had not kissed him before since he was a boy. The spirit of the boy had moved her.

Resuming her seat, she said:

"Thee must follow the inner light, Nicholas. Thee must not enter into calculations, nor weigh hinderances and advantages. The Spirit cannot speak through the lips of human wisdom, for that is full of pride

and full of all selfish mixtures. The pure in heart not only see God, but they feel God, and hear Him. It is the heart that hears the voice which guides aright ; and if thy heart is pure—and I believe it is—and if thee has heard a voice in it that bids thee love some one who is pure and lovely, then listen to it and obey it. No harm can come of it. It may bring thee trial, but it can never injure thee. There are many paths that lead to the best that God has for us. Some of them are in the sun, and some of them in the shadow ; but so long as thee takes counsel of thy heart, and the light within is bright, thee has nothing to fear and all good things to hope for."

Her words were balm and inspiration to the young man, and they left him more desirous than ever to renew his acquaintance with the girl whose history, as it related to himself, had called them forth. He determined to visit New York, but he would at least have a business errand. He would take down the unregistered bonds, and perfect the arrangements relating to them, and, among his new friends, he would see Miss Larkin again.

He therefore fixed upon an early day for the visit, and on the afternoon previous to his departure, drove over to Mr. Bellamy Gold's office, and, receiving the package he desired, drove back again. He placed his bonds in the safe, locked them in, and, according to his custom, put the key in his pocket.

The night came down dark and gloomy, and the thickening sky gave signs of an approaching storm. The sun had set behind a curtain of heavy clouds that skirted the western horizon, fringed with thunderheads that loomed above the mass like Alpine summits. Behind these the lightning played incessantly as twilight deepened into night. Everything seemed preternaturally still,—not a leaf stirred in the breathless air.

Throughout the brief evening, Mrs. Fleming and Nicholas sat together, saying little, watching the lightning as the distant cloud rose higher and higher, and hoping that the storm would make its onset before the hour of bed-time should bid them separate for the night. But the centre of the storm was far away, and was slow in its approaches. Weary at last with waiting, and drowsy after the fatigues of the day, they closed the shutters and retired to their rooms, where both lingered for half an hour, fascinated by the freaks of the lightning as it threaded the lazily rising clouds ; and then they went to bed.

It was after midnight when the tempest burst upon Ottercliff, and both Nicholas and Mrs. Fleming were in their first sleep. Nicholas was a sound sleeper, and the play of the lightning, the rush of the tempest, and the roar of the thunder became the elements of a boisterous dream. He dreamed of the strange schooner. He heard the flap of her canvas, and the noise of the waves beating against the shore. He

saw her deck swarming with villainous forms, and among them he recognised that of the tramp, whom he had so recently repulsed from his house. He was sufficiently awake to know that the expected storm was passing in its fury, and sufficiently asleep to fit its tumultuous sounds into the fanciful scheme of his dream.

The lightning would not have awakened him, but he somehow became conscious of the presence of a steady light. He opened his eyes and saw three men at his side. One held a pistol to his head and told him that if he raised a hand he would blow his brains out.

The men were masked and understood their brutal business; and Nicholas readily comprehended the fact that he was in their power. It was useless to call, for no one could help him. It was vain to struggle, for he was not a match for them.

"Men, you will have your way, I suppose," said Nicholas, "and all I ask of you is that you will not disturb the lady. She cannot harm you, for she is feeble and old. I suppose you have all had a mother, and you must owe something to her memory."

The return for the speech was a harsh slap upon the mouth, and an order to turn in his bed, that his hands might be tied behind him. They then lashed his hands and his feet together, gagged him, and leaving a man to watch him, searched his pockets and went off down-stairs.

"I told you I'd have it out of you," said the man huskily, who stood at his side. "You are a smart boy, you are, but we are too many for you this time."

Nicholas would have been at no loss to recognise his keeper, even if he had not betrayed himself in his language. He could have sworn to the brutal, husky voice, whatever words it might have uttered.

Between the explosions of profane abuse with which the villain poured forth his revengeful spleen, Nicholas lay helplessly, and heard the confederates going from room to room, opening doors and drawers, and talking in low tones, and knew that the house and all its treasures were in their hands. They could murder him and burn the dwelling that covered him. They could and would carry away all that their greedy hands could bear, and do it in perfect safety at their leisure.

His confinement became agony at last, and then he heard a low whistle at the foot of the staircase.

"The game's played," said the husky voice at his side. "You've been a nice boy. Pleasant dreams to you, and a breakfast without silver. Bye-bye."

Nicholas heard the man descend the stairs, then the clink of metal as the robbers shouldered their burdens, and, at last, their heavy tramp upon the ground as they moved off.

There were other ears that heard it all, and in a moment, Mrs. Flem-

ing, white and shaking with terror, entered his room. To undo his fastenings was the work of a few minutes, but Nicholas found himself too much exhausted to sit up in his bed. Mrs. Fleming had locked her door on the first consciousness that the house had been entered, and though it was carefully tried, no violence had been offered to it. She had heard the words, "That's the old woman's room I reckon, and we must remember our mothers;" and this was followed by a low laugh, and retreating footsteps.

Mrs. Fleming brought Nicholas a cordial, and, after an hour, he tottered to his feet, and dressed himself. Then they found Pont who had slept through it all in his distant room, and all descended to the scene of the robbery. The burglars had entered by a window opening like a door from the piazza, and the damp night wind was passing through it into the house. They closed the window and then began to examine into the extent of the spoliation. They first visited the safe. It was open, and the key, which Nicholas had placed in his pocket on returning with his bonds the previous afternoon, was in the lock. As he anticipated, not only the plate but the bonds were gone, and these covered a far greater value than everything else that they could have borne away. After ascertaining the loss of these, Nicholas had no curiosity with regard to the remainder of the booty. Daylight would better reveal the minor particulars, and for this it was agreed to wait. They would not go to bed again, and Pont was consigned to a lounge and ordered to wait with them.

Nicholas went to the window and peered out into the night, which was rapidly approaching a new day. Exactly in the place where the schooner had come to anchor ten days before, he saw a light. While he watched it, it slowly moved out across the stream and disappeared. The river pirates had done their dark work, won their plunder and flown, leaving no clew behind them but the memory of the villain whom Nicholas had once thrust from the house, and who had returned in the character of his captor and keeper. Pont was soon asleep, and Nicholas and Mrs. Fleming, sitting close beside each other and engaging in low conversation, watched until the brightest and sweetest of summer mornings dawned upon them, and then they slowly and regretfully counted up their losses.

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## CHAPTER IX.

GREAT was the excitement in Ottercliff when it was noised abroad that the Minturn mansion had been broken into and plundered of its treasures. All who could leave their work swarmed to the house, entered it, looked it all through and all over, hung about it, and wearied

its occupants with their inspection and their inquiries. Mr. Bellamy Gold was one of the first visitors, and was profoundly dismayed on finding that his record of the numbers of the stolen bonds, which he had carefully made, had disappeared. This he had learned by going back to his office. He had once shown the record to Nicholas, but when the latter received the bonds, he had not delivered it to him, deeming it wise to hold it. He had rummaged every pigeon-hole, looked between the leaves of his account-books, turned his pockets inside out, and searched all the drawers in his office, with no result but the conviction that the means were gone for stopping the sale of the bonds and the payment of their coupons.

This was the heaviest blow of all to the little lawyer. He felt that his professional honour was at stake, or, rather, his professional trustworthiness. If he had the record, he could make the bonds useless to the hands that held them, and ultimately compel their return at his own price. Without it, he was helpless ; and the bonds could be negotiated through the lines of roguery that run very high up toward the respectability of Wall Street.

Nicholas found the robbery a violent interference with his plans, as well as a most unwelcome interruption of his thoughts. He had anticipated his absence from home and his visit to the city with keen delight, and several days passed away before he could bring his mind into the old channel, and up to its old purposes ; but, as it had become necessary to replace many of the articles that had been stolen, and it seemed desirable to consult with others besides Mr. Gold, in regard to measures for procuring a return of the missing bonds, he engaged a watch for his house and set off.

While on his way, the promise of Mr. Benson to give him advice whenever he should have occasion for it, came into his mind. He despised the man, but he had no quarrel with him. He knew that his heart was hollow, but he knew also that his brain was keen and wise. If the whole truth must be told, he desired to have a matter of business with Mr. Benson. He wished to be received at his house in a friendly way. He deprecated his enmity, at least, as well as any relation with him which would throw obstacles in the path of his friendship for his ward. So Nicholas determined to tell him frankly of his losses, and ask him for his counsel.

On arriving at the city, and taking a room at a convenient hotel, he went, without calling upon Glezen, directly to Mr. Benson's house. Mr. Benson, for whom he first inquired, was out and would not return until evening. Then he sent his card to Miss Larkin, who responded with a message that she would be glad to see him in her parlour.

As he entered the lovely apartment, his heart warmed with a strange,

delicious joy. Everything spoke alike of happy repose and tasteful activity. The shelves of handsome books, the well-chosen pictures on the walls, the records of ingenious needle-work on chairs and ottomans, the bouquets of freshly-gathered roses, the harmonious adjustments of form and colour, and the one sweet life and beautiful face and figure of her who had gathered and arranged all, and given to them their significance, exercised upon him the charm of a rare poem. His heart, his life, his tastes, felt themselves at home. He would have been quite content, if any necessity had imposed silence upon him, to sit all day in the presence and atmosphere in which he found himself, without speaking a word.

Miss Larkin sat half reclining upon a low divan, and, without attempting to rise, extended her hand to Nicholas as he entered, and greeted him with hearty words and a hearty smile.

"I was thinking of you at the very moment you rang the bell," she said. "It seems a long time since I have seen you; and I had begun to wonder whether you had forgotten us all."

"I can never forget you," said Nicholas bluntly.

"You have a tenacious memory, I suppose?" said Miss Larkin, with mirthful questioning eyes.

"Yes, very."

Nicholas felt himself growing rigid. He could not look at her. The temptation to fall upon his knees beside her, press her hand to his lips, and pour out to her the flood of tender passion rising in his heart, seemed too great to be resisted. He had hungered for her, thirsted for her, longed to be beside her once more, felt drawn toward her by attractions more subtle and powerful than those which invite the steel to the magnet, and borne about with him, through all the days of his separation from her, a sense of exigency. It was enough, or he had felt all along that it would be enough, to be in her presence. He had been like a wanderer in a wilderness, longing for a cool spring at which to quench his thirst,—longing to sit down beneath its sheltering trees for rest. He had not dared to dream of offering his heart and life to her, and he felt himself taken at a disadvantage.

Miss Larkin with her keen instincts, read the nature of the struggle through which he was passing. She had not intended, with her single touch of playful raillery, to invite him to more than he had sought. So she adroitly tried to change the current of conversation, and divert him from his thoughts.

"We have passed through a great deal of trouble since our return," she said. "You have had your share, of which I have heard, and I have had mine, of which you can have known nothing."

With a sigh of relief, Nicholas responded :

“You refer to our little home tragedy, I suppose. It cost me nothing but money, so I don’t mind it. Have you anything to tell me of yourself?”

“Oh, not much,” she replied. “There has been a single scene in this room on the return of Mr. Benson of which I may only speak to you. It was nothing but what I foresaw. The man is changed, and not for the better. He is winning back daily his old hauteur, his old self-possession, and his old pride. I promised that I would not betray him, and he knows that I will keep my promise. He would secure the same promise of you, or try to secure it, if he did not believe that I would do it for him. I simply told him that I did not think that you would displease me by betraying him, and further than this I shall not go, either with you or with him. I know that the consciousness that he is in our hands galls him to the quick,—that he frets under it, and quarrels with it, and that he can never love either of us. I hope he cannot harm you, but he can make life very uncomfortable to me if he chooses to do so.”

“Then I swear,” said Nicholas rising from his chair, his face flushing with angry colour, “I will never pledge myself not to betray him, either to you or to him. I see it all. He will trust to your truthfulness and mine, if he can get the promise of us both, and ride over our wills as he rides over the wills of others. You may make no promise for me, for if I find that he is oppressive or unfair to you, I will break it.”

The thought that a man could be so base as to take the advantage of a helpless woman’s word of honour to distress her in any way, or to impose upon the world around him, raised his indignation beyond the point of continence.

Miss Larkin was not shocked. She was neither grieved nor angered at this impulsive declaration of independence. She found her will strangely acquiescing with a decision which she felt ought to have offended her, and by that token saw how easily she could identify her life with his. The just man had spoken, moved by an honest sympathy for her, and her admiration and respect for him had been augmented. But Nicholas felt that he had been impulsive and rash, if not vindictive and harsh; so, relapsing from his mood, and resuming his chair, he said:

“I beg your pardon, Miss Larkin. I hope I haven’t offended you. I am not used to dealing with designing men, and this man makes me wild. To tell you the truth, I did not know there were any such men in the world; but now that I do know it, I should despise myself, if, for the worthless sake of one of them, I were to place my friends and myself in his hands. I am sure you will forgive me.”

“I have nothing to forgive. What you have said seems right,” she



answered. "You must remember, however, that you can do what I cannot do. You are not in Mr. Benson's hands, as I am."

"Very well," Nicholas responded, "if Mr. Benson asks you to promise anything for me, you can only tell him that you cannot answer for me. I had intended to see him, and ask his advice on a matter of business, as he once invited me to do, but I am tempted to go away without seeing him at all."

"I would not do that," said Miss Larkin, "for you have inquired for him, and it may arouse his suspicions and make another scene between him and myself; and this I know you will help me to avert. Let's talk no more about it. Please tell me how you are passing your time. I see so little of the outside world that any living breath from its affairs refreshes me."

Here was a grateful invitation to confidence, and the heart of Nicholas opened to it at once. It was delightful to sit at Miss Larkin's side, to watch her kindling eyes and earnest face, as he unfolded his changing plans of life to her, and recounted his new industries and his new responsibilities. It repaid him for all his trouble to find that his manly aims and employments pleased her, and that she was sufficiently interested in him to care for the details of his pursuits and to sympathize in his purposes.

"I am greatly interested in what you have told me," Miss Larkin said, as Nicholas concluded. "I cannot tell you how much you gratify me."

Nicholas smiled and blushed, as he responded :

"Now perhaps you can inform me why it is that I am so glad to tell you all this, and receive your approval. I am as much pleased as a child who has had a pat on the head for being good."

"I am so much the person obliged, that I cannot tell you," she answered. "The confidence you have reposed in me and your willingness to entertain me, make me so much your debtor, that I find it difficult to understand your question."

"Well, I've heard," said Nicholas smiling, "that young men of my own age and circumstances look upon me as a sort of milksop. They would probably regard what I feel bound to say as confirmation of their opinion, but to me a woman has always been a kind of second conscience. In truth, I never feel quite so sure of my own conscience as I do of her instincts and her judgment. I ask for no better rule for my life, and seek for no higher approval of my conduct, than her praise. It satisfies me and it makes me strong. To be recognised by her as a true man, and to secure her approbation for my conduct and life, is, it seems to me, to be endorsed by the best authority there is in the world. Women may not be good judges of women, because their instincts are not so keen with regard to their own sex as to ours. Though a good woman

may not read herself very clearly, she sees what she lacks, and recognises the complement to herself, which she finds in the man whom she approves. If she is good, and approves a man, it simply shows that she recognises that which completes herself."

Miss Larkin blushed, and knew that Nicholas did not see, at the moment, how readily she could personally appropriate what he had said, but she was pleased.

"I did not know that you were capable of such subtleties," she responded.

"I was thinking about my mother and Mrs. Fleming," said Nicholas.

"Oh! I see!"

And then they both laughed.

"Now tell me about your associates," Miss Larkin said.

"I have none."

"Does Ottercliff give you no society?"

"None that I care for."

"You will not be able to live there, then."

"That is what troubles me. The summer is well enough, but I see now that I can never be held to my house all the winter. I should die of ennui."

"What will you do?"

"I shall spend the winter here."

Nicholas could not help noticing the flush of pleasure that overspread his companion's face as she inquired:

"And what will you do here?"

"I don't know," he answered. "Glezen and I had a little talk when I first returned about the poor here, and I fancied that I might make myself of some use to them. I became very much interested in a poor man who called at his office, and it seemed to me that I might keep myself out of mischief, perhaps, by looking after such fellows, and helping them along."

"Why, that will be delightful!" said Miss Larkin; "and you can report your work to me, and perhaps I can help you."

At this moment a rap was heard at the door, and the servant announced Miss Coates and Miss Pelton. The young woman evidently felt embarrassed at being found with Nicholas, but there was no help for it, and she directed that they should be shown to her parlour.

Nicholas gave her a look of inquiry.

"They have not come together," said Miss Larkin. "They have accidentally met at the door. Both have called upon me frequently since our return."

The young ladies entered, and were received with a hearty greeting by the two friends. Miss Larkin was visited by a good many significant

and smiling glances, and Nicholas was rallied upon his forgetfulness and partiality. Amid blushes that he could not suppress, he assured them that he intended to call upon all his friends before returning home.

"I have some good news to tell you," said Miss Larkin to the young ladies.

"Oh, let us have it!" exclaimed the pair in unison.

"Mr. Minturn is to spend the winter in the city."

"That will be charming!" exclaimed Miss Pelton, who assumed the rôle of superior person in the presence of Miss Coates.

"We shall be very glad to have you here," said the latter, quietly.

"What church shall you attend?" inquired Miss Pelton.

Was it a strange question for a young and fashionable girl to ask? Not at all. It is the first that comes to a great multitude of church-going people in America, when a stranger proposes to domiciliate himself among them.

"I haven't thought as far as that yet," Nicholas replied.

"Well, there are churches, and churches, you know," said Miss Pelton significantly.

"Yes, I know there are a great many," Nicholas responded.

"Well, I didn't mean exactly that," replied Miss Pelton. "Don't you think, now," she went on, turning with a graceful and deferential appeal to Miss Larkin, "that the church a man goes to has a great deal to do with his social position? It seems to me a stranger ought to be very careful."

"I think it depends partly upon whether the man is a gentleman, and partly upon what he regards as a good social position," Miss Larkin replied.

"Now, don't be naughty," said Miss Pelton, tapping Miss Larkin with her fan. "Don't be naughty, and don't be democratic and foolish. You know, my dear, that the church a man goes to makes all the difference in the world with him. You know that we have fashionable churches and churches that are not fashionable. Now that's the truth."

"Fashionable churches?" inquired Nicholas.

"Why, certainly!" said Miss Pelton.

"You will excuse my surprise," said Nicholas, "but I have always lived where there was but one church, where the rich and poor met together, and acknowledged that the Lord was the maker of them all. A fashionable church must be a city institution; and I don't think I should like it. To tell the truth, the idea of such a thing shocks me. It seems to me that I ought to go where I can get the most good and do the most good; and so long as the Founder of our religion did not consult His social position in the establishment of His Church, I don't believe I will do it in choosing mine."

“Oh, you are naughty and democratic, too,” said Miss Pelton, with a pout and a toss of the head. “I shall have to turn you over to Mrs. Ilmansee; and you’re naughty to make such a serious thing of it, too. You know poor little I can’t talk with you, and you take advantage of me.” All this in an injured and pathetic tone, as if she were a spoiled little girl.

“Well, really now, Miss Pelton,” said Nicholas, “I think you hard on the churches. You can’t mean that there are churches here to which people attach themselves because they are fashionable? You can’t mean that there are churches here from which the poor are practically shut away because they are unfashionable, and that those who attend them are proud of their churches and their company, just as they would be proud of a fashionable house, or dress, or,—or even a pair of shoes? You can’t mean this?”

“Oh, don’t, Mr. Minturn! You scare me so! I’m not used to it, you know. How can you be so terrible?”

Miss Coates, during this conversation, had taken the position which she habitually assumed in the presence of such butterflies as Miss Pelton. She sat apart, devouring the conversation, and getting ready for what she had to say,—provided she felt called upon to say anything. She was not ill-natured, but she held in superlative contempt a frivolous, fashionable and unthinking woman. She did not herself attend a fashionable church. To her ear even the phrase which designated and defined it was an outrage upon religion and a blasphemy against the Master. She knew that Miss Pelton’s resources were extremely limited in any serious conversation, and that if Nicholas undertook an argument with her, she would relapse at once into babyhood, and make the transition as graceful and attractive as possible. In justice to her nature, it ought to be said, perhaps, that she wished she were opposed to Nicholas at the moment, simply to assert the power of woman to argue; but she was with him and very much in earnest.

“Yes, that is precisely what she means,” said Miss Coates, sharply, when Miss Pelton dodged the questions which Nicholas put to her. “She means that there are multitudes here who never would step into a church unless it were fashionable; that they go there to show themselves in high society, and go there for what they can get out of high society. She means that a church is fashionable just as a theatre is fashionable,—that a preacher is fashionable just as an actor is fashionable, or a dress-maker, or an undertaker, or a caterer. Isn’t it shocking?”

“Don’t say I mean it, please! Say you mean it,” said Miss Pelton pettishly.

“Very well, I mean it,” said Miss Coates emphatically. “I mean that there are churches here in which no poor person ever feels at

home with the exception of one here and there, who is unwilling to be grouped with the poor, and who is content to get a little reflected respectability from his surroundings. There are such poor people as these in fashionable churches, and very poor sticks they are; but the great multitude of the poor are as much shut out from these churches as they are from the houses of those who control and attend them. In what are called, by courtesy, the houses of God, the distance between the rich and the poor is as great as it is in the houses of men. In fact, God doesn't hold the title-deeds of half the churches here. Men own the pews, and trade in them as if they were corner-lots in Paradise."

All this was news to Nicholas, and, although it was serious news enough, he could not resist the impulse to join in the laugh which greeted the close of the young woman's characteristic utterance. There was evidently a spice of personal feeling in this sweeping arraignment of the fashionable Christianity of the city, for Miss Coates had felt its hand upon herself. She knew that her own path would have been much easier if, with all the money of her family, she had chosen to count herself with the fashionable throng. It would at least have tolerated or patronized her, and she was fully aware that when she rebelled against or ignored it, she would become a social sufferer.

"You are a little hard, I fear, Miss Coates," said Miss Larkin, whose sympathies and charities went upward as well as downward. "These people do not see their own inconsistency, and cannot understand how impossible it is for the poor to come into association with them. I have often heard them deplore the absence of the poor from their churches, and feebly and ignorantly wonder why such could not be attracted to them. I know, too, how much they give to the poor, how much they labour in the missions, how they work with their own hands for the sick among them. Some of the dearest and sweetest Christian women of my acquaintance are in the fashionable churches, and many a girl who only has the credit of being a devotee of fashion is as truly an angel of merciful ministry as the city possesses."

"Now, you're good," exclaimed Miss Pelton, running to Miss Larkin prettily and giving her a kiss.

"Yes," said Miss Coates, almost bitterly, "they pity the poor, and that is exactly what the poor don't want. They stand upon their lofty heights and look down upon and pity them. They entertain no sense of brotherly and sisterly equality, based upon the common need which a church is established to supply. The difference between sympathy and pity is a difference which the poor apprehend by instinct. They are not obliged to argue the matter at all, and wherever there is a church without the poor, there is a reason for their absence; and the poor are not responsible for it."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Miss Larkin ; " but, even if it is true, is it not better to give the rich and fashionable the credit of good rather than bad motives ? They may be mistaken, and be good all the same. We all act from mixed motives, but the dominant motive is that which determines the character of our actions, and these people mean well. They do not seem to be able to separate their Christianity from their fashionable life and associations, but they would like to do good, and get good. If they are unable to apprehend the way, they call for our pity and not for our condemnation. I have known so many sweet and good people among them, that I cannot say less for them than this."

"And you are a dear, good little angel yourself," said Miss Pelton, effusively.

"And it comes to this," said Miss Coates, "that we are all a parcel of children, and our Christianity is a package of sugar-plums in every rich boy's and rich girl's pocket, to be peddled out to the poor children as a charity—if we can get them to take it. They want companionship, and we give them *marrons glacés*. They want sympathy, and we toss them a peppermint lozenge. They want recognition for Christian manhood and womanhood, and they get a *chocolat éclair*. They want a voice in the councils of the churches, and we dip into another pocket and pull out a penny whistle, and tell them to run around the corner and blow it."

Miss Coates's peroration "brought down the house," and although she was speaking with almost a spiteful earnestness, she was obliged to join in the laughter she had excited.

Nicholas was greatly interested in the conversation. The discussion itself touched upon a topic of profound moment to him, but the revelation of mind and character which accompanied it was more enjoyable than any book he had ever read. He hardly knew which he admired more ; the incisive outspoken common sense of Miss Coates, or the sweet sisterly charitableness of Miss Larkin. He could not doubt which was the more amiable, though he felt that both girls were true-hearted, and that both held the same truth, though they looked at it from opposite sides.

The young people would doubtless have gone on indefinitely with their talk, but they were fatally interrupted.

When Mrs. Benson learned that a stranger was calling upon Miss Larkin, she inquired who he was, and learned that he had first inquired for her husband. Then remembering that she had often heard Nicholas spoken of, and that Mr. Benson had expressed a wish to see him, she feared that she should be derelict in duty and held to blame if she did not immediately inform her husband of the young man's presence. She accordingly sent a messenger to his office with the announcement.

Mr. Benson was full of business, and, although he dreaded the interview with Nicholas, he wished for it, and wished that it were well over. He did not doubt that he was with Miss Larkin, and that they were enjoying themselves together. The thought made him intensely uneasy, although he could not comprehend how any young man would desire to cherish more than friendly relations with one who was comparatively helpless,—especially a young man whose circumstances raised him above the temptation to marry for money.

It was difficult for him to leave his office; but he had attempted to go on with his business but a few minutes when he found that his mind was growing feverish, and that he could not command it to attention. Then he rose, left his clients behind him, or turned them away, and went home; and the laughter over Miss Coates's closing speech had hardly subsided when he presented himself at Miss Larkin's door. He was in a good deal of trepidation as he entered at her bidding, and had evidently braced himself to meet the only two persons in the world whom he had reason to fear. The relief which he felt on finding the little parlour half filled with young people whose countenances were aglow with merriment was evident in an instantaneous change of his features.

"Why! this is lovely! this is lovely!" he said in his accustomed strong, bland tone. He found it easier than he had anticipated to take Nicholas by the hand, and look into his eyes; but the young man found his hand cold and nervous, and recognised a certain constraint in his manner that his determined will was not entirely able to suppress or soften.

"I'm glad to see you, glad to see you, my young friend," said Mr. Benson, with a touch of the old dignity and heartiness in his tone. "I was afraid you had forsaken us forever, and it really seemed to me that we had been through too many perils together, and received too many favours from a common Providence to be anything but friends so long as our lives may be spared. You are very welcome to my house, and I have come from my business to tell you so. Sit down; sit down, my dear sir."

Nicholas was honest in every mental and moral fibre. He was as sensitive, too, to the moral atmosphere of a man as a girl; and when he heard these unctuous words shaped to express a hearty, friendly interest, he somehow knew that a selfish fear skulked behind and dictated them. He could not readily respond to them. His jaw trembled, and almost fell from his control; but politeness called for some response, especially as three young ladies were regarding him; and as he could not lie without choking, he said:

"I came with the hope of seeing you, Mr. Benson, but I did not expect to call you from your office. To be honest, I didn't suppose you could care much for me."

Nicholas blushed, for he knew that his response must have appeared ungracious to two of the young ladies before him. It is possible that the consciousness that he had been talking about Mr. Benson had something to do with his embarrassment, but the skilful and self-assured old man was adroit enough to take him at his word, and to assume that the young man's modesty was the cause of his coolness.

"Of course I care for you! Of course I care for you!" said Mr. Benson, laying his hand on the shoulder of Nicholas.

Miss Coates and Miss Pelton saw that something was wrong, and immediately rose to make their adieus.

"Not a word of it! not a word of it!" said Mr. Benson, waving them off. "Mr. Minturn and I will retire to my library. Come my young friend, where we can have a little friendly chat by ourselves."

So Nicholas bowed to the young ladies, and followed him out.

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## CHAPTER X.

TO LIVE and act in an atmosphere of popular confidence and deference is one thing, and to live and act in precisely the same way in an atmosphere of mistrust and cold politeness, is quite another. Men who are doubted are inclined either to doubt themselves, or to place themselves in an attitude of defiance. Even a lost woman may save herself if she can escape the popular reprobation. The real, like the sham, virtue thrives best under the influence of the public respect, as the lily and the weed are vivified by the same sun. There is no man so strong that he need no bracing by the good opinions and the hearty sympathies of his fellows; and when these are withheld from one who has been accustomed to them, it is hard for him to keep his feet.

The simple fact that there were two persons in the world, though they possessed but little influence, who had seen into, and seen through, Mr. Benson, was a demoralizing power upon him. The man who was strong before the world, and who found it comparatively easy to resume his old relations with it, was weak and self-doubtful when in the presence of the two who knew him and could ruin him. The influence of their contempt was to make him consciously a worse man than he had ever been. It tempted him to lie. It tempted him to act a part. It tempted him to anger and hatred. In the effort to appear the true man he was not, he was conscious of a loss of self-respect, and of the development of purpose and sentiment which made him capable of unwonted meanness. He even came to feel at last—he had come to feel before Nicholas visited him—that these two lives, spared so strangely from the death to which in his cowardly flight he had left them, were



standing between him and a comfortable life, if they did not interpose between him and heaven. He had shut Miss Larkin's mouth. That was something, but he was surprised to find how little it was after all. He never could be himself in her presence again. He had not shut the mouth of Nicholas, and he was sure from the embarrassment of the young man, that he (Mr. Benson) had been the topic of conversation during the morning. Nicholas himself was only too conscious that Mr. Benson had read as much as this.

Mr. Benson felt, on entering his library with Nicholas, that his true way to reach the young man's heart was through a manifestation of interest in his affairs. That had been his experience with other men, and he would try it with this man.

"Take a seat, my young friend. There! Let me relieve you of your hat. Now, this is cosy and nice, and we can be by ourselves. I've been wanting very much to hear about your misfortune. Of course I have read all about it in the papers, but they always exaggerate. You lost some bonds?"

"Yes," said Nicholas, "and what is worse, they were not registered, and I have no record of their numbers."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Benson, with indignant emphasis. "You don't mean to say that that lawyer of yours neglected a duty so simple that a child would have known enough to perform it?"

"No," replied Nicholas, "I don't mean to say any such thing. A record of the numbers was made, but it has been lost, and cannot be found."

"Well, well, well! That is bad; but you remember what I told you? I never saw a country lawyer yet who was fit to take charge of such affairs as yours. Well, well, well!"

And Mr. Benson shook his head as if it were quite the reverse of well. Then he went to his desk, took out an account-book, and said:

"Please describe these bonds to me. It may happen that I can get a clue to them. I deal with a great many poor people; but your man's negligence has made such a botch of the business that the chances are all against my doing anything for you."

"Excuse me, Mr. Benson," said Nicholas, with an effort, "but I don't like to hear you talk so about Mr. Gold. I think he is an unusually careful man."

Mr. Benson smiled his superior smile.

"Your charity for him," he said, "does you credit, considering how much you have suffered by the man, but it will not bring back the bonds. Let's see. New York Central, I think the paper stated."

"Yes."

Mr. Benson wrote the fact down, and then said:

“How many?”

“Twenty-five.”

Mr. Benson made a long, low whistle, expressive of mingled surprise and pity—as if he had seen a boy cut his finger—while he wrote down the number.

“Date,” he inquired.

“Date of what?”

“Of the robbery.”

“August first.”

“Yes, August first.” And he recorded it.

“How many men were there engaged in the robbery?”

“Three. I don’t believe there were more.”

“Well, I may as well put that down; for don’t you see that the bonds will be divided? The probabilities are that one man owned the schooner, and as the bonds cannot be divided evenly, he will keep nine and the others will have eight each. Now, both these numbers are unusual. Men are fond of buying bonds by fives and tens, and it is barely possible that by referring to the books we can find who has presented these odd numbers of coupons. I don’t know, but the idea seems plausible. At any rate, I wouldn’t give up hope or effort to get them back, and bring the robbers to justice. If you had the numbers you might be tempted to compromise with the rascals, and if there is one duty that a man owes to society more than another, it is that of refusing to compromise with crime. I have had more than one temptation to do it, but I thank God that I have never done it.”

Mr. Benson was quite his old self during all this talk, and Nicholas could not help admiring the ingenuity of his conjectures, and the business way in which he had approached the matter; but he felt that he was not done with the man, or rather that the man was not done with him.

Mr. Benson had never paid the slightest attention to the little note from Miss Larkin, which he had found upon his table on the evening of his return to his home. It had made him uneasy, for, unless Nicholas had become something more than a friend to her, he could not imagine why she should allude to any possible change in her relations to her guardian. He had carefully watched the mail, too, and felt sure that nothing had passed between the young man and his ward since their return.

But the embarrassment of Nicholas on meeting him—the crust of cold politeness which invested the young man, so cold and hard that he had not been able to pierce it—aroused his suspicion, and he determined that before they should separate he would know the truth. How should he manage to get at it?

“How do you find our young lady this morning?” inquired Mr. Benson, as if Miss Larkin were a piece of property of which he and Nicholas were joint possessors.

"She seems quite well," replied Nicholas.

"Do you know,"—and Mr. Benson drew his chair nearer to Nicholas and looked into his uneasy eyes,—“Do you know that she seems better to me than she has seemed for years?”

"No, I don't. How should I?”

"Now wouldn't it be a most singular dispensation of Providence if the shock which she experienced at the time of the wreck should be the means of her cure? It looks like it. Upon my word, it looks like it."

Nicholas could no more have suppressed the feeling of joy that thrilled his soul and body alike, and lighted his eyes and expressed itself in every feature, than he could have stopped the beating of his heart. He forgot for the moment who Mr. Benson was. He was too much elated to recognise the fact that he was the subject of the most cool and cunning manipulation. He was simply overjoyed with the thought of the possibility of Miss Larkin's recovery, and he reached out his hand eagerly to grasp that of Mr. Benson, and said :

"It is too good to be true. Excuse me!"

Then he sank back in his chair, his face covered with confusion.

Mr. Benson had ascertained beyond a question in his own mind, that Nicholas was in love with his ward. He was not displeased: he was delighted, though he feigned ignorance or indifference. Involuntarily he drew back his chair, and again placed himself at the distance of dignity and superiority from which he was accustomed to deal with men.

"Naturally," said Mr. Benson, "I have a great deal of anxiety for our pretty friend. If she recovers, and I profoundly hope that she will, she will possibly—I do not know but I may say probably—follow the fortunes of such girls, and make a matrimonial connection. All I have to say is that the young man who secures her hand must satisfy me. She has no father to consult, and I feel responsible for her. I hope she will be prudent, and not compel me to exercise an influence—not to say an authority—against her wishes. I should fail grievously of my duty if I were to neglect to interpose such power as I may possess between her and any unworthy alliance."

At the conclusion of this declaration, Nicholas realized for the first time the ingenuity with which he had been handled. Instantaneously reviewing the means by which he had been led to reveal himself, and apprehending the nature and design of the threat with which he had been menaced, he felt a tide of irrepressible indignation rising within him. He would have been glad to seize his hat and rush from the house to save himself from saying what he might be sorry for; but that he could not do without apparent rudeness, and the possible sacrifice of very

precious interests. He was not afraid of Mr. Benson, but he had no wish to taunt him with his cowardice and treachery.

His lips were white and unsteady, and he trembled in every fibre of his body as he said :

“ Mr. Benson, I think I understand you.”

“ Well, sir,” responded Mr. Benson, blandly, and with a well-feigned look of surprise, “ I have not consciously dealt in enigmas. I have always endeavoured to be a plain-speaking man, and you will excuse me if I say that I don’t quite understand you.”

“ Mr. Benson, can you, with God’s eye on you, say that you don’t understand me ? ”

The young man’s speech may seem to the cool reader a little melodramatic and boyish, but he was terribly in earnest, and Mr. Benson winced under his fierce eyes and his searching inquiry.

“ Perhaps you will be kind enough to state the construction you put upon words which I still insist were entirely direct and simple,” said Mr. Benson, colouring, and becoming excited in spite of himself.

Nicholas found his nerves growing steady as he responded :

“ Yes, I will. It is better to do it now that we may understand each other. You warned me away from Miss Larkin once, on the deck of the ‘ Ariadne,’ by the assurance that marriage was out of the question with her. Then, in her hour of peril, you forsook her to save yourself, and I thank God that the duty you abandoned devolved upon me. You voluntarily and shamefully abdicated your position as her protector. To-day you bring me into your library, and think you learn that I am interested in her as a lover. You do this by a cunning trick, and when you satisfy yourself that your trick is a success, you sit back and inform me coolly that if I am to be an accepted lover I must satisfy you. I understand exactly what this means. It means that if I want the favour of your approval, I must keep my mouth shut about you. You have secured the promise of your ward not to betray you. She will keep her promise, but you will get no promises from me. You have sought to get me into your hands, and to get yourself out of mine. I do not assent to the arrangement. I propose to go and come to this house whenever I choose, to have the freest access to your ward that she may permit or desire, to be her friend or her lover without asking your permission, and to protect her from any oppressive authority you may see fit to exercise upon her.”

During this terrible arraignment, Mr. Benson sat back in his chair, like one benumbed. The lasso that he had undertaken to throw around the neck of his “ young friend,” had missed its mark, whirled back, and fastened itself upon his own ; and with every word of Nicholas he felt it tightening upon his throat. He heaved a sigh of distress and despair.

"I think you will be sorry for what you have said," he muttered between his teeth. "But I forgive you."

"It will be time for you to offer your forgiveness when I ask for it," said Nicholas.

"Do you know that you are cruelly hard upon me?"

"Yes, the truth is hard, but I am not responsible for it. You have been hard upon me, and I don't see what fault you have to find. If you had been content to trust to my good-will and my honour, this scene would not have occurred. I have never betrayed you, but you were not content, and so you reached out to get me into your hands. I choose instead to hold you in mine. That's all."

"What of the future?" inquired Mr. Benson.

"That depends entirely upon yourself, sir."

Mr. Benson felt himself to be in a vice. He had found a man who could not be managed. He had entirely miscalculated his own power and the young man's weakness. He was baffled and beaten by his own weapons, and rose staggering to his feet.

"You will not refuse me your hand?" he said, approaching Nicholas.

"Why do you wish to take it?"

"In token of amity."

Nicholas gave him his hand, which he took and held while he said:

"Mr. Minturn, what you have attributed to mental cowardice was uncontrollable bodily fear. I ask you to pity my misfortune, and to remember that you hold a spotless reputation in your hands, which I have worked all my life to build up and protect. You are at liberty to come and go in my house at your will."

Nicholas withdrew his hand.

"No," said he, "I will not consent to part in this way. It was mental cowardice for you to seek, by unfair means, to get me into your hands. The other matter you may settle with yourself. You compelled me to allude to it, and I did it with pain; but you have no sound apology to offer for the attempt to take advantage of me."

"Very well, I can say no more."

The interview had come to an end, and Nicholas bade him good-morning. Mr. Benson, on being left alone, sat down and buried his face in his hands. He was helpless. He could not even forbid Nicholas his house. He should be obliged to wear before his own family the guise of friendliness toward him. He who had so long moulded and managed men had become another man's man—a vassal to the will of one so young that he had fancied he could wind him around his finger as he might wind the corner of his handkerchief. But there sprang in his heart the impulse of revenge, and the more he entertained it and brooded over it, the stronger it grew. He would, in some way consistent with his

own safety, be even with his captor. He would not submit to be brow-beaten and bullied in his own house by one whom he had looked upon as little more than a child. Once, these thoughts would have startled his conscience, but that monitor was not as sensitive as it was once.

He rose, took down his record of the stolen bonds, looked it over, replaced it, and then quietly went down-stairs and left his house. Nicholas, meanwhile, had gone directly to Miss Larkin's parlour. He found her alone, and very much excited. She had heard the long conversation without understanding it, and was sure that there had been a scene. As Nicholas entered at her bidding, she looked questioningly into his face.

"We've had it out," said he solemnly.

"You have not quarrelled?"

"Well, I suppose it amounts to that," he replied. "He took me in there for the simple purpose of tying my hands. I refused to have them tied, and I have tied his."

Nicholas wanted her justification; but he knew that the details of the difficulty were not to be revealed to her, as they involved the tacit confession of his love for her.

"You must trust me," he said. "I could not have done or said less than I did, without confessing myself to be a coward and a fool. I repent of nothing, and I fear nothing. I should be ashamed to show myself to you again, if I had not resented his attempt to become my master."

"I do trust you entirely."

Nicholas felt again the inclination to pour out his heart to her, and rose to his feet.

"You are not going?"

"Yes."

"You will come again?"

"Yes. Good-bye!"

She extended her hand to him. He took it, and for the first time pressed it to his lips. There was no resistance.

"I have earned the favour," he said, blushing. "Good-bye, again!" and he went down the stairs as rapidly as if the house had been on fire.

Once more in the street, he found himself strangely aimless and light-footed. It seemed as if he were walking on air. He had vibrated between two extremes of passion, in which he had touched the heights and the depths of his own manhood, and his heart was full of triumph. He had caught victory from man and hope from woman; and these deep and stirring experiences of life were so fresh to him, that his heart responded to them with boyish elation. He had not announced either his coming or his arrival to Glezen, so he bent his steps towards the young

man's office. He opened the door carefully, looked in, and saw the lawyer busily reading. The latter, sitting with his back to the door, raised his eyes to a mirror before him, and recognised the intruder. Then he said aloud, as if he were reading from the book before him: "And this young man, who had thus escaped from the suffocation of the sea, was remorselessly gagged by a rag. He leaped from the jaws of death into the embrace of a midnight assassin. The sea robbed him of his clothes; the women robbed him of his heart; the men robbed him of his silver and his bonds, and he was left a worthless waif upon the tide of time." Then he slammed the book together and exclaimed: "Thus history repeats itself! Well did uncle Solomon say that 'there is nothing new under the sun'—and—Hullo, old boy!"

"Hullo! Interesting book you have there!"

"Very!"

"You didn't catch me with your everlasting fooling that time, did you?"

"Oh, Nicholas, Nicholas! My dear unsophisticated young friend! I fear that you are growing familiar with this false and fleeting world, and getting ready to cheat me out of half the fun of living. Now sit down and tell me every thing you know."

The chaffing went on for a few minutes, and then it was interrupted by the entrance of a messenger with a note. It was written in a neat, business-like hand—evidently a lady's hand, however—and purported to be from Mrs. Coates. It was written in her name at least, and was an invitation of the two young men to dinner.

Glezen jumped upon his feet and cut a pigeon-wing.

"Do you know," he said, "I have been longing to meet Mrs. Coates—yearning so to say? They tell me her conversational powers are something miraculous. There is a recess in my innermost nature—a sort of divine exigency, as it were—which it seems to me Mrs. Coates can tickle. Let us go by all means."

"Glezen," said Nicholas, soberly, "if I supposed you capable of mortifying Miss Coates by practising upon the foolishness of her mother, no money could hire me to go to her house with you. But you will not do it. You are a hopeless wag, but you are a gentleman."

"Thank you! Hem!"

"What shall we do?"

"Accept, of course."

"Well, do it at once, then, for there'll be another invitation here in five minutes."

Glezen wrote an acceptance for himself and his friend, and despatched it. It had hardly left the office, when another was handed in from Mrs. Ilmansee. Miss Coates and Miss Pelton had gone directly home from

Miss Larkin's room, but Miss Pelton lived farther up town than Miss Coates, and so had a disadvantage of fifteen or twenty minutes against her. Mrs. Coates would not be caught napping this time, and her invitation was despatched as quickly as her daughter could write it.

So with pleasant anticipations of the social event before them, the two young men subsided into the quiet, sober talk for which Glezen was always ready after he had "got down to his beer," through the froth of nonsense that invariably crowned his tankard.

(*To be continued.*)

### A FLIRT OF A FAN.

SWEET I call you, for I deem you sweet ;  
 (I'm but man !)  
 And caresses well beseem you, sweet,  
 Sweetest Fan !  
 Leaning here against the doorway, sweet,  
 (Dance the tenth,)  
 Bruce, I see, is coming your way, sweet,  
 Of the —nth.  
 With your head against his shoulder, sweet,  
 Off you dance.  
 Weren't you just a trifle bolder, sweet,  
 When in France ?  
 Oh ! we know the programme, don't we, sweet,  
 Shall we tell ?  
 No ! We'll just rehearse it, shall we, sweet,  
*Biche ma belle ?*  
 With the *trois-temps* and the ices, sweet,  
 You will mix  
 Just a *souppon* (which so nice is, sweet),  
 Of your tricks.  
 Nothing which the world would frown at, sweet,  
 (Where's the harm !)  
 Things the angels might look down at, sweet,  
*Sans les larmes.*  
 Blushes, whispers in the ball-room, sweet,  
 Touch of glove ;  
 Flying glances in the shawl-room, sweet,  
 Looks of love ;  
 Moonlight strolls to light the tinder, sweet,  
 (Foolish man !)  
 Byron ! Swinburne !—Spare a cinder, sweet,  
 Feeling Fan !



Talk of feeling ! you remember, sweet,  
     “ *Ranz des Vaches,* ”  
 That warm evening in September, sweet ?  
     My moustache——— .  
 Eh ! no need I should remind you, sweet,  
     Time flies fast !  
 Do you ever look behind you, sweet,  
     On the past ?  
 In your small pink ear I whispered, sweet,  
     “ *Comme je t'aime !* ”  
*Echo*, you'll remember, sounded, sweet,  
     Much the same.  
 Yes, I loved you, in your girlhood, sweet,  
     Fresh from school,  
 You a “ finished ” fine young lady, sweet,  
     I—a fool.  
 Ah ! my rose bud, you were perfect, sweet,  
     Every part ;  
 Perfect in all school-room learning, sweet,  
     *Art*, not heart ;  
 With your lips of wild distraction, sweet,  
     “ Strawberries ripe ”—  
 Skin as purely white as—(pardon, sweet),  
     Meerschaum pipe.  
  
 Then your hair was golden chestnut, sweet,  
     Sunny crown !  
 Now, by Fashion's order altered, sweet,  
     All “ done brown. ”  
 Still, you hold your claim to beauty, sweet,  
     By your face,  
 Sensuous curve and bend of body, sweet,  
     And your grace—  
 Grace of snowy arm and shoulder, sweet,  
     Grace of breast ;  
 Grace of motion ; all the creature, sweet,  
     Grace in rest ;  
 This I grant you : more I dare not, sweet,  
     Dare not lie.  
 Heart and soul and mind we share not, sweet,  
     You and I.  
  
 Should a husband ever hold you, sweet,  
     Love and trust ;  
 Should his loving arms enfold you, sweet,  
     As they must ;

When his honest, true heart greets you, sweet,  
 Lip to lip,  
 And his whole soul, trusting, meets you sweet,  
 In love's grip—  
 Give the message here I show you, sweet :  
 Is it curt ?  
 Never mind ; 'tis true,—I know you, sweet,  
*For a Flirt.*

F. A. D.

Ottawa.

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### THE TANTALIZING TALMUD.

THERE are few things more tantalizing for an ordinary reader than to search after an answer to the great question asked by the late Emmanuel Deutsch, "What is the Talmud?" The English Oracle gives a most bewildering response. It ushers the student into a perfect jungle of Hebrew words, leaving him to fight his way out as best he can, and when he does come out, scratched and torn, the echo still asks on,—What is the Talmud? We gain little from dictionaries, encyclopedias and such short cuts to universal knowledge. Here, for instance, is a well-known, and somewhat ambitious article, headed "Talmud," which winds up with the postponing words, "See Mishna." You see Mishna, and that article closes with the aggravating advice, "See Gemara." Article Gemara closes abruptly with the admonition "See Midrash." Article Midrash refers you to "Haggada." Article "Haggada" to "Halacha;" and then, unless determination is iron, the search is given up in despair, and the terrible question, What is the Talmud? is allowed to rest and sleep.

The fact is, the Talmud is ground yet to be ploughed by English scholars. Germany, ever foremost, possesses a vast Talmudical literature. Spain has done not a little in this field; and as for Hebrew Talmudical literature, it is a perfect ocean of letters. England, up to this, has been the "Silent Sister," looking on, and saying next to nothing; for with the exception of Horne, Wotton, Young, Gill, Lightfoot, Polano, Raphall, De Sola, a magnificent paper by Emmanuel Deutsch, published in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1867, and the "hide and go seek" dictionary articles already mentioned, an ordinary English student, unless he has some Jewish friends to help him, finds it very hard to get any Talmudical information worth the search.

As the mightiest rivers may be traced back to tiny springs hidden in far distant mountain fastnesses, so the Talmud begins with the desert life of Judaism and the desert wanderings. According to Jewish teaching, the law given to Moses had a two-fold character. First, there was the Law in Writing—the Pentateuch—and secondly, the Oral Law, which, interpreted, expanded and explained that which was written. This oral law, it is stated, was given by God to Moses, who taught it by word of mouth to Joshua and the elders, who passed it on to the prophets, who transferred it to the men of the Great Synagogue in the days of Ezra, who left it as a holy, yet unwritten, legacy to more modern teachers. The written law was the literary property of the nation; but contested points arising out of it, were decided in the light of this oral law, by the duly authorized authorities. Such decisions, however, like the oral law itself, were never written down. Holy mouths poured them into holy ears, and so the soft gentle whisper stole on its life of centuries, the message never louder, but ever longer, until at last it sounded like an eternal tide, washing with murmuring waters every bay, and shore, and nook and cranny of the national existence.

The following specimen of the oral law, as explanatory of the written, will give a general idea of how the one stood towards the other:—

## WRITTEN LAW.

In *Levi. xxiii. 42*, the written law said, with regard to the feast of tabernacles,—

“In booths shall ye dwell seven days.”

## ORAL LAW.

The oral law, explanatory of this text, stated that “this command was compulsory only on males; that the sick and wayfaring were exempt; that the booth should be thatched with vegetable material; that it was necessary to eat, drink, and sleep in the booth; that it should be seven cubits square,” and so on, down to points so minute that it would require, not a rabbinical eye, but a rabbinical microscope to decipher them.

Thus closely stood the oral law towards the written. The written law was the divinely given text; the oral, the divinely given interpretation. The written law inscribed in a bold hand, great, broad, eternal principles. The oral law whispered their personal application to wives and husbands, to fathers and mothers, to children and guardians, to masters and servants, to teachers and the taught. The written, like its first utterings, was a voice great and terrible. The oral—in principle at least—not unlike our own Jesus taking up little children in his arms, telling Martha the limits of household duties, and mixing freely with all classes and degrees of life. Now in this original oral law we

have the germ or starting point of the Talmud. We can easily understand how the unwritten decisions of Moses were, no doubt justly, looked on as inspired, and how long previous to the captivity there had grown up about the written Mosaic law, traditions, examples, decisions and precedents, which gave some foundation, though a very slight one, for the gigantic traditional system which was developed in after years.

Our next step opens out before us one of the most interesting periods of Jewish history—the restoration from the seventy years' captivity in Babylon. The marvellous religious revival which accompanied this restoration worked out its course within the walls of the Holy City, and resulted in sending the inhabitants of the rural districts back to their restored homes, anxious and willing to learn more minutely those principles of religion which had died out before the captivity and of which they had just gained some knowledge under Ezra.

But then arose the question, how could they learn? Seldom does a nation make such an enquiry that some answer does not make itself heard, and in this case the answer came in the form of the Synagogue, or the institution of what might be called "the parochial system of the Jewish Church:" a system which brought a place of worship and a school within the reach of every man, which in its liturgies, its three orders of ministry, its festivals and fasts, its rules, regulations and churchly discipline, contained undoubtedly that peculiar ecclesiastical idea which has left such a broad mark on some of our Christian Churches.

Older than the Synagogue, and, in the highest sense, its creator, arose another power, the Council or Synod called "The *Great Synagogue*," and said to have been created by Ezra. Through this council the whole nation was kept awake to the power of law, and from it proceeded not only the Synagogue, but that, without which the Synagogue would have been useless, the Soferim or Scribe, the teaching clergy of the nation, the authorized expositors of the Holy Scriptures and the Oral Law, and the editors of the Sacred Text. The history of this clerical body would demand a large paper. Suffice it here to say that the Scribes of our Lord's day were the haughty representatives of the more humble minded and useful Soferim, ordained by the Great Synagogue to teach and guard and fence the law. There was as much difference between the Scribe of the Great Synagogue and the Scribe of the Herodian era as between the first Bishop of Rome and the present occupant of the Papal Chair.

In lapse of time, this religious activity, linked with the changing aspects of the national life itself, began to call aloud for new laws. But new laws with the Jews could only issue from a divine source, and the divine springs had dried up; what were the teachers of the people to do in cases with reference to which the written law was silent, and the

oral law gave forth no voice? They could not restore to life their murdered prophets, nor discover the hiding place of the mystic jewels they had no Moses to climb again the rugged steep, and bear them down from the heights of God the needed legislation.

But then they had the Sanhedrim, the outgrowth of the Great Synagogue. Could not the Sanhedrim, the Scribe, evolve out of laws oral laws to meet the growing wants of the people? Might it not be that these old divine whispers were but germinal laws, rich clusters of grape-like legislation that needed but to be pressed between holy hands to send forth a stream of sacred teaching that never would dry up? Might there not lie under the old Mosaic tradition and the wisdom of the holy dead a vast elementary spirit of law, out of which the Sanhedrim and its great teachers could create an all-pervasive legislation that would leave no need without a law to meet it?

Then arose that system of law-making or of tradition which the founder of Christianity said "made the original law of God of no effect." Once this desire for legislation found a spring whereat to drink, nothing appeared to quench its thirst, and in course of time the oral law swelled to such dimensions that Maimonedes in after days divided it into four distinct classes.

I. The expositions and decisions received direct from Moses and Joshua.

II. Laws evolved out of the laws of Moses and Joshua, through logical deduction.

III. Ordinances arising out of a desire for the better observance of the law.

IV. Laws suited to the changing history of the nation.

From the days of Moses down to the year A.D. 150 all this legal evolution, and the teaching based on it, was passed on from teacher to teacher, from school to school, was written down by scholars, for class and private uses, and kept from public gaze with sacred care. Of course the amount of floating laws, rules, regulations, scriptural and traditional expositions was something tremendous. At the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, there were four hundred and eighty synagogues in the city; connected with each was a library for the study of Scripture, and a school for the inculcation of tradition, and like schools were scattered profusely over the whole country. Little wonder, therefore, that, under such a wide-spread system of traditional teaching, Jewish theology should become a maze; that no art of man could possibly escape out of. No longer like the clear spring bursting in crystal spray from its rocky bed, but like our own Canadian streams, in unfrequented haunts; dammed up, and bound; their action paralysed by the deaths of autumnal ages and the bleached remains of trees once full of life.

We can now, as humble English students, approach Deutsch's great question, "What is the Talmud?" As when the heavy surf rolls in on the shore, bearing on it the brown and tangled sea-weed, which the retreating tide leaves behind, and which men collect, gather, and stack up on the inner shore, so a time came in Jewish history, when a desire to gather, and collect, and concentrate these floating relics of past ages entered into men's minds, and the result was the creation of the primal Talmudical element. The first step towards it was tremendously radical, but there are seasons in a nation's history when the most rigid conservatism has to unbend. It was true that the oral law; and its developments constituted the religion of Judaism, and that so long as Jew lived on Jewish soil the sacred whisper could be heard from Dan to Beersheba. But the day had come when emigration was a Jewish characteristic, and hence a faith which depended on whispers was felt to stand on a very precarious foundation. Nothing therefore remained but the doing of that which once would have been an act of blasphemy, but which time made a necessity, namely, the writing down of that which was looked on as orally divine, and the consequent silencing of the whisper forever, under the magical influence of the radical pen.

About the year 50 B.C., Hillel, the great Jewish Rabbi, commenced to gather this ocean of unwritten legislation. The work lingered on his death, but was carried out with ardour, after the destruction of Jerusalem and the great dispersion, by Jehudi Hanassi (our Holy Rabbi, as he was called), who, in the year A.D. 219, gave to the Jewish nation the great oral law, reduced to writing, and called, "The Mishna," which compilation was at once received by the Jews as a general body of civil and canon law.

The Mishna is arranged under six great divisions of law :—

- I. Agricultural laws.
- II. Sabbath and festival laws.
- III. Laws relating to women.
- IV. Laws of property and commerce.
- V. Laws of sacrifice.
- VI. Sanitary laws.

The style of the Mishna is, to western minds, decidedly unpleasant, from its harsh conciseness, and apparent want of order or method, and it is full of expressions admittedly obscure, even to Hebrew scholars. Still it is impossible to read it without the deepest interest, and from no work connected with Jewish literature (except the greater Talmud itself), can a clearer knowledge be gained of the inner life of by-gone Judaism. An idea of the Mishna may be formed from the outline of

the twelfth treatise, entitled, "Sabbath." This treatise is an expansion of the written texts in Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Deuteronomy, and Numbers, relative to the Sabbath. It settles what may, or may not be, carried on on the Sabbath; how lamps are to be lighted, victuals cooked, pans and dishes washed, camels and horses looked after without breaking the Sabbath. It settles the Sabbath dress of women, legislates on rings and jewellery, and even smelling bottles. It states what kind of knots may be tied or untied, and how cattle may be fed, and enters into many other rules, of which these are examples.

This compilation, though received willingly on its publication, was thought, in after years, to be defective; and then commenced several other collections of traditional teaching, followed by discussions and arguments, wide-reaching, and yet minutely particular, on the Mishnic text itself. These scholastic discussions were called Gemara, or the commentary, the complement, or, as it was lovingly styled, "the perfection of the text itself." The Gemara contained not only endless expositions of oral teaching, but it was also full of ponderous quotations from the sermons, parables, and sacred stories that had been current for centuries in the Jewish Church.

If now we were asked to give a short off-hand answer to the question, What is the Talmud? we would reply it is the oral law reduced to writing, as a sacred text, and entitled Mishna, with almost everything that was ever written on that text, placed in connection with it, by way of commentary, under the title Gemara.

Fancy the Bible placed as a text, in the middle of quotations from endless and enormous pages, and running round the wide margins every English law book of public note, the works of the Primitive and Nicene Fathers, the Puritan divines, the published controversies and discussions of centuries, extracts from Cyprian and Talmage, Athanasius, and Bunyan, Robertson and Spurgeon, Liddon and Moody; fancy all these roughly mixed together as a commentary on the text, and then we have some slight idea of that tremendous work in twelve massive volumes called "The Talmud." This apparently wild reckless mixture of style, writing, subjects, authors, all jumbled together gives an insight into the variety of opinions which exist in western minds with reference to this wonderful production. With us Moody and Liddon, Talmage and Robertson, are each in their proper place, useful and efficient, but they hardly mix well. The wild sensationalism of Talmage would never have held together the aristocratic and intellectual congregation of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, nor would the exquisite Robertson have charmed, charm he never so wisely, the congregation of the Tabernacle, New York. But if we possessed a work in twelve massive volumes, with the Bible as a text and such productions as those already

mentioned as comments on the text, we can easily understand how the Talmagites would run down the Robertsonian aspect of the work, and the Robertsonians speak against the vulgar sensationalism of the Talmagetical element. There would be another opinion, however, worth both put together, and that would be the opinion of the unprejudiced scholar, who, no doubt, would look on such a work as the most wonderful literary curiosity of nineteen centuries. The first Talmud having the Mishna as a text, and the Gemara as a commentary, was finished about the year 230, and was called "The Jerusalem Talmud," or by foreign Jews, "the Gemara of the children of the West." It was an imperfect work and being written in a coarse style, was never popular with the Jews dispersed through the world. The failure of the Jerusalem Jews to publish a Talmud of world-wide influence whetted the appetites of foreign Jews, and after centuries of patient collecting and arranging there was given to the world the grand authoritative work of the Jewish nation, called "The Babylonian Talmud," commenced by Rabbi Ashi (or Isaiah), about A.D. 370, and closed by Rabbi Avina about A.D. 500; leaving a period of close on three hundred years between its publication and that of the Mishna which formed its text.

Perhaps there never was a work with which so much trouble was taken, and of which so little is known. Originally published in MS. it, in due time, shared the fate of such documents; and it is generally supposed that but one complete MS. has survived the wreck of time, — carefully prized and cared for in the Royal Library at Munich. It has been printed in its completeness again and again, but it is of no use, to the mere English reader; and its vast size (12 folio vols.) holds out but little hope of a complete English translation. Of late years, however, public attention has been called to it, and it is not unlikely that some epitome of it will issue from the press, and afford the English student some idea of its literary value, and place him in a position to realize its religious worth.

That some such work is needed must be apparent to every student of Christianity. We all know the value of those works, contemporaneous with the New Testament; and if they, throwing the little light they do on the sacred page, are useful, how much more useful would be the knowledge of that volume, which contains the words and thoughts, the maxims and laws, the sermons and expositions, that were common in the days when the founder of Christianity lived and spoke. The call for such a work comes with tremendous force from the late Emmanuel Deutsch, the writer of the article before referred to, himself a Jew. "There are (he says) many more points of contact between the New Testament and the Talmud than Christian divines seem to fully realize, for such terms as redemption, regeneration, baptism, grace, faith,



salvation, Son of Man, Son of God, Kingdom of Heaven, were not, as we are apt to think, invented by Christianity, but were household words of Talmudical Judaism. The fundamental mysteries of the new faith are matters totally apart from the old, but the ethics in both are, in their broad outlines, unmistakeably identical."

Seems it not as if these words from one now dead—and whose Jewish eyes in life could see some beauty in the faith of Jesus,—seems it not, we say, as if such words contain a rebuke to Christianity not easily answered? Judaism, through the dead man's utterance, seems to call us, Gentiles, not to crumbs beneath the table, but to the feast itself, and that not a feast of overstrained courtesy, but one to which he thinks we have a sacred right, for the board is laid by the one eternal God, who gave, to Jew and Gentile alike, the common heritage of a never dying and unchangeable morality.

It is only fair to add that many of the most learned and devout of Jewish teachers see no disorder in the arrangement of this wondrous work. We who know so little of it should accept willingly the statement. To the ignorant, the earth on which we tread is but a heap of rubbish, whilst to the geologist, the same earth is the perfection of order.

JAS. CARMICHAEL.

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### LIFE.

LIFE may be likened to the wind and sea,  
 With its two calms of morning and of eve—  
 Slumbering babyhood and drowsy age.  
 A few short summers, and the breeze is out,  
 Spinning the lively ripple of the wave,  
 As the boy spins his top, or skipping on,  
 A-tiptoe, like the maiden with her rope.  
 Then comes the billowy time of hope and youth,  
 Fair winds and dashing seas, that brook no rein,  
 And may not be restrained; that dance and sing,  
 And revel in the freedom that pertains  
 To flights of passion, free, without reserve.  
 Anon the solemn ground-swell, when the storm,  
 Fever, and impulse of life's madcap race  
 Have sobered to reflection, and the day  
 Of sunshine follows the wild night of pain  
 That passed for sweetest pleasure, and well nigh  
 Made sudden wreck and ending of the man.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

## HAROLD.

(CONCLUDED)

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—THE KING'S PALACE. LONDON.

KING EDWARD *dying on a couch, and by him standing the* QUEEN, HAROLD, ARCHBISHOP STIGAND, GURTH, LEOFWIN, ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, ALDWYTH, and EDITH.

STIGAND.

Sleeping or dying there? If this be death,  
Then our great Council wait to crown thee King—  
Come hither, I have a power; [*to HAROLD.*]  
They call me near, for I am close to thee  
And England—I, old shrivell'd Stigand, I,  
Dry as an old wood-fungus on a dead tree,  
I have a power!

See here this little key about my neck!  
There lies a treasure buried down in Ely:  
If e'er the Norman grow too hard for thee,  
Ask me for this at thy most need, son Harold,  
At thy most need—not sooner.

HAROLD.

So I will.

STIGAND.

Red gold—a hundred purses—yea, and more!  
If thou canst make a wholesome use of these  
To chink against the Norman, I do believe  
My old crook'd spine would bud out two young  
wings

To fly to heaven straight with.

HAROLD.

Thank thee, father!

Thou art English, Edward too is English now,  
He hath clean repented of his Normanism.

STIGAND.

Ay, as the libertine repents who cannot  
Make done undone, when thro' his dying sense  
Shrills 'lost thro' thee.' They have built their  
castles here;

Our priories are Norman; the Norman adder  
Hath bitten us; we are poisoned: our dear  
England

Is demi-Norman. He!—

[*Pointing to KING EDWARD sleeping.*]

HAROLD.

I would I were

As holy and as passionless as he!  
That I might rest as calmly! Look at him—  
The rosy face, and long down-silvering beard,  
The brows un wrinkled as a summer mere.—

STIGAND.

A summer mere with sudden wreckful gusts  
From a side-gorge. Passionless? How he flamed

When Tostig's anger'd earldom flung him, nay,  
He fain had calcined all Northumbria  
To one black ash, but that thy patriot passion  
Siding with our great Council against Tostig,  
Out-passioned his! Holy? ay, ay, forsooth,  
A conscience for his own soul, not his realm:  
A twilight conscience lighted thro' a chink—  
Thine by the sun; nay, by some sun to be,  
When all the world hath learnt to speak the truth,  
And lying were self-murder by that state  
Which was the exception.

HAROLD.

That sun may God speed!

STIGAND.

Come, Harold, shake the cloud off!

HAROLD.

Can I, father?

Our Tostig parted cursing me and England:  
Our sister hates us for his banishment:  
He hath gone to kindle Norway against England,  
And Wulfnoth is alone in Normandy.  
For when I rode with William down to Hartleur,  
'Wulfnoth is sick,' he said; 'he cannot follow';  
Then with that friendly-fiendly smile of his,  
'We have learnt to love him, let him a little longer  
Remain a hostage for the loyalty  
Of Godwin's house.' As far as touches Wulfnoth,  
I that so prized plain word and naked truth  
Have sinned against it—all in vain.

LEOFWIN.

Good brother,

By all the truths that ever priest hath preach'd,  
Of all the lies that ever man have lied,  
Thine is the pardonablest.

HAROLD.

May be so!

I think it so, I think I am a fool  
To think it can be otherwise than so.

STIGAND.

Tut, tut, I have absolved thee: dost thou scorn  
me,  
Because I had my Canterbury pallium  
From one whom they disposed?

HAROLD.

No, Stigand, no

STIGAND.

Is naked truth actable in true life?  
I have heard a saying of thy father Godwin,  
That, were a man of state nakedly true,  
Men would but take him for the craftier liar

LEOFWIN.

Be men less delicate than the Devil himself?  
I thought that naked Truth would shame the  
Devil,  
The Devil is so modest.

GURTH.

He never said it!

LEOFWIN.

Be thou not stupid-honest, brother Gurth

HAROLD.

Better to be a liar's dog, and hold  
My master honest, than believe that lying  
And ruling men are fatal twins that cannot  
Move one without the other. Edward wakes!—  
Dazed—he hath seen a vision.

EDWARD.

The green tree!

Then a great Angel past along the highest  
Crying 'the doom of England,' and at once  
He stood beside me, in his grasp a sword  
Of lightnings, wherewithal he cleft the tree  
From off the bearing trunk, and hurl'd it from 'im  
Three fields away, and then he dash'd and  
drench'd,

He dyed, he soaked the trunk with human blood,  
And brought the sunder'd tree again, and set it  
Straight on the trunk, that thus baptized in blood  
Grew ever high and higher, beyond my seeing,  
And shot out sidelong boughs across the deep  
That dropt themselves, and rooted in far isles  
Beyond my seeing: and the great Angel rose  
And past again along the highest crying

The doom of England!—Tostig, raise my head!

[Falls back senseless.

HAROLD (*raising him*).

et Harold serve for Tostig!

QUEEN.

Harold served

Tostig so ill, he cannot serve for Tostig!  
Ay, raise his head, for thou hast laid it low!  
The sickness of our saintly king, for whom  
My prayers go up as fast as my tears fall,  
I well believe, hath mainly drawn itself  
From lack of Tostig—thou hast banished him.

HAROLD.

Nay—but the Council, and the king himself!

QUEEN.

Thou hatest him, hatest him.

HAROLD (*coldly*).

Ay—Stigand, unriddle

This vision, canst thou?

STIGAND.

Dotage!

EDWARD (*starting up*).

It is finished.

I have built the Lord a house—the Lord hath  
dwelt

In darkness. I have built the Lord a house—  
Palms, flowers, pomegranates, golden cherubim  
With twenty-cubit wings from wall to wall—  
I have built the Lord a house—sing, Asaph! clash  
The cymbal, Heman! blow the trumpet, priest!  
Fall, cloud, and fill the house—lo! my two pillars,  
Jachin and Boaz!—[*Seeing HAROLD and GURTH.*

Harold, Gurth,—where am I?

Where is the charter of our Westminster?

STIGAND.

It lies beside thee, king, upon thy bed.

EDWARD.

Sign, sign at once—take, sign it, Stigand, Aldred!  
Sign it, my good son Harold, Gurth, and Leofwin,  
Sign it, my queen!

ALL.

We have signed it.

EDWARD.

It is finished!

The kingliest abbey in all Christian lands,  
The lordliest, loftiest minster ever built  
To Holy Peter in our English isle!  
Let me be buried there, and all our kings,  
And all our just and wise and holy men  
That shall be born hereafter. It is finish'd!  
Hast thou had absolution for thine oath?

[To HAROLD.

HAROLD.

Stigand hath given me absolution for it.

EDWARD.

Stigand is not canonical enough  
To save thee from the wrath of Norman Saints.

STIGAND.

Norman enough! Be there no Saints of England  
To help us from their brethren yonder?

EDWARD.

Prelate,

The Saints are one, but those of Normanland  
Are mightier than our own. Ask it of Aldred.  
[To HAROLD.

ALDRED.

It shall be granted him, my king; for he  
Who vows a vow to strangle his own mother  
Is guiltier keeping this, than breaking it.

EDWARD.

O friends, I shall not overlive the day.

STIGAND.

Why, then the throne is empty. Who inherits?  
For tho' we be not bound by the king's voice  
In making of a king, yet the king's voice  
Is much toward his making. Who inherits?  
Edgar the Atheling?

EDWARD.

No, no, but Harold.

I love him: he hath served me: none but he  
Can rule all England. Yet the curse is on him  
For swearing falsely by those blessed bones;  
He did not mean to keep his vow.

HAROLD. Not mean  
To make our England Norman,

EDWARD.  
There spake Godwin,  
Who hated all the Normans; but their Saints  
Have heard thee, Harold.

EDITH.  
Oh! my lord, my king!  
He knew not whom he sware by.

EDWARD.  
Yea, I know  
He knew not, but those heavenly ears have heard,  
Their curse is on him; wilt thou bring another,  
Edith, upon his head?

EDITH.  
No, no, not I.

EDWARD.  
Why then, thou must not wed him.

HAROLD.  
Wherefore, wherefore?

EDWARD.  
O son, when thou didst tell me of thine oath,  
I sorrow'd for my random promise given  
To yon fox-lion. I did not dream then  
I should be king.—My son, the Saints are virgins;  
They love the white rose of virginity,  
The cold, white lily blowing in her cell:  
I have been myself a virgin; and I sware  
To consecrate my virgin here to Heaven—  
The silent, cloister'd, solitary life,  
A life of life-long prayer against the curse  
That lies on thee and England.

HAROLD.  
No, no, no.

EDWARD.  
Treble denial of the tongue of flesh,  
Like Peter's when he fell, and thou wilt have  
To wait for it like Peter. O my son!  
Are all oaths to be broken then, all promises  
Made in our agony for help from Heaven?  
Son, there is one that loves thee: and a wife,  
What matters who, so she be serviceable  
In all obedience, as mine own hath been:  
God bless thee, wedded daughter.  
*[Laying his hand on the QUEEN'S head.]*

QUEEN.  
Bless thou too  
That brother whom I love beyond the rest,  
My banish'd Tostig.

EDWARD.  
All the sweet Saints bless him!  
Spare and forbear him, Harold, if he comes!  
And let him pass unscathed; he loves me,  
Harold!  
Be kindly to the Normans left among us,  
Who follow'd me for love! and dear son, swear  
When thou art king, to see my solemn vow  
Accomplish'd!

HAROLD.  
Nay, dear lord, for I have sworn  
Not to swear falsely twice.

EDWARD.  
Thou wilt not swear?

HAROLD.  
I cannot.

EDWARD.  
Then on thee remains the curse,  
Harold, if thou embrace her: and on thee,  
Edith, if thou abide it,—  
*[The KING swoons; EDITH falls and kneels  
by the couch.]*

STIGAND.  
He hath swoon'd!  
Death? . . . no, as yet a breath.

HAROLD.  
Look up! look up!

Edith!

ALDRED.  
Confuse her not; she hath begun  
Her life-long prayer for thee.

ALDWYTH.  
O noble Harold,  
I would thou couldst have sworn.

HAROLD.  
For thine own pleasure?

ALDWYTH.  
No, but to please our dying king, and those  
Who make thy good their own—all England,  
Earl.

ALDRED.  
I would thou couldst have sworn. Our holy king  
Hath given his virgin lamb to Holy Church  
To save thee from the curse.

HAROLD.  
Alas! poor man,  
*His* promise brought it on me.

ALDRED.  
O good son!  
That knowledge made him all the carefuller  
To find a means whereby the curse might glance  
From thee and England.

HAROLD.  
Father, we so loved—

ALDRED.  
The more the love, the mightier is the prayer;  
The more the love, the more acceptable  
The sacrifice of both your loves to Heaven.  
No sacrifice to Heaven, no help from Heaven:  
That runs thro' all the faiths of all the world.  
And sacrifice there must be, for the king  
Is holy, and hath talk'd with God, and seen  
A shadowing horror; there are signs in heaven—

HAROLD.  
Your comet came and went.

ALDRED.  
And signs on earth!  
Knowest thou Senlac hill?

HAROLD.

I know all Sussex ;  
A good entrenchment for a perilous hour !

ALDRED.

Pray God that come not suddenly ! There is one  
Who passing by that hill three nights ago—  
He shook so that he scarce could out with it—  
Heard, heard—

HAROLD.

The wind in his hair ?

ALDRED.

A ghostly horn  
blowing continually, and faint battle-hymns,  
And cries, and clashes, and the groans of men ;  
And dreadful shadows strove upon the hill,  
And dreadful lights crept up from out the  
marsh—  
Corpse-candles gliding over nameless graves—

HAROLD.

At Senlac ?

ALDRED.

Senlac.

EDWARD (*waking*).

Senlac ! Sanguelac,

The Lake of Blood !

STIGAND.

This lightning before death  
Plays on the word,—and Normanizes too !

HAROLD.

Hush, father, hush !

EDWARD.

Thou uncanonical fool,

Wilt *thou* play with the thunder ? North and  
South

Thunder together, showers of blood are blown  
Before a never-ending blast, and hiss

Against the blaze they cannot quench—a lake,  
A sea of blood—we are drown'd in blood—for  
God

Has fill'd the quiver, and Death has drawn the  
bow—

Sanguelac ! Sanguelac ! the arrow ! the arrow !  
[*Dies.*

STIGAND.

It is the arrow of death in his own heart—  
And our great Council wait to crown thee King.

SCENE II.—IN THE GARDEN. THE KING'S  
HOUSE NEAR LONDON.

EDITH.

Crown'd, crown'd and lost, crown'd King—and  
lost to me !

(*Singing.*)

Two young lovers in winter weather,  
None to guide them,  
Walk'd at night on the misty heather ;

Night, as black as a raven's feather ;  
Both were lost and found together,  
None beside them.

That is the burthen of it—lost and found  
Together in the cruel river Swale  
A hundred years ago ; and there's another,

Lost, lost, the light of day,

To which the lover answers lovingly

“ I am beside thee.”

Lost, lost, we have lost the way.

“ Love, I will guide thee.”

Whither, O whither ? into the river,

Where we two may be lost together,

And lost for ever ? “ Oh ! never, oh !  
never,

Tho' we be lost and be found together.”

Some think they loved within the pale forbidden  
By Holy Church : but who shall say ? the truth  
Was lost in that fierce North, where *they* were lost  
Where all good things are lost, where Tostig lost  
The good hearts of his people. It is Harold !

(*Enter HAROLD.*)

Harold the king !

HAROLD.

Call me not king, but Harold.

EDITH.

Nay, thou art king !

HAROLD.

Thine, thine, or king or churl !

My girl, thou hast been weeping : turn not thou  
Thy face away, but rather let me be

King of the moment to thee, and command

That kiss, my due when subject, which will make  
My kingship kinglier to me than to reign

King of the world without it.

EDITH.

Ask me not,

Lest I should yield it, and the second curse

Descend upon thine head, and thou be only

King of the moment over England.

HAROLD.

Edith,

Tho' somewhat less a king to my true self  
Than ere they crown'd me one, for I have lost

Somewhat of upright stature thro' mine oath,

Yet thee I would not lose, and sell not thou

Our living passion for a dead man's dream ;

Stigand believed he knew not what he spake.

Oh God ! I cannot help it, but at times

They seem to me too narrow, all the faiths

Of this grown world of ours, whose baby eye

Saw them sufficient. Fool and wise, I fear

This curse, and scorn it. But a little light !—

And on it falls the shadow of the priest ;

Heaven yield us more ! for better, Woden, all

Our cancell'd warrior-gods, our grim Walhalla,

Eternal war, than that the Saints at peace,

The holiest of our holiest ones should be

This William's fellow-tricksters ;—better die  
Than credit this, for death is death, or else  
Lifts us beyond the lie. Kiss me—thou art not,  
A holy sister yet, my girl, to fear  
There might be more than brother in my kiss,  
And more than sister in thine own.

EDITH.  
I dare not.

HAROLD.  
Scared by the Church—'Love for a whole life long'  
When was that sung?

EDITH.  
Here to the nightingales.

HAROLD.  
Their anthems of no Church, how sweet they are!  
Nor kingly priest, nor priestly king to cross  
Their billings ere they nest.

EDITH.  
They are but of spring,  
They fly the winter change—not so with us—  
No wings to come and go.

HAROLD.  
But wing'd souls flying  
Beyond all change and in the eternal distance  
To settle on the Truth.

EDITH.  
They are not so true,  
They change their mates.

HAROLD.  
Do they? I did not know it.

EDITH.  
They say thou art to wed the Lady Aldwyth.

HAROLD.  
They say, they say.

EDITH.  
If this be politic,  
And well for thee and England—and for her—  
Care not for me who love thee.

GURTH (*calling*).  
Harold, Harold!

HAROLD.  
The voice of Gurth! (*Enter GURTH*). Good even,  
my good brother!

GURTH.  
Good even, gentle Edith.

EDITH.  
Good even, Gurth.

GURTH.  
Ill news hath come! Our hapless brother, Tostig—  
He, and the giant King of Norway, Harold  
Hardrada—Scotland, Ireland, Iceland, Orkney,  
Are landed North of Humber, and in a field  
So packed with carnage that the dykes and  
brooks

Were bridged and damm'd with dead, have over-  
thrown  
Morcar and Edwin.

HAROLD.  
Well, then, we must fight  
How blows the wind?

GURTH.  
Against St. Valery

And William.  
HAROLD.  
Well then, we will to the North.

GURTH.  
Ay, but worse news: this William sent to Rome,  
Swearing thou swarest falsely by his Saints:  
The Pope and that Archdeacon Hildebrand,  
His master, heard him, and have sent him back  
A holy gonfanon, and a blessed hair  
Of Peter, and all France, all Burgundy,  
Poitou, all Christendom is raised against thee;  
He hath cursed thee, and all those who fight for  
thee,  
And given thy realm of England to the bastard.

HAROLD.  
Ha! ha!  
EDITH.  
Oh! laugh not! . . . Strange and ghastly in  
the gloom

And shadowing of this double thunder-cloud  
That lours on England—laughter!

HAROLD.  
No, not strange!

This was old human laughter in old Rome  
Before a Pope was born, when that which reign'd  
Call'd itself God—A kindly rendering  
Of 'Render unto Caesar.' . . . The Good Shep-  
herd!

Take this, and render that.

GURTH.  
They have taken York.

HAROLD.  
The Lord was God and came as man—the Pope  
Is man and comes as God—York taken?

GURTH.  
Yea,  
Tostig hath taken York!

HAROLD.  
To York then. Edith,  
Hadst thou been braver, I had better braved  
All—but I love thee and thou me—and that  
Remains beyond all chances and all Churches,  
And that thou knowest.

EDITH.  
Ay, but take back thy ring.  
It burns my hand—a curse to thee and me.  
I dare not wear it.

[*Proffers HAROLD the ring, which he takes.*]

HAROLD.  
But I dare. God with thee!  
[*Exeunt HAROLD and GURTH*]

EDITIL.

The King hath cursed him, if he marry me ;  
 The Pope hath cursed him, marry me or no !  
 God help me ! I know nothing—can but pray  
 For Harold—pray, pray, pray—no help but  
 prayer,  
 A breath that fleets beyond this iron world,  
 And touches Him that made it.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—IN NORTHUMBRIA.

ARCHBISHOP ALDRËD, MORCAR, EDWIN, and  
 Forces. *Enter HAROLD. The standard of  
 the golden Dragon of Wessex preceding  
 him.*

HAROLD.

What ! are thy people sullen from defeat ?  
 Our Wessex dragon flies beyond the Humber,  
 No voice to greet it.

EDWIN.

Let not our great king  
 Believe us sullen—only shamed to the quick  
 Before the king—as having been so bruised  
 By Harold, king of Norway ; but our help  
 Is Harold, king of England. Pardon us, thou !  
 Our silence is our reverence for the king !

HAROLD.

Earl of the Mercians ! if the truth be gall,  
 Cram me not thou with honey, when our good  
 hive  
 Needs every sting to save it.

VOICES.

Aldwyth ! Aldwyth !

HAROLD.

Why cry thy people on thy sister's name ?

MORCAR.

She hath won upon our people thro' her beauty,  
 And pleasantness among them.

VOICES.

Aldwyth ! Aldwyth !

HAROLD.

They shout as they wuld have her for a queen.

MORCAR.

She hath followed with our host, and suffer'd  
 all.

HAROLD.

What would ye, men ?

VOICE.

Our old Northumbrian crown,  
 And kings of our own choosing.

HAROLD

Your old crown  
 Were little help without our Saxon carles  
 Against Hardrada.

VOICE.

Little ! we are Danes,  
 Who conquer'd what we walk on, our own field.

HAROLD.

They have been plotting here. [Aside.

VOICE.

He calls us little

HAROLD.

The kingdoms of this world began with little,  
 A hill, a fort, a city—that reach'd a hand  
 Down to the field beneath it, ' Be thou mine,'  
 Then to the next, ' Thou also—' if the field  
 Cried out ' I am mine own ;' another hill  
 Or fort, or city, took it, and the first  
 Fell, and the next became an Empire.

VOICE.

Thou art but a West Saxon : we are Danes ! Yet

HAROLD.

My mother is a Dane, and I am English ;  
 There is a pleasant fable in old books,  
 Ye take a stick, and break it ; bind a score  
 All in one faggot, snap it over knee,  
 Ye cannot.

VOICE.

Hear King Harold ! he says true !

HAROLD.

Would ye be Norsemen ?

VOICES.

No !

HAROLD.

Or Norman ?

VOICES.

No !

HAROLD.

Snap not the faggot-band then.

VOICE,

That is true !

VOICE.

Ay, but thou art not kingly, only grandson  
 To Wulfnoth, a poor cow-herd.

HAROLD.

This old Wulfnoth  
 Would take me on his knees and tell me tales  
 Of Alfred and of Athelstan the Great  
 Who drove you Danes ; and yet he held that  
 Dane,  
 Jute, Angle, Saxon, were or should be all  
 One England, for this cow-herd, like my father,  
 Who shook the Norman scoundrels off the  
 throne,  
 Had in him kingly thoughts—a king of men,  
 Not made but born, like the great king of all,  
 A light among the oxen.

VOICE.

That is true !

VOICE.

Ay, and I love him now, for mine own father  
 Was great, and cobbled.

VOICE.

Thou art Tostig's brother,  
Who wastes the land.

HAROLD.

This brother comes to save  
Your land from waste ; I saved it once before,  
For when your people banish'd Tostig hence,  
And Edward would have sent a host against you,  
Then I, who loved my brother, bad the King  
Who doted on him, sanction your decree  
Of Tostig's banishment, and choice of Morcar,  
To help the realm from scattering.

VOICE.

King ! thy brother,  
If one may dare to speak the truth, was wrong'd,  
Wild was he, born so : but the plots against him  
Had madden'd tamer men.

MORCAR.

Thou art one of those  
Who brake into Lord Tostig's treasure-house  
And slew two hundred of his following,  
And now, when Tostig hath come back with  
power,  
Are frightened back to Tostig.

OLD THANE.

Ugh ! Plots and feuds !  
This is my ninetieth birthday. Can ye not  
Be brethren ? Godwin still at feud with Alfgar,  
And Alfgar hates King Harold. Plots and feuds !  
This is my ninetieth birthday !

HAROLD.

Old man, Harold  
Hates nothing ; not his fault, if our two houses  
Be less than brothers.

VOICES.

Aldwyth, Harold, Aldwyth !

HAROLD.

Again ! Morcar ! Edwin ! What do they mean ?

EDWIN.

So the good king would deign to lend an ear  
Not overscornful, we might chance--perchance  
To guess their meaning.

MORCAR.

Thine own meaning, Harold,  
To make all England one, to close all feuds,  
Mixing our bloods, that thence a king may rise  
Half-Godwin and half-Alfgar, one to rule  
All England beyond question, beyond quarrel.

HAROLD.

Who sow'd this fancy here among the people ?

MORCAR.

Who knows what sows itself among the people ?  
A goodly flower at times.

HAROLD.

The queen of Wales ?  
Why, Morcar, it is all but duty in her  
To hate me ; I have heard she hates me.

MORCAR.

No !

For I can swear to that, but cannot swear  
hat these will follow thee against the Norseman,  
If thou deny them this.

HAROLD.

Morcar and Edwin,  
When will ye cease to plot against my house ?

EDWIN.

The king can scarcely dream that we, who know  
His prowess in the mountains of the West,  
Should care to plot against him in the North.

MORCAR.

Who dares arraign us, king, of such a plot ?

HAROLD.

Ye heard one witness even now.

MORCAR.

The craven !  
There is a faction risen again for Tostig,  
Since Tostig came with Norway--fright, not love.

HAROLD.

Morcar and Edwin, will ye, if I yield,  
Follow against the Norseman ?

MORCAR.

Surely, surely !

HAROLD.

Morcar and Edwin, will ye upon oath,  
Help us against the Norman ?

MORCAR.

With good will :

Yea, take the Sacrament upon it, king.

HAROLD.

Where is thy sister ?

MORCAR.

Somewhere hard at hand,

Call and she comes. [*One goes out, then enters*  
ALDWYTH.

HAROLD.

I doubt not but thou knowest  
Why thou art summon'd.

ALDWYTH.

Why ?--I stay with these.

Lest thy fierce Tostig spy me out alone,  
And flay me all alive.

HAROLD.

Canst thou love one  
Who did discrown thine husband, unqueen thee ?  
Didst thou not love thine husband ?

ALDWYTH.

Oh ! my lord,

The nimble, wild, red, wiry, savage king--  
That was, my lord, a match of policy.

HAROLD.

Was it ?

I knew him brave : he loved his land : he fain  
Had made her great : his finger on her harp  
(I heard him more than once) had in it Wales,  
Her floods, her woods, her hills : had I been his,  
I had been all Welsh.



ALDWYTH.

Oh, ay—all Welsh—and yet  
I saw thee drive him up his hills—and women  
Cling to the conquer'd, if they love, the more ;  
If not, they cannot hate the conqueror.  
We never—oh ! good Morcar, speak for us,  
His conqueror conquer'd Aldwyth.

HAROLD.

Goodly news !

MORCAR.

Doubt it not thou ! Since Griffyth's head was  
sent  
To Edward, she hath said it.

HAROLD.

I had rather

She would have loved her husband. Aldwyth,  
Aldwyth,  
Canst thou love me, thou knowing where I love?

ALDWYTH.

I can, my lord, for mine own sake, for thine,  
For England, for thy poor white dove, who  
flutters  
Between thee and the porch, but then would find  
Her nest within the cloister, and be still.

HAROLD.

Canst thou love one, who cannot love again ?

ALDWYTH.

Full hope have I that love will answer love.

HAROLD.

Then in the name of the great God, so be it !  
Come, Aldred, join our hands before the hosts,  
That all may see.

[ALDRED joins the hands of HAROLD and  
ALDWYTH and blesses them.

VOICES.

Harold, Harold and Aldwyth !

HAROLD.

Set forth our golden Dragon, let him flap  
The wings that beat down Wales !  
Advance our Standard of the Warrior,  
Dark among gems and gold ! and thou, brave  
banner,  
Blaze like a night of fatal stars on those  
Who read their doom and die.  
Where lie the Norsemen ? on the Derwent ? ay  
At Stamford-Bridge.  
Morcar, collect thy men ; Edwin my friend—  
Thou lingerest. —Gurth, . .  
Last night King Edward came to me in dreams—  
The rosy face and long down-silvering beard—  
He told me I should conquer :—  
I am no woman to put faith in dreams.

(To his army.)

Last night King Edward came to me in dreams,  
And told me we should conquer.

VOICES.

Forward ! Forward !

Harold and Holy Cross !

ALDWYTH.

The day is won !

SCENE II.—A PLAIN. BEFORE THE BATTLE  
OF STAMFORD-BRIDGE.

HAROLD and his Guard.

HAROLD.

Who is it comes this way ? Tostig ? (*Enter Tostig  
with a small force.*) O brother,  
What art thou doing here ?

TOSTIG.

I am foraging

For Norway's army.

HAROLD.

I could take and slay thee.

Thou art in arms against us.

TOSTIG.

Take and slay me,

For Edward loved me.

HAROLD.

Edward bad me spare thee.

TOSTIG.

I hate King Edward, for he joined with thee  
To drive me outlaw'd. Take and slay me, I say,  
Or I shall count thee fool.

HAROLD.

Take thee, or free thee,  
Free thee or slay thee, Norway will have war ;  
No man would strike with Tostig, save for  
Norway.  
Thou art nothing in thine England, save for  
Norway  
Who loves not thee but war. What dost thou  
here,  
Trampling thy mother's bosom into blood.

TOSTIG.

She hath wean'd me from it with such bitterness.  
I come for mine own Earldom, my Northumbria ;  
Thou hast given it to the enemy of our house.

HAROLD.

Northumbria threw thee off, she will not have  
thee.

Thou hath misused her : and, O crowning crime !  
Hast murder'd thine own guest, the son of Orm  
Gamel, at thine own hearth.

TOSTIG.

The slow, fat fool !

He draw'd and prated so, I smote him suddenly,  
I knew not what I did.

HAROLD.

Come back to us,

Know what thou dost, and we may find for thee,  
So thou be chasten'd by thy banishment,  
Some easier earldom.

TOSTIG.

What for Norway then ?

He looks for land among you, he and his.

HAROLD.

Seven feet of English land, or something more,  
Seeing he is a giant.

TOSTIG.  
O brother, brother.

O Harold—

HAROLD.  
Nay then, come thou back to us!

TOSTIG.  
Never shall any man say that I, that Tostig  
Conjured the mightier Harold from his North  
To do the battle for me here in England,  
Then left him for the meaner! thee!—  
Thou hast no passion for the house of Godwin—  
Thou hast but cared to make thyself a king—  
Thou hast sold me for a cry.—  
Thou gavest thy voice against me in the Council.  
I hate thee, and despise thee, and defy thee.  
Farewell forever!

HAROLD.  
On to Stamford-Bridge!

SCENE III.—AFTER THE BATTLE OF STAM-  
FORD-BRIDGE. BANQUET.

HAROLD and ALDWYTH. GURTH, LEOFWIN, MOR-  
CAR, EDWIN, and other Earls and Thanes.

VOICES.

Hail! Harold! Aldwyth! hail, bridegroom and  
bride!

ALDWYTH (*talking with HAROLD*).

Answer them thou!  
Is this our marriage-banquet? Would the wines  
Of Wedding had been dash'd into the cups  
Of Victory, and our marriage and thy glory  
Been drunk together! these poor hands but sew,  
Spin, broider—would that they were man's to  
have held

The battle-axe by thee! [*Exit.*]

HAROLD.  
There was a moment

When being forced aloof from all my guard,  
And striking at Hardrada and his madmen  
I had wish'd for any weapon.

ALDWYTH.  
Why art thou sad?

HAROLD.  
I have lost the boy who played at ball with me,  
With whom I fought another fight than this  
Of Stamford-Bridge.

ALDWYTH.  
Ay! ay! thy victories  
Over our own poor Wales, when at thy side  
He conquer'd with thee.

HAROLD.  
No—the childish fist  
That cannot strike again.

ALDWYTH.  
Thou art too kindly.  
Why didst thou let so many Norsemen hence?

Thy fierce forekings had clench'd their pirate  
hides  
To the bleak church doors, like kites upon a barn.

HAROLD.  
Is there so great a need to tell thee why?

ALDWYTH.  
Yes, am I not thy wife?

VOICES.  
Hail, Harold, Aldwyth!  
Bridegroom and bride!

ALDWYTH.  
Answer them! [*To HAROLD.*]  
HAROLD (*to all*).

Earls and Thanes!  
Full thanks for your fair greeting of my bride!  
Earls, Thanes, and all our countrymen, the day,  
Our day beside the Derwent will not shine  
Less than a star among the goldenest hours  
Of Alfred, or of Edward his great son,  
Or Athelstan, or English Ironside  
Who fought with Knut, or Knut who, coming  
Dane,

Died English. Every man about his king  
Fought like a king; the king like his own man,  
No better; one for all, and all for one,  
One soul: and therefore have we shatter'd back  
The hugest wave from Norseland ever yet  
Surged on us, and our battle-axes broken  
The Raven's wing, and dumb'd his carrion croak  
From the gray sea for ever. Many are gone—  
Drink to the dead who died for us, the living  
Who fought and would have died, but happier  
lived,

If happier be to live; they both have life  
In the large mouth of England, till her voice  
Die with the world. Hail—hail!

MORCAR.  
May all invaders perish like Hardrada!  
All traitors fall like Tostig! [*All drink but*  
HAROLD.

ALDWYTH.  
Thy cup's full!

HAROLD.  
I saw the hand of Tostig cover it.  
Our dear, dead traitor-brother, Tostig, him  
Reverently we buried. Friends, had I been here,  
Without too large self-lauding I must hold  
The sequel had been other than his league  
With Norway, and this battle. Peace be with  
him!  
He was not of the worst. If there be those  
At banquet in this hall, and hearing me—  
For there be those I fear who prick'd the lion  
To make him spring, that sight of Danish blood  
Might serve an end not English—peace with them  
Likewise, if they can be at peace with what  
God gave us to divide us from the wolf!

ALDWYTH (*aside to HAROLD*).  
Make not our Morcar sullen: it is not wise.

HAROLD.

Hail to the living who fought, the dead who fell!

VOICES.

Hail, hail!

FIRST THANE.

How ran that answer which King Harold gave  
To his dead namesake, when he ask'd for Eng-  
land?

LEOFWIN.

'Seven feet of English earth or something more,  
Seeing he is a giant!'

FIRST THANE.

Then for the bastard  
Six feet and nothing more!

LEOFWIN.

Ay, but belike  
Thou hast not learnt his measur.

FIRST THANE.

By St. Edmund,  
I over-measure him. Sound sleep to the man  
Here by dead Norway without dream or dawn!

SECOND THANE.

What is he bragging still that he will come  
To thrust our Harold's throne from under him?  
My nurse would tell me of a molehill crying  
To a mountain 'Stand aside and room for me?'

FIRST THANE.

Let him come! let him come. Here's to him,  
sink or swim! *{ Drinks. }*

SECOND THANE.

God sink him!

FIRST THANE.

Cannot hands which had the strength  
To shove that stranded iceberg off our shores,  
And send the shatter'd North again to sea,  
Scuttle his cockle-shell? What's Brunanburg  
To Stamford-Bridge? a war-crash, and so hard,  
So loud, that, by St. Dunstan, old St. Thor—  
By God, we thought him dead—but our old Thor  
Heard his own thunder again, and woke and came  
Among us again, and mark'd the sons of those  
Who made this Britain England, break the  
North.

Mark'd how the war-axe swang,  
Heard how the war-horn sang,  
Mark'd how the spear-head sprang,  
Heard how the shield-wall rang,  
Iron on iron clang,  
Anvil on hammer bang—

SECOND THANE.

Hammer on anvil, hammer on anvil. Old dog,  
Thou art drunk, old dog!

FIRST THANE.

Too drunk to fight with thee!

SECOND THANE.

Fight thou with thine own double, not with me,  
Keep that for Norman William!

FIRST THANE.

Down with William!

THIRD THANE.

The washerwoman's brat!

FOURTH THANE.

The tanner's bastard!

FIFTH THANE.

The Falaise byblow!

*{ Enter a Thane, from Pevensey, spatter'd with mud. }*

HAROLD.

Ay, but what late guest,  
As haggard as a fast of forty days,  
And caked and plaster'd with a hundred mires,  
Hath stumbled on our cups?

THANE from Pevensey.

My lord the King!  
William the Norman, for the wind had changed--

HAROLD.

I felt it in the middle of that fierce fight  
At Stamford-Bridge. William hath landed, ha?

THANE from Pevensey.

Landed at Pevensey--I am from Pevensey--  
Hath wasted all the land at Pevensey--  
Hath harried mine own cattle--God confound  
him!

I have ridden night and day from Pevensey--  
A thousand ships, a hundred thousand men--  
Thousands of horses, like as many lions  
Neighing and roaring as they leapt to land.

HAROLD.

How oft in coming hast thou broken bread?

THANE from Pevensey.

Some thrice, or so.

HAROLD.

Bring not thy hollowess  
On our full feast. Famine is fear, were it but  
Of being starved. Sit down, sit down, and eat,  
And, when again red-blooded, speak again.

*{ Aside. }*

The men that guarded England to the South  
Were scatter'd to the harvest. . . No power mine  
To hold their force together. . . Many are fallen  
At Stamford-Bridge. . . the people stupid-sure  
Sleep like their swine. . . In South and North at  
once

I could not be.

*{ Aloud. }*

Gruth, Leofwin, Morcar, Edwin!  
*{ Pointing to the revellers. }* The curse of Eng-  
land! these are drowned in wassail  
And cannot see the world but thro' their wines!  
Leave them, and thee too, Aldwyth, must I  
leave--

Harsh is the news! hard is our honeymoon!  
Thy pardon. *{ Turning round to his attendants. }*  
Break the banquet up. . . Ye four!

And thou, my carrier pigeon of black news,  
Cram thy crop full, but come when thou art  
call'd. *{ Exit HAROLD. }*

## ACT V.

SCENE I—A TENT ON A MOUND, FROM WHICH CAN BE SEEN THE FIELD OF SENLAC.

HAROLD, *sitting*; by him standing HUGH MARGOT the Monk, GURTH, LEOFWIN.

HAROLD.

Refer my cause, my crown to Rome! . . . The wolf mudded the brook, and predetermined all. Monk,

Thou hast said thy say, and had my constant 'No' For all but instant battle. I hear no more.

MARGOT.

Hear me again—for the last time. Arise, Scatter thy people home, descend the hill, Lay hands of full allegiance in thy Lord's And crave his mercy, for the Holy Father Hath given this realm of England to the Norman.

HAROLD.

Then for the last time, monk, I ask again When had the Lateran and the Holy Father To do with England's choice of her own king?

MARGOT.

Earl, the first Christian Cæsar drew to the East To leave the Pope dominion in the West. He gave him all the kingdoms of the West.

HAROLD.

So!—did he?—Earl—I have a mind to play The William with thine eyesight and thy tongue. Earl—ay—thou art but a messenger of William. I am weary—go: make me not wroth with thee!

MARGOT.

Mock king, I am the messenger of God, His Norman Daniel; Mene, Mene, Tekel! Is thy wrath Hell, that I should spare to cry, You heaven is wroth with *thee*? Hear me again! Our Saints have moved the Church that moves the world, And all the Heavens and very God: they heard— They know King Edward's promise and thine— thine.

HAROLD.

Should they not know free England crowns herself?

Not know that he nor I had power to promise? Not know that Edward cancell'd his own promise? And for *my* part therein.—Back to that juggler,

(*rising*)

Tell him the Saints are nobler than he dreams, Tell him that God is nobler than the Saints, And tell him we stand arm'd on Senlac Hill, And bide the doom of God.

MARGOT.

Hear it thro' me.

The realm for which thou art forsworn is cursed, The babe enwomb'd and at the breast is cursed,

The corpse thou whelmest with thine earth is cursed,

The soul who fighteth on thy side is cursed, The seed thou sowest in thy field is cursed, The steer wherewith thou plowest thy field is cursed.

The fowl that fleeth o'er thy field is cursed, And thou, usurper, liar—

HAROLD.

Out, beast monk!

[*Lifting his hand to strike him. GURTH stops the blow.*]

I ever hated monks.

MARGOT.

I am but a voice

Among you: murder, martyr me if ye will—

HAROLD.

Thanks, Gurth! The simple, silent, honest man is worth a world of tonguesters. (*To MARGOT.*) Get thee gone!

He means the thing he says. See him out safe!

LEOFWIN.

He hath blown himself as red as fire with curses. An honest fool! Follow me, honest fool, But if thou blurt thy curse among our folk, I know not—I may give that egg-bald head The tap that silences.

HAROLD.

See him out safe.

[*Exeunt LEOFWIN and MARGOT.*]

GURTH.

Thou hast lost thine even temper, brother Harold.

HAROLD.

Gurth, when I pass by Waltham, my foundation For men who serve the neighbour, not themselves,

I cast me down prone, praying; and, when I rose, They told me that the Holy Rood had lean'd And bow'd above me; whether that which held it Had weaken'd, and the Rood itself were bound To that necessity which binds us down; Whether it bow'd at all but in their fancy; Or if it bow'd, whether it symbol'd ruin Or glory, who shall tell? but they were sad, And somewhat sadden'd me.

GURTH.

Yet if a fear,

Or shadow of a fear, lest the strange Saints By whom thou swarest, should have power to balk

Thy puissance in this fight with him, who made And heard thee swear—brother—I have not sworn—

If the king fall, may not the kingdom fall?

But if I fall, I fall, and thou art king;

And, if I win, I win, and thou art king;

Draw thou to London, there make strength to breast

Whatever chance, but leave this day to me.

LEOFWIN (*entering*).

And waste the land about thee as thou goest,  
And be thy hand as winter on the field,  
To leave the foe no forage.

HAROLD.

Noble Gurth!

Best son of Godwin! If I fall, I fall—  
The doom of God! How should the people fight  
When the king flies? And, Leofwin, art thou mad?  
How should the king of England waste the fields  
Of England, his own people?—No glance yet  
Of the Northumbrian helmet on the heath?

LEOFWIN.

No, but a shoal of wives upon the heath,  
And someone saw thy willy-nilly nun  
Vying a tress against our golden fern.

HAROLD.

Vying a tear with our cold dews, a sigh  
With these low-moaning heavens. Let her be  
fetch'd.

We have parted from our wife without reproach,  
Tho' we have dived thro' all her practices;  
And that is well.

LEOFWIN,

I saw her even now:

She hath not left us.

HAROLD.

Nought of Morcar then?

GURTH.

Nor seen, nor heard; thine, William's or his own  
As wind blows, or tide flows: belike he watches,  
If this war-storm in one of its rough rolls  
Wash up that old crown of Northumberland.

HAROLD.

married her for Morcar—a sin against  
The truth of love. Evil for good, it seems,  
Is oft as childless of the good as evil  
For evil.

LEOFWIN.

Good for good hath borne at times  
A bastard false as William.

HAROLD.

Ay, if Wisdom

Pair'd not with Good. But I am somewhat worn,  
A snatch of sleep were like the peace of God.  
Gurth, Leofwin, go once more about the hill—  
What did the dead man call it—Sanguelac,  
The lake of blood?

LEOFWIN.

A lake that dips in William

As well as Harold.

HAROLD.

Like enough. I have seen

The trenches dug, the palisades uprear'd  
And wattled thick with ash and willow-wands;  
Yea, wrought at them myself. Go round once  
more;

See all be sound and whole. No Norman horse  
Can shatter England, standing shield by shield;  
Tell that again to all.

GURTH.

I will, good brother.

HAROLD.

Our guardsman hath but toil'd his hand and foot  
I, hand, foot, heart and head. Some wine! (*One  
pours wine into a goblet, which he hands to  
HAROLD*).

Too much!

What? we must use our battle-axe to-day.

Our guardsmen have slept well, since we came in,

LEOFWIN.

Ay, slept and snored. Your second-sighted man  
That scared the dying conscience of the king,  
Misheard their snores for groans. They are up  
again

And chanting that old song of Brunanburg  
Where England conquered.

HAROLD.

That is well. The Norman,

What is he doing?

LEOFWIN.

Praying for Normandy;

Our scouts have heard the tinkle of their bells.

HAROLD.

And our old songs are prayers for England too  
But by all Saints—

LEOFWIN.

Barring the Norman!

HAROLD.

Nay,

Were the great trumpet blowing doomsday dawn  
I needs must rest. Call when the Norman moves—

[*Exeunt all, but HAROLD*

No horse—thousands of horses—our shield wall—  
Wall—break it not—break not, break— [*Sleeps*

VISION OF EDWARD.

Son Harold, I thy king, who came before

To tell thee thou shouldst win at Stamford-Bridge

Come yet once more, from where I am at peace

Because I loved thee in my mortal day,

To tell thee thou shalt die on Senlac hill—

Sanguelac!

VISION OF WULFNOTH.

O brother, from my ghastly oubliette

I send my voice across the narrow seas—

No more, no more, dear brother, never more—

Sanguelac!

VISION OF TOSTIG.

O brother, most unbrotherlike to me,

Thou gavest thy voice against me in my life,

I give my voice against thee from the grave—

Sanguelac!

VISION OF NORMAN SAINTS.

O hapless Harold! King but for an hour!

Thou swarest falsely by our blessed bones,

We give our voice against thee out of heaven!

Sanguelac! Sanguelac! The arrow! The arrow!

HAROLD (*starting up, battle-axe in hand*).

Away.

My battle-axe against your voices. Peace!  
The king's last word—'the arrow!' I shall die—  
I die for England then, who lived for England—  
What nobler? men must die.  
I cannot fall into a falser world—  
I have done no man wrong. Tostig, poor brother,  
Art *thou* so anger'd?  
Fain had I kept thine earldom in thy hands  
Save for thy wild and violent will that wrench'd  
All hearts of freemen from thee. I could do  
No other than this way advise the king  
Against the race of Godwin. Is it possible  
That mortal men should bear their earthly heats  
Into yon bloodless world, and threaten us thence  
Unschool'd of Death? Thus then thou art re-  
venged—

I left our England naked to the South  
To meet thee in the North. The Norseman's  
raid

Hath helpt the Norman, and the race of Godwin  
Hath ruin'd Godwin. No—our waking thoughts  
Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools  
Of sullen slumber, and arise again  
Disjointed: only dreams—where mine own self  
Takes part against myself! Why? for a spark  
Of self-disdain born in me when I swear  
Falsely to him, the falser Norman, over  
His gilded dark of mummy-saints, by whom  
I knew not that I swear, — not for myself—  
For England—yet not wholly—

*Enter* EDITH.

Edith, Edith,

Get thou into thy cloister as the king  
Will'd it: be safe: the perjury-mongering Count  
Hath made too good an use of Holy Church  
To break her close! There the great God of  
truth

Fill all thine hours with peace!—A lying devil  
Hath haunted me—mine oath—my wife—I fain  
Had made my marriage not a lie; I could not:  
Thou art my bride! and thou in after years  
Praying perchance for this poor soul of mine  
In cold, white cells beneath an icy moon—  
This memory to thee!—and this to England,  
My legacy of war against the Pope  
From child to child, from Pope to Pope, from  
age to age,

Till the sea wash her level with the shores,  
Or till the Pope is Christ's.

*Enter* ALDWYTH.

ALDWYTH (*to* EDITH).

Away from him

EDITH.

I will... I have not spoken to the king  
One word; and one I must. Farewell! [*Going*].

HAROLD.

Not yet.

Stay.

EDITH.

To what use?

HAROLD.

The king commands thee, woman!

(*To* ALDWYTH).

Have thy two brethren sent their forces in

ALDWYTH.

Nay, I fear, not.

HAROLD.

Then there's no force in thee

Thou didst possess thyself of Edward's ear  
To part me from the woman that I loved!  
Thou didst arouse the fierce Northumbrians!  
Thou hast been false to England and to me!—  
As... in some sort... I have been false to thee.  
Leave me. No more. Pardon on both sides—  
Go!

ALDWYTH.

Alas, my lord, I loved thee.

HAROLD.

With a love

Passing thy love for Griffyth! wherefore now  
Obey my first and last commandment. Go!

ALDWYTH.

O Harold! husband! Shall we meet again

HAROLD.

After the battle—after the battle. Go.

ALDWYTH.

I go. (*Aside*.) That I could stab her standing  
there! [*Exit* ALDWYTH.

EDITH.

Alas, my lord, she loved thee.

HAROLD.

Never! never!

EDITH.

I saw it in her eyes!

HAROLD.

I see it in thine.

And not on thee—nor England—fall God's doom!

EDITH.

On *thee!* on me. And thou art England! Alfred  
Was England. Ethelred was nothing. England  
Is but her king, and thou art Harold!

HAROLD.

Edith,

The sign in heaven—the sudden blast at sea—  
My fatal oath—the dead Saints—the dark dreams  
The Pope's Anathema—the Holy Rood  
That bow'd to me at Waltham—Edith, if  
I, the last English king of England—

EDITH.

No,

First of a line that coming from the people,  
And chosen by the people—

HAROLD.

And fighting for

And dying for the people—

EDITH.

Living ! living !

HAROLD.

Yea so, good cheer ! thou art Harold, I am Edith :  
Look not thus wan !

EDITH.

What matters how I look ?

Have we not broken Wales and Norseland ? slain  
Whose life was all one battle, incarnate war,  
Their giant-king, a mightier man-in-arms  
Than William.

HAROLD.

Ay, my girl, no tricks in him—

No bastard he ! when all was lost, he yell'd  
And bit his shield, and dash'd it on the ground,  
And swaying his two-handed sword about him,  
Two deaths at every swing, ran in upon us  
And die ! so, and I loved him as I hate  
This liar who made me liar. If Hate can kill,  
And Loathing wield a Saxon battle-axe—

EDITH.

Waste not thy might before the battle

HAROLD.

No,

And thou must hence. Stigand will see thee safe  
And so—Farewell. [*He is going, but turns back*—

The ring thou darrest not wear,

I have had it fashion'd, see, to meet my hand.

[*HAROLD shows the ring which is on his finger.*]

Farewell ! [*He is going, but turns back again.*]  
I am dead as Death this day to aught of earth's  
Save William's death or mine.

EDITH.

Thy death !—to-day !

Is it not thy birthday ?

HAROLD.

Ay, that happy day !

A birthday welcome ! happy days and many !

One—this ! [*They embrace.*]

Look, I will bear thy blessing into the battle  
And front the doom of God.

NORMAN CRIES (*heard in the distance*).

Ha Rou ! Ha Rou !

[*Enter GURTH.*]

GURTH.

The Norman moves

HAROLD.

Harold and Holy Cross

[*Exeunt HAROLD and GURTH.*]

Enter STIGAND.

STIGAND.

Our Church in arms—the lamb the lion—not  
Spear into pruning-hook—the counter way—  
Cowl, helm ; and crozier, battle-axe. Abbot  
Alfwig,  
Leofric, and all the monks of Peterboro'  
Strike for the king ; but I, old wretch, old Stig-  
and,

With hands too limp to brandish iron—and yet  
I have a power—would Harold ask me for it—  
I have a power.

EDITH.

What power, holy father ?

STIGAND.

Power now from Harold to command thee hence  
And see thee safe from Senlac.

EDITH.

I remain

STIGAND.

Yea, so will I, daughter, until I find  
Which way the battle balance. I can see it  
From where we stand : and live or die, I would  
I were among them !

CANONS from *Waltham* (*Singing without*).

Salva patriam

Sancte Pater,

Salva Fili,

Salva Spiritus,

Salva patriam,

Sancta Mater.\*

EDITH.

Are those the blessed angels quiring, father ?

STIGAND.

No, daughter, but the canons out of Waltham,  
The king's foundation, that have follow'd him.

EDITH.

O God of battles, make their wall of shields  
Firm as thy cliffs, strengthen their palisades !  
What is that whirring sound ?

STIGAND.

The Norman arrow.

EDITH.

Look out upon the battle—is he safe ?

STIGAND.

The king of England stands between his banners.  
He glitters on the crowning of the hill.  
God save King Harold !

EDITH

—chosen by his people

And fighting for his people !

STIGAND.

There is one

Come as Goliath came of yore—he flings  
His brand in air and catches it again,  
He is chanting some old warsong.

EDITH.

And no David

To meet him ?

STIGAND.

Ay, there springs a Saxon on him,  
Falls—and another falls.

\* The *a* throughout these hymns should be  
sounded broad, as in 'father.'

EDITH.

Have mercy on us!

STIGAND.

Lo! our good Gurth hath smitten him to the death.

EDITH.

So perish all the enemies of Harold!

CANONS (*singing*).

Hostis in Angliam  
Ruit prædator,  
Illorum, Domine,  
Scutum scindatur!  
Hostis per Angliæ  
Plagas bacchatur;  
Casa crematur,  
Pastor fugatur  
Grex trucidatur—

STIGAND.

Illos trucida, Domine.

EDITH.

Ay, good father.

CANONS (*singing*).

Illorum scelera  
Pena sequatur!

ENGLISH CRIES.

Harold and Holy Cross! Out! out!

STIGAND.

Our javelins

Answer their arrows. All the Norman foot  
Are storming up the hill. The range of knights  
Sit, each a statue on his horse, and wait.

ENGLISH CRIES.

Harold and God Almighty!

NORMAN CRIES.

Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

CANONS (*singing*).

Eques cum pedite  
Præpediatur!  
Illorum in lacrymas  
Cruor fundatur!  
Pereant, pereant,  
Anglia præcatur.

STIGAND.

Look, daughter, look.

EDITH.

Nay, father, look for me!

STIGAND.

Our axes lighten with a single flash  
About the summit of the hill, and heads  
And arms are sliver'd off and splinter'd by  
Their lightning— and they fly—the Norman flies.

EDITH.

Stigand, O father, have we won the day?

STIGAND.

No, daughter, no—they fall behind the horse—  
Their horse are thronging to the barricades;

I see the gonfanon of Holy Peter  
Floating above their helmets—ha! he is down!

EDITH.

He down! Who down?

STIGAND.

The Norman Count is down.

EDITH.

So perish all the enemies of England!

STIGAND.

No, no, he hath risen again—he bares his face—  
Shouts something—he points onward—all their  
horse

Swallow the hill locust-like, swarming up.

EDITH.

O God of battles, make his battle-axe keen  
As thine own sharp-dividing justice, heavy  
As thine own bolts that fall on crimeful heads  
Charged with the weight of heaven wherefrom  
they fall!

CANONS (*singing*).

Jacta tonitrua  
Deus bellator!  
Surgas e tenebris,  
Sis vindicator!  
Fulmina, fulmina  
Deus vastator!

EDITH.

O God of battles, they are three to one,  
Make thou one man as three to roll them down!

CANONS (*singing*).

Equus cum equite  
Dejiciatur!  
Acies, Acies  
Prona sternatur!  
Illorum lanceas  
Frange, Creator!

STIGAND.

Yea, yea, for how their lances snap and shiver  
Against the shifting blaze of Harold's axe!  
War-woodman of old Woden, how he fells  
The mortal cosp of faces! There! And there!  
The horse and horseman cannot meet the shield.  
The blow that brains the horseman cleaves the  
horse,

The horse and horseman roll along the hill,  
They fly once more, they fly, the Norman flies!

Equus cum equite  
Præcipitatur.

EDITH.

O God, the God of truth hath heard my cry.  
Follow them, follow them, drive them to the  
sea!

Illorum scelera  
Pena sequatur!

STIGAND.

Truth! no; a lie; a trick, a Norman trick!  
They turn on the pursuer, horse against foot,  
They murder all that follow.



EDITH.  
Have mercy on us !

STIGAND.  
Hot-headed fools--to burst the wall of shields !  
They have broken the commandment of the  
king !

EDITH.  
*His oath was broken*--O holy Norman Saints,  
Ye that are now of Heaven, and see beyond  
Your Norman shrines, pardon it, pardon it,  
That he forswore himself for all he loved,  
Me, me, and all ! Look out upon the battle !

STIGAND.  
They press again upon the barricades.  
My sight is eagle, but the strife so thick--  
This is the hottest of it : hold, ash ! hold  
willow !

ENGLISH CRIES.  
Out, out !

NORMAN CRIES.  
Ha Rou !

STIGAND.  
Ha ! Gurth hath leapt upon him  
And slain him : he hath fallen.

EDITH.  
And I am heard.  
Glory to God in the Highest ! fallen, fallen !

STIGAND.  
No, no, his horse--he mounts another--wields  
His war-club, dashes it on Gurth, and Gurth,  
Our noble Gurth, is down !

EDITH.  
Have mercy on us !

STIGAND.  
And Leofwin is down !

EDITH.  
Have mercy on us !  
O Thou that knowest, let not my strong prayer  
Be weaken'd in thy sight, because I love  
The husband of another !

NORMAN CRIES.  
Ha Rou ! Ha Rou !

EDITH.  
I do not hear our English war-cry.

STIGAND. No.

EDITH.  
Look out upon the battle--is he safe ?

STIGAND.  
He stands between the banners with the dead  
So piled about him he can hardly move.

EDITH (*takes up the war-cry*).  
Out ! out !

NORMAN CRIES.  
Ha Rou !

EDITH (*cries out*).  
Harold and Holy Cross !

NORMAN CRIES.  
Ha Rou ! Ha Rou !

EDITH.  
What is that whirring sound ?

STIGAND.  
The Norman sends his arrows up to heaven,  
They fall on those within the palisade !

EDITH.  
Look out upon the hill--is Harold there !

STIGAND.  
Sanguelac--Sanguelac--the arrow--the arrow !  
away !

SCENE II.--FIELD OF THE DEAD. NIGHT.

ALDWYTH and EDITH.

ALDWYTH.  
O Edith, art thou here ? O Harold, Harold--  
Our Harold--we shall never see him more.

EDITH.  
For there was more than sister in my kiss,  
And so the Saints were wroth. I cannot love  
them,  
For they are Norman Saints--and yet I should--  
They are so much holier than their harlot's son  
With whom they play'd their game against the  
king !

ALDWYTH.  
The king is slain, the kingdom overthrown !

EDITH.  
No matter !  
ALDWYTH.

How no matter, Harold slain ?--  
I cannot find his body. O help me thou !  
O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee,  
Forgive me thou, and help me here !

EDITH. No matter !

ALDWYTH.  
Not help me, nor forgive me ?

EDITH. So thou saigest.

ALDWYTH.  
I say it now, forgive me !

EDITH. Cross me not !

I am seeking one who wedded me in secret.  
Whisper ! God's angels only know it. Ha !  
What art *thou* doing here among the dead !  
They are stripping the dead bodies naked  
yonder,

And thou art come to rob them of their rings.

ALDWYTH.  
O Edith, Edith, I have lost both crown  
And husband.

EDITH.  
So have I.

ALDWYTH. I tell thee, girl,  
I am seeking my dead Harold.

EDITH. And I mine !  
The Holy Father strangled him with a hair

Of Peter, and his brother Tostig helpt  
The wicked sister clapt her hands and laught ;  
Then all the dead fell on him.

ALDWYTH.  
Edith, Edith --  
EDITH.

What was he like, this husband ? like to thee ?  
Call not for help from me. I knew him not.  
He lies not here : not close beside the standard.  
Here fell the truest, manliest hearts of England.  
Go further hence and find him.

ALDWYTH.  
She is crazed !

EDITH.  
That doth not matter either. Lower the light.  
He must be here.

*Enter two Canons, OSGOD and ATHELRIC, with torches. They turn over the dead bodies and examine them as they pass.*

OSGOD.  
I think that this is Thurkill.

ATHELRIC.  
More likely Godric.

OSGOD  
I am sure this body  
Is Alfwig, the king's uncle.

ATHELRIC.  
So it is !  
No, no—brave Gurth, one gash from brow to  
knee !

OSGOD.  
And here is Leafwin.

EDITH.  
And here is *He* !

ALDWYTH.  
Harold ? Oh no --nay, if it were--my God,  
They have so maim'd and martyr'd all his face  
There is no man can swear to him.

EDITH.  
But one woman !

Look you, we never mean to part again.  
I have found him, I am happy.  
Was there not some one ask'd me for forgive-  
ness ?

I yield it freely, being the true wife  
Of this dead king, who never bore revenge.

*Enter COUNT WILLIAM and WILLIAM MALET.*

WILLIAM.  
Who be these women ? And what body is this ?

EDITH.  
Harold, thy bette !

WILLIAM.  
Ay, and what art thou ?

EDITH.  
His wife.

MALET.  
Not true, my girl, here is the Queen !

*[Pointing out ALDWYTH.]*

WILLIAM *(to ALDWYTH)*.  
Wast thou his Queen ?

ALDWYTH.  
I was the Queen of Wales.

WILLIAM.  
Why, then of England ? Madam, fear us not.

*(To MALET.)*  
Knowest thou this other ?

MALET.  
When I visited England,  
Some held she was his wife in secret--some--  
Well--some believed she was his paramour.

EDITH.  
Norman, thou liest ! liars all of you,  
Your Saints and all ! I am his wife ! and she  
For look, our marriage ring !

*[She draws it off the finger of Harold.]*  
I lost it somehow--  
I lost it, playing with it when I was wild.  
*That* bred the doubt, but I am wiser now . . .  
I am too wise . . . Will none among you all  
Bear me true witness--only for this once--  
That I have found it here again ?

*[She puts it on.]*  
And thou,  
Thy wife am I for ever and evermore.

*[Falls on the body and dies.]*

WILLIAM.  
Death!--and enough of death for this one day,  
The day of St. Calixtus, and the day,  
My day, when I was born.

MALET.  
And this dead king's,  
Who, king or not, hath kinglike fought and  
fallen,

His birthday, too. It seems, but yester-even  
I held it with him in his English halls,  
His day, with all his rooftree ringing ' Harold,'  
Before he fell into the snare of Guy ;  
When all men counted Harold would be king,  
And Harold was most happy.

WILLIAM.  
Thou art half English.

Take them away !  
Malet, I vow to build a church to God  
Here on this hill of battle ; let our high altar  
Stand where their standard fell . . . where  
these two lie.

Take them away, I do not love to see them.  
Pluck the dead woman off the dead man, Malet.

MALET.  
Faster than ivy. Must I hack her arms off !  
How shall I part them ?

WILLIAM.  
Leave them. Let them be  
Bury him and his paramour together.  
He that was false in oath to me, it seems

Was false to his own wife. We will not give him  
 A Christian burial : yet he was a warrior,  
 And wise, yea truthful, till that blighted vow  
 Which God avenged to-day.  
 Wrap them together in a purple cloak  
 And lay them both upon the waste sea-shore  
 At Hastings, there to guard the land for which  
 He did forswear himself—a warrior—ay,  
 And but that Holy Peter fought for us,  
 And that the false Northumbrian held aloof,  
 And save for that chance arrow which the Saints  
 Sharpen'd and sent against him—who can tell?—  
 Three horses had I slain beneath me : twice  
 I thought that all was lost. Since I knew battle  
 And that was from my boyhood, never yet—  
 No, by the splendour of God—have I fought men  
 Like Harold and his brethren, and his guard  
 Of English. Every man about his king

Fell where he stood. They loved him ; and,  
 pray God  
 My Normans may but move as true with me  
 To the door of death. Of one self-stock at first,  
 Make them again one people—Norman, English :  
 And English, Norman ;—we should have a hand  
 To grasp the world with, and a foot to stamp  
 it . . .  
 Flat. Praise the Saints. It is over, no more blood !  
 I am king of England, so they thwart me not,  
 And I will rule according to their laws.

(To ALDWYTH.)

Madam, we will entreat thee with all honour.

ALDWYTH.

My punishment is more than I can bear.

THE END.

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## CHESS.

THE Persians have given us a very interesting anecdote about this noble game. Two Persians of high rank had engaged in such deep play that the fortune of one of them had been won by his opponent. He who played the *white* was the ruined man, and rendered desperate by his heavy losses he demanded another game, offering his favourite wife as his last stake. The *white* has the move, as he would be check-mated by the next move of his adversary.

### SITUATION OF THE GAME

Black King at Queen's Knight's square.

Queen at King's Knight's second square.

Castle at King's Knight's square.

Castle at Queen's Knight's seventh square.

White King at his Castle's fourth square.

Queen's Castle at his own second square.

King's Bishop at his King's fourth square.

Queen's Knight's pawn at his own sixth square.

Queen's Bishop's pawn at his own sixth square.

The lady, who had observed the game from a window above, cried out to her husband in a voice of despair, to "sacrifice his Castle and save his wife."

This truly fascinating game has, in modern times, become a science, and celebrated chess players enjoy a reputation in the great arena of public opinion according to their skill and prowess. The invention of the game of chess has been very generally ascribed to Laertes, the father

of Ulysses, in order to amuse the Grecian leaders during the long and tedious siege of Troy. But that it claims a more remote origin, the fact that the chess-board and its men are to be found engraven upon the ruins of Thebes (that wonder of remote ages), has left no doubt.

Unlike most games of amusement, chess is one of pure skill, without we concede to the first who claims the move a slight advantage. At any rate it has nothing to do with chance, upon which the gambler mainly depends for success. The parties engaged commence with an equal force, and the best calculator is generally the victor. Most young people of talent are enthusiastically fond of the game; and of all games of amusement it is one of the least objectionable, without we admit that the time and the intense brain-work employed might be used to better advantage in more profitable studies. Again, it has been said that the deep attention required to attain any proficiency in the game may be turned to advantage in the everyday occupations of life. That it has been made a test of *genius*, and the losing parties looked upon as inferior in intellectual power, is both erroneous and unjust, and often occasions a bitter rivalry among good players. We have known many excellent players who were very dull matter of fact people, and men of great mental powers who never could acquire it. Philidore, that prince of chess players, had very common abilities for any other pursuit. He was a living embodiment of his adored game, his intense application to his favourite pursuit having converted mind and brain into a chess-board; while Alexander the Great, Charles XII. of Sweden, and the great Napoleon, were notorious for their want of skill in the game.

It is a great trial of temper to irritable people, and the person who can successively lose several games at chess could bear with becoming fortitude many of the greater ills of life. The Count and Countess of Hainault, who flourished in the Fourteenth century, quarrelled so dreadfully over the chess-board that it led to a final separation. There is a curious anecdote told of Louis the VI. of France, who, battling against the Lombards, was carried away by the ardour of his chivalrous spirit to mingle too closely in the thickest of the fight, and was thus separated from his troops and surrounded by the enemy. A stout Lombard seized hold of his bridle-rein, exclaiming as he did so, "I have taken the King!" "You lie, sirrah!" cried the monarch, grasping the battle-axe that hung at his saddle-bow, and rising in his stirrups cut down the vaunting foe,—“A King is never taken, not even in chess!” Musa, the brother of Abdallah, one of the last kings of Grenada, was held in prison by that monarch, who feared the popularity that he enjoyed would incite the people to place him on the throne. Musa was deeply engaged in a game of chess with his jailor when the King, urged on by his jealousy, sent an order for his immediate execution. The officers

of justice found their victim in a state of great excitement, for on his next move depended the success of the game. He heard with apparent indifference the order for his execution, only begging them to delay it for a few minutes until he had decided the fate of his game. This grace was reluctantly granted, and during that brief period an insurrection in the city dethroned his brother and placed Musa on the throne. How much depended upon that single move at chess!

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. We will close this desultory paper with some droll impromptu lines that were spoken by a bright girl of fourteen, who had a natural genius for the game, to a very good player who had beaten her the night before :

“Last night I played a game of chess,  
And tried my utmost skill,  
But ah! the end I did not guess,  
For I was beat my fill.

“Of overhaste and oversight,  
Complaints they were not small;  
Without such aid from morn till night  
We ne'er should win at all.

“As silent as two mice we were;  
No whispered word was said,  
Save that which often meets the ear—  
‘How bad that piece was played!’

“The dullness of my stupid play  
Gave me no care nor sorrow;  
For he who wins the game to-day,  
May lose again to-morrow.

“Our game of life is full as vain,  
Our bravest hopes defeated;  
And every point we strive to gain,  
Too quickly is checkmated.

“And should the fickle world befriend,  
Ah! we may find, too late,  
Its brightest promises may end  
In but a poor *stale mate!*”

SUSANNA MOODIE.

## ALICE.

The winds gently sighing one star-lighted night,  
 Waft the fishing boats out from the bay ;  
 And golden-haired Alice with eyes gleaming bright,  
 Waits and watches them sailing away :  
 And she murmurs these words as they fade from her sight,

“ O bounteous, beautiful sea,  
 Send the spoil to their nets,  
 A fair breeze to their sails,  
 And my true love, to-morrow, to me.”

The morning broke darkly—the shingle was white  
 With the feathery far-driven foam ;  
 And Alice, with lips white as snow with affright,  
 Passes, speeding away from her home :  
 And they hear her sad voice in the grey morning light,

“ O powerful, ravenous sea,  
 Keep the spoil in thy depths,  
 Hold the breeze on thy breast,  
 And return my true lover to me.”

She lost him for ever. And when the cold sheen  
 Of the star-shine illumines the waves,  
 The form of fair Alice may often be seen  
 On the sands, near the tempest-arched caves :  
 And she sings her weird song in the morning air keen,

“ O merciless, death-dealing sea,  
 That steals from us our best,  
 Draw me into his rest,  
 Or restore my lost treasure to me.”

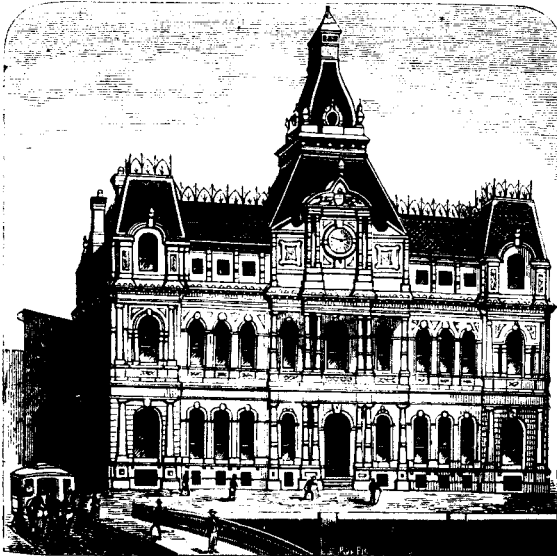


*ALICE.*

## THE CAPITAL OF CANADA.

How the City of Ottawa, on the river of the same name, about one hundred and twenty miles from its junction with the St. Lawrence, came to be the capital of the Canadian Confederation, is soon told. Confederation found it already a capital, made to its hand, it may be said, and so adopted the forest city. How the United Province of East and West Canada came to establish there its legislative powers, demands a longer record. How Ottawa came to be a city at all is more than the best historic skill could well set forth.

The founding of the city, no doubt, is intimately connected with the construction of that military work, the Rideau Canal, which was designed for the purpose of keeping up communication through the heart of the country, between the Lower Province and the region of the western lakes. But we must trace its origin to a still remoter source. The site of the now famous city was indicated, nay, selected by the red man, centuries before Europeans set foot on the soil of America. From time immemorial, the nomad Indian had been accustomed to pitch his tent and build his wigwam at the foot of the great *Chaudière portage*. There, also, he buried his dead, and so established what was to him what we now call a town or city.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE AND POST OFFICE.

At a later epoch, the hardy fur-trader, led by his Indian guides, sought that same little clearing in the forest, by the roaring waterfall, and there rested from his laborious way-faring, before undertaking to ascend the eight miles portage, with his canoes, baggage, and necessary hunting gear.

The fame of these fur-traders was great in the land. It is possible that the



tale of their successful hunting, of their wealth and magnificence, may have reached the neighbouring States. Be this as it may, towards the end of last century a fleet of well-laden canoes was seen advancing towards the boiling Chaudière. It forbade all near approach. To the left of the voyagers were huge conical hills, which seemed to frown defiance; to the right, precipitous rocks and impenetrable forest. Leaving these behind, their wearied eyes rested at length on the tranquil spot where the Indian and the fur-trader had so often found repose. There the men of Massachusetts landed. Is this then the place,—the appointed place of rest; *sedes ubi fata quietas ostendunt*?—a day or two will tell.

The chief explores the neighbouring forest, examines the land with the eye of an able expert, and concludes that the forest wealth in which it now abounds may soon be made to yield to that which crowns the labours of the agriculturist. Palemon Wright—such was the name of this enterprising chief, plied the axe and the ploughshare, and in a year or two brought thousands of acres under cultivation, replacing the dense and gloomy woods with every variety of grain crops. His crowning labour was his success in raising excellent wheat, whilst he managed to establish a trade in wood, and so commenced that *lumber* business which is to this day so great a source of wealth to Central Canada.

The least difficult part of the work came now to be accomplished: Mr. Wright gave to the land of his choice the name of the spot whence he had emigrated, and it is still known as the Township of Hull. As the land improved and trade increased, a village grew by degrees on the Indian camping ground where the citizen of Massachusetts first pitched his tent, and received the name of Hull or Wright'sville; to-day it is a city of ten thousand souls, and, with its trade and wealth and handsome church, forms a noble suburb of the Canadian Capital.

Whilst Hull was advancing and contributing largely to the country's wealth, no sign of life came to break the silence of the primeval forest on the south bank of the river, where the gorgeous palaces of the Legislature now enliven the landscape. The current of events seemed still more to throw this neglected spot into perpetual oblivion. When the war of 1814-15 between Great Britain and the United States came to an end, numbers of retired soldiers and officers sought homes in the settlement of Hull and other places near the Ottawa. Right over from the head of the great Chaudière Portage, several military pensioners betook themselves to a fertile tract of country, built a village, and, in compliment to the Governor, the Duke of Richmond, who greatly patronized it, graced it with the name of Richmond. This illustrious statesman sometimes honoured this military settlement with his presence, delighting, no doubt, to see the sword of so many battles changed to a plough-

share ; still more, perhaps, rejoicing in the idea that the embryo town which bore his name, would, one day, be the capital at least of Western Canada, but "*non sic volvere Parcas.*" It was not so appointed. It may be that an unlucky circumstance changed the course of destiny. On occasion of visiting the place of his name, the noble Duke, whilst shaving, incautiously allowed a pet fox which travelled in his suite, to lick a slight scratch on his chin. The result was an attack of hydrophobia. This was noticed as His Grace was proceeding towards the River Jok. He could not approach the water, and was conveyed by the gentlemen of his suite to the nearest building—a barn not far from Ottawa, still nearer his favourite village. There, in a short time, death came to end his sufferings. If, indeed, there be anything ominous, this was of evil omen for favoured Richmond. It has enjoyed no progress, whilst the rival ground is covered with the handsome dwellings, rich shops, and magnificent public edifices of an opulent city. When an industrious agriculturist, the late Mr. Sparks, purchased\* two hundred acres of this ground he had no thought of any other buildings than such as were necessary as a shelter for his live stock and a home for his family. Stimulated by the noble example of the Patriarch Wright, he resolved to ply the axe and the plough, and so achieve for himself, if not a fortune, "the glorious privilege of being independent." Whilst this hardy pioneer of settlement was hewing for himself a home out of the dense and tangled woods, a great idea occupied the minds of British statesmen. They had experienced, during the war (1814-15) that was now ended, the inconvenience of conveying supplies for the soldiers of the country along the enemy's frontier, in face almost of his armed array ; and so they determined on building a canal that should connect the waters of the Ottawa and of the lower St. Lawrence with the Western lakes at Kingston. Extending nearly to the latter place from the Ottawa below the Chaudière Falls, there is a chain of waters—the Rideau lakes and the River Rideau—which discharges into the Ottawa by a beautiful cascade resembling a massive curtain. Hence the name of Rideau (or, *anglice, curtain*). The plan was to form a canal

\*Here may be noticed a story, long current at Ottawa, and which even found its way into distinguished magazines, to the effect that Mr. Sparks was forced to accept, as the only payment he could obtain from Mr. Wright, Senr., by whom he had been a good deal employed, the waste land south of the Ottawa and Hull settlement. At first he steadily refused, as the tale has it, land which was reputed worthless, and was only finally induced to accept when "a yoke of oxen was thrown in." The true history is, that Mr. Sparks purchased the lot in question from Mr. Burrowes Honey, who had been for some four years the proprietor of it. The price which he paid for the land, with some moveable property that was on it, was ninety-five pounds currency. The instruments and deeds by which this transaction was effected may still be seen. The late Mr. Robert Bell, M.P. for Russell, was our first authority, and later, the respected family of the late Mr. Sparks.

chiefly along the line of these waters, diverging from the Rideau near Ottawa, and entering the Grand River by a swamp and rivulet above the Chaudière Falls. A few locks were to have established communication with the river below the falls. This was the original plan and the more economical. But the proprietor of some land through which the canal must have passed, hearing of the design, and that through the indiscretion of the chief engineer in an after dinner conversation, set so high a price on his land, that it was hard to make the purchase; and the engineer, with a view chiefly, it is believed, to disappoint the man who had betrayed his confidence, conveyed the canal by deep and heavy cuttings and quite a serious number of locks, to the point where it now ends, considerably below the Chaudière. The canal, as a military work, has never been of any use, no war having occurred before the era of railways, and a good railway now superseding it, both for traffic, and, if need were—may none such ever be!—for conveying troops, munitions of war, &c. This canal which, on approaching Ottawa, is a mere ditch, cost £2,000,000. It might have been made for less, we venture to think, but the benefits arising from its construction cannot be overlooked. It led to the settlement of a vast country—the whole interior of Central Canada. It was the founding of a populous, rich and magnificent capital. States and cities are not built up for nothing.

“*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem!*”

About the year 1823, the work of constructing the Rideau Canal was commenced.\* The officer in charge, Major, afterwards Lieut.-Col., By took possession, in the name of the British Crown, of two of those repulsive-looking hills which overhang the Grand River, and which had so long been condemned as unfit for any purpose whatsoever. One was denominated the Government or Barrack Hill, on account of the military barracks which were erected on it, and the other the Major's Hill, where, until quite lately, could have been seen the ruins of Major By's house. It is now changed into a beautiful park, finely diversified with trees and shrubs for the recreation of the citizens of the capital. Both hills were soon covered with the temporary dwellings of the numerous workmen, soldiers, engineers, sappers, and miners employed in the construction of the canal. As they proceeded with this work, they, at the same time, built, or more properly, named a town, which

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\* It was not, however, till some time later (16th August, 1827), that the foundation stone of the locks at Ottawa was formally laid by the late much lamented Sir John Franklin, at that time Captain Franklin, R. N. On the 15th of August he arrived at Ottawa from an exploring expedition in the North and North-west, and on the 16th took part with Col. By, Lieut. Pooley, and some others, in the interesting ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the greatest work of the kind that had ever been undertaken on the continent of America.

consisted of two divisions, Lower Town to the east, and Upper Town to the west of the canal, and this was Bytown, to which houses only were wanting. It was a city only in *posse*. But a real city it was destined soon to be. The canal, excavated from the solid rock, cut it in two. The Sappers' Bridge, as it is still called, was built, and communication established between the two pieces of waste land, styled, respectively, Upper Town and Lower Town. Until a year or so ago there was no other bridge. Now the Dufferin Bridge has been added, with a width of fifty feet, and the old Sappers' Bridge extended to the same breadth. As the work of the engineers proceeded, houses came to be built, not only in both divisions of aspiring Bytown, but also along both sides of the canal, all the way to Kingston. At first appeared the temporary shanties of the numerous workmen, which, in due time, were succeeded by comfortable farmhouses, surrounded by smiling fields.

Everything at first was of a temporary character in the infant city. We have heard of a church which survived the time for which it was intended. It still continued to be used long after it was unfit for use, and was made tolerably tempest proof by a heavy iron chain, extended across the building, which prevented the two sides from parting company, even in the strongest gale. No one yet dreamt of the great future that was in store for Bytown, when this tottering structure was replaced by a magnificent cathedral, which still remains, amidst many costly edifices, the most complete piece of church architecture in the city.

Well might Mr. Sparks rejoice in his purchase. It was fast raising him to the wealth and importance of a millionaire. But his land alone did not suffice for the rising town. The adjoining two hundred acres to the south of it, which Major By had wisely secured, was pressed into the service. Nor is this all. The property of the late Mr. Stewart, M.P.P., still further south, shares the honours of the Sparks and By estates. Although not within the city limits, it already boasts many a goodly mansion.

It was now time that so promising a town should enjoy a more euphonious name. Its inhabitants, at least, were so ambitious as to think so; and they succeeded in obtaining an Act of Parliament, by which its name was changed to that of the great river which flows by its walls.

Ottawa had now, so to say, entered on a career of preferment. The Government of the United Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, so long migratory between Toronto and the ancient capital of the Lower Province, like the Patriarch of the Ottawa, sought a permanent seat, and like him, it was destined to find that seat—its *sedes quietas*—on the banks of the Grand River. There was much discussion, which threatened to

prove interminable. Each city had its claims : Toronto, from its importance ; Montreal from its wealth and fine commercial position ; Quebec as the ancient capital of the most ancient Province. The question which was every day becoming more and more a vexed question, was properly referred to the Queen's Most Gracious Majesty. Queen Victoria, with the aid of her able counsellors, and according to the well-known view of the immortal Wellington, promptly decided that Ottawa should be the capital. It remained only now to erect the necessary Legislative buildings. This was quickly set about, and, in 1860, the work of construction having already been commenced, the foundation-stone was solemnly laid by the Heir apparent to the British Crown.

Ottawa, whilst yet unconscious of its destined greatness, was growing rapidly. With the construction of the Rideau Canal, there came into existence a straggling village. By the year 1851, this village had grown to a town of over 7,000 souls. In the succeeding decade, this number was more than doubled, the increase being 130 per cent. in Upper Town, as the part of the city west of the canal is called. The census of 1871 does not show so great an increase. But allowance must be made for some 7,000 wood-hewers who have their home in Ottawa, not in houses of their own, but in the numerous hotels and boarding-houses throughout the city. It is hard to believe, although the census must be accepted, that the increase was not as great, proportionately, from 1861 to 1871, as in the preceding decade, especially when it is considered that, during the ten years ending in 1871, the Government, with its following, came to swell the population. This would give, in the city proper, by the census, 21,545 ; floating population, 7,000 ; increase since 1871, one fourth, say 7,000—in all, 35,545. Add to this the 10,000 souls of Hull, and some 5,000 more, a very moderate estimate, for the suburbs of New Edinburgh, Rochesterville, Sherwoodville, and the numerous villas and other dwellings outside the city limits, and we have a population which accounts for the great extent of rich and elegant street architecture, wealthy stores which everywhere meet the eye and tempt the purchaser, splendid bank structures, magnificent churches, three spacious and highly ornate market places, a city hall, and a post office that would grace the metropolis of an Empire.

A glance at the public buildings of Ottawa, and we have done. First of all the churches. Of these, that stately edifice, the Cathedral, was built before there was any idea of raising old Bytown to the dignity of a capital. And now, although there are many rich and elegant churches, it is unquestionably the most complete structure of its kind in the city. It occupies a central place in Lower Town, near the banks of the Ottawa, and is seen to great advantage from the Chaudière Falls, about two miles

distant. A still larger edifice, St. Patrick's Church, accommodates the Catholic population of Upper Town. Its outside appearance is far from being attractive, a number of architects having conspired to mar the original plan. The massive tower, however, when raised to its full height of two hundred feet, will be a grand and imposing object. In regard to it, the bold design of that able architect, Mr. Laver, has not been departed from. St. Joseph's Church graces the southern part of Lower Town. At the end of St. Patrick Street, on the Rideau, was erected lately, a plain but tolerably spacious church for the benefit of the dense Catholic population in that quarter. The Chaudière region also has its Catholic church; and the picturesque little chapel which formerly looked so attractive amidst the solitary woods from the Ottawa side of the river, is replaced by a large and handsome edifice, more suited to the important suburb, or rather, City of Hull, with its ten thousand souls.

The plain, unpretending Anglican Church at the west end of Sparks Street has given place to a very elegant and costly edifice. The same denomination possesses a still more ornate building, St. Alban's, on Daly Street. The handsome chapel on Sussex Street, in which the Bishop of Ontario officiates, is intended only as a temporary erection.

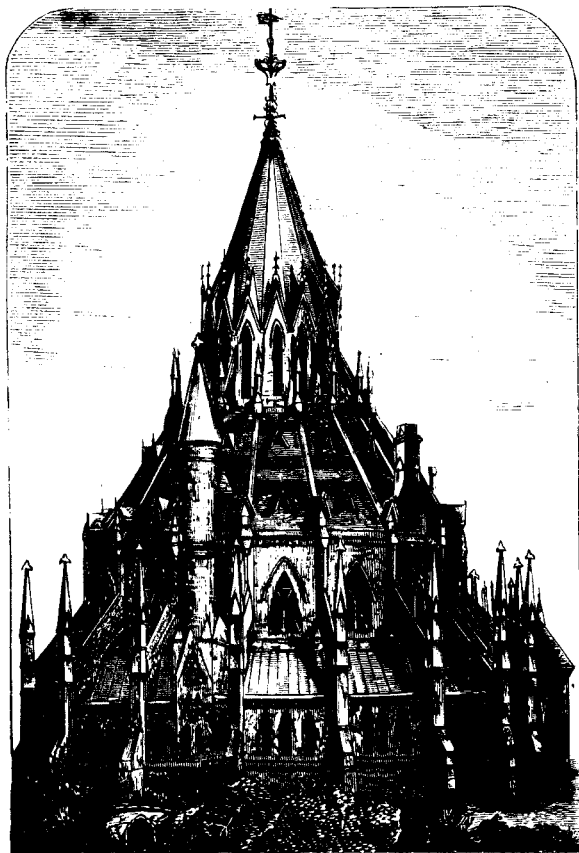
The Presbyterians have two splendid churches, one near the City Hall, and another on Wellington Street.

The Methodists have just completed a church at great cost, and it appears to be highly satisfactory to the congregation for which it is intended.

The sect claiming to be Catholic and Apostolic have a neat little church in Upper Town, more remarkable for its architecture than its dimensions.

Of all the educational institutions the Normal School presents the finest specimen of architectural excellence. The Collegiate Institute claims, not unjustly, a great amount of artistic merit. The Academy of the Congregation Sisters is a stately edifice in the same part of the town. The Ladies' College and St. Patrick's Orphanage are a new feature in the Ashburnham Hill region. The Central School west is a very handsome building. The schools of the Gray Nuns in Rideau and Sussex Streets, together with their spacious hospital, are important additions to the city architecture. The "Old College" still holds its ground, and accommodates the numerous pupils taught by the Christian Brothers. It has long since, however, given way to the University, which, though plain, is of considerable extent.

The Government buildings are too well known to require much special mention. Intelligent travellers pronounce that there is nothing as yet to compare with them on the American continent. The library



THE NEW PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARY.

is now completed, and it fully realizes all anticipations as to its grandeur and beauty. The centre tower of the Parliamentary Houses would be a chief ornament in any capital. The tower of the eastern Departmental block is one of the finest gems of architecture. The addition to the western Departmental buildings, at present in course of erection, promises to be no less ornamental than the finest portions of the more ancient edifices.

No city on the continent has a better supplied market, and its market buildings are in keeping with this happy state of things. There are two large market houses in Lower Town and a still more spacious one in the upper quarter of the city, the lofty and ornate ceiling of which gives it a very striking appearance.

All the bank agencies have appropriate quarters. Their houses, rich and elegant, admirably emblemize the institutions which they represent.

The City of Ottawa is spoken of as having been built on swamps that were good for nothing else. This is only partially the case. The whole of the western portion, or Upper Town, is on undulating ground, and its sanitary condition, as well as that of Lower Town, has been amply provided for by an excellent system of water works, now in full operation, conveying in abundance to every house the cleansing and refreshing element.

An inexhaustible supply of water is not all. The most thorough drainage, at the same time, guards the health of the citizens. The main sewer, which is, indeed, a *cloaca maxima*, extends along the whole length of Upper Town, passes under the canal, and traversing Lower Town, discharges into the Ottawa. This will, one day, be voted a nuisance, which must be abated by something like the Thames embankment. But, in the meantime, all the filth of the city is only as a drop in the mighty waters of the Ottawa. There can be swamps no more, the ground which they occupied being considerably above the level of the river.

When there was question of establishing a fixed seat of Government, Ottawa was objected to chiefly on the ground that it was an *out of the way place*, and all but inaccessible. Such never was the case. The city could always be approached by the River Ottawa, the Rideau Canal, the old Prescott Road, and the roads north of the river, communicating with the city by a magnificent suspension bridge. In addition to all this, there are now two railways,—the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, which has been in operation for two-and-twenty years, and which connects with the Grand Trunk at Prescott, and the Canada Central and two more in course of construction,—one on each side of the Ottawa. When these two railways are completed, and it is hoped they will be open for traffic next summer, no city in the world will possess greater facilities of access than the Capital of the Canadian Dominion.

ÆN. MCD. DAWSON.

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## A ROMANCE OF THE ARLINGTON HOPS.

## I.

It was in the summer of 187—, when the Town of Cobourg was such a fashionable resort for Americans during the dog-days, that a couple of young gentlemen took passage on the steamer *Passport*, from Toronto, for the purpose of attending one of the Saturday evening dances which have rendered the "Arlington House" so famous.

The weather was glorious. It was one of those bright clear days for which Canada is so famous—hot enough on shore, but rendered cool and bracing by the slight lake breeze, which just brought a ripple, and no more, upon the bosom of Ontario. The clear blue sky was marked only by a ridge of fleecy white clouds on the horizon, while a few gulls hovered around the steamer, as, after passing through the eastern gap of the harbour, she set her head resolutely to the east.

Morton Woodward, the elder of the two, was a man of about thirty, tall and slender, with black eyes and hair, and a rather languid, indifferent manner, which nevertheless hid a good deal of perseverance and determination of character. Possessed of a small independence, which he inherited from his mother, he followed no fixed profession, but generally had an iron in the fire whenever any money was to be made, and almost always succeeded in making it. Although, as it is scarcely necessary to add, he was considered quite a catch by match-making mammas, he had so far succeeded in avoiding the matrimonial noose.

His friend, Charley Ashby, was some eight years younger, and in many respects quite his opposite. Of medium height, his figure was rather heavily set, and showed some power. In fact, he was a very fair gymnast; while, in the Canadian National game, lacrosse, he played in the first twelve of one of the leading clubs. He had light hair, and a very fair smooth complexion, set off by a light moustache. But his fine blue eyes were his best feature, and when you had once seen him use them, you could realize that Dame Rumour had not belied his reputation as a lady-killer.

"Well, old fellow," said Morton, as they sat smoking on deck, "this is really delightful—will quite set you up after your cram, eh?"

"No, yes, eh?" replied Charley, with the common colloquial contradictoriness. In fact his thoughts were far away from the preliminary law examination he had just passed; and fast as the steamer travelled, they had already reached the journey's end, and he was speculating as

to whether *she* would be there that evening, and what opportunities he would have of seeing her alone.

"See," resumed Morton, after a few minutes silence, "we are nearing Raby Head, said to be the highest spot of land on the north shore of the lake. In about half an hour we shall be at Bowmanville, and I shall really be very glad, for this air makes one confoundedly hungry."

"Yes," replied Charley, the state of whose heart never interfered with his appetite. "I believe they do feed us between there and Port Hope. I wonder if any more Toronto men are coming down by train. I did hear Sapcot and DeLisle talk about it, and they were rather smitten with the Dove girls. Didn't you think so, at the last hop?"

"Well, no, not particularly, but DeLisle seemed very much struck with Violet Tremaine; he never took his eyes off her all the time she was dancing with me."

"Pooh! nonsense!" exclaimed the indignant Charley, "she does not care a straw for him. No, it is poor Sapcot that is so completely gone in that quarter."

Morton laughed at Charley's earnestness, and at the success of his chaff. "I did not say *she* cared for *him*," he said. "But the young lady must have taken you very completely into her confidence, *amicus meus*—you speak with authority."

"Pshaw!" said Charley, who perceived the trap that had been laid for him, "we are very good friends, nothing more. The *mater* evidently puts me down as a harmless detrimental. But if she asks me to spend a week or two at their place, and I rather think she will, I shall accept."

"That, of course," replied Morton, adding mentally,—“But if you don't put your foot into it before the week's out, and get well snubbed by the stern parents for your pains, I'm vastly mistaken.”

In happy ignorance of his friend's opinion as to the probable *denouement* of his intended visit, Charley continued to enjoy in silence the glories of sky, water, and cliff, while he meditated upon the discretion he would observe, as regards his love for Violet, until he should have completed his studies, and the rising young barrister had become a prize to be sought after. Besides he had only met the object of his new-born love two or three times since he had seen her in pinafores, for she had been first at boarding-school at Montreal, and had then travelled for the previous winter on the Continent of Europe with her father.

The Tremaines were a wealthy family living on the outskirts of Co-bourg, and consisted of the father, the Honourable Eli Tremaine, of the Senate, the mother, one son in the Royal Artillery, and two daughters, Louisa and Violet, aged respectively twenty and eighteen. Being reputed heiresses, they were carefully guarded under the maternal wing

from fortune hunters, while the paternal eye scanned the social horizon for all "ineligibles."

Charley, however, being an old friend of the family, and having evinced no disposition to fall in love with Louisa, was admitted without reserve into the sheep-fold, with the blindness with which the god of Love mercifully afflicts the most cautious of parents.

In fact, the very invitation which he had anticipated was discussed that very afternoon by the Tremaine family. Mrs. Tremaine, whose hospitable nature prompted her to keep the house full of visitors, was the first to suggest it.

"Eli, my dear," she began, "what do you say to having Charley Ashby here for a week or so? He has just passed his examination."

"Oh do!" broke in Louisa, "he is such fun, and we can take him to the Westley's pic-nic on Thursday, you know."

"Well, well, Jane, do as you like," said Mr. Tremaine, in the sharp, quick manner for which he was noted.

"Good," said Louisa, "and we'll ask him to-night at the hop, so he can come at once, and send to Toronto for anything more he may want. So that's settled."

Violet said nothing, and kept her eyes fixed upon the book she happened to be reading. But her silence was not remarked; she had seen so little of Charley that it was scarcely to be expected she should take as much interest in the matter as the others did.

## II.

PUNCTUALITY was a virtue very strictly adhered to at the Arlington Hops. Sharp eight was the time for dancing to begin, because being Saturday night, sharp eleven was the hour for its conclusion. The time occupied by the dances was also rigidly defined, fifteen minutes being allowed for each, so as to make room for a programme of twelve dances within the required limit.

The well lighted dining-room presented a brilliant scene as the Tremaines entered it. All the *elite* of the town was gathered there, as well as the wives and daughters of the American visitors, who were fully capable of vieing with their Canadian sisters, both in beauty and toilet. The floor was waxed to a turn, and on a dais in the south-east corner of the room was the local string band, with faces expressive of a determination to do or die.

The Tremaines were daughters of whom any parents might be proud. Tall and slight, their carriage was graceful in the extreme, while the dark brown eyes of the elder formed a pleasing contrast to those of her sister, which were of so deep a blue as almost to accord with her name.

Both the girls cast quick glances round the room, for their friends, Messrs. Woodward and Ashby, but without seeing the objects of their search. Neither of them said anything, but there was a look of disappointment on Violet's face as, with an air of apparent unconcern, she tapped impatiently her left hand with the fan she held in her right. Soon the dancing began, and DeLisle and Sapcot were engaged, more or less successfully, in filling up their programmes.

Morton and Charley had been delayed by the steamer stopping at Port Hope to take on freight, which accounted for their tardy appearance. But when there the latter lost no time in looking up Violet, lounging through the rooms, however, with an affectation of carelessness he was far from feeling, so that no one might suspect the object of his search. Even after he caught sight of her, he stopped to speak to several acquaintances, but managed to ask to see her programme before making any other engagements. By this time it was nearly nine o'clock, and some third of the dances were over. Indeed Violet's card would have been long ago filled up had she not adopted the practice, so indignantly condemned by the genus *muff* (male) of the variety who can neither dance nor talk, of reserving by fictitious initials, the best dances for any of their favourites who were late in arriving at the scene of festivities. Besides, the Boston had just come into vogue, and both ladies and gentlemen were employed, with more or less success, in learning it from their American visitors, and Charley was one of their most apt pupils, which, perhaps, accounted for Violet's readiness in placing her programme at his disposal.

Poor ladies! Does it ever occur to those who condemn them as deceitful and untruthful, that they are but victims of a harsh rule which obliges them to accept without hesitation the first man who chooses to ask them, pleading no excuse therefrom, saving only a previous engagement.

By what natural right does the Lord of Creation stalk into a ball-room, and after surveying with a patronizing air the assembled fair ones, proceed to pick and choose, as it pleases him, both dance and partner? Shall we not, then, gladly connive at anything which gives the weaker sex a chance of protecting themselves against all-comers? But none of these reflections troubled Charley then; he was only too pleased to secure the valse immediately following the dance which was then going on, without asking whether he was infringing on the rights of young Edward Athole Sapcot, who had vainly petitioned for the same.

How tedious did the time of waiting seem, and yet, he half dreaded its conclusion, for he had resolved to let Violet see his love for her that night. Not that he would have been foolish enough to propose in a

crowded ball-room, in the course of a dance : not that he would have even dared, whatever the surroundings, to put his love too plainly into words, so little had they met of late years. Charley was full of prudent resolves ; but still he determined to get from her some word of encouragement which would convince him that her love was to be won, and then, he thought, he would be content to wait.

"Miss Violet," he said, as they paused after making a circuit of the spacious hall, "never mind the Boston for a little while, let us take a turn on the verandah instead. I so seldom see you," he added, "that it seems as if there was a conspiracy to keep us apart."

"Oh ! no," said Violet, "but I have been so much away that I have grown out of the recollection of most of my old friends."

Charley was neither an orator nor a poet, and even had nature been generous to him in those respects, he would have considered anything of the sort "bad form"—but he could press into his service a pair of very eloquent eyes, and placed more reliance upon them than upon mere words. So looking down into the fair face below him, as he leaned over the chair in which Violet was seated, and throwing into his voice, half unconsciously, as much pathos as he was capable of, he said :

"How strange it is, Miss Violet, that we should be satisfied with such an artificial state of society. We meet here once a week for a few months in the summer, and then we scatter to our homes and business, and think no more of each other than if we had never met."

Violet looked up at him rather archly. "Do you speak for yourself, Mr. Ashby, or for your sex ?" she asked, "because on behalf of mine I protest most strongly. You gentlemen have such a fashion of setting us down as a lot of heartless flirts, and holding yourselves up as our victims, that you have actually got, in a way, to believe it yourselves."

"You protest on behalf of your sex, but do you speak for yourself ? Would it really make any difference to you if when I went home to-morrow you never saw me again ?"

"Then you are not going to spend the week with us ?" said Violet in a tone of disappointment she was unable to conceal. Then recollecting herself, she blushed, and laughed, and added,

"Oh ! I forgot, you have not seen any of them yet ; you are to be asked to spend next week with us, and go to the Westley's pic-nic on Thursday—can you stay ?"

"Can I ? Yes, I think so ; but *will* I ? that is another question."

"Oh ! of course if you don't want to—"

"It is not whether *I* want to, but whether *you* want me to."

"Why yes, to be sure, we all want you."

"Ah, but do *you* want me more than the others ? Do you want me more than you would Sapcot, or DeLisle, or even Woodward ?"

Violet was silent.

"The other day you said Woodward was a 'lovely man,'" continued Charley, impetuously, "it is a horrid Yankeeism anyway, but when I heard you, I hoped you would never say it of me—though not for that reason—I don't want to rank exactly with all those fellows—even in your liking—do you understand?"

"Oh! here you are, Violet, we have been looking for you everywhere," burst in the voice of Louisa from behind, as she and Sapcot pounced upon them. "This is Mr. Sapcot's dance, and it is nearly half over."

"I—I really beg your pardon, Mr. Sapcot," stammered poor Violet, who was wondering how much of the conversation they had overheard.

"Granted, Miss Violet," replied Sapcot, "though the loss can never be replaced" he added, "unless you have a spare dance yet on your programme."

"No," said Violet, "it is full already, as I told you," and as she rose to go she dropped her fan in Sapcot's direction.

"Will you ever call *me* a 'lovely man?'" whispered Charley, as Sapcot stooped to pick it up.

"Never," said Violet, softly, yet firmly, and then she moved away on Sapcot's arm, leaving Charley and Louisa to follow.

### III.

It is scarcely necessary to tell the reader that the Tremaine's invitation was accepted by Charley, and his friend Morton left with instructions to forward on Monday a supply of clothing sufficient for a rather fastidious young Canadian of the 19th century. One so fastidious, indeed, that he would not go to church the next morning because he had nothing to wear but the light tweed suit in which he had travelled down. In the evening, however, his scruples on that point were overcome, and he accompanied the family to church, walking down with Louisa with the intention of enjoying a *tête-à-tête* with Violet on the way home.

So after conducting himself in a most exemplary manner during service, he gave vent to an involuntary sigh of relief, as he manœuvred himself next to Violet on leaving the building; but stern fate, in the person of Mrs. Tremaine, intervened, for that lady very innocently joined them and left Louisa and her father to walk together. So Charley mustered up all his patience, and all his agreeableness, and succeeded in impressing the elderly lady with the idea that he was a very sensible, agreeable fellow, who could talk reasonably to an old lady, (though to be sure she was nearly as young looking as her daughters), and was not always thinking of flirting, and putting such foolish ideas into young girls' heads.

The succeeding days passed rapidly enough. The young people were almost constantly together, and engaged in any amount of riding, driving, and walking. And until Tuesday evening Charley kept most admirably all his prudent resolutions. He made no special love to Violet—at least not in words—and devoted himself to the ladies generally, and the *mater* in particular, in a manner most discreet and commendable.

Tuesday afternoon had been fixed upon for a drive some miles into the country, where a pretty bit of scenery was supposed to offer sufficient attraction for a short halt. Then a few refreshments were to be partaken of, and they were to drive back by moonlight. Charley was out of temper at the start. He had arranged to drive a large open carriage and pair, with room for four behind and one in front by his side. Another vehicle of similar style was to be driven by the Senator, and that was thought sufficient for the party, which consisted only of themselves and the Turners, an American family then staying at the "Arlington." At the start, however, Miss Bessie Turner proved herself Charley's evil genius, by declaring that she never did enjoy a drive unless she sat by the driver and was allowed her turn at the ribbons. With rather bad grace he yielded to Mrs. Tremaine's suggestion that she should occupy the box seat with him, and share his responsibility as charioteer. But in vain for him did Miss Bessie gush—his replies from the first were of the briefest and most abrupt description short of absolute rudeness. First she tried the scenery. No, Charley hated scenery, could not see why people broiled themselves to death, (it was a cool day with a pleasant breeze), to look at a few rocks and trees. Then she ventured upon horses; noble animals, she was *so* fond of them, and loved of all things to drive and ride. Her great ambition was to drive a four-in-hand. Did not Charley think it would be delightful? No, he left that sort of thing to the jockeys. After which rebuff a slight pause, but the attack was renewed. Perhaps (with an archness that was intended to be irresistible) Charley cared less for the horses and scenery than for the society of one of the fair sex; she had heard he was a desperate flirt, a positive lady-killer. Here Charley's patience quite gave way, and he very bluntly informed her that it depended entirely upon who the young lady was. Then, asking her if she would not like to drive, he handed her the reins, and turning round began to talk to Violet, who occupied one of the seats behind, about the pic-nic on the following Thursday. Poor Violet! she did not know what to do. Her mamma sat glaring opposite to her, evidently prepared to express her opinion as to Charley's conduct upon very little more provocation; while Mr. Caleb E. Turner, the young lady's father, looked particularly uncomfortable; he was wise enough to perceive that something was wrong, but yet not sufficiently *au fait* in the ways of the polite world to understand

its ins and outs. Let us do him the justice, moreover, of saying that he was not present when his daughter obtained her seat on the box, and so lost the key-note to the whole scene.

Truth as a historian obliged us to record the foregoing, even though our readers will perceive, what we are compelled to admit, that our hero was far from perfect. Indeed there is no knowing to what lengths he might have allowed himself to be carried—for Violet's short and constrained answers did not tend to improve his state of mind—had they not arrived at their destination, and after visiting the spot they had come to see, where Charley reiterated his previously expressed opinion about scenery, they took tea at a farm-house, as had been previously arranged, before driving home.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and when they started out on their return, about nine o'clock, it was almost as bright as day. The return trip offered quite a contrast to the journey out, and the party in Charley's carriage was particularly quiet. Miss Bessie Turner had complained of feeling chilly, and asked for an inside seat, and Charley had told Violet to take her place so much as a matter of course that Mrs. Tremaine had no time to think of any plausible reason to the contrary, before the thing was done. During the drive home they talked nearly all the time in tones sufficiently low to prevent those behind from catching more than a word here and there, so that on their arrival Mrs. Tremaine was perfectly furious, and Violet was in a state of mingled happiness and terror. She had ventured on the way back to remonstrate rather timidly with him for his conduct, but without avail.

"My dear child," he said, in a half-loving, half-patronizing way, "do you suppose I am going to allow myself to be monopolized by that style of thing without protest. Besides it was necessary to teach her a lesson; she will not offend again."

"Yes, but mamma—" objected Violet.

"Oh, your mamma will be all right," said the confident Charley; in which opinion, however, he was all wrong.

"Besides," he went on, "I want them to see I like you. You know I do, tho' I cannot tell you so yet, and if you think that by and by you could care for me, it is better to let them see it. But perhaps you don't care for me? If so, I don't want to get you into trouble at home, of course." And Charley leant over, and tried to read the expression of her face in the moonlight.

Violet blushed deeply, and felt herself trembling.

"I—I—think you had better be very careful," she said, "and do not offend mamma. You don't know—"

"Oh! I know," he replied, "all right, I'll take care."

But Charley did not know half as much as Violet did, and even she



had no suspicion of the maternal intentions, beyond a vague idea that she would be expected to make a good match. She did not know that it was her mother who had sent young Sapcot with Louisa to hunt them up on the veranda the night of the hop, or that she was delighted with that gentleman, or rather with his fortune, and noticing his *penchant* for Violet, had settled the matter in her own mind. Charley she had never looked upon as a possible lover for Violet, until this visit, and her suspicions had become certainties during the drive.

Nothing was said that night, or the next day, but Charley saw very little, if anything, of Violet, and not much more of Louisa: they were supposed to be busy preparing their quota of good things for the morrow's pic-nic. But a black cloud hung, as it were, over the whole family, with the exception of the Senator, who was in ignorance of what was going on, and was held too much in awe, even by his wife, to be enlightened; unless, indeed, suspicions became certainties, and parental interference necessary. So Charley was fain to make a virtue of necessity, and go in for more than his usual allowance of discussion, religious, social, and political, with the father of his beloved.

#### IV.

THE eventful day of the Westley's pic-nic at length arrived, and brought with it weather suited admirably to the occasion. We will spare our readers, however, a couple of pages devoted to an elaborate description of its glories, this being an offence that none but authors with reputations thoroughly established dare be guilty of.

It was arranged that the majority of the party were to go by water, while most of the elders, and the more timid of the younger, proceeded by carriages to the *rendezvous*. Mrs. Tremaine had such a horror of the water that nothing would induce her to put her foot into a small boat, so it had been decided some time ago that her husband should drive her out, and the girls go by water, but return in the carriage in the evening.

No alteration was proposed to these arrangements, so the young people started off and joined the rest at the water side. The boat in which they were placed was a large one, and they were separated so soon as they took their seats, the ladies being made comfortable in the stern, while Charley took an oar, and settled himself down for a steady pull, which he thought would give him an opportunity for reflection. He saw that he had put himself into a rather foolish position, and had acted in a manner exactly contrary to what he had so prudently resolved upon. But what to do now was the question. He would have been glad to have consulted his friend Morton Woodward, but that gentleman was in

the stern, devoting himself to the ladies in general, and Louisa Tremaine in particular, and would in all probability be similarly employed for the rest of the afternoon. He feared to go further, and formally propose to the parents for the young lady, and yet felt that he could scarcely go back without giving her the impression that he had relinquished all claims to her, and being very unhappy himself into the bargain.

Meanwhile they arrived at their destination, and Charley found himself no clearer than he was at starting as to what was best to do. But if he was silent and unhappy, not so the rest, for the work of landing the party proceeded amidst peals of merriment. Some discussion ensued as to the relative value of the ladies and hampers of provisions, in case it were necessary to save one from a wetting at the expense of the other. Our friend DeLisle, who presumed upon being the ladies' pet, argued strenuously in favour of the hampers. He was opposed by a gallant young widower of about fifty, Mr. St. James, a rather noted *gourmand*, who took the ladies' part, until told by Miss Bessie Turner that he did not practise what he preached. The surf was rather high at the time, and the work of debarkation proceeded amidst little shrieks of terror, more or less real, from some of the ladies. So, to prove his devotion, Mr. St. James jumped into the water up to his waist, to steady the boat through the surf, and earn for himself he fondly hoped, the sympathy and commiseration of the gentler sex for the rest of the day. But, alas for gratitude, the sympathy was neither cordial nor sincere, and accompanied with giggles it was almost impossible to repress at the grotesque sight he presented. And certainly the appearance of a pair of check trousers of the Lord Brougham pattern, on a rather stout elderly gentleman, is not improved by their being immersed in water, although admirably calculated to display the contour of 'the human form divine' to the best advantage.

But finally everything was got safely to land, and our pic-nickers disposed of themselves in various ways. Charley and Violet, and Morton and Louisa, volunteered to gather sticks for the fire and disappeared at once into the wood for that purpose, where for the present let us leave them. The young Westleys set themselves zealously to work, assisted by the more good-natured of their guests, to prepare the non-descript meal usual on such occasions. Mr. St. James was told off to carry up the water required for culinary purposes, with explicit directions to bring it fresh and cool, since, as he *was* wet, it would be easy for him to wade out a little way for it. Miss Dove, assisted by DeLisle, undertook the arduous task of boiling the potatoes in a gipsy kettle, an operation neither of them seemed capable of performing alone, but which required their constant and undivided attention: though at the end of about half-an-hour it was discovered that the task was yet to be

commenced, as they had been waiting for the return of the couples who had gone to gather sticks for the fire. For the same reason the tea was still unmade, and when the seniors arrived overland, the prospect of a meal was still a distant one.

So another detachment, consisting of gentlemen only this time, was dispatched, and in about a quarter of an hour a couple of fires were burning brightly, and there was some prospect, DeLisle announced, of the potatoes boiling shortly, especially if the process was not so constantly interrupted by inquiries. So the cloth was spread on the grass in a shady spot, and notwithstanding a few mishaps the *table* was laid. Just then it was discovered that only five lemon tartlets remained out of the three dozen contributed by Miss Dove; though it was only by a most searching investigation that the delinquents were discovered, and "Gip," a remarkably fine water-spaniel, relieved from an unjust suspicion. From the evidence of a precocious specimen of "Young Canada," *æt.* eight years, it appeared that Mr. St. James having emptied one of the pails of *fresh, cool* water he had been obliging enough to bring up, into a large kettle, and afterwards discovered, carefully stowed away in its recesses by some thoughtful person, all the packages of mustard, salt, pepper and tea belonging to the expedition, had deemed discretion the better part of valour, and quietly subsided into a shady corner with Sapcot and the Rev. J. W. Smirk, who had countenanced these frivolities by his presence. It further appeared that these gentlemen, feeling hungry after their long row, and seeing no immediate prospect of gratifying their appetites in a legitimate manner, had surreptitiously appropriated the first basket they could lay hold of, and finding that it was to be lemon pies or nothing, had, to use their own words, "eaten one or two of them just to go on with."

Well, if there were not many tarts there was plenty of fun, and though the tea was given up as hopeless, claret cup, after all, was more seasonable, and the paper of salt was fished up from the kettle not *much* the worse, where people were not over fastidious.

About this time, too, the guilty wood-gatherers returned, looking perfectly satisfied with themselves, and far too happy to regard the ironical cheers with which they were greeted. Indeed they had so totally forgotten the object of their errand that it was to a great extent lost upon them at the time, and they were equally oblivious of the dark frown upon the brow of Mrs. Tremaine.

"After ample justice had been done to the good things provided," as the penny-a-liners say, the party amused themselves according to their various tastes, which we must leave them to do, in order to follow the fortunes of those whose affairs are of more immediate interest.

Charley, when he found himself alone with Violet in the wood, had

allowed his heart to cut the knot which his head was unable to untie. There was a long talk between them. Charley, having obtained assurance of Violet's love, professed himself content to wait for a formal engagement until he was in a position to keep a wife; but Violet, who had been very strictly brought up, considered that it would not be right to keep her parents in ignorance of their feelings towards each other, and so it was agreed that she should tell them on the way home that night, for she felt that Louisa's presence would be a protection rather than otherwise. Then, dismissing the morrow to take care of itself, they made the most of the passing sunshine.

The driving party had a shorter route than the boats, and besides the latter took their own time, and frequently rested on their oars, to give the vocalists an opportunity of displaying their talents. Morton Woodward and DeLisle both sang well, and choosing songs with a good chorus, were supported with a hearty good-will. Mr. St. James who had about as much music in his soul as an average bull-frog, was vainly intreated to sing (with practical illustrations, Bessie Turner said) "Married to a Mermaid at the bottom of the deep blue sea." So, when he declined, an obliging chorus sang it for him. Sapcot, being called upon, sang "Marble Halls" in a style fully equal to that of Mr. Verdant Green, and was rapturously applauded.

When Charley reached the Tremaines it was past ten o'clock. The ladies had retired, and he found the Senator sitting up for him in the library with a very grave face.

"Well Charley," he said, "I am very sorry to hear of this folly. I had not the slightest idea of anything of the sort, and you must see that it cannot be thought of for a moment."

"Why sir," said Charley, "I hope you have no serious, much less insurmountable objection to me."

"Well, well, we will not enter into that. I am afraid you are far too changeable and flighty to make my daughter a good husband; but to begin with, how do you propose to support a wife?"

"In a little over a year I shall have passed my final examination, and then I——"

"And then you will look out for a practice, and in a few years after that you may begin to pick up some business—well, in the meantime, what do you propose?"

"If you would allow me to see your daughter in the meantime, and if we might correspond, I——"

"No, no, Charley," broke in the Senator, "it is no use, it cannot be. I will not say that I would never consent to your marrying Violet, but for her sake I must put a stop to all this now. You must not see her again; I must send you home to-morrow morning, I am afraid, and I

really trust that before the year is out you will both have got over this piece of folly. When this is the case I shall be glad to see you again."

Finding there was no appeal from this decision, Charley packed up his portmanteau, and after interviewing his friend Morton at the "Arlington" the next morning, he returned to Toronto, and to work; and the hop on the following Saturday, and for many a long day, was not graced by the presence of Charley Ashby.

## V.

A YEAR and a half had passed and Charley Ashby was a barrister-at-law, and partner in the leading firm with whom he had studied. He was perhaps a little paler, and the full brown beard which now covered his face had given him a more manly appearance than when we first made his acquaintance. But in everything else, including his love for Violet, he was the same Charley. He had not met her since the day of the picnic, but she was as much as ever in his thoughts, and he heard of her frequently through Morton Woodward, who was shortly to be married to Louisa Tremaine.

"Well! old fellow," said that individual, putting his head in at the door of Charley's room at the office, "are you very busy just now? If not, just spare me a couple of minutes,—that's a good fellow, I have a favour to ask of you. I know you won't like it, but I'm sure you'll do what you can to oblige an old friend."

"Out with it then, what is it?"

"Why you know I am to be married in a couple of weeks, and I am going to put you in for the onerous duties of best man."

"Pshaw! nonsense!" exclaimed Charley, "you know the old man wouldn't stand that; it would be awfully nice, of course, but it won't do."

"What would you think, old fellow, if I bring you an invitation from them to the wedding? See," he said, producing a card, "it is all in due form in the *mater's* name. Mrs. Tremaine requests the pleasure, &c. &c."

"Why, what in the name [of all that is delightful and abominable, does it mean?" exclaimed the bewildered and delighted Charley."

"It means," said Morton, "that Miss Violet's constancy has proved too much for them. She would not look at Sapcot at any price, and he has turned out such a scamp that they think themselves well out of it. And then you are beginning to make your mark in your profession, you know, besides. So you had better accept the invitation and take what goods the gods provide."

It is needless to add that Charley did so, but he would not go down until the evening before the wedding, and met Violet again for the first

time in the Church, when she followed her sister as first bridesmaid. This seemed a happy augury, if we may judge from an announcement which appeared in the papers about six months afterwards, as follows:—  
 “At St. Augustine’s Church, Cobourg, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. \_\_\_\_\_, assisted by the Rev. J. W. Smirk, Charles Ashby, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, &c., of Toronto, to Violet Agnes, second daughter of the Hon. Eli Tremaine, Senator, of this town.”

W. J. D.

## MY OLD AND STRANGE ACQUAINTANCES.

### NO. I.

A FEW weeks ago I read an extract from an English periodical respecting one of the old landmarks of London, Limner’s Hotel, in Bond St., and some of the notabilities who were habitual frequenters of that well-known place of resort.

This article was exceedingly interesting to me, inasmuch as it recalled the memories of former years, for I am old enough to recollect all the parties whose names were mentioned, many as particular friends, others as passing acquaintances. Indeed my recollection even carries me back to their predecessors.

Being a Yorkshireman, the love of horses, and all things appertaining to them, came naturally to me, as a youngster, and grew up with me, strengthening with my years. The stud farm, the paddock, the training ground, the race course, and the hunting field, each in its turn, afforded me not only amusement but delight, and thus, necessarily, I became acquainted with a large number of breeding, training, betting, racing, and hunting men of fifty years ago, and some account of them, and their exploits, may, I am inclined to think, afford to many readers a fund of amusement.

One of the most extraordinary men of his day, if not *the* most extraordinary, was George Osbaldeston, commonly called and generally known as “The Squire,” a native of the North Riding of Yorkshire.

He was a veritable “*Admirable Crichton*” as regards all manly sports. There was no branch connected with them in which he did not go far beyond all competition. A wonderful shot, either with gun or pistol, a first-class cricketer, racquet player, swimmer, and oarsman; a dangerous customer with the small sword, single-stick, and boxing gloves, either on or off, an excellent jockey across the flat, one of the very best masters of hounds that ever entered the hunting field, and a

most wonderful performer across country ; gifted with great strength, nerves like steel, and a constitution that was proof against any amount of work. Like Nelson, "he never knew fear," and either on land or water, on foot or on horseback, he most certainly had no equal.

In appearance, "The Squire" had little of what is usually known by the term *sporting*. He was rather under the middle size, with a large and muscular frame, the legs somewhat disproportioned to the body, and appearing to belong, when on horseback, rather to the animal than the man, so firm and steady was his seat.

He was a most excellent judge and successful breeder of fox hounds, and his manner of hunting and riding to them will never be forgotten in the Shires of Northampton or Leicester, and there is no kennel of fox hounds in the world, where a descendant from "Osbaldeston's Furrier," would not be pointed out with pride.

When "The Squire" relinquished hunting, he sold his hounds to Mr. Harvey Coombe for 2,000 guineas, and when the latter gentleman gave up the Old Berkeley country, where they had been hunted, they were sent to Tattersalls, at Hyde Park Corner, in 1842, to be sold by auction. So highly esteemed was "The Squire's" old breed, that the lots disposed of, 13 in number, making 127 hounds, produced 6,511 guineas, or upwards of £100 sterling, per couple.

During the latter period of his life, he devoted his time and energy to racing matters, and his *affairs of honour* with Lord George Bentinck, and Mr. Gully, in relation to certain turf transactions, created much interest and excitement at the time. Fortunately, both ended without bloodshed, but Mr. Gully had a very narrow escape for his life, as "The Squire's" ball passed through his hat.

The most wonderful performance of our hero's life, riding 200 miles in eight hours and 42 minutes, will always be held in perpetual remembrance. A short account of this extraordinary feat may not be out of place.

He undertook to ride 200 miles in 10 hours, over the round course at Newmarket, for a bet of 1000 guineas, he ("The Squire") not being limited in the number or choice of horses. The task was an Herculean one, nor had any such performance been ever attempted since the days of Miss Pond, who, in the months of April and May, 1758, rode *one horse* one thousand miles in one thousand successive hours.

To be sure "The Squire" had had his competitors. On the 27th of June, 1759, Jennison Shafto, Esq., went, with 50 horses, fifty miles, in one hour, forty-nine minutes, and seventeen seconds ; and on the 4th of May, 1761, Mr. John Woodcock rode 100 miles a day for 29 successive days ; and lastly, on the 30th of May, 1761, Thomas Dale rode *an ass* one hundred miles in twenty-two hours and thirty minutes.

But none of these, with the exception of Miss Pond's achievement, was to be compared with Mr. Osbaldeston's undertaking, which some facetious folk declared to have entitled him to the name of *Rashly Osbaldeston*.

At 12 minutes past seven in the morning, "The Squire," weighing eleven stone, and dressed in a purple silk jacket, black velvet cap, doeskin breeches, and top boots, started on his own mare Emma, and dividing the distance into heats of four miles each, performed it with 28 horses, as follows:—

OWNERS' NAMES.	NAMES OF HORSES.	Number.	Age.	Miles.	Time.	REMARKS.
Mr. Osbaldeston's	Emma	1	Aged.	4	9.00	A very heavy rain, continuing at intervals for nearly three hours.
Mr. Sowerby's...	Paradox	2	4	4	9.20	
Mr. Osbaldeston's	Liberty	3	Aged.	4	9.25	
Mr. Sowerby's...	Coroner	4	6	4	9.15	24 miles in 58 minutes, including stoppages.
Mr. Osbaldeston's	Ebberston	5	Aged.	4	9.44	
Do	Don Juan	6	do	4	9.00	
Mr. Tilburne's	Morgan Rattler	7	do	4	9.13	60 miles in 2hs. 33ms.
Mr. Sowerby's...	Paradox, (2nd time)	8	4	4	9.06	
Mr. Osbaldeston's	Cannon Ball	9	Aged.	4	9.23	
Do	Clasher	10	do	4	9.25	Fell lame and came in at a trot.
Mr. Shrigley's	Ultima	11	do	4	9.10	
Mr. Tilburne's	Fairy	12	4	4	9.05	
Mr. Sowerby's...	Coroner, (2nd time)	13	4	4	8.40	72 miles in 3hs. 4ms. Rain subsided; very cold.
Mr. Osbaldeston's	Liberty, (2nd time)	14	Aged.	4	9.21	
Do	Emma, (2nd time)	15	do	4	9.21	
Do	Don Juan, (2nd time)	16	do	4	9.08	100 miles in 4hs. 19ms. 52cs.
Do	Ebberston, (3rd time)	17	do	4	8.10	
Do	Cannon Ball, (2nd time)	18	do	4	9.45	
Mr. Shrigley's	Ultima, (2nd time)	19	do	4	9.00	120 miles in 5hs. 11½ms. Took refreshment in the stand.
Mr. Gully's	Tranby	20	5	4	8.10	
Mr. Tilburne's	Fairy	21	4	4	8.08	
Do	Morgan Rattler, (2nd time)	22	Aged.	4	9.23	Ikey stopped short and turned round, but Mr. O. threw himself off and soon remounted. 136 miles in 6hs.
Mr. Gully's...	Tramp Colt.	23	3	4	8.58	
Mr. Arnold's...	Dolly	24	4	4	8.58	
Lord Lowther's...	Acorn Colt.	25	3	4	9.02	The weather improved.
Do	Smolensko Colt.	26	4	4	8.52	
Mr. Gully's...	Tranby, (2nd time)	27	5	4	8.00	
Mr. I. Robinson's	Skirmisher	28	Aged.	4	9.25	156 miles in 6hs. 49ms.
Mr. Rush's	Guildford.	29	5	4	8.25	
Mr. Arnold's...	Dolly, (2nd time)	30	4	4	8.45	
Mr. Rush's	Ikey Solomons	31	4	4	12.00	Weather unfavourable.
Mr. Henry's	Tam O'Shanter	32	3	4	9.40	
Mr. G. Edwards...	El Dorado	33	Aged.	4	9.20	
Mr. Wagstaff's	Coventry	34	4	4	9.00	The weather improved.
Col. Wilson's...	Ringleader	35	4	4	8.45	
Mr. Gully's...	Tranby, (3rd time)	36	5	4	8.19	
Mr. Pettitt's	Ipsala	37	4	4	8.20	Pulled up lame.
Mr. I. Robinson's	Skirmisher, (2nd time)	38	Aged.	4	8.45	
Mr. Rush's	Guildford, (2nd time)	39	5	4	9.10	
Mr. Wagstaff's...	Streamlet	40	3	4	8.50	A tremendous shower.
Lord Ranelagh's...	Donegani	41	4	4	9.12	
Mr. Payne's	Hassan	42	4	4	9.00	
Mr. W. Chifney's	Surprise Filly	43	3	4	9.10	Weather unfavourable.
Col. Wilson's...	Ringleader, (2nd time)	44	4	4	9.30	
Mr. Gully's...	Tranby, (4th time)	45	5	4	8.50	
Mr. Wagstaff's...	Coventry, (2nd time)	46	4	4	9.30	A tremendous shower.
Mr. Pettitt's...	Ipsala, (2nd time)	47	4	4	9.00	
Lord Ranelagh's	Donegani, (2nd time)	48	4	4	9.00	
Mr. Wagstaff's...	Streamlet, (2nd time)	49	5	4	10.15	Performed in 7hs. 19ms. 4cs. Allowed for stoppages, 1h. 22ms. 56cs.
Mr. I. Robinson's	Skirmisher, (3rd time)	50	Aged.	4	9.40	
				200	8.42	



This arduous undertaking was thus completed one hour and eighteen minutes within the time specified ; and performed, allowing for stoppages, at the rate of *twenty-six miles an hour*. Whilst the performance of Tranby, who completed his 16 miles, in four four-mile heats, in thirty-three minutes and fifteen seconds, found him such favour in the eyes of American turfmen, who judge altogether of a horse's powers by the time of his performances, that he was afterwards purchased, and crossed the Atlantic into the New World.

“ The Squire” exclaimed “ what's Time to me  
That I his steps should follow ?  
To challenge him I'm not afraid.”  
“ *Done,*” replied Time ; a match was made,  
And Time was beaten hollow.

AXHOLME

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## WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

## CHAPTER IX.

“‘HE COMETH NOT,’ SHE SAID.”

COLONEL JUXON has a soft place in his head—he had an eye for art. It did not take the more objectionable form of an opinion on paintings or statuary, but contented itself with pronouncing when a woman was well-dressed, or not; and he noticed when Ella came down to breakfast the next morning, that she was more carefully attired than usual.

“Expecting that young fellow,” was his verdict, which did not however escape his lips, for he was in the main a prudent man. He expressed his immediate sentiments with great vigour upon every subject that moved him, and he was very easily moved; but when his nature had been so far indulged it became placable enough. When he had knocked his man down, unless in the case of any deep-seated animosity when he was adamant, he was quite prepared to listen to reason; and in the case of a woman, after his first outburst, he was rather weak and apt to give way, especially if she was young and good-looking. For his niece, Ella, he had really considerable affection, but there was another cause which bound her still more nearly to him. She had quarrelled with her father, whom he most cordially detested; and though it was not so great a compliment as if they had been good friends, still it was a matter of great personal satisfaction to him that he had left the paternal roof for his own. He had had the opportunity of “sleeping upon the matter” of the girl’s penchant for this cadet, and had come to the conclusion, that if it came to anything, there would after all be some satisfaction to be got out of it; for, however distasteful such an alliance might be to himself, it would probably be much more disagreeable to her parent, his enemy. That it might come to something he thought very probable, from what he knew of the young lady herself; especially if there was opposition. And if it did, it was better that the thing should be done with his own consent, and in the teeth of her father. So he had resolved to let things “slide,” and in the meantime to make up for his late indignation by civility.

“Well, Ella, my darling, what are your plans for the morning?” inquired he, looking up from his devilled kidney. He liked everything

hot and peppered, as though his nature had needed stimulants of that exciting kind, which was certainly not the case.

"Plans, Uncle Gerard?" replied Ella laughing, "one would think I was an engineer, to hear you talk. A sortie to Gracie in the course of the day will, I dare say, be the extent of my military operations."

"Perhaps you would like to come with me to the marshes; there are some interesting experiments to be tried with the new gun, and I will drive you down there in the pony-carriage, or anywhere else you please."

"Thank you, uncle, I don't think I feel quite up to a drive to-day. My nerves—though I know you don't believe I have any—are still a little shaken after yesterday's adventure; and I am afraid poor Gracie's will be in a much worse state—she was quite hysterical."

"My friend the commissary has some excellent remedies for hysterics," replied the colonel grimly; "I dare say he has given her a sedative by this time."

"I dare say he has behaved like a brute, if you mean that," said Ella. "How you can be intimate, my dear uncle, with such a 'pernicious villain——'"

"Ella, Ella, what language!" exclaimed the colonel reprovingly, and turning up the whites of his eyes; "who could have taught you such words?"

"Well, it was Mr. William [Shakespeare," returned the young lady, demurely, "and I am sure he had not a greater ruffian in his eye, when he made use of them, than Mr. Ray."

"Acting Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General Ray, if you please, my dear; he would be very indignant if he knew you called him Mr. Ray."

The colonel, however, was by no means indignant; he had a hearty contempt for the Commissariat Department, and indeed for every walk of human life, which was not distinctly military; and as to his "Sandy," he did not make the exception which the Greenwich pensioner of those days made with respect to his hospital; he abused his friend himself, and allowed everybody else to do the like. The colonel was by no means a popular man, but the commissary was much less acceptable to the general public, and it was therefore agreeable to the former to hear him ill-spoken of, a pleasure that really failed him.

"Well, I am afraid Sandy's a bit of a tyrant," admitted the colonel, with an air of charity, as if tyranny were a crime whereof no one could possibly accuse *him*, and which he might therefore speak of with disinterestedness.

"He is a bully and a coward," observed Ella, sententiously.

"Dear me, is that Shakespeare again?" inquired the colonel. "I am quite shocked."

The notion of Colonel Gerard Juxon being shocked at anything, much less at a little strong language, was certainly very funny, and so it seemed to strike himself, for he laughed immoderately. "A bully and a coward! the idea of such words being applied to the commissary, just because he keeps order in his family! It is lucky you're not a man, Ella, or he would have your blood."

"It's lucky for him," returned Ella, with flashing eyes, "for if I were a man, I should do something dreadful to him. To see how he behaves to his poor wife and Gracie; I declare I sometimes long to knock his wicked aggravating ugly head off!"

"Ella, you must not quote Shakespeare with such accuracy," interrupted the colonel reprovingly, "or I must buy you a Bowdlerised edition. You're a clever, good girl, if it wasn't for passion and strong language—strong language and passion, those are your foibles; apart from them you're charming. You say you have made no plans for yourself this morning; but perhaps you have made some for me?"

"For you, uncle? How could I?"

"That's what I say, how could she, the little vixen? But then I know there is no limit to her tyranny. Talk of Sandy!—his way is mild and paternal compared with yours. Now tell me frankly, would you rather have my room or my company this morning—eh, dear?"

The colonel, who had been a sad dog in his day, had a very roguish manner, when he chose to wear it, which became him admirably, and he put it on upon the present occasion. Doubtless it had thrown many a young person of the opposite sex into a delightful embarrassment and confusion in its time, but it had no such effect on Ella.

Just the faintest blush touched the tender dusk of her cheek, as she replied with all simplicity, "Well, since you put the two alternatives before me so distinctly, uncle, I must make some choice; your company is always agreeable, while your room is only sometimes so, but just on this particular morning—with the sun on the other side of the house, it is so cool, you know, I really think——"

"Well, what, you impudent little witch? You don't mean to say that——"

"Yes, Uncle Gerard, just for this morning" (this with a profound curtsey) "I prefer your room."

If her decision was unflattering, the way she put it was almost attractive enough to make up for it. No more winning smile ever accompanied a maiden's "Yes" than that which mitigated the colonel's dismissal; he put on his cap without a word of remonstrance, and pulled out his cigar case, a sure sign of his departure from the lodge. It was too small a house to smoke in; too small also for a tête-à-tête interview in one of its sitting-rooms while a third person occupied the other, the

windows of both being open, contiguous and fronting the same lawn. The colonel never flattered himself, like the famous Cambridge professor, that "he knew everything except botany;" but affairs of the heart, and how to treat them, he imagined with some justice that he did understand. He would indeed have made a most excellent "chaperone," had he but been of the other sex, and could he have subdued a certain predilection for making love upon his own account, which, notwithstanding his years, was as strong as ever.

"She can't say I haven't given the young scamp a fair field," muttered he, as he strode away with jingling spurs and clanking scabbard. "I wish I could add 'and no favour,' but she shall just take her own way, and thank me whatever comes of it. It will be a nuisance, of course, though not half so disagreeable for me as it will be for John" (here he grinned, not at all as he was wont to grin at the fair sex) "if the thing really comes to a head; but it is ten to one that it never will, and she will still owe me a debt of gratitude."

From which it will be seen that the colonel was a bit of a diplomatist, though it would have mortally offended him to be called such.

So Ella waited within her bower, now comparing her little gold watch with the clock on the mantelpiece, now peering through the folds of the muslin curtain of the window that looked towards the entrance-gate, and now taking up a book and throwing it down again with an air of weariness that would have made its author, could he behold it, call her downright plain. No one else of the male sex could, however, have passed any such verdict upon her. She had never, in fact, looked more bewitching than on that particular morning; her complexion, though dark, was clear, and feared the sunlight no more than any peach on the garden wall; her large eyes bore no trace of the fire that had flashed from them on the previous day, but were as tender as a gazelle's; on the side of each little ear hung a dainty curl, so small that it could be hardly seen, notwithstanding its raven blackness, until you came quite near, when never did ear-ring look half so fair as it.

Until the clock struck ten she was a picture of still life; afterward, the posture changed, and presently the manner also. Her rose of a mouth would pout, becoming, as it were, "a bud again;" a shadow would cross her lovely face, and she would pace the room with such impatient steps, that her silk dress murmured at such vulgar speed. To make preparations for what does not occur, is, with men counted as loss, but it is not always so with women. No woman ever regretted having put on a becoming dress, even if there has been none but the looking-glass to whom to show it; and now that the hours went by, and he for whom she waited came not, this beautiful gown of Ella's began to assert itself, and even to suggest things. She sat down suddenly at a writing-

table, and dashed off a note ; then ringing for the servant, said, " Let this be taken at once—at once, I say—to Miss Furbelow's." She was not generally imperious to the domestics, and when the man had left the room, she repented of her manner.

" I am a fool," said she ; " a self-willed fool, to be thus put out. Perhaps he cannot come, or perhaps he will not. Why should I have taken it for granted that he would ? He has made and broken promises before, I'll warrant ; and why not to me ? Yet he seemed the soul of truth. How noble he looked when all that mob of villains set upon him. Yet a man may be brave and lie. I know that Uncle Gerard despises me for what I am doing, and now he will laugh at me. It is humiliating, it is shameful. Thank Heaven, there is the gate-bell at last."

In a moment she had seated herself in an arm-chair with a book in her hand—a languid picture of indifference.

" A note, miss."

" Very good, Williams ; is there any answer required ?"

" No, miss, the messenger said he was just to hand it in."

" Then leave it on the table."

Her eyes reverted to her book till the door had closed upon the man, then she seized the note with avidity. It was an ordinary little billet enough, with R. M. A. upon the seal, which might have stood for Royal Marine Artillery ; but she knew it did not.

" Dear Miss Mayne," ran the contents, " I should, of course, have done myself the pleasure of calling at Hawthorne Lodge this morning, had it not been for the unpleasant circumstance that the whole Academy is ' under arrest till further orders ; ' so that I am necessarily confined to the Enclosure. I sincerely trust that you feel none the worse for your adventure of yesterday. Yours faithfully,

" CECIL HENRY LANDON.

" P. S. If your uncle would put in a word with Sir Hercules in favour of poor Darall, I should feel greatly obliged. I am afraid matters are looking serious for him."

If it had been a lady's note, the importance of the postscript could not have borne a greater ratio to the contents of the epistle ; it was not the postscript, however, which first engaged Ella's attention, but the signature.

" Cecil Henry," murmured she, " what pretty names ! they almost sound like music. And he signs himself ' Yours faithfully.'"

She put the letter on her knee, and looked up with a happy smile, as though he were there in person. " Yours faithfully"—he could not have chosen a better word. She did not guess, however, how it had been chosen. The fact was that the composition of this epistle short as it was had exercised Mr. Landon's intelligence not a little ; so much

so, indeed, that he had called in the aid of his friend Darall to decide upon its terms.

"I must write to the girl, you see, to explain why I am not able to call according to promise; but how the deuce am I to address her? 'Mr. C. H. Landon presents his compliments' is cold, and I don't want her to think I'm cold; and besides, though it's easy enough to begin that way, I always find myself getting into the first person before I've done with it."

"That's your egotism," observed Darall dryly; "I should begin 'Dear Madam.'"

"That is your prudishness," replied Landon, and "also your ignorance; don't you know that you only write 'Madam' to a married woman?"

"Well then, try 'Dearest Ella.'"

"Now don't be a fool, Hugh. I really want your idea upon the subject. I suppose it won't do to begin with 'My' dear anything: it must be plain 'Dear.'"

"I don't think she would like 'Plain dear.'"

Here ensued a temporary interruption to the composition of the billet-doux. Landon threw the pen-tray at Darall's head, and Darall, who was engaged in plan drawing at the time in question, returned his fire with a chunk of india-rubber.

"Now look here, Hugh, be serious. I believe if you were writing to the other one—the pasty-faced one—you would not treat the matter as a joke."

"If you mean Miss Ray by the 'pasty-faced one,' I don't agree with you, Landon; and I also think it a very coarse and ungentlemanly way to speak of any young lady."

"There now, you're vexed, old fellow, and I'm glad of it, since you will no longer be full of your jokes. Miss Ray is lovely, and only second to my own charmer. Come, I can't say more than that. I think 'Dear Miss Mayne,' is the proper thing; it ain't improper, at all events, like 'Madam.'"

"No, I don't think it's improper; but I do think it's a little impudent."

"She'll like it all the better for that," remarked Landon, with the air of one who knows the sex. "I am quite sure she was rather struck with your humble servant. You know I had more opportunities for making the running with her than you had with the other one. Then again about the finish; it won't do to say 'Yours always,' I suppose—eh?"

"I should certainly suppose not; the idea of 'always' after seeing her yesterday for the first time! What do you say to 'Yours truly?'"

"I say 'certainly not;' I wrote that to my tailor the other day, in

acknowledgment for sending me a ten-pound note, and putting it down in the bill as two coats. When one's tailor is one's banker, one is bound to be civil, you see ; but I want to be something more than civil to this young woman. I want to suggest affection and constancy, and all that, without exactly saying it, you know."

"That often means that a man wants to be a scoundrel," observed Darall, dryly. "However, why not say, 'Yours faithfully,' then?"

"The very thing, my dear boy ; here goes. And now what can I do for you in return ? Shall I say in the postscript that my friend Mr. Hugh Darall begs to send his affectionate remembrances to her friend Miss Grace Ray ?"

"Indeed you will do nothing of the kind," said Darall, blushing to the roots of his curly hair. "I beg you will not mix up my name in any way with that young lady's. It is not fair to her, and would be considered, and rightly, a great impertinence."

"I don't see it, Hugh. You don't suppose you're inferior to any commissary general—though I don't believe her governor is anything like even that—that ever starved an army, I do hope !"

"No, no, Landon, it isn't that. But if my name was coupled with his daughter's he would very naturally associate starvation with it. Why, in all probability I shall not even have my pay to live upon now."

Darall got up, as he said these words, and walked quickly out of the room, leaving his pen-work upon the table. "He has borne up like a man, but he is desperately in the blues, I know. Poor old fellow !" murmured Landon, tenderly. "It will be very hard lines if old Pipe-clay takes the bread out of his mouth—and his mother's mouth too—just because he was too proud and too honest to sham Abraham. It's a deuced nice world, upon my life ; I know what I'll do," added he after a minute's reflection. "I'll drop a hint to Miss Ella to set that tiger-cat of an uncle of her's to speak a good word to Sir Hercules for Darall." And thereupon he wrote that postscript to Ella with which we are already acquainted.

"How like him !" she exclaimed when she read it. "How like what I have pictured his generous and chivalrous nature to be, thus to think of his friend's danger and not of his own !"

She forgot, or did not choose to remember, that Landon had told her that no decision which the authorities at the Academy might come to would damage his own future.

"How lightly he hints, too, of my 'adventure' as he calls it, of yesterday, as though he had never risked life and limb to save me from insult. His style is self-possessed enough, but I think I can see evidences of emotion."



This referred to the rather shaky execution of the word "Dear," which was, in fact, referable to the chunk of india rubber; the beginning of "faithfully" was also slightly smudged; was it possible that he had almost written "fondly?" A blush mounted to her cheek as the thought passed through her mind, and no wonder. It was very shocking, as well as unreasonable, that she should entertain such ideas respecting any young gentleman upon so short an acquaintance; but then love is rarely reasonable, and love at first sight least of all.

Ella was still castle-building upon this epistle—for though the area was limited, her materials were inexhaustible, and there was nothing to prevent her from carrying the edifice up to the very heaven (which she did)—when her uncle returned to luncheon.

"Well, Ella?"

"Well, uncle?" You would have thought, by the indifference of her air and tone, that she had been engaged during his absence in the most sublunary manner—pastry making, without so much as "kissing crust;" or ironing.

"Has no one been since I have been away, then?"

"Not that I know of; but I am expecting my milliner, Miss Furbelow. Had you good practice in the marshes?"

"Yes, it is not over yet. If you should have changed your mind, and feel inclined for a drive in the pony-chaise, my offer is still open."

"I always enjoy a drive with you, Uncle Gerard."

"Umph," said the colonel; "I suppose that means you won't go."

"On the contrary, I should like it of all things; but I don't care about the marshes; those big guns deafen me so. I should like a quiet drive into the country—Shooter's-hill way."

"Yes, the way to bring us round by the Royal Military Academy!" returned the colonel, grimly. "You can do as you please, Miss Ella—the more's the pity; but I honestly tell you I do not approve of such a proceeding; it is not becoming in you, thus to throw yourself at the head of any young fellow; moreover, if I know my own sex, it will defeat your own object with him. It is not for a young girl like you to make the first advance. If he had called here this morning, as you expected him to do, that would have been another matter, perhaps; but——"

"He can't call, Uncle Gerard," returned Ella, with a little sigh, "the poor young gentlemen are all under arrest."

"How the deuce did you know that, miss?"

"Mr. Landon has written to tell me so," returned Ella demurely.

A soft mellifluous whistle, prolonged to infinitum, was the colonel's reply.

## CHAPTER X.

## A VISIT TO THE PRISONERS.

THERE had been not a few rows at "the shop" in its time : its natural atmosphere was of that character that could only be cleared by storms ; but there had never been such a row as that Charlton Fair row. It would have been difficult, as in another world-famous locality, to find twenty righteous, or even ten, in the place, during periods of commotion : so many were tarred with the same brush of insubordination. But upon the present occasion there was absolutely no one who could plead "not guilty," save some half-dozen gentlemen-cadets who had the great good fortune to be in hospital, though of course among those were not included Messrs. Bright and Jefferson, the very *belli teterrima causa*—"the beggars who started the whole thing," as the unclassical Iandon expressed it. It was perfectly understood, too, that these immaculate half-dozen would have joined the rest of the rioters had they but had the opportunity ; so that it seemed absurd, even to the authorities themselves, to raise them to the extreme pinnacle of promotion—as must needs be the case if all the others should be depressed, or still more suppressed—in reward for an indisposition which was purely physical. Moreover, if all these gentlemen-cadets were expelled *en masse*, what would become of the corps of the Royal Engineers and of the Artillery, to which the Military Academy was, as it were, the feeder ? It was usual enough for promotion to be impeded at the other end of the military career, but stagnation at the commencement would be fatal. Doubtless the more sagacious of the juniors took this fact into their consideration when they entered into revolt with so light a heart, foreseeing that whatever havoc authority should make among the ring-leaders, that they, the mere rank and file, must rather benefit than otherwise, and could in no case be themselves obliterated from the muster-roll of their country's heroes.

Whatever happened to them, save in the way of temporary punishment, such as arrest, curtailment of leave, and the like, would in effect be placed to the credit side of their account, and read something in this fashion :

To insubordination, and going to Charlton Fair in express disregard of orders—promotion to the extent of one, or two, or three years, according to the number of their seniors expelled. Never, in short, had misdemeanor been effected under such rose-coloured circumstances.

But in respect to the old cadets, or old offenders—for the words were unhappily synonymous in those days—matters were very different, and looked very black for them. Authority long contemned had been in this instance placed so publicly at defiance, that it was necessary that

examples should be made. The only question was how many examples ? The authorities mere by no means in a hurry to come to a decision, for the matter was really momentous ; and perhaps they took into account that delay, since it involved suspense, would in itself be no light punishment to the culprits. And in the meantime the " poor young gentlemen," as Ella called them, were confined to their barracks.

Forbidden to " walk up and down " the outside world, after the manner of the Father of Evil, they were obliged to content themselves with tormenting the poor " neuxes," within their boundaries ; and thus, if they did not repent of their disobedience themselves, they at least caused others to repent of it.

Landon, however, to do him justice, was not one to bully anybody for the sake of bullying, whatever pain he inflicted out of " gaiety of heart ;" and he and Darall were pacing the parade-ground together on the afternoon succeeding the ill-starred expedition to the fair, engaged in serious talk. That Darall should be depressed was natural enough under the circumstances, but it seemed to his friend that his melancholy was out of proportion to his peril.

" Come, old fellow, you take too gloomy a view of this affair," said he ; " if you are to be lost to the service through yesterday's escapade, what sinner of us all is to be saved ? "

" It is not only this row, and its consequences, that is troubling me," returned the other, kicking the pebbles away as he spoke ; " I am altogether out of humour with my lot in life ; it seems so devilish hard, somehow, to be so poor."

" Harder than it seemed yesterday, do you mean, old fellow " ? inquired Landon, slyly.

" Well, yes, it does seem harder. Of course it is very foolish to entertain such regrets, but when I think of those nice girls we met yesterday afternoon——"

" Steady, steady, my good friend ; you must not think of both of them ; you are not Brigham Young, remember ; besides one of them is copyright."

" Well, when I think of that other nice girl that I met yesterday, so sweet, and modest, and good-humoured, and reflect that I am so situated that I shall never in all human probability be in a position to ask her to become my wife——"

" Never is a long day, Hugh," interrupted his friend, laughing ; " and in due time, when you have got your ' company,' and perhaps some ' loot' from the enemy, you will meet with another girl just like her."

" There is none like her—none !" exclaimed Darall passionately.

" My poor Hugh, is it indeed so bad as that, then ? " said Landon, pityingly. " I had no idea you were so smitten."

"Well, of course I have no right to be, as though I were a fellow like yourself, who has money at his back, and is his own master," returned Hugh, bitterly. "I was a fool even to talk about it; but you will do me the justice to say that I at least never dreamt of calling upon Miss Ray, or of writing a letter to her."

"My dear Hugh, there is no reason in the world why you should not call, except that you can't leave the barracks: and as to my writing to Miss Mayne, I should not have dreamt of doing so, save to excuse myself from not calling, which I had promised to do. By the time I am my own master, as you call it—that is, when our arrest is over, and I am informed that the Queen has no more occasion for my services—this girl will have probably forgotten all about me—By jingo! there they both are in that pony-carriage yonder."

"Where?" cried Darall, excitedly; "I only see an officer and a lady."

"Well, they are the colonel and Miss Mayne; you don't suppose the two girls would have called upon us alone, do you? See, they have stopped at the lodge, and the colonel is beckoning to us."

"He is beckoning to you, not to me," said Darall curtly, and as his companion ran off to the gateway, he turned to a group of old cadets who were engaged in hanging neuxes over the wall of the sunk fence by one arm, it is to be hoped with some scientific view of testing the power of endurance in the human muscle. In these days when even the vivisection of animals is objected to, this practice would be called cruel, and Darall was so far ahead of his age as to hold it to be so.

"I tell you what, you fellows," said he, in a tone of remonstrance, "if Whymper drops"—for it was that unhappy young gentleman who was in process of suspension—"he'll break—his arrest."

His tormenters pulled him up in an instant. The idea of breaking his bones, or even his neck, would not have alarmed them, but to make him break his arrest, by being dropped out of the precincts of "the enclosure," would have been an inexpiable wrong indeed. The cultivation of truth—mainly, however, in connection with martial matters—was carried to such perfection at the Royal Military Academy, that other branches of morality suffered, just as a high pressure mathematical system sometimes produces wranglers who can't spell. "Fiat Justitia ruat cælum" was their second motto—"Ubique," it will be remembered, was their first—and its free translation was "Break all the commandments, but not your word."

While Darall was thus playing the part of a Don Quixote in rescuing the oppressed, his friend Landon was following his instincts, and making himself agreeable to his Dulcinea. Their meeting—considering it was watched afar by at least fifty gentlemen-cadets who had fixed their gaze

upon the charming Ella with as great unanimity as though they had received the military direction of "Eyes Right"—was singularly free from embarrassment. Mr. Cecil Landon was gifted with that very necessary attribute of a warrior—presence of mind; and Ella had no eyes except for him.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Landon," said she, "and so is my uncle, to hear that you are in such trouble."

"Yes, sir," said the colonel, grumpily, "we are both devilish sorry."

"I only hope," she went on with a charming smile, "that your present straitened circumstances are not in any way owing to your gallant behaviour with respect to Miss Ray and myself."

"No indeed," replied Landon, "though even if it were so, I should consider it to be paying very cheaply for what was a great pleasure."

"I believe the whole lot of you will be expelled," observed the colonel, confidently; he hated compliments to women—unless they were paid by himself.

"Well, indeed, sir, I hope not, for my friends's sake. It is not much importance, in my own case, one way or the other."

"By jingo, if I were Sir Hercules, I would make it of importance to every man jack of you. The idea of the cadet company acting contrary to standing orders——"

"My dear uncle," interrupted Ella, reprovingly, "pray remember that however awful that crime may be, the commission of it was the cause of your niece being rescued from a most disagreeable situation. That is surely Mr. Darall I see yonder; is it possible he means to cut me?"

"By no means," said Landon; "but the fact is, he is very diffident."

"Diffident?" chuckled the colonel. "Do you mean to say that the fellow is shy? I should like to see that *lusus naturæ*, a shy cadet, a little nearer."

Whereupon Landon, laughing, beckoned to his friend to come to the gate, and the colonel, getting out of the pony-carriage, advanced to meet him, leaving the young people alone.

"Darall is afraid to renew his acquaintance with you, Miss Mayne," said Landon, in quick soft tones, "for fear it should be the means of reintroducing him to your friend, Miss Ray; he is very susceptible, and yet he feels, poor fellow, that further knowledge of her would only lead to disappointment."

"On her side, or his, I wonder?" argued Ella with a touch of scorn which became her admirably; she was one of those women whose beauty is heightened by piquancy of that sort, whereas Gracie's looks would have suffered from it.

"Of course, upon his side," said Landon; "though I must be allowed to say of Darall that he is worthy of any woman's gracious regard."

"Dear me, Mr. Landon; that is saying a great deal for another gentleman, who is himself so very diffident, too."

"Well, that is the very reason," answered the other, laughing; "since he will never say so much upon his own account."

"I am afraid you are not diffident, Mr. Landou."

"I don't think I am quite so shy as Darall," answered Landon, demurely.

"Nor, let us hope, quite so susceptible?"

"That is true; I am not so easily enraptured; but when it does happen—and it has only happened once—then I feel it very much indeed," and the young gentleman heaved a little sigh.

The colour rose in Ella's cheek, though she strove to suppress it. There could surely be no doubt as to the one instance of which he spoke, and it was very pleasant to hear him express such sentiments.

"Do you think it will be really injudicious of me to speak of your friend to Miss Ray, Mr. Landon. I am sure she would naturally wish to see and thank him—as I confess I did in your case—for his chivalrous behaviour of yesterday; but if it is certain—that is, I mean if his circumstances are so adverse, and he has really allowed himself to think seriously of her, upon so very short an acquaintance——"

"I don't think time has much to do with liking," observed Landon, with a philosophic air; "one sees an exquisite landscape, for instance, it may be only for once, but its peculiar charm is never forgotten; a thousand beautiful scenes may in their time present themselves, but they fade away from the mind, while that particular one abides—remains for ever as the fairest."

"Just so," said Ella, flipping at a fly upon the pony's ear with her whip; "and if you grew more familiar with it, its charms would perhaps vanish."

"That would be your fault," answered Landon; "that is," added he, hastily, "my fault, I mean" (and here the consciousness of having said more than he had intended, made his fluent tongue to hesitate, while his voice grew very soft and low), "I mean that the true lover—whether of nature, or—or—of any other object—only grows the fonder, the more knowledge he has of that which charmed him at first sight."

"I think a landscape does grow upon one," said Ella, meditatively.

"And not only a landscape, believe me, Miss Mayne; if the opportunity is only afforded——"

Ella was glad to turn her eyes from his handsome, eager face, and fix them upon Darall, whom the colonel had now brought up to the side of the carriage.

"Here is the *lusus*," said he, "the prodigy, the one and only specimen of the 'shy cadet' that has appeared since the Academy was founded."

"Then there was no such thing in your time, it appears, uncle," said Ella.

"No, by gad, there wasn't," said the colonel, confidently; "but, on the other hand, we had not the impudence to break the standing orders."

"Were my uncle and I so very formidable, Mr. Darall, that you were afraid to come near us?" asked Ella, smiling. "We only came to thank you for your gallant service of yesterday."

"I did not think it was worth your thanks, Miss Mayne," answered Darall, blushing to the very roots of his hair.

Landon and Ella regarded him with amused interest. Not a word had these two young folks whispered, be it observed, of a common flame; but they had hinted of it in the case of others, and this is as sure a method of making love as there is. It was astonishing what way they had made with one another, thus indirectly, and under cover of sympathy for their respective friends.

"Oh, that was the reason was it, Mr. Darall? I assure you that is not our opinion, nor that of my friend, Miss Ray, whom I am just about to visit. She will be sorry to hear that you hold our adventure so lightly. Her notion is that we were rescued from a barbarous rabble by two brave knights. I suppose I may tell her at least that you would have called to inquire after her if it had not been for your arrest."

"Indeed, Miss Mayne, if that was my duty, pray excuse me to her upon the grounds you mention."

"If it was his duty! only listen to that, uncle; surely to call upon a rescued damsel the next morning is set down among the articles of war."

It was very hard of Ella to persecute the young man so; but then, women are so hard, except when they are softer than butter.

"Let the poor lad alone, girl," said the colonel, getting into the carriage, and taking the reins from his niece's hands; "you'll make him deuced glad to be in arrest, and so far protected from these duties as you call them. It would be a mere compliment, under your present circumstances, to ask you to dinner, gentlemen, else I am sure both myself and the commissary would be delighted to see you."

"Especially the commissary," said Ella, laughing.

"You are very good, colonel," said Landon; "but until this row has blown over, we cannot so much as leave the enclosure, save to go to church," added he, in a low tone, as he pressed Ella's hand.

At the same moment Darall saluted the colonel, who said, "Good-bye, young fellow, I'll not forget that little matter with Sir Hercules," and then the pony carriage whirled away towards the town.

"My dear Ella, you don't object, I know, to my speaking my mind," observed the colonel, after a considerable silence.

"Not at all, uncle ; I like people to speak out. But I warn you that if your mind is set against Mr. Landon, your speaking it will be useless."

"You are still thinking seriously about that young man, then ? I was in hopes from your manner—and I must be allowed to add from his—that there was nothing likely to come of it."

"Ella bit her lip, and her eyes flashed fire. This was the second time that her uncle had hinted that she was "throwing herself at Landon's head," and this time it had a sting in it, for she was conscious of having given him great encouragement. She was silent for more than a minute, and only just as they reached the artillery barracks for which they were bound, inquired carelessly, "Well, uncle, and now for this bit of your mind."

"Nay, Ella, it is not now worth mentioning. Only if those two young men had been equally indifferent to you—as I thought they were——"

"Well, uncle, let us suppose that to be the case, so as not to lose your valuable observation."

"I was about to remark, Ella," returned the colonel viciously, "that, in my judgment Mr. Darall is worth at least a dozen of Mr Landon."

"That will please Gracie very much, for she s quite of your opinion," returned Ella coolly, "so mind you tell her," and she waved her hand to the young lady in question, who was standing at her drawing-room window as the pony stopped beneath it.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### AS FRANK AS FAIR.

THE arrival of Ella Mayne at Letter Z, Officers' Quarters, was always hailed by the commissary's household as a godsend ; her calls, indeed, were "angels' visits" and something more, since they were neither "few nor far between." She seldom came empty-handed, though it was not for her gifts that Mrs. Ray and her daughter welcomed her, but for the sense of brightness and lightness that she brought with her. In her presence good-fortune seemed to smile upon them, though it was but at second-hand ; and the happiness which she appeared to enjoy, and which they believed her to deserve, instead of making them—as it would do with many folks—more discontented with their own sad lot, rather seemed to reconcile them to it. The fact is, that when kind-hearted people are having a dark time of it, the knowledge that there is sunshine somewhere else is cheering to them, since it strengthens that be-



lief in a good providence which needs backing, under such circumstances, much more than prosperous persons are aware of. To those two down-trodden women, the spectacle of their lighthearted and brilliant young friend had the same effect as going abroad is said to have upon our overwrought toilers; it was such a complete change from anything within their own experience, and took them, for the time, so completely out of themselves and their surroundings.

Poor Mrs. Ray snatched a fearful joy from the audacious courage with which Ella faced the commissary, and expressed opinions in his august presence which she knew he held in abhorrence; it proved him human, and not quite so irresistible as fate itself. This was really her greatest satisfaction—there seemed somehow a future hope in it for Gracie—though she was by no means untouched by the sympathy Ella showed in a hundred gracious ways for her own sad condition. But it was for this sympathy for her mother that Gracie was most thankful to Ella, and took most delight in her company. As to gifts, they were very welcome, but it was the manner of giving them that won her heart, and not their value or their frequency. Thanks indeed were forbidden to her. “I will not be thanked, Gracie, for such rubbish; if I denied myself anything in procuring it, then I would permit you to be grateful; but as it costs me nothing that I miss, and gives me such pleasure as I could not buy for ten times the money, I should be getting thanks under false pretences.”

No one but themselves would ever have known of Ella's generosity had it not been for their own acknowledgments of it to others; for which they had their reward, and did Ella also. The ladies of their acquaintance, mostly of the garrison, were wont to remark (by no means in confidence) to one another, that “if it was not for Miss Mayne, they really did not know how that unfortunate Mrs. Ray and her daughter would get on at all. It was lucky that they had no pride about them.” They did not, however, go the length of stigmatising them as a designing couple. The motive of Miss Mayne, it seemed, was plain enough; “it flattered her to play the patroness at a cheap rate, though, as everybody was aware, she had more money than she knew what to do with.” This last was a circumstance that made Ella extremely unpopular in female military circles, where money was generally “tight,” if it was to be found at all. If they had had money, they said, they would like to be able to explain to the public how it was come by. They would much rather not have it on the terms that some people possessed it. Everybody, it is true, knew Colonel Gerard Juxon; but who knew anything about his brother-in-law—if he was his brother-in-law—Mr. Mayne? For their parts, they preferred to have parents about whom they could converse; but not a word had either the colonel or his niece let fall

concerning her branch of the family. You might take their word for it that that girl's money was made in trade, if it was not obtained by means still more discreditable. They had not a word to say against the poor Rays, not they; it was reasonable enough that the good lady should take all she could get elsewhere, since her husband was a skin-flint, and that Gracie should accept additions to her wretched pin-money from any quarter; but for their parts, Heaven defend them from such a patroness.

Yet it was not at all with the air of a patroness that Ella entered Mrs. Ray's wonderful little drawing-room—gleaming with mother-of-pearl, as though all the furniture had teeth—and made straight for the invalid's chair in the window, in spite of the huge palm of the commissary stretched out to welcome her. She always embraced his wife and daughter before giving him the tips of her fingers.

“What, not out in the open air this afternoon, dear Mrs. Ray, and the weather so beautiful! Our pony is not a bit tired, and if you would like a drive——”

“Mrs. Ray has been out in a bath chair,” interposed the commissary, with the air of the man who had paid for it, “for an hour and three quarters; it is quite a long outing for her, I do assure you.”

“It is, indeed,” said Ella, drily. “Well, then, uncle, if you have no further use for the carriage yourself, I'll send it home, and have half-an-hour's chat with Mrs. Ray and Gracie if they are not better engaged.”

“Better engaged they could not be,” observed the commissary in his attitude of “attention.” His civility to all persons well-to-do in the world was very great, however ungraciously expressed, and all the greater by contrast with his behaviour to his own belongings; at the same time he resented this demand on his politeness, and disliked the objects of it as much as though they were his inferiors; and in particular he detested Ella.

In return for this speech she gave him a little courtsey, the grace of which placed his own clumsiness of demeanour in high relief. “And where have you been driving this afternoon?” inquired he. It was one of his characteristics to engross the conversation as much as possible in his own house, and especially to prevent his woman-kind from taking part in it.

“Ah! you may well ask that?” said the colonel, grimly. “We've been—yes, we've been——”

“To Shooter's-hill,” interposed Ella, as her uncle stopped and stammered, checked by the concentrated fire of his niece's eyes; “the air was lovely, and the view delightful.”

“Yes, the view was deuced fine,” assented the colonel, who had already

repented of the temper he had exhibited in depreciating Gentleman-cadet Landon.

"Oh, Ella," said Gracie, in a low voice, "Miss Furbelow has just been here with such a lovely present from somebody."

"Then I know nothing about it," said Ella. "I directed her to send a dress, it is true, but it was only as a substitute for that which I was the cause of getting spoilt."

"What is that I hear about a spoilt dress, Miss Ella?" inquired the commissary, with distended ears and an additional wrinkle on his forehead.

"Well, I don't suppose you gentlemen would understand if I told you," returned Ella, sweetly; "if I describe the affair as being of green tulle, trimmed with white piqué, and pinked at the flounces a la rose d'auvergne, you would be not much the wiser."

"I thought you said some one had spoilt a dress, Miss Ella."

"So I did. I spoilt a dress—Gracie's dress—by spilling ink upon it. It was when I was writing cheques—which, as you say, is my constant employment. That is the whole story; except that, of course, I have made reparation."

The commissary was far from being pleased, notwithstanding that he understood his daughter had received a gratuitous addition to her wardrobe. He saw that there had been treason in the house; that something had been concealed from him; and he smiled on his wife and daughter, as Bluebeard might have smiled on Fatima while her brothers were making a call; he would have a word to say to them presently. Even the colonel noticed this; and, willing to do Ella a pleasure, observed, "Come, general, you look yellow; I am sure something is wrong with your liver. Let us take a walk together."

The commissary was not particular about his complexion, and very pleased when anybody called him "general;" moreover, to be seen in public with the colonel always gave him importance. So he consented at once. When he had gone, Mrs. Ray and Gracie each gave a little sigh, as though something tight over their chests—or hearts—had been slackened. Ella's shapely lips murmured something which I am afraid was "Beast!" then turned to Gracie with:

"Well, darling, and who do you think I have seen this afternoon?"

Not—not Mr. Landon?"

"Yes, and Mr. Somebody Else, too."

"They came to enquire after you, I suppose," said Gracie, as indifferently as she could. It seemed hard to her that they should have called at Hawthorne Lodge, and not at the barracks also; but, after all, who could wonder at it? Everybody knew how wealthy Ella was, and most people—all, that is, who concerned themselves in so small a matter—in

what a poor way her own parents lived. Still one of those two young men might have thought it—not worth his while exactly, no, certainly not that, but—becoming, just to leave his card at Officers' Quarters, Letter Z.

"Not a bit of it," said Ella; "I went to inquire after them. There, I didn't mean to shock you, dear Mrs. Ray, but only Gracie. Uncle Gerard took me, of course. He thought it his duty to call at the Academy to thank the two gentlemen for their conduct to us yesterday, since neither of them could come to us, poor dears."

"Why not?" inquired Mrs. Ray. Gracie said nothing, but a pleasant light came into her eyes; perhaps, then, after all, thought she, Mr. Darall would have called if he could.

"The whole Academy are in arrest till further orders," said Ella. "Surely the commissary, who 'happens to know' everything, must have been aware of that, long ago."

Mother and daughter interchanged a significant glance. This was the reason, then, why Gracie had received his permission to be civil, just for once, to Mr. Darall, if he called within a day or two.

"My husband doesn't tell us everything he hears," said Mrs. Ray, quietly.

"I daresay he thought the matter of no consequence," returned Ella; "and indeed it may very likely be so. Only as Gracie was interested in Mr. Darall—she has no secrets from you, dear Mrs. Ray, I know—I thought I would come and tell her."

"You are very good, Ella," said the invalid, "and Gracie is very good, God bless her! also. She has told me something about this young gentleman, but it would be very foolish of her, she knows, to think of—to dream of—anything serious coming of it."

"Well, he is a very good young man," persisted Ella, "of that I feel convinced. Mr. Landon said he was worthy of any woman's affection."

"My dear Ella!" exclaimed Mrs. Ray, in a tone of mild reproof, "how on earth came he to tell you that?"

"Oh, I don't know, we got quite communicative and confidential, somehow. I honestly confess I think Mr. Landon charming, so you may guess what this Mr. Darall must be, who Uncle Gerard was so obliging as to tell me was worth 'at least a dozen' of Mr. Landon."

"But that was very unkind of him," said Gracie.

"Well, no, it was merely what I call his 'sparkle,' just a glint of fire such as the pony strikes with his hoof from a flintstone when he is playful. Uncle Gerard may 'say things,' but he does not mean much harm, especially when he knows that all the harm in the world can do no good. Gracie, I have met my fate at last! Yes, I have, and I don't mind

your saying 'Oh Ella!' one bit: what I do mind is seeing your dear mother look so grave."

"My dear Ella," answered the invalid, "if I looked grave, it was because you scarcely look grave enough; if what you say is really said in sober earnest, the matter is very serious. The happiness—or the misery—" she added, after a little pause of sad significance, "of your whole life depends upon one little syllable 'Yes' or 'No.' Oh, weigh them well, dear Ella, before deciding."

"But my dear Ella, do you mean to say that Mr. Landon has asked you already—after two days' acquaintance—to marry him?" inquired Gracie.

"No, dear, no, he has not done that; but he will ask me—I am as certain of it as of the back of that chair being intended to represent Windsor Castle, and of it not being one bit like it; I have also made up my mind what my answer will be. It will be 'Yes.'"

Gracie ran forward to her friend with a little cry of pleasure, and folded her in her arms.

"If I don't run to you, like Gracie, you know the reason why, dear Ella," said the invalid.

"I am coming to you, dear Mrs. Ray," answered the girl, suiting the action to the word; "and though I know you think me headstrong and imprudent, I intend to have your warm congratulations."

"Dearest Ella, you have them, Heaven knows," sobbed the poor lady in tender though broken tones. "You have been very good to a poor miserable crippled creature; you have such a heart of gold that no one should grudge you a purse full of it; I have nothing to give you—perhaps not even a marriage present when the time comes—nothing to return for—but that is no matter, I know, to you; but if God should please to hear me on behalf of another—" the pitifulness of her tone was unspeakable, though it had nothing in it of bitterness, "for myself, alas," it seemed to say, "I have importuned Him in vain"—"then He will bless you, Ella."

There was a long pause, passed in mutual endearments.

It was curious to see how both Ella's companions at once took her scheme of life for granted—immature and improbable, to say nothing of its impropriety, as it must needs have appeared to others. They knew her, however, well; and knowing how difficult it was to turn her from a caprice, were persuaded that what she had set both mind and heart upon, she would accomplish. It was quite in accordance with her audacious nature, too, that having once fixed upon such a plan, she should confide it to these two old friends. She had indeed been almost as open with her uncle. Many girls would have entertained such an idea at equally short notice, but they would have kept it to themselves,

and even later on would have had but one confidant. But Ella wore her heart—fierce as flame, stubborn as steel, though it sometimes was—upon her sleeve, albeit not for daws to peck it. She was frank to her friends, though even to them taciturn and uncommunicative enough upon one point.

“Will Uncle Gerard consent to all this, Ella?” inquired Mrs. Ray, stroking the hand on which she already saw in her mind’s eye the marriage-ring.

“He will have to do so,” said Ella, smiling. “I confess I don’t think he likes it.”

“It is fortunate you are so independent, my dear,” sighed the invalid; few girls are equally so—almost every one has some relative whose wishes it is her duty to consult. What is the matter, Ella?”

“Nothing; a little faintness, that is all.”

“But you turned so deadly pale, darling,” said Gracie, with anxiety. “Let me fetch you a glass of wine.”

(*To be continued.*)

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## Current Literature.

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It is said that Mr. Tennyson considers the drama to be his forte, and that in order to superintend the placing of his *Harold*\* on the stage, he has taken a house for three months in “the long unlovely street,” which he, many years ago, struck with an immortal ray of sorrowing genius. Should *Harold* share the fate of *Queen Mary*, the poet laureate may reconsider his estimate of his powers. *Harold* is no advance on *Queen Mary*. It is fitter for being placed on the stage; it has more unity; but it does not contain as much evidence of dramatic vigour as its predecessor. It wants power and breath and inspiration. There is no character wrought intensely. It would be unjust to Mr. Tennyson to compare him with second or third-class artists. We expect him to strike a high note. But we have nothing in this drama to inspire pity and terror; and the master faculty of the dramatist of mingling the noblest poetry with familiar every-day life, nowhere appears. No poet’s dominion over the mechanism of verse has been greater than the author of “*Maud*”; but in *Harold* this comparatively humble power as a rule fails him.

The theme is worthy of a great dramatist—the fall of the last of England’s Saxon Kings. We have a supreme crisis and two representative men, the heads of two great races, the commanders of two great armies, and both cast

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\* *Harold: A Drama.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. Toronto: James Campbell & Son. 1877.

in a heroic mould ; the one fighting for conquest, the other for country. That William was a greater statesman than Harold there can be no doubt, and his passion for action contrasted strongly with his rival's love of repose. But the dramatist should have taken a liberty with history instead of emphasizing Harold's weakness in this respect. The fierce cruelty of William is intended to foil the noble, generous, kindly qualities of Harold, but the task is too great for the poet. Reading the history of the drama two characters are irresistibly brought before us—Hector and Achilles. But we miss in Mr. Tennyson the pathos and grandeur with which Homer invests the Trojan hero. Yet look at the opportunity the events leading up to the Battle of Hastings laid at the poet's feet. Harold, loving a young and beautiful girl for whom the cloister contends with him, is forced by the cruel exigencies of political necessity to marry a woman he does not love ; the King of England and the leader of a race, he is forced to do battle for his crown and for the liberty of his people, not only against the greatest warrior of his time but against the power of the Church of Rome, and in thus doing battle he is breaking an oath which, however free from the thralldom of those superstitious times, must have seemed to him more than commonly sacred. He had sinned "against the truth of love," he had broken his oath, and the tragic ebb and flow of emotion, his fears, his ambition, the pangs of a bereaved love, the the casuistical contest between an alarmed conscience and the conflicting conviction that duty beckoned him over the threshold of falsehood, the recurring doubt that what he read "duty" was "ambition," a doubt which the moment it took shape would be confronted by patriotism, and by the noble loyalty of race—all this and more portrayed by a master hand should have given us a great drama. The character is truly tragic. It is great ; it is self-reliant ; it has one defect intimately connected with the tragic close.

How has Mr. Tennyson dealt with such materials ? The fact that he makes so little out of them disproves his claim to the title of dramatist. Indeed so unsuitable is the dramatic form to his genius that his lyric power almost deserts him. It is not too harsh a criticism to say that had *Harold* been published as a posthumous work the critic who should undertake to prove to the satisfaction of most of his readers that it was a forgery, written by a student of Tennyson, would have an easy task. There are, as there could not fail to be, a few striking passages, but for pathos, for sublimity, for tenderness even we look in vain ; there is no greatness ; there are no "touches of warm tears."

The character of Harold in the play is much what we find it in history, but it has gained nothing in strength or beauty. William is the best drawn, yet one cannot help feeling that he is not well imagined. For the other characters they are little more than dim sketches.

The note of coming doom is struck in the conversation of the courtiers regarding the comet which all are supposed to regard as "a harm to England," save Harold, who is superior to such superstition. He replies to Stigand's question, whether the fiery visitant was the doom of England—"Why not the doom of all the world as well ?" In the same spirit he rejoins to Edward's vision. The King had seen the seven sleepers in the cave at Ephesus turn from right to left—"What matters ?" cries Harold. "Let them turn from

left to right and sleep again." In making Harold thus sceptical beyond his age was there not a tragic element sacrificed? Had Harold been more under the influence of the ideas of the time his horror at breaking his oath would have called up the furies. We are early prepared for his self-reproach and humiliation at not keeping his word by his declaration made without much *apropos* that it is "better to die than lie." But it was open to the dramatist to have given us a Harold, hating monks but believing in Holy Church and fearing God, and, instead of the comparatively mild pangs of a truthful character snared by generous impulse into falsehood, the tortures and agony of a man who in his weakness, his self-confidence, his ambition, and his patriotism, has been led to array himself against the Heaven he had been glad to obey. That at such a time, full of dangers and portents he should want to go hunt and hawk beyond seas and leave behind him a troubled country, an intriguing court, and a beautiful woman full of tender anxiety about him, gives an idea of levity not in harmony with the heroic. Warned not to go to Normandy by the King, he sails for Flanders but is wrecked on the shores of Ponthieu and delivered into William's hand. Meanwhile we get a glimpse at the designs of Aldwyth on Harold and against Edith. So far, though the talk is not the talk of creatures of flesh and blood, the chance of making a great drama is not lost. In the parting of Harold and Edith there was an opportunity for tenderness which was thrown away, but there was no great call for dramatic fire.

In Normandy there was scope for the highest dramatic art. The way Harold is made to promise to aid William to climb the English Throne shows him to be very amiable but very weak. The fact that he lies out of pity for his brother, and pressed by the argument that only by deceit can he foil the Norman Count's design, cannot prevent a rising contempt asserting itself; for he is like a chequer pushed on by Mallet & Wulfnoth. It may be presumptuous on our part to ask what would Shakspeare have done here? But with his works, before us there is perhaps not too much temerity in saying that he would have made Harold, in a speech like one of Hamlet's, reveal the conflict in his mind and then decide to act. Under such circumstances action would be respectable. Then after the fine *coups de theatre*—doors flung open and discovering William on his throne in an inner hall with the Norman nobles drawn up on either side of the ark—Harold trapped into confirming his promise with an oath on the ark which, when the cloth of gold is removed, is found to be full of dead saints—we should have had the remorse, the self-upbraiding, the racking of the mind on the spikes of fate, manly compunction, superstitious awe; the dreadful tragedy of a vigorous nature caged by iron circumstance. Alas! in the whole act we have nothing worthy of Mr. Tennyson save one or two brief lyric flights and a few admirable pieces of word-painting. Harold's speech when left with his brother for a breathing space after the fatal oath, is a hysterical attempt to express the tragedy of the situation.

Harold having become King, and having overthrown Tostig in the north, is forced to marry Aldwyth by the cries of a few people. We gather indeed that she is to bring him support from her brother. But the manner in which he is led to marry the fierce widow of the King he slew shows him even



weaker than he appeared at William's Court. On the eve of the Battle of Hastings the poet strikes a genuine spark and Harold's speech is grand and dramatic ; as is the meeting between him and the two women who loved him.

The idea of the play is the Nemesis of falsehood. In one of his last utterances to Edith, Harold says :

A lying devil  
Hath haunted me—mine oath—my wife—I fain  
Had made my marriage not a lie ; I could not ;  
Thou art my bride.

No good came of his "evil for good" in Normandy, and the aid of Morcar which he thought he had bought by marrying Aldwyth, failed him in his utmost need.

We have just expressed our opinion of the speech of Harold in the play on the eve of the battle. All our readers may not have by them Taylor's "Eve of the Conquest." In that poem, on the evening of his brief to-morrow, Harold shows larger and grander than in Mr. Tennyson's drama.

" Here we stand opposed ;  
And here to-morrow's sun, which even now,  
If mine eyes err not, wakes the eastern sky,  
Shall see the mortal issue. Should I fall,  
Be thou my witness that I nothing doubt  
The justness of my doom ; but add thou this,  
The justness lies betwixt my God and me,  
'Twixt me and William—"

Then up rose the King ;  
His daughter's hands half startled from his knee  
Dropt loosely, but her eye caught fire from his.  
He snatched his truncheon, and the hollow earth  
Smote strongly that it throbbed : he cried aloud —  
"Twixt me and William, say that never doom  
Save that which sunders sheep from goats, and parts  
'Twixt Heaven and Hell, can righteously pronounce."  
— He sate again and with an eye still stern  
But temperate and untroubled he pursued :  
"Twixt me and England, should some senseless swain  
Ask of my title, say I wear the crown  
Because it fits my head."

The battle is described by Stigand and Edith, not with great success, to the audience. The battle field and a speech of William's conclude the play. Not, we hold, an artistic conclusion. The proper conclusion would have been a mourning group in Waltham Abbey around the last of Saxon Kings. William's appearance, especially as his speech is intended to win a cheer from an English audience, is an offence against unity. The dramatic world is no exception to the rule that we cannot serve two masters, and to bring William into our presence to make a clap-trap speech when our hearts are supposed to be full of indignant pity for the overthrow of Harold is a very extraordinary way of deepening the tide and strengthening the current of emotion. If the previous part of the play were a success, the audience could not but hiss William off the stage. A little study of the play reveals the fact, that Harold's character is not conceived whole and consistent.

Born and brought up by pious parents, and descended from one of the most celebrated of the old Covenanters, Thomas Guthrie\* seems to have inherited a large portion of their spirit, and, though possessed of a most joyous and loving disposition, was ever ready to resist oppression and wrong, and defend the weak and injured, even to the death at the call of duty. Hence the zeal and earnestness with which he threw himself into the great struggle which finally ended in the disruption of the Scotch Church. Nothing could daunt his chivalrous spirit, and patiently he for years waited the result without exhibiting the least ill-will to his opponents. He was willing to wait the Lord's time, confident that it would bring about the reform he so ardently desired; and that eventually the good cause must triumph.

Alike the friend of rich and poor, he preached to them, without any invidious distinction the gospel as he understood it. Great as his genius was, it was surpassed by his benevolence. The master passion in that large heart was *love*, love to God the Creator, and the outcoming of that love affection to all God's creatures. This holy and blessed love makes him as happy and joyful as a little child, rejoicing over the first primrose and holding it up to all his friends to share with him its beauty and fragrance. Love is the mainspring of his wonderful activity and the large sympathy he feels for suffering humanity and the dumb animals around him. He could not have turned a hungry dog from his door without satisfying its wants; animals could feel pain, that was enough to enlist his charity; they were capable of affection and gratitude, and he saw more in their intelligence than most others troubled themselves to find out.

Life was to him a magnificent gift, and he used it well and wisely; it called forth a perpetual psalm of thanksgiving to the Munificent Giver, earth was to him no vale of tears, but a glorious revelation of the wisdom and power of God, second only to that of divine truth; and he studied both with reverence and gratitude. He never lost sight of the sun however dense the clouds that concealed it from his eyes. His favourite apostle, St. Paul, had told his Christian converts to "rejoice ever more," and Guthrie did rejoice with a full and overflowing heart. The very tears he shed over the poor outcasts of humanity had a gleam of the light that illumined his own heart. Everything to him was good that the Divine Hand had formed; from the mysterious glory of the midnight heavens to the tiny burn that held up its small mirror to the moon and stars.

His charming letters, in which we see more of the real character of the man, written to members of his family, in all the confidence of domestic love, abound with beautiful natural pictures. Gentle and amiable as he was, we always find him a fearless and wise leader in the foremost ranks of religious controversy—here there was no shrinking, no pulling back to please the world, his strong faith and keen sense of justice bridged over every danger and carried him safely through the storm of religious warfare to which the change of a dynasty is a trifle in comparison.

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\* *The Autobiography of Thomas Guthrie, D.D.*, and a *Memoir* by his sons—REV. DAVID K. GUTHRIE and CHARLES J. GUTHRIE, M.A.—Belford Brothers: Toronto. Sold only by Agents—J. Clarke & Co., General Agents, Toronto.

Nothing can be more touching and pathetic than some of the pictures he has given us of the members of the ragged schools he was so indefatigable in establishing. What a divine work of charity it was and how nobly pursued to the end of his valuable life. To his tender mercy numbers of poor, nameless, houseless children, born in infamy, and doomed to poverty and crime, owe the redemption of their bodies from vice and their souls from perishing in the arid deserts of a world lying in wickedness. He gives us a pathetic description of one of these unhappy victims :

“One night I went with one of my elders to the police office ; in a room hung with bunches of skeleton keys, dark lanterns, and other implements of house-breaking, sat the lieutenant of the watch, who, seeing me handed in at the midnight hour by a police commissioner, looked surprise itself. Having satisfied him that there was no misdemeanor, we proceeded to visit the wards, and among other sad and miserable objects, saw a number of children, houseless and homeless, who found there a shelter for the night ; cast out in the morning and subsisting as they best could during the day, this wreck of society like the wreck on the sea shore, came drifting in again at evening tide.

“After visiting a number of cells, I remember looking down from a gallery upon an open space, where five or six human beings were stretched upon the stone pavement buried in slumber ; and right before the stove, its ruddy light shining full on his face, lay a poor child who attracted my especial attention. He was miserably clad, he seemed about eight years old, he had the sweetest face I ever saw ; his bed was the pavement, his pillow a brick, and as he lay calm in sleep, forgetful of all his sorrows, he might have served for a picture of injured innocence. His story was sad, not singular ; he knew neither father nor mother, sisters nor brothers, nor friends, in the wide world. His only friends were the police, his only home, their office. How he lived they did not know. But there he was at night ; the stone by the stove was a better bed than the cold stair. I could not get that boy out of my head for days together ; I have often regretted that some effort was not made to save him.”

The grief felt for that boy in the Christian's heart was destined to bear an abundant harvest, and those who read this delightful book will rejoice in the success of his plans for the benefit of these unhappy children.

The Autobiography is perhaps less interesting than the Memoir furnished by his sons, who are far more able to speak of the works and worth of their excellent father than that father would have spoken for himself. It was hardly possible that a man like Dr. Guthrie could sit down to write a full and fair account of his life.

The Autobiography and Memoir together, however, constitute a book of unusual merit, and bring vividly before the mind the great Scottish preacher.

Those who have fed their minds on the noble nutriment of Shelley's poetry, and are not familiar with his life and character—if there be any such—may learn in the latest volume of the *Sans Souci Series*\* what a beautiful, erring, humorous, childlike being he was. The lives of poets are seldom rich in incident, but Shelley's life is an exception, and persons who have been repelled by the genuine work required to master Shelley from studying, or even read-

\* *Anecdote Biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. Edited by RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. (*Sans Souci Series*). New York : Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Toronto : Willing & Williamson.

ing his writings, will find much cause for mirth, provided by Shelley's fun and the adventures which he met with. From his cradle to his watery grave, he was a remarkable creature, and save for the one act of running away from Harriet Shelley, with Mary Woolstonecraft—for his early atheism was rather a boyish whim than a conviction, if indeed the word atheist, as used in regard to him, had not sole reference to an "office" at school, given by the boys to the most rebellious—his life was a noble one, full of high impulse, love for man, generosity, and profound thinking. His life is like one of his own bursts of song, fresh, beautiful, original, with strains of a music, the subtle charm of which we feel, but whose motive and method is beyond our grasp. Shelley giving hundreds of pounds to help Leigh Hunt, pawning his cherished solar glass for five pounds to make up ten to lend a friend, starting for Ireland at twenty to regenerate the Irish people, always aiming at the regeneration of man, right or wrong in his opinions, is a noble being it does one good to read about. Such a man not only shows to what fine issues human nature may, even in these days, be touched, but indicates the yet higher regions to which it may aspire, and which were trod, as their native land, by great spirits in the past.

The visit to Dublin in 1812, by a young man of twenty years and a girl wife, has a delightful humour about it; the two young people pelting the passers by in Sackville Street, with Shelley's pamphlet, written to save the country. How ludicrous! On the other hand, when we find this boy of twenty, this young English aristocrat, this heir to a baronetcy proclaiming the necessity of Catholic emancipation and talking advanced opinions, stating too, that he has read and reflected on all the great political issues, we are conscious that the humour is but the flickering sun-light on a stream destined to flow and deepen and expand into a river, on which great navies may ride, and in which white-walled cities may reflect their towers.

He was the greatest master of harmonious verse in modern times, as Wordsworth admitted, and perhaps in the hand of no other man has the English language been so plastic; nor was the gift painfully acquired; he was literally a child of song, and the child's song was no callow thing.

Among some verses written at Oxford, and never published, we find the following which have all the characteristics of his genius; the spontaneity, the amplitude, the calling into existence great pictures, huge forms, mighty terraces, and dim-lit spaces; the severity, the Shelleyan music.

Death! where is thy victory?  
 To triumph whilst I die,  
 To triumph whilst thine ebon wing  
 Infolds my shuddering soul.  
 Oh Death! where is thy sting?  
 Not when the tides of murder roll,  
 When nations groan, that Kings may bask in bliss.  
 Death! canst thou boast a victory such as this?

\* \* \*

To know in dissolution's void  
 That mortals' baubles sunk decay,  
 That everything, but Love, destroyed

Must perish with its kindred clay ;  
 Perish Ambition's crown  
 Perish her sceptered sway ;  
 From Death's pale front fades Pride's fastidious frown.  
 In Death's damp vault the lurid fires decay,  
 That Envy lights at heaven-born Virtue's beam.

Yet it is only fair, even when considering him as a poet, to remember how early he was cut off, and with what true prophetic feeling he had described that "pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift" as

A dying lamp, a falling shower,  
 A breaking billow.

Had he come to man's estate—but the book before us is a biography, not a collection of his writings. We never opened a volume, which from every point of view, we could more honestly commend. It is calculated to do good, if only to teach us how unjust we are in our judgments.

The Princess Salm Salm\* is a lady with a touch of the more amiable side of the adventurousness of Becky Sharp, and something of the literary faculty of Lady Morgan. Her history of ten years of life is given in the volume before us. But she might have made the book a great deal more interesting, had she, as Horace says, commenced *ab ovo*. She is a Canadian, being the daughter of Mr. William Joy, of Phillipsburg, Quebec. While yet a girl she "struck out for herself," and commenced life as a waitress in a Vermont Hotel. She threw away her napkins and joined a circus. From the circus she passed to the theatre. She was an actress when she met Prince Salm Salm—a man about thirty, middle height, elegant figure, dark hair, light moustache, agreeable, handsome face. The Prince wore an eye-glass. The future Princess felt particularly attracted by his face, and she observed with pleasure that her face evidently attracted him. He did not speak English. She knew neither French nor German. Both knew a little Spanish. "Our conversation," she says, "would have been very unsatisfactory without the assistance of the more universal language of the eyes which both of us understood much better." The Prince had squandered his patrimony in Vienna—a city where the operation is easily performed—and had come to America in 1861. Why pursue the old story further? The pair fell in love and were immediately married. "Dear Felix" gets command of a regiment, and the Princess gives us a very good picture of the inner scenes of camp and political life. The female lobbyist has often been sketched, but she adds to the portrait some vivid touches. Her portrait of Lincoln is exceedingly graphic, as are her portraits of some of the best known generals. The corruption of American political life—Methodism—Spiritualism—American railroads—hospitals—nothing escapes her pen. She must be a woman of great vigour of character. She wields a pointed if not a brilliant pen. A lazy man would get from the book a good superficial view of the great civil war. In Mexico in the midst of Maximilian's disastrous attempt to found an Empire under the patronage of Louis Napoleon, the Princess is equally sketchy and instruc-

\* *Ten Years of My Life*. By PRINCESS SALM SALM. Belford Bros. : Toronto. 1877.

tive. Though so much has been written of the Franco-Germanic war, the reader will find something new in the pages relating to the authoress's adventures in that great campaign. The last parting with her husband is affecting, but its poetry is destroyed by her recent marriage. Many a lady with twice the culture of the Princess, and five times her literary power, has failed to write a book as interesting as "Ten Years of my Life."

Arnold's expedition against Quebec, fitted out under Washington's eye at Boston, is one of the most interesting, and, indeed, one of the greatest episodes in the operations of the armies of the rebellion against Canada. The whole invasion is still remembered in Lower Canada under a name derived from Arnold's troops—*la guerre des Bastonnais*—Bastonnais being a rustic corruption of the French Bostonnais. No better subject could be found for a historical romance, \* and Mr. John Lesperance has made good use of the material at his command. He paints a vivid picture of old Quebec, and reproduces the passions of the time in a manner which proves him to possess in a large degree the historical imagination. A beautiful love story, which keeps the reader's mind on the tip-toe of curiosity up to the last page, is interwoven with the vicissitudes of war and siege. The characters are well discriminated, at least five standing well out on the canvas, while those in the background are carefully drawn. Among these M. Belmont, Donald, and the Governor of Quebec make more than a passing impression. Roderick, the young English hero, and Cary Singleton, the New England hero, win a permanent place in the reader's imagination, as do the ladies, Pauline and Zulma. In a historical romance there is no room for that psychological treatment which, for good or ill, asserts itself so prominently in the novel-writing of the day. In the book before us there are some admirable bits of dialogue; as for instance that between the washerwomen in chap. 3, of book 2, and there are many spirited scenes. The romantic figure of Batoche is kept well within the circle of probability, and justice is done to a neglected hero, Joseph Bouchette, who piloted Carleton in an open boat from Montreal to Quebec. The style is rapid and picturesque and well sustained. Occasionally the author betrays the fact of French origin, or of having formed his power of expression on French models. We hope a second edition will be called for. In that case the sentence, "It was evident that the old soldier had never encountered such an adversary *before her* (p. 201)," should not be allowed to remain. On page 193, in the conversation between Batoche and Cary, there is a confusion of persons. Some obsolete words are used, for which more modern equivalents would be better. These are small defects in a novel of considerable power, and one of special interest to Canadians.

In grace of expression and beauty of description, † *Madcap Violet* is worthy of Mr. Black, and the dramatic portion of the book is quite up to the highest mark he has reached; but there are traces of haste, or, perhaps we should say, evidence that he is taking too many crops from his mind. No writer of

\* *The Bastonnais: a Tale of the American Invasion of Canada in 1775-76.* By JOHN LESPERANCE. Toronto: Belford Brothers, Publishers, 1877.

† *Madcap Violet.* By WILLIAM BLACK. Detroit: Belford Brothers, Publishers, 1877.

the day has surpassed Mr. Black in dealing with the charming female eccentric. A girl who can be managed by a few who understand her, but who puzzles the world generally, has a peculiar fascination for him, and Madcap Violet is as well analysed, and her form as clearly cut, as the daughter of Heth herself. We think, however, Violet the girl is much better and more carefully pictured for us than Violet the woman, and, perhaps because of this, the conclusion bears the appearance of being done to order, and not arriving naturally. No more charming picture of a beautiful wilful girl than Violet at Miss Wains' School need be desired. But we believe Mr. Black is at fault in the development of her character, for the common experience is that such wilful girls become very sensible women. The character of Drummond is true to life, but George Miller is hardly well imagined. The novel is, notwithstanding some padding, the work of a true artist, and the interest in the fate of Violet is well sustained. The trip to the Highlands is an episode which Mr. Black could not do other than manage felicitously, his talents finding their wings strongest in air which sweeps over heather, or which sports with the spray of rock-beating waves.

The second edition of the Clerical Guide and Churchwardens' Directory\* shows no falling off in careful editing, and embraces much new matter. It contains a brief but interesting sketch of the History of the Anglican Church in the Dominion. The Synod Reports are full of useful information, and the same remark applies to the Parish Guide. This second edition is a clear improvement on the first, and deserves equal if not greater success.

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## Musical

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It may safely be questioned if, with all the advantages of the present day with regard to musical matters, our tastes and achievements in that direction have improved very much. We shrink from looking too closely into the subject, for the phrase "the present day" is in itself so ambiguous, so contradictory, so hackneyed, that at the very outset we would probably find ourselves out of our depth. Besides, we like to think, in common with other thinkers, that this really is an age of progress, of equality, of cheap tuition and cheaper editions. However, without inspecting the matter too closely, a few remarks concerning the piano, that instrument which, as somebody says of a Scotchman, is probably to be found at the North Pole, should we ever reach there, may not be out of place. We would draw attention to one or two difficulties which beset the amateur pianist—by which term we denote

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\* *The Clerical Guide and Churchwardens' Directory*, Edited by C. V. FORSTER BLISS. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son, 1877.

those rather advanced players, who, by the talent they possess, and the time they devote to the art, are almost fitted to become professionals.

Amongst these, a very common fault is to consider a good technique the one grand object to be attained. We might, indeed, almost say, that this is the fault of the age,—this tendency to sacrifice the ideal to the mechanical. On the stage we find ample proof of this in the fact that, as perfection in scenery and appointments is gained, good acting is apt to become a secondary consideration. In “society” plays, the arrangement of the furniture, and the costume, occasionally even the diamonds of the actress, are usually criticized with more interest than the literary merit of the play (rare indeed in plays of the above stamp), or the pathos and reality of the acting. In music this is especially noticeable. Singers pride themselves on the height rather than the quality of the voice, treating it as an instrument. Pianists aim apparently at imitating the perfect mechanism of the barrel-organ or musical box, trying to do with one pair of hands what could be better done with two pairs, while violinists seldom forget to give us the “Carnival of Venice” with variations. This fault, though possessed by many professors of reputation, is more particularly noticeable in young amateurs. Their attention is drawn by their masters to the necessity of acquiring manual strength and dexterity, to enable them to execute correctly, and they are apt to devote their energies to this one point alone, forgetting that good execution is only a means to an end. The so-called “Brilliant Pianist,” who prides himself or herself on what is merely a gymnastic display, should remember that in such a case the performance is to be compared only with that of a real musical machine, and in such a comparison, it is most likely that the machine will gain.

The next fault we shall notice is just the reverse of this, and those who have it usually possess far more musical feeling than the class just alluded to. It consists of an exclusive devotion to the higher and more ideal part of music, which leads them entirely to despise mechanism as something gross and material. “*Incidit in Scyllam, qui culte vitare Charybdem,*” if any of our readers have read that most charming book, “The Recreations of a Country Parson,” they will easily recognise the swing of the pendulum from the primary vulgar error round to the secondary vulgar error. These players look on time spent in exercising their fingers as almost lost; they prefer to seize as soon as possible on the spirit of their composer, to play their piece at once up to its real time, and are content to make mistakes and miss the passages, if only they can, in any way, get over the notes and arrive at the general effect. As a rule, pianists of this kind are not absolutely careless as to wrong notes. They play as correctly as their fingers will allow them; they usually appreciate and readily give expression to any harmonic beauties, and always play with feeling, but when executive difficulties appear they shirk them, and the effect of their performance is marred completely for the want of a little patient practice. These should bear in mind, that whilst it is indisputably true that feeling and intellect are the principal things, still a composer’s thought and intention can never be adequately rendered without the requisite training of the fingers, and if they pretend to do so without this careful preparation, they only insult the composer and their art.



The other fault we would notice is perhaps the rarest, and is difficult to define, unless we coin an expression and call it "Musical Generalization." The class of players to whom we now allude, are usually possessed of talent, nay genius ; they have generally worked hard for some years at the piano, and do not at all despise the necessary mechanical drudgery, on the contrary, they have often great natural facilities for the performing of passages, they are also good readers, and apparently have every requisite for a fine player and thorough artist. But, unfortunately this very facility is fatal to them. They read, execute, and understand a piece so well at first sight that it rapidly loses interest for them ; having a fair idea of it they discontinue practising it, and take up a new piece which soon shares the same fate. By this means these pianists become acquainted with a large number of works, all of which they play just well enough to make one wish they played them a little better, and made full use of their unusual talents. They begin to study singing, and, if blessed with a good voice, soon sing as well as they play. They always like part music, but here their generalizing tendency again shows itself, and they develop a faculty for taking any part, soprano, alto, bass or tenor, with equal ease, irrespective of sex. This, of course, damages the voice, but gains for them the character of "a useful person in a choir," of which, sooner or later, they are sure to be in the enviable position of director. Here they probably turn their attention to the Organ, which they "pick up" as readily as anything else, and so it goes on. Instead of being *either* a good pianist, singer, or organist, they are merely an unfinished monument of the uselessness of great talent without perseverance in any one thing. Such a one will say that they prefer an extended musical knowledge to the narrowing of their scope, merely to perfect a few songs and pieces for the gratification of others less gifted than themselves. This feeling is artistic, but not in the highest sense ; the man or woman who has thoroughly studied, thought out, and practised one of Beethoven's Sonatas, has a more "extended musical knowledge" than the one who has skimmed over half a dozen. Besides, they are, then, enabled to become a teacher and refiner of others who have appreciation and not talent, and who would never know all that Sonata contained, but by the rendering of it by one who has added to genius, patient study and labour. True art is not selfish, and he who has the rare gift of interpreting the masterpieces of musical art, has the duty laid on him to use it for the good of others, as well as his own pleasure and satisfaction.

Some of us may probably remember the slight difference of opinion which occurred between us and the residents of the United States, on the subject of the birthplace of Mdlle. Emma Albani. It is gratifying to know that an English paper, chronicling her triumphs in Paris, speaks of her as "the charming *Canadian* songstress." Her most successful rôles appear to have been Lucia, Gilda in "Rigoletto," and the "Sonnambula." Mdlle. Albani is, after all, the only first-class *prima donna* our country has produced. A certain Miss Swift, of Massachusetts, created some excitement in Italy, a month or two ago, and Miss Forsyth, of Fort Erie, is similarly engaged at the present time, but it is more than likely that they will disappear from public notice, just as Miss Tucker, of Virginia, appears to have done.

There has appeared in the columns of a recent number of the *Musical Times*, a letter referring to the text and titles of many of the "*Lieder Ohne Worte*," and the questions which it raises are so important that we feel compelled to in some measure quote them. So many conflicting editions of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words have, from time to time, been published, that the result is suggestive of the ship *Argo*, and we hope to find in the new edition shortly to be issued under the supervision of Julius Rietz, an edition which will henceforth be the standard and correct text for Mendelssohn. As for the titles given in some editions, not more than four were given by the composer, the others having been added, not by Stephen Heller, we hope, though this is generally maintained. The titles of "*Volkslied*" and "*Duetto*," were given by Mendelssohn, and their truth and aptitude can easily be admitted, but what can one do but reject such a title as "*The Fleecy Cloud*," for No. 2, Fourth Book, or "*The Estray*," for No. 4, Second Book, as being both spurious and absurd!

Apropos of Stephen Heller, we believe he is not as well known in this country as he deserves to be. True, his "*Nuits Blanches*," his "*Tarentelle*," and the easier "*Etudes*," form part of the répertoire of every ordinary pianist, but even these compositions are not studied in the way that so subtle a master of melody and counterpoint deserves. How charming are the "*Preludes*," the "*Arabesque*," and how exquisitely mournful the "*Promenades d'un Solitaire*." It is evident that he is not unappreciated in France, for a series of papers on his music and himself has appeared in the *Musical World*, signed "*Em. Mathieu de Montes*," characterized by an enthusiasm amounting to hero-worship.

Another youthful precocity has just cropped up in the shape of a youth named Filippo Tarallo, aged seventeen, who has set a five-act tragedy to music.

Miss Francesca Ferrari, known as a composer of songs, has lately completed a cantata, called "*A Cloud with a Silver Lining*." It was given by Sir George Elvey's choir, at Windsor, with so much success that it had to be repeated.

Wagner is working on a new opera entitled, "*Parcival*," as his admirers will be glad to know. Those who are not his admirers will have enjoyed, have they seen, the exquisitely comical travesty of the *Nibelungen*, which appeared in *Punch's Pocket Book*, entitled, "*A Wagnerian Teatrayology*."

A mania for monuments seems to be possessing the old world. Beethoven, Haydn, and Dejazet, are the candidates.

Grimm's unsurpassed Passion music, *Der tod Jesu*, was given on Ash Wednesday at the "*Special Services*," held at St. Gabriel's, Pimlico, London, and will be continued every Wednesday throughout Lent.

Patti, Lucca, Arnöt, Heilbroun, Stolz, and Rosetti, are maintaining the reputation of Europe at St. Petersburg. An easy matter one would think, unless jealousy haunts the female mind, as we are sometimes told.

With respect to our own immediate musical circles in Toronto, there is not much to chronicle. Preferring to take the concerts given by the Philharmonic Society, at intervals which we could wish were not so far removed one from the other, as better evidence of our musical growth than any other entertainments of the kind, still it is scarcely right to be absolutely silent

concerning the numerous small concerts for the benefit of churches and other institutions, that have been so well patronized during the last two or three months. Particularizing is unnecessary and would be difficult, but it may be remarked that, on the whole, the selections and performances, whether of amateurs or professionals, have been characterized by correct and even classical taste, and pleasing execution. The formation of an Operatic Company in our midst has been talked of for some time, and we understand that the efforts of a few well-known citizens in this direction have so far resulted favourably, that scores of the various operas proposed for practice have been sent for.

We have now a Philharmonic Society most ably and nicely conducted, and an Operatic Company, which, no doubt, will soon earn an equally creditable name for itself. Will not some enterprising musician or musicians organize a Glee Club for the proper rendition of part music amongst us, or will a third organization somewhat interfere with the excellent ones we now possess?

Perhaps it is wiser to rest content with these, seeing, indeed, that not too much interest and patronage has been afforded our existing Musical Institutions.

It is with cordial pleasure we notice the publication of a really good song, a Canadian production entitled "Those Cherished Ones at Home," words by Miss J. O'Doud, music by R. J. Thomas. The poetry is worthy of the name, and the music is even better than the poetry, and quite as good as the average songs published in the States, which would appear to sell as well here. Let us patronize our own productions decidedly, when they will allow us; in the present case the result can only be pleasure. The song is published in excellent form by Messrs. Suckling, Toronto.

With regard to the enthusiasm which Madame Essipoff seems to have inspired in the United States, there is something to be said, and that something the *Atlantic* for February has seized upon. The impression she has made is therein characterized as a questionable one, and of this we can have no doubt, if we believe, as we are asked to believe in the same article, that she has substituted a marked *forte* for *pianissimo* in a Beethoven Sonata, an instance of the bad musical influence the writer says she has been under. If this be true, two, and only two, excuses could possibly be made for what may be called a breach of musical faith. Madame Essipoff, if possessed of great and rare spontaneity and originality of genius, must sometimes break through what restraint her respect for the composer forces her to keep on herself, and under these circumstances she may almost create a Sonata, retaining, indeed, the notes and passages, but making the spirit of it all her own. Again, it is well known that, with regard to a number of Beethoven's Sonatas, their metro-nomising, and their peculiar marks of expression, are the subject of much discussion amongst musicians, the original marks given by the composer having been lost or mixed up hopelessly with others. However this may be, it is evident that Madame Essipoff is not the thorough artist we have supposed her to be, although, in genius and feeling she must surely far surpass Madame Goddard, with whose faultless, but cold performances we were disappointed last season.

## 'Twas the Master that Knocked at the Door.

Words by GEO. RUSSELL ANDERSON.

Music by C. A. WHITE.

*Introduction.*

Bitar.

- |          |         |                     |           |       |
|----------|---------|---------------------|-----------|-------|
| 1. En    | wrapp'd | in the mantle of    | night,    | Death |
| 2. The   | shad -  | ows are hasten -    | ing fast, | The   |
| 3. Death | stood   | not a - lone at the | bridge;   | Thy   |
| 4. Now   | hears   | he the sym-phonies  | grand,    | Now   |

waits at the bridge for his prey;  
 morning is gild-ing the east;  
 dear - ly-lov'd Master was there;  
 hears he the glad burst of song

And lit - tle the trav' - ler doth  
 The hall is pre-pared for the  
 He heard the last sob of thy  
 That wel-comes the Ransomed of

dream  
 guest,  
 gain,  
 God

That Death is op - pos - ing the way.  
 The ta - ble is set for the feast.  
 He heard the last breath of thy pray'r.  
 To the ranks of the an - gel - ic throng.

Se -  
 Al -  
 Thy  
 Safe

re - ne - ly, se - cure - ly he rides, Fast  
 read - y, thou hear - est the fall Of the  
 heart bled for chil - dren and wife, He  
 safe in the bo - som of Love, His

through the gloom of the night, Oh, ser - vant of God! thy dear  
 surge on E - ter - ni - ty's shore; Thy dear - ly lov'd chil - dren and  
 show'd a face wea - ry and worn, A deep, gap - ing wound in his  
 suff - rings re - mem - ber'd no more, He sings with the se - raph - ic

home Shall nev - er a - gain greet thy sight.  
 wife Shall wel - come thee home nev - er - more.  
 side, And hands and feet bleed - ing and torn.  
 choir, " 'Twas the the Mas - ter that knocked at door."

CHORUS.

Soprano.

Brave sol - dier of Christ, thou art gone, Thou hast

Alto.

art gone,

Tenor.

Brave sol - dier of Christ, thou art gone, art gone, Thou hast

Bass.

Accomp.

cross'd to E - ter - ni - ty's shore, Bravely thou didst "Hold the Fort" "Till thy

cross'd to E - ter - ni - ty's shore, Bravely thou didst "Hold the Fort" "Till thy

Mas - ter did knock at the door," Yes! Brave-ly thou didst "Hold the

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Fort" "Till thy Mas - ter did knock at the door."

Fort" "Till thy Mas - ter did knock at the door."

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand accompaniment. The vocal line includes lyrics and is marked with a 'V' for vocal. The piano accompaniment includes a 'P' for piano. The score is divided into two systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system contains the first two staves of music, and the second system contains the remaining four staves. The lyrics are: "Mas - ter did knock at the door," Yes! Brave-ly thou didst "Hold the" (twice), "Fort" "Till thy Mas - ter did knock at the door." (twice).

## Humorous Department.

### THE BARREL ORGAN.

It is a wily card-sharpér,  
 And he is one of three ;  
 " By thy rural beard ! " saith he to a friend !  
 " Now pick the king for me ! "

A wily card-sharper  
 rideth with two  
 confederates in the  
 train, and beggeth  
 one disguised as a  
 yeoman to bet on  
 the " three-card "  
 trick.

The sharper's fingers are grimed with dirt,  
 But, deft, forsooth, are they ;  
 And again and again in the Hendon train  
 The three-card trick they play.

He placeth the cards and with eager voice,  
 " Now, which is the king ? " quoth he.  
 " The middle one, " said the farmer man.  
 Eftsoons a sov. won he.

The pseudo-yeoman  
 betteth, and be-  
 cometh the winner  
 of a sovereign ster-  
 ling.

Then eke again he shuffleth them ;  
 " Now, which is the king ? " he quoth.  
 " 'Tis that for a pound ! " — " That ! I'll be bound ! "  
 And he pays a pound to both.

His other comrade  
 betteth as well,  
 and also winneth.

A stranger sat upon their right,  
 He cannot choose but hear ;  
 His face is thin, his hair is gray,  
 His eye is sharp and clear.

A stranger sitting  
 near vieweth the  
 sharpening, and is  
 entreated to join  
 in the betting.

A sharper sidleth up to him,  
 " Why bettest thou not ? " saith he.  
 For a moment's space the stranger's face  
 Was a wondrous thing to see.

" Come on, old boy, and try thy hand,  
 And pick the king for a quid.  
 Thou'rt sure to win a lot of tin,  
 As thou saw'st the farmer did. "

The stranger gazed upon the " sharp, "  
 And fixed him with his eye.  
 The " sharp " was spellbound 'neath that gaze ;  
 He knew not how nor why.

But fixeth the  
 " sharp " who en-  
 treateth him with  
 his eye, and ren-  
 dereth him spell-  
 bound.



Faster and faster went the train,  
The eye was on him still ;  
In vain he tried away to glide,  
The stranger hath his will.

At length those close-shaved lips did ope,  
And these the words they said :  
" Thou dost not know my name —is't so ?" —  
The sharper bowed his head.

And both the rest up closer press'd  
Away from the stranger gray ;  
But nought they miss'd, for they'd fain to list  
To what he had to say.

" I am a county magistrate,  
And eke an Assistant-Judge !"  
Now all the three turn ashen pale,  
And never an inch can budge.

" Thou mayst have heard of me before :  
My name is Serjeant Cox !"  
Then not a tooth but chattereth,  
Not a knee 'gainst knee but knocks.

" And thou has done a wicked thing  
In asking me to bet ;  
If I had thee at Clerkenwell  
Six months at least thou'dst get.

" Say, didst thou think," thus Serjeant C——.  
" I looked so very green ?—  
And have I, when my wig is doffed,  
So innocent a mien ?

" And can it be I seemed to thee  
A likely dupe to make ?  
Did my simplicity prevail  
On thee this step to take ?"

" Alack ! alack !" —this to himself,  
Whilst he unfixed his eye—  
" That they in me a victim saw !  
O, well-a-day ! and fie !

" O, fie ! and well-a-day !" quoth he—  
" O, well-a-day ? and fie !  
That they should make this strange mistake  
Not knowing ' *What Am I ?*'

He ultimately addresseth him, and surmiseth that he is ignorant of his identity, which the card-sharper admitteth.

His companions endeavour vainly to remove themselves from the stranger's influence ;

Who forthwith proclaimeth his offices,

And likewise his cognomen, the mention of which filleth his listeners with consternation and dismay.

The erst stranger continueth to upbraid the sharper for soliciting him to bet,

And putteth to him the possible reasons for this act.

He also condoleth with himself on the uncomplimentary action of the sharper towards him.

“ A problem psychological  
This clearly seems to be,  
That ‘ sharps ’ of such experience could  
Have so mistaken me.

And concludeth that  
it furnisheth a  
psychological prob-  
lem for his con-  
sideration.

“ Come, three-card tricksters, tell to me  
How happéd this thing to-day :  
I pray explain, why in this train  
Ye begged of me to lay.

He again appealeth  
to the tricksters to  
tell him their  
reason for imagin-  
ing him to be one  
of the simple ones  
of the earth,

“ Is there not something in my eye  
That speaks of legal might ?  
And are my chin and features thin,  
Not an impressive sight ?

“ Say, swindlers, hath it chanced to you  
To be at Clerkenwell ;  
And have your eyes, in other guise  
Not seen me there, now tell ? ”

And asketh them if  
they were ever  
haled up at the  
Middlesex Ses-  
sions.

The swindlers three did all agree  
They never had been there ;  
And craved his pardon that for him  
They'd spread the three-card snare.

They return a nega-  
tive reply ; and  
humbly beg the  
stranger's pardon  
for their misappre-  
hension.

“ God save thee, learned Serjeant C—,  
Now pardon us, we pray ! ”  
“ In sooth,” quoth he, “ you'd best beware  
Lest you're brought 'fore me some day.”

He consenteth in a  
qualified degree to  
forgive them, but  
warneth them as  
to the future.

And now the train comes to a stop,  
And quick bound out the three :  
They were the first card-sharps that burst  
Unscathed from Serjeant C—.

The train cometh to  
Holloway, and the  
sharps quickly  
decamp, leaving  
the learned Ser-  
jeant.

And he went on like one that's stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn ;  
A humbler and more modest man  
He rose the morrow morn.

Who pursueth his  
way to town, and  
taketh the lesson  
profundly to  
heart.

FASHION AND FOLLY SKETCHES.

LA BELLE MODESTE, RUE DU ROI.



Cut ! cruelly cut

Brown was a little put out at first.

She was tolerably well upholstered, however and cut a stylish figure on the Rink.



Meets the object of her aversion, and loses her equilibrium.



But after Luncheon "is himself again."



"Marry come up." "What a falling off was there."

The sarcastic Brown calls it a fall in Jute.