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THE ATTEMPT

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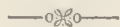
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THE ATTEMPT.

ERRATA.



Page 41, line 20, *for* "earth heaven-bright," *read* "earth-heaven bright."

Page 92, line 22, *for* "Stuarts," *read* "Staverts."

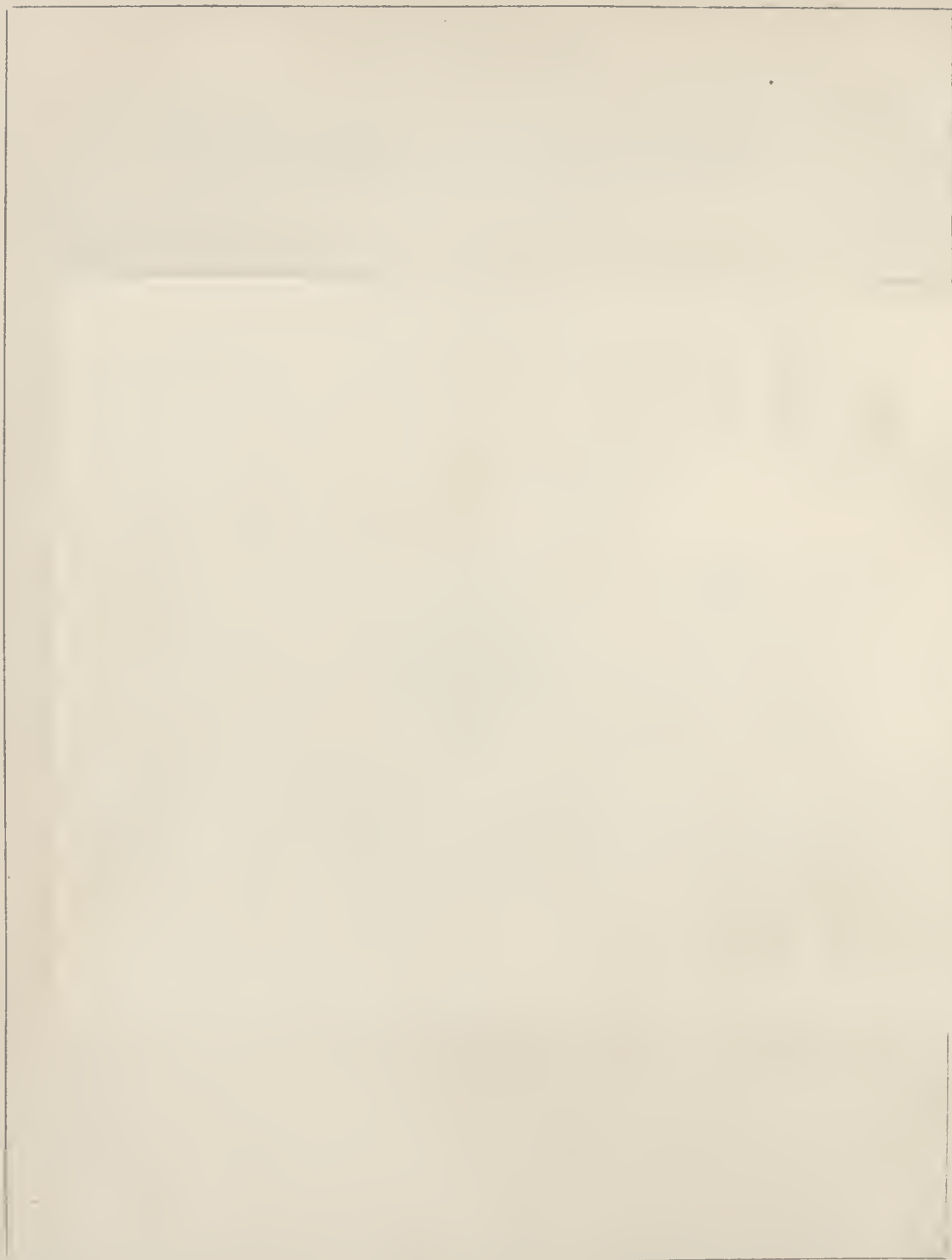
Page 92, line 32, *for* "Cora," *read* "Oona."

Page 93, line 10, *for* "Ebbe," *read* "Elbe."

Page 94, line 8, *for* "Erngebirge," *read* "Erzgebirge."

Page 227, line 14, *for* "Oudinny," *read* "Ondinny."

the remark of meteorologists. Time was when travellers' tales of the eccentricities of other climates moved our far-off wonder. We heard of the desert simoon, the West Indian cyclone, or the China floods, and we congratulated ourselves on the immunities enjoyed by our otherwise variable climate. But such extremities seemed almost brought within the limits of our own experience, when the winds lashed themselves into the fury of hurricanes, to the destruction of life and property, and our best behaved rivers converted their patron towns into very Venices. Astonished



THE ATTEMPT.



A Biennial Milestone.

IN the opening pages of this Magazine for the year that died as the past year began its course, Elsie Strivelyne discoursed to us, in her closely thoughtful style, from some of the texts inscribed on the milestones of national and individual life ; some of which are Ebenezers of joy and thankfulness ; others, tombstones recording grief or disappointment ; and most of all, finger-posts set up to mark important stages in the journey of life, and pointing out the way to the future. Since that seasonable sermon, the distance we have travelled along the dusty highway of Time has brought us up again and yet again in front of one of those timeous monuments, gazing whereon we read so many truths and lessons, that the opportunity for moralizing seems at hand once more. Preach we then to all who care to listen.

To prove that the times in which we live deserve the erection of a high recording-stone in Time's druidical circle, the oracular prophecies of would-be priests to the great arch-Druid are not needed to be fulfilled. Neither is the end of the world arrived, nor the millennium begun, in accordance with their predictions: the world's present life-like vigour defying all historical comparison, unless, perhaps, in the case of antedeluvian activity.

Within the last two years, strange peculiarities in our weather have attracted the remark of meteorologists. Time was when travellers' tales of the eccentricities of other climates moved our far-off wonder. We heard of the desert simoon, the West Indian cyclone, or the China floods, and we congratulated ourselves on the immunities enjoyed by our otherwise variable climate. But such extremities seemed almost brought within the limits of our own experience, when the winds lashed themselves into the fury of hurricanes, to the destruction of life and property, and our best behaved rivers converted their patron towns into very Venices. Astonished

comment on volcanic eruptions, astronomical phenomena, and elemental wars abroad, might well give place, when we ourselves had cause to discourse of "Last week's Tornado," the late "Shower of Stars," and the disastrous results of the "Inundation," reported in yesterday's newspapers. The terrible exploits of the elements, that have been so particularly noteworthy in our high and windy city for two successive springs, must have supplied "weather conversation extraordinary" for weeks, and thus done much towards redeeming that august theme of universal comment from its usual commonplace reputation.

To turn from elemental strifes to national irreconcilabilities,—look at what has been the menacing attitude of warlike Europe, and then listen to her peaceful protestations! *La Paix*, cries France, the leader, donning her panoply provided by new army grants, and strengthening her fleet limbs with ironclads. The other nations dutifully re-echo her words, taking care to follow her action's example. Prussia, clutching dismembered Germany in her eagle talons, with constant pecking nearly annihilates ill-used little Denmark; while Russia, ready to spring on Turkey, casts a wolfish eye towards our Indian possessions, to which a new passage has been opened alike to friend and foe in the latest triumph of engineering science of this scientific age, just inaugurated by the presence of all the crowned heads of Europe or their representatives. Poor, poor Italy, mourning the departed glory of her gone youth, and uncertain to which of the offering quacks to entrust the task of renovating her charms and influence, yet supports the trembling old Pope in her weary arms. The power of that gentle life should surely, while it lasts, restrain the meeting of turbulent oppositions. But, O Hispania! what can be said of thy sad fate? Richest of all European countries in resources, but with their development dependent on the darkest form of religious superstition, can any one wonder that these wells of good have been poisoned into putrid springs, or converted into mere stagnant pools of noxious evil, and that with but a glimmering of light at last shining on the deep darkness, despotism has only been exchanged for anarchy? Distracted must be the gropings till the clear light shall arise, but the shadow upon Spain has been too deep not to foretell the approach of dawn, when once more the noble old spirit of its ancient heroes and bards will awake the torpor of present ignorance, and bathe the land of the Cid and Cervantes in the rays of true enlightenment.

From all the entanglements of the Continental *imbroglio* has Great Britain stood superbly aloof, blessed in the pursuance of a most statesmanlike "Peace-at-any-price policy;" so that as a contrast to this state of sleepy quiescence, it was quite encouraging and refreshing to find that the British Lion could do more than growl in

reply to the practised insults of his African brethren. Many and cutting were the animadversions bestowed on the abettors of the brave and enterprising "Abyssinian Expedition" when it started; but the return of the noble warrior-explorers, in all the fulness of victorious achievement, must have satisfied all but the most ill-natured and selfish dissatisfaction, by adding another to the list of the triumphs of British arms, and varnishing anew Britain's old chivalrous reputation, now so sadly stripped of the terrors it was wont to inspire in foreign evil-doers, when the "Iron Duke" lived to "keep the powder dry."

Obsolete customs are apt to be despised, but if the national will has not seen fit to keep this precept, our enemies have shown its use, and, in particular, we should feel indebted to our Yankee brethren, for the lesson they gave us in the gift of the Fenians. Treated as an insignificant little serpent, and trampled carelessly as a mere mountain adder, Fenianism grew to a great hydra with so many heads, that, like his illustrious prototype, the British Hercules found none but the extremest of stamping-out measures effective,—a policy which, however reluctantly pursued, has proved itself the most humane in the long-run, which bids fair to be indeed a long one, as, notwithstanding the greatest sacrifices and conciliations, Ireland is not yet satisfied. And yet the fate of the Irish church is sealed! a boon that was to have provided the panacea for "all the ills that Irish flesh is heir to."

More serious yet, in its general consequences, is the national *bouleversement* of class distinctions, introduced by the latest acceptance of the principle of reform, to which such effect has been given in the late general election. As this Magazine is non-political, far be it from us to obtrude our politics on its readers, the rather that we acknowledge ours to be somewhat decided; but in reviewing the events of two years unusually eventful in constitutional changes, it would be the ineffective performance of our task to refrain altogether from comment. The great mind of the nation has shown itself eminently liberal by the powerful voice of the numerical majorities lately enfranchised, and especially so in Scotland, possibly because the people are more independent and educated than their brethren south of the Tweed. It does not follow, however, that the independence and education are correctly exercised, as there is a palpably dangerous tendency in the human mind to let a sense of freedom run away with one, and to use knowledge as power, rather than responsibility. We have never seen this so clearly described and exemplified as in Bulwer Lytton's very best work that is known to us,—*"My Novel,"* a perusal of which we would fain commend to all the radical spirits of the age. The heart of the British people is undoubtedly true and good at the core, but at this

critical juncture some warning seems advisable against the evils of a course of pulling down old strongholds for the mere love of new erections, no better in structure and materials, and wanting in the respectability of age and experience, or for the sake of "playing Polonius" to an adored leader's Hamlet. Time, too, has dealt hardly with us in this respect, taking from the front ranks of our ruling wisdom all but the lasting name of one who had

"The poet's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue sword,"

and in his country's cause toiled nobly,—with the head of a statesman, the heart of a poet, the soul of a patriot, and all the chivalrous devotion of the old English aristocracy, of which he was the modern *preux chevalier*. But though this "hero of a hundred fights" has fallen in the field, his honours descend to a representative of his noble name and race, who yet rears the time-worn banner, round which, as to a well-known standard, the old faithful lances press, and again "Stanley is the cry!"

In the annals of modern heroism, there is yet another name, covered with well-won honours, whose sound is just now specially associated with the hope of added lustre of new and hitherto unparalleled achievement. The lately-received letters from Dr Livingstone not only point to the realization of the nation's long-cherished expectation of seeing the great traveller return, but indicate the probability of the fulfilment of Sir Roderick Murchison's prophecy, that he will do so by Egypt, there meeting his brother-explorer, Sir Samuel Baker; and when his unwearying foot again presses British ground, after traversing the unknown waste of the entire breadth of the African Continent, he will surely receive a welcome worthy the Columbus of a new world.

In these days of severe testing of all opinion and institutions, theological controversy is specially rife, and religious systems, forms of government and creeds, share the common convulsion. The Church of Rome, sensible of her equivocal position in Italy, and danger in Spain, has been most industrious in England. The preparations for the Œcumenical Council, now met at Rome, as the diminished representative of the famous old council at Nice, have at last given the cue to Protestant zeal, of which the King of Prussia has required the exercise in the celebration of Luther's birthday, in thankful remembrance of the services rendered by the great Reformer to the cause of religious freedom. The troubles of the religious world call upon the spirit of Truth to help her sister Protestantism against the united powerful enmity of Ritualism and Rationalism, the mere modern developments of

superstition and infidelity, disguised respectively as devotional zeal and calm scientific reason. While the Church of England is more particularly liable to the plausibilities of the former, Presbyterianism suffers from the sophistries of the latter. Such are the attractions of Germanism for the Scotch mind, that free-thinking tenets walk about under the mask of liberality, to the endangerment of steady principles such as our noble reformers rooted in their country's heart. If we people of England and Scotland adhere to all the traditions of our fathers that are right and noble, the national churches will stand; desert them, and, stigmatized as encumbrances, our Churches will fall, and other representatives reign in their stead.

After religion and politics, education is *the* question of the day, and a sufficiently difficult and distracting one. The cry is for a national system,—a large body of public opinion inclining to its being enforced by compulsory measures; but in matters affecting the exercise of will, moral suasion is the only true power, as such educational theorists will sooner or later find out, the more so that the adoption of a compulsory system necessarily involves what is called the “unsectarian clause,” by which the element of religious instruction is eliminated from the daily teaching of the proposed national schools. This is an alarming possibility, which cannot be too strongly deprecated in these days of sharp religious controversy, against the dangers of which young people require to be trained up in the faith of the Scriptures. As an example of the excellent results attending a sound religious, as well as secular education, Scotland can point to her parish schools, and quote what such men as Lord Napier of Magdala have said of the effects of their training observable in after life. The discussion of the technical and classical systems may, we hope, lead to the adoption of the first without discarding the second, as the study of science at school has been eminently successful in Prussia, and may well be so in England; while, on the other hand, the ancient languages have long proved a training power for the mental faculties, unequalled but by arithmetic and mathematics.

The mention of these branches leads us to the advances now being made in what must be to us the yet more interesting department of female education. Without entering upon the wide arena of controversy opened up by the question, as to the point up to which a woman may safely be educated, we venture modestly to assert that she may, without peril, get the benefit of a little more than she has yet done, and on that we think there can be but one opinion. The danger lies in running to extremes, which must ever bring any untried system into disrepute, and finally prove

its death-blow. We are no ardent advocates of ladies' colleges out and out, but warmly approve the plan of following up the school education of girls by such a course of instruction as is offered in the prospectus of the "Edinburgh Ladies' Educational Association." Success attend its efforts, so long as they are directed towards the accomplishment of this desirable end !

Of the literature of the day we have only to say that, of the many marvels of this fast age, it presents one of the most marvellous, in the extraordinary taste displayed for what is called "light reading." Science has always her votaries, who roam as ever delighted in the kingdom of thought ; but it seems as if the grand principle on which the mental food of the great majority is supplied were, that it is very easily swallowed, and with no trouble about the digestion. Our vision of the reading world is generally *en voyage* in railway carriages and in steamboats, its pockets filled with light literature, which "he who runs may read." In particular, the extraordinary appetite developed for the mental cramming of periodicals, may render a philanthropic critic solicitous regarding the quality and calibre of magazine-writing. Newspapers there are of all grades and for all grades in society, whose social tastes are generally the reflection of their political tenets ; and outside the charmed circle of true humour, that laughs amiably at all absurdities, have arisen scurrilous publications, that deal in rough sarcasm and empty bombast, "to tickle" the eyes as well as "the ears of the groundlings;" but with the graver magazine-writing that supplies graver needs, the highest responsibility rests. What is most to be dreaded is flimsiness. "Pray you avoid it." *The Attempt* has its own duty to perform in this particular; and while duly recommending the charms of a sketchy style of writing, as appropriate to a ladies' magazine, we would impress upon the adherents of this periodical never thereby to be seduced from the singleness of aim and earnestness of purpose which constitute the strength of all literature. Whatsoever is true and pure and noble, let it be read in the pages of *The Attempt*, and it will meet a ready response in the hearts of the much-maligned "Women of the Period."

ELFIE.



The Baron de Montigny.

FLORENCE DE MONTMORENCY, SEIGNEUR DE MONTIGNY, who was sent to Madrid in 1562 as Envoy from the Netherlands to the Spanish Court, was, after having been detained in Spain for five years, ostensibly at liberty, but virtually a prisoner, seized and confined in the *Alcazar* of Segovia at the close of the year 1567. One day in the following July, the captive's ear was arrested by the notes of a song in the language of his fatherland. The burden of the song proved to be the tragic fate of his brother Count Horn, and of his friend Count Egmont, mingled with a warning as to his own certain doom, if he were unable to escape before it should be too late. The friendly singers then went their way ; but their tale and warning roused Montigny to attempt an escape from his prison, which was, however, frustrated, and the unfortunate Envoy was secretly strangled on the 16th of October 1570.— *Vide* Motley's " Rise of the Dutch Republic," vol. ii., p. 259, *et seq.*

HOTLY gleam'd the Spanish noonday— Gleam'd through bolt and bar, To the lonely captive watching In the Alcazar.	Ah ! his heart had fled the prison ; For the heart is free, And the spirit scorns the fetters Of captivity.
--	--

Dreamy sounds came floating upwards From the world below, Tread and shout of busy hundreds Passing to and fro.	" Weary, weary is this bondage, Will it never cease ? Must I languish here forgotten, Hopeless of release ?
---	--

Each man went his way care-laden ; Was there of them all One who cast a glance of pity On that high tower wall ;	" Nine long months, and still no tidings From the world without ! Even a bloody fate were welcome ; Better death than doubt.
---	---

Where the tyrant's noble victim, Watched with jealous care, Darkly mused in brooding anguish, Deepening to despair ?	" Why, alas ! did Fate e'er lead me To this hateful strand, Where my heart grows sick with longing For my own dear land ?
---	--

Pale his brow with sorrow's pallor, Sad the upturned eye, Strained to pierce the radiant glory Of the summer sky.	" Where, in halls that own no master, Sits my widowed bride, Mourning for her lord, so early Parted from her side.
--	---

"Where my babe, whose smile hath never
 Blessed his father's eyes,
 Makes the gloomy walls re-echo
 With his mirthful cries.

"Where my gallant brother labours
 In our country's cause,
 Grant, O God! *his* pathway lead not
 To the lion's jaws."

Hark! the sound of minstrel voices!
 And the captive's brow,
 Casting off its deadly pallor,
 Flushes crimson now.

See! his pale lips quiver wildly,
 And his eyes grow dim,
 And a pulse of strong emotion
 Throbs through every limb.

"Is it but my wayward fancy,
 Cheating my fond ear?
 Or are those indeed the accents
 Of my home I hear?"

"Ah! what memories of gladness,
 From the bygone days,
 Do they stir within my spirit,
 Those familiar lays.

"Surely heaven hath in its mercy
 Sent this minstrel band,
 Thus to soothe my weary bondage
 In a cruel land."

But too soon the short-lived pleasure
 Changed to chilling woe,
 As this strain with direful clearness
 Echoed from below.

"Gallant Seigneur de Montigny,
 List the tale we tell!
 Listen! though each cruel accent
 Smite thee like a knell.

"Many a weary mile we've wandered
 With our heavy tale,
 If, perchance, our solemn warning
 Might with thee prevail.

"Dark and chill the storms have gather'd
 O'er our country now,
 And men's hearts, well-nigh despairing,
 'Neath the tempest bow.

"For fierce murder, gory-fingered,
 Shakes her reeking brand,
 And the blood of slaughtered thousands
 Crieth from the land.

"And thou, too, must weep, O captive!
 Friend and kindred dead,—
 Noble Horn and princely Egmont
 Sleep in gory bed.

"Rouse thee, then, O brave Montigny!
 Ere it be too late,
 Ere the tyrant's malice hurl thee
 To a bloody fate.

"Prison bolts will yield like water
 To a golden key.
 Why, then, pine in hateful durance,
 If thou may'st be free?"

Then the warning strain grew silent,
 But the captive's soul,
 'Neath a flood of new-born feelings,
 Swayed beyond control.

Bitter grief and fear and anger	Fear, how soon made sadly certain !
Struggled wildly there,	Hope, alas ! how vain !
With a trembling hope, that o'er them	Never shalt thou, hapless Baron,
Shot with fitful glare.	Tread free ground again.

Two dark years thou still must languish,
 Tyranny's doomed slave,
 Till a blood-stained gateway lead thee
 To a martyr's grave.

MEIGEAG BILEAG.



The Conventual System.

THERE can be no doubt that the case recently brought before the public,—that of Saurin *versus* Starr, with its disclosures of the petty tyranny, the ignoble toil, and the many humiliations of a nun's life,—rudely dissolved the charm with which many imaginative minds must have invested the conventual system. Instead of the ideal nun, "sober, steadfast, and demure," kneeling before the cross in patient expectancy of the life to come, which should make up for all privations, loneliness, and pain in this present existence, hearing the tumult of the world afar off, as inland listeners may hear the waves upon the shore,—we have a nondescript being, half child, half old maid—greedy, sordid, foolish, pining for the vanities outside the convent walls, yet too cowardly to venture into the world again. But are we to take her for our ideal, discarding the thought that any women of a better type than the last-mentioned are contained in convents? Surely no. There are some, certainly, who go into convents as they would go to balls, for the sake of a new sensation; and I can well imagine that to such the daily hardship and privation of convent life would be a painful disillusion, causing them at once to shrink back into the world, or, if that were impossible, to go on leading a peevish and useless existence, fretful and hopeless.

But are there not others who would hail with thankfulness, ignorant but sincere, the opportunity for self-sacrifice,—for devotion, for giving up body and spirit to the harsh rules and blind obedience of such a system? If it is not so, why has the conventual system continued to our day? If only the foolish and weak-minded

have sought the shelter of monasteries and nunneries, where has been the force which has maintained them all this time? The reason why so many resorted to them in the ancient days is plain: learning and the arts were unable to flourish anywhere else in those ages of iron, some of the noblest spirits in all ages and countries were glad to seek shelter from lawless violence where the wildest oppressor could not reach them; and if even men shrank into cloister shades to pursue peaceful arts, how much more women? In those times there was no life for a woman, except as a wife or a nun. Either some "baron bold," hard-headed, hard-fisted, and possibly, hard-hearted, like many of his contemporaries, who would serve as an efficient protector till he was surprised by guile or slain in battle, or the "bridal with heaven," and living burial for the rest of your life. A single woman of mature years was an anomaly,—as she is still in most countries on the Continent,—though not here, where she is, as the author of "A week at a French Country House" says, "an institution."

And, let me say in passing, a most important one. What should we do without the old maids whom I have heard called "the green lanes of English life," the connecting links between family and family, dear to all, yet specially tied to none, the universal sympathizers and repositories of everybody's secrets? Where would be the aunts who, not only in stories but in real life, are such indulgent friends and relatives? What is a married aunt? Considered as an aunt, of what value is she? Her husband and children occupy all her time and thoughts; you, her insignificant niece or nephew, are comparatively nothing to her. Quite right and natural that it should be so, but the real aunt is the maiden aunt. She will not confide your private affairs to her husband, or draw invidious comparisons between you and her children, as she might have done had she been married; she will act as a horse or a cow to any extent in your early childhood, and listen to your troubles as you grow up, after everybody else is sick of them and of you. May old maids never fail from out the land, say I! For one who is smaller, more spiteful and peevish than most married women, ten are more unselfish, more devoted, more excellent.

But, to return to the single woman of past centuries. What was the use of her? Unable to fight, unable to distinguish herself in any way, unfit to protect herself, or to be in the world at all. Much better had she never come into it; but, since she is there, let her to a convent instantly; let her leave the merry maidens whose life is still before them, and the stately matrons who have duties and cares, sons and daughters, and take refuge in the only place which is found for her under the sky. "She will doubtless have a reward," thought the spirit of the time, this

poor lonely creature, all whose womanly tenderness has been crushed and cancelled ; there is something laid up for her, which we, who enjoy this present life, cannot expect ! She was half-pitied, half-envied ; pitied, perhaps, by mothers when the sweet laughter of their children was ringing in their ears ; envied, when all was silence, and they could think of the time when the dearest voices should grow faint, the dearest hands unclasp their hold, and they should go forth alone into eternity. We can see the necessity for convents then ; but now, and in this Protestant country, their existence appears absurd. Still they *do* exist, and therefore some must be found to go into them.

Let us try, therefore, to examine into the reasons which induce people to do so, and also into the effect which such a life is likely to have upon those who lead it. The reason which is generally assigned for such a step as entering a convent, is disgust with the world and the things of the world. But I think, in a country like this, where the women are bound in a three-fold chain of conventionality, some stronger reason than “a yawning fit o’er books and men,” would be required to induce them to break through it, even for the purpose of binding themselves to a far harder bondage. “You shall be tied up tight,” says Society ; “I will tie your hands from working, your feet from wandering out of my narrow way. Believe me, it is the right one. Your grandmother, a far better woman than you, walked in it for a matter of seventy years. Oh ! you have come to a stone, and fallen down, have you, and actually hurt yourself ? So did she. Get up again and go on. You shall find yourself, whenever you attempt to follow any particular bent, suddenly stopped by a blank wall of custom and prejudice, but you shall not devise bonds for yourself. You shall remain apparently free, really fettered, like the rest of your sex, and be thankful that you are an Englishwoman.”

Who shall rise up and say, “I am a woman, not a girl any longer. For more than ten years I have run the gauntlet of the correct amusements and occupations of my sex. They are wearisome, and I am weary ; therefore I will defy society and go into a convent” ? Will not a stronger, higher motive than mere weariness be needful for such a step ? And where is such a motive to be found ? Where, if not in the very qualities which, rightly and wisely directed, make a woman the joy of her home, the comfort and stay of all about her, so dear and so noble, that the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, and her children rise up and call her blessed ?

Some women are born with a passion for self-sacrifice. To endure, to love, to give up their own will and wish, is with them an instinct. And such women may, I do

not say *will*, look round them, and see no room for anything but self-indulgence. Perhaps they are so situated that whatever they do might be better done by some one else. And upon such women an easy, comfortable, sheltered existence, will weigh like a sense of crime. "Where is the cross I am to bear? where is the work I am to do? Where is the truth of those words of St Paul, himself a lonely, unresting wanderer,—“For none of you liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself”? So they may say, as they feel their youth fading, and their world growing no broader, no loftier. The bloom is falling, where is the fruit? And they begin to think of an existence whose every step is a sacrifice, as a welcome change.

I don't think such women would be deterred from entering a convent by the revelations of the late trial, by the prospect of having to sweep floors and scrub stairs. Yet these are the very women who should be kept in the world, kept there that their light may shine before men, that their unselfish lives may nerve others to follow their example. Let the weak, the idle, the careless, seek a new "distraction," as the French call it, in the cloister; but let the earnest, the devoted, the true-hearted stay where they can be of use. If those who would fain

"Fill their odorous lamps with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame,"

are to quench their shining within convent walls, and only the will-o'-the-wisp brilliancy that flutters lightly among the snares of life, is to be left,—the world will grow dark indeed.

Now, let us look at the effect such a life would probably produce upon those who entered it. I do think that the best women who did so would suffer the most in mind and character. God sets us to grow up together, men with women, brothers with sisters, children with parents; and if, unloosing all these bonds, we make to ourselves new ones, becoming one of a sisterhood, and subject to a woman, who has no natural authority over us, we are sure to suffer for it. "Yes," some one may say, "but no one goes into a convent expecting enjoyment; *that* could be found elsewhere. It is peace, quiet, self-immolation, that is sought for there." But is peace to be found by leaving all that our hearts cling to? will self be forgotten because we are so much left alone with it? Shall we not find that we have brought with us into the narrow cell the same spirit that made the world a place of temptation and difficulty, and will not nature revenge herself upon us in secret for trampling upon her laws? Will not the best woman who shall ever wear a nun's veil, waken with a start some day to the thought that she might have gone heavenward, with loving eyes about her,

with strength that grew tender for her sake to lean upon, that she might have been true woman, and yet true saint?

The effect of a convent life upon the mind would be, I should think, extremely narrowing. Whether you are clever or stupid, it is well for you frequently to meet with your superiors in mental faculties. And a cultivated, thoughtful woman would certainly not be likely to meet with hers among a number of persons of her own sex who lived shut out from the world, ignorant of literature, except a few mythical lives of saints, as improbable, though not as amusing, as the Arabian Nights, and whose artistic tastes, if they had any, could not find exercise except in the adornment of some shrine with flowers. The narrow round of duties, penances, and tasks, would soon warp and wither the intellect; and the intelligent, high-minded woman would sink to the level of a grumbling, gossiping school-girl, without the prospect of ultimately rising higher. Or, even if this did not happen, how pitiful to shrink into one's self, among those who looked forward with dull inertness to a long changeless life, and those who enjoyed the petty pleasures afforded them one moment, and fretted over the privation of the convent the next! No; if we "present our bodies a living sacrifice," let it not be by shutting them up within convent walls. Any one who read an article in "Good Words" for 1868, setting forth how a young and delicate girl left her home, in order to learn nursing, and lived and died among hospitals and work-houses, tending the poor and needy, and earning for herself, by her faithfulness unto death, a crown of life, must have seen that there are other ways of consecrating body and soul for those to whom the duties of mother or sister, daughter or wife, have not been given.

O. M.

Grace Crichton's Wedding.

"IF it really is the rule of the house," said cousin Charley's wife, as we were all sitting round the fire at grandpapa's, last Christmas eve,— "and if I must tell a story even though I don't know one, I think I had better tell you about my cousin Grace Crichton's wedding, and all that happened at Netherhope that week,—only, mind it's no story." We all promised contentment with whatever she might tell us, for Charley's pretty young bride had taken all our hearts by storm; and she began:—

"You all know that I was an orphan and an heiress, and that I was brought up at Netherhope by my uncle, George Crichton. I was seven years old when I

went to Netherhope, and my cousin Grace, Uncle George's only daughter, was about six months younger. I can just remember her mother, who died very shortly before Uncle George took me home to be a companion for Grace, who was very lonely, poor little motherless thing ! among all the boys, good-natured and kind though they were to her. So Grace and I grew great friends very soon, and I was very happy at Netherhope. Uncle George treated me in all respects like a daughter, the boys were like brothers, and Grace the very dearest of sisters ; so, orphan though I was, mine was a happy childhood.

"I needn't describe Netherhope ; it's large, and old, and eerie, and it stands away up among the Lanarkshire hills. Two generations back it belonged to an old Lord Justice-Clerk,—I forget his name just now,—a regular Judge Jeffries he must have been, from the stories that hung about the place ; and well do I remember how old Bell's throat,—'Whist ! or the auld Justice-Clerk 'll get ye !' used to be sufficient to quell the wildest storm of rebellion in the Netherhope nursery. His bed was extant,—such a relic of barbarism ! and his arm-chair, and some other things ; but I especially remember his chessmen,—next to hanging, I believe his passion was chess,—which stood under a glass case in the drawing-room, where Grace and I used to go and look at them, and wonder what the different pieces meant. We knew they were for playing a game of some kind ; and I remember we agreed that the red pieces must have been those used by the Lord Justice-Clerk, and that his hands had stained them red with blood.

"But to come back to my story. Life went on very tranquilly at Netherhope till Grace and I were seventeen, and our governess left us. Then two important events happened ; the first a very distressing one,—my cousin Archy, Uncle George's third son, ran away. He was a wild idle boy of fifteen, impatient of all rule and discipline, and detesting work of every kind. At last, after a violent quarrel with his father about some flagrant piece of idleness, Archy disappeared, and search for him was in vain. We wrote, and advertised, and took all possible steps to find some trace of him ; but none was found, and after some months of wearing anxiety and constant exertion, the search was given up as hopeless. The other event was a letter from Grandmama Lascelles, asking me to go and live with her in London,—an invitation which I accepted, as you all know. I was sorry to leave the country, and Uncle George, and the boys, and above all, Grace ; but I was tired of the regularity of our life at Netherhope,—tired of long walks, and long lessons, and long sermons,—tired of our quiet Lanarkshire neighbours, and desperately anxious to see the world,—so I accepted. Grandmama sent a very polite note to Uncle

George, asking him to allow Grace to come up with me for a visit ; and Uncle George returned an equally polite refusal. There is no love lost between these two, as I have seen many a time. And so I left Netherhope. The sun was setting behind Tinto as Uncle George drove me to the station, and Clyde was all a flood of gold and red with the reflected light ; and oh ! I should have been glad to change my mind and go back,—but it was too late ; and I went to grandmama, and for more than four years I saw nothing more of Lanarkshire.

“Last November,—a thick foggy day it was, I remember—I got a letter from Grace, announcing her approaching marriage, and asking grandmama and me to come north and be present at the ceremony. I accepted at once, and after a little hesitation so did grandmama,—and the 3d or 4th of January found me in Lanarkshire once again. Oh, it was cold, so bitterly cold ! Snow on all the hills, ice on all the lochs, frost and icicles everywhere ! and in spite of all the wraps Grace had sent in the carriage that brought us from the station, we were half frozen when we reached Netherhope, and saw them all standing to welcome us in the blaze of the light and warmth that poured out from the great open hall-door. Uncle George lifted me, an animated bundle of shawls, from the carriage, greeted me with that short sharp salute of his, and then turned to receive Grandmama Lascelles, while I hastily shook hands with Jamie and Sandy, threw my arms round Grace, and hugged her to my heart’s content. My dear pretty Grace ! I wish I could make you all understand how pretty and sweet she is ; but I never saw a face more difficult to describe. There are some lines of Mrs Browning’s that come nearer the thing than any description I could give ; but there is a look of firmness about Grace’s lips that they leave out altogether :—

“ Her face is lily-fair,
Lily-shaped, and drooped in duty
To the law of its own beauty ;
Oval cheeks encoloured faintly,
Which a trail of golden hair
Keeps from fading off to air ;
And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine.”

“A few hours afterwards came the time I had been looking forward to ever since I received Grace’s letter. Uncle George and Grandmama Lascelles sat down to backgammon—(backgammon and politics were the only two subjects on which they thoroughly agreed, so all tea-time we had talked politics, and lamented the liberal

ascendancy in Lanarkshire) ; Jamie and Sandy went off to their books ; and Grace and I sat on the low broad sofa beside the fire, and took hold of each other's hands, and began to 'talk it all over.' Family news first, for though letters had informed me of all that could be called events, there were a thousand details I longed to hear. How Hugh and George were married, and in India with their regiments ; how Jamie was going to the bar, and Sandy wished to be a minister ; how no tidings, good or bad, had ever come of Archy.

"All this we discussed, and all this converged and centred in the one topic of absorbing interest to us both,—Grace's approaching wedding. I had a thousand questions to ask concerning the bridegroom elect, George Lockhart ; for though now a Lanarkshire laird, he had inherited Hunthill from an uncle, and had been but little at Netherhope in my time. I just could remember a tall boy, with curly black hair and big brown eyes, coming to one of Uncle George's shooting-parties with old Mr Lockhart of Hunthill. 'He remembers you better than that, Bessie,' said Grace. 'He remembers how proud you were of your Highland blood, and of that old Gordon tartan dress you used to wear ; and he used to like you better than me then, he says. I do hope you'll like him, Bessie,' and Grace nestled closer to me on the sofa. 'I'll like any one who makes you happy, Gracie,' said I, 'and I don't expect to find him *entirely* objectionable. Why ! it can't be prayer-time already !' But it was ; and our conversation had to be suspended for the night.

"I was to sleep in grandmama's dressing-room ; but after I had helped her to undress, and seen her comfortably established in the gigantic four-poster, I sat long by the fire in her room, combing my hair, and listening to her remarks on the Netherhope family. 'Pretty girl Grace has turned out, Bessie ! very pretty, and with a sort of elegance about her, too, though she wants style terribly. But how very firm and determined her manner is ! not masculine in the least, you know, but just with that quiet composed way that shows she has a will of her own. Not the least like her poor dear mother, who never could make up her mind for herself ! Grace has all her father's obstinacy,—I can see it in her eyes, and in the set of her mouth. I never liked Mr Crichton, Bessie, my dear, as I daresay I've told you before—never could get on with him. But your grandfather had the strangest fancy for him, and your poor dear Aunt Carrie was so devotedly attached to him, that I had to give in. But I didn't like him—cold and sarcastic and obstinate he always was, and so plain-looking ! so different from *your* father, who was the handsomest man in the regiment, and so high-spirited and gay ! Ah yes, he was a true highlander,—as different as possible from that cold reserved lowlander George Crichton. But you don't re-

member your father, my dear.' 'Scarcely,' said I, as my thoughts wandered off to the time long since past, when Uncle George and my father were subalterns together in Grandpapa Lascelles' regiment; and I smiled to myself as I thought, that had Uncle George not been the Laird of Netherhope, with a well filled purse and 'a lang pedigree,' my easy-tempered grandfather's 'strange fancy,' and poor soft pretty Aunt Carrie's 'devoted attachment,' would have stood him in little stead with Grandmama Lascelles. 'Cold and sarcastic and obstinate!' Ah, no. I, even I, knew better. I never saw any man capable of such deep and tender and enduring love as my uncle George Crichton.

"Then I sat thinking of my handsome young father, whom I could just remember; of my mother, whom I never had known; while grandmama talked on about Uncle George's curious taste in waistcoats, Grace's old-fashioned muslin dress, Jamie's red hair, Sandy's deplorable accent, the elder sons' marriages, and poor Archy's mysterious fate, till her voice died away, and was succeeded by a gentle ladylike snore; and I roused myself with a start to find that the fire was nearly out. My old terror for the Lord Justice-Clerk was still strong upon me, and I was very thankful that I had not to traverse any of the long eerie Netherhope passages to reach my cosy couch in the dressing-room. But his Lordship haunted my dreams nevertheless; for all night long, he and my grandmother, with Grace and George Lockhart for *vis-à-vis*, kept performing, 'in my mind's eye, Horatio,' an eccentric sort of foursome reel, to the very great disturbance of my peace and tranquillity."

End of Part First.

DIDO.

Medieval Chivalry.

THE MINSTREL.

"So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him,
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity."

OUR slight notices of the life of bygone days would be unjust, if we left unmentioned what might almost have been called an Order of Knighthood by the election of the gift of nature,—the order of the Troubadours, Trovatori, Minnesingers, or Minstrels.

We have great difficulty in forming clear ideas of this profession, from the rapid alterations of public opinion regarding it, and the consequent re-action. Indeed we must always learn the date of a minstrel's existence before we can have any guess of the estimation in which his rank was held. In early times he was always noble, frequently the younger son of a princely house, whose talents were cultivated to serve him instead of a birth-right. In old ballads we often hear of minstrels beloved by kings' daughters, discovering themselves to be the sons of sovereign princes ; and whether this be exactly true or not, we cannot but believe the ballads of all nations to be founded upon truth, in fact or in spirit. Those also whom nature or accident had rendered unable to bear the toils of war, might thus gain the honours without sharing the dangers of chivalry ; for the treasures laid up in their hearts were keenly enough appreciated to render their persons sacred. But it was considered quite possible and proper to combine the two arts. Every page was educated so as to amuse his lord and lady with music and with song ; and if he had taste or talent, he not only retained but improved upon his early education. The knights of Arthur's Court rejoiced in trying their skill upon the harp ; among whom the victor was generally he whom Matthew Arnold has marked :—

“ I know him by his harp of gold,
Famous in Arthur's court of old ;
I know him by his forest dress,
The peerless hunter, harper, knight,
Tristrem of Lyonnese.”

Kings were proud to cultivate the minstrel's lore,—and often found it useful. We all know the story of King Alfred in the Danish Camp, and how Aulaff, the Dane, in return, improved upon his idea, and discovered the counsel of the Saxons. Knights also might disguise themselves in the minstrel's habit, and wander safely through all lands on errands of love and war. In the reign of Richard I., the young heiress of Evreux, Earl of Salisbury, had been carried away by her French relations and secreted in Normandy. To discover the place of her confinement, a knight of the Talbot family spent two years in exploring the province. He travelled at first in the disguise of a Pilgrim, till having found where she was placed, in order to gain admittance, he assumed the character and dress of a harper, and being a jocosc person and exceedingly skilled in jests and romances, he was gladly received into the family. He took an early opportunity of carrying off the young lady to her lawful guardian, the King of England ; though, strange to say, he did not claim her hand as the reward of his services. Throughout a long period we fre-

quently find this combination of the arts of war and peace, in many other songs than the well-known,—

“Gaily the Troubadour touched his guitar,
As he was hastening home from the war.”

Even when not military, the early minstrel was always the equal of the knight, and often, doubtless, mentally his superior; but by this time of King Richard, the rank of the minstrel proper had somewhat sunk, from the natural effect of dependence upon the will and pleasure of the lord who retained him. Every rich knight kept a troop of minstrels, who followed him to the field, and afterwards sung the praises of his valour. The chief of these was crowned king of the minstrels. Liberal dealings with them were almost a necessity in winning or retaining fame; and latterly it became too convenient a method of doing so to be ignored, for the minstrel-poet, then as now, “of imagination all compact,” could “give to airy *nothings* a local habitation and a *name*.” And the lay of the minstrel was more important than any one modern form of literature,—for it combined the lyric, the ballad, the novel, the history, the drama, and the newspaper article, perhaps also an occasional homily,—and was eagerly listened to by all conditions. And while the resident minstrel delighted the chief’s own ears, the harper-errant bore the news about from court to court, a general postman, advertiser, “Observer,” “Rambler,” “Spectator,” or “News” of the times.

The affection that sometimes subsisted between the minstrel and his lord was powerful and touching. This was well illustrated in this very reign, when Richard himself, rashly attempting to return home from the Holy Land unprotected, through the domains of his mortal enemy the Duke of Austria, was lost to the knowledge of men for a time. As we find in an ancient French chronicle,—“The English had been more than a whole year without hearing any tidings of their king. Blondel de Nesle, his favourite minstrel, being so long without sight of his lord, his life seemed wearisome to him, and he became confounded with melancholy. Known it was that he came back from the Holy Land, but none could tell in what country he arrived; whereupon this Blondel, resolving to make search for him in many countries, after expense of divers days in travel, he came by good hap to a town near to the castle where Richard was confined. Of his host he demanded to whom the castle appertained, and the host said the Duke of Austria. Then he enquired whether there were any prisoners therein detained, for he always made such secret questionings whethersoever he went. And the host gave answer there was one only prisoner, but he knew not what he was, though he had been detained there

more than a year. When Blondel heard this, he wrought such means that he became acquainted with them of the castle, as minstrels do easily win acquaintance anywhere; but see the king he could not, neither understand that it was he. One day, he sat directly before a window of the castle where king Richard was kept prisoner, and began to sing a tenson in French, which King Richard and he had sometime composed together, to answer each other. When King Richard heard the song, he knew that it must be Blondel who sung it, and when Blondel paused, the king took up the response and completed it. Thus Blondel won knowledge of the king his master, and, returning home into England, made the barons there acquainted with his place of captivity." Similar devotion we have seen amid the bards of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. But this incident contains notice of the other fact, that kings trained themselves in the profession of "makers." This habit was the means of his restoration; and while in his prison, it is said that Richard had amused himself alternately in wrestling with his guards and in making songs and lays about his life, bewailing his hard fortune and captivity. The following is part of one said to have been composed by him after having been confined fifteen months in Austria:—

"No wretched captive of his prison speaks,
 Unless with pain and bitterness of soul;
 Yet consolation from the muse he seeks,
 Whose voice alone misfortune can control.
 Where now is each ally, each baron, friend,
 Whose face I ne'er beheld without a smile?
 Will none, his sovereign to redeem, expend
 The smallest portion of his treasures vile?

"Though none may blush, that near two tedious years
 Without relief, my bondage has endured;
 Yet know, my English, Norman, Gascon peers,
 Not one of you should thus remain immured!
 The meanest subject of my wide domains,
 Had I been free, a ransom would have found!
 I mean not to reproach you with my chains,
 Yet still I wear them upon foreign ground.

"Ye dear companions of my happy days,
 Of Chail and Pensavin, aloud declare
 Throughout the earth, in everlasting lays,
 My foes against me wage inglorious war.

Oh ! tell them too, that ne'er among my crimes,
 Did breach of faith, deceit, or fraud appear ;
 That infamy will brand to latest times,
 The insults I receive while captive here."

But no sooner did Blondel bear home the news, than the nation gladly prepared the king's heavy ransom. It is wonderful what a hold he had upon the hearts of subjects he had seen so little, and blessed still less, and we must look for a solution of the mystery in his chivalric bearing and valour. That seemed sufficient to wipe out the dark stains from his name. He has been fondly sung—"King of the Lyre and of the Sword, not more glorious in battle than tender as a lover and a poet."

Bertrand de Boru, Viscount of Hauteforte, is still more celebrated in the annals of that time for his excellence as a poet, than for his bravery as a knight. He was the boldest of the Chevaliers of France, breathing, it is said, nothing but war, and rousing the martial passions of all around him to the highest pitch of excitement by the glowing eloquence of his songs. He was early engaged on the side of Henry of Guienne against Richard. He was continually exposed to the greatest difficulty and disasters from his impetuous disposition ; and after a life of constant adventure, he died in a Cistercian monastery, having thus done all things admired by the men of his times. A poem addressed by him to his lady-love is still extant, beginning—

"I cannot hide from thee how much I fear
 The whispers breathed by flatterers in thine ear,
 Against my faith. But turn not ! oh, I pray
 That heart so true, so faithful, so sincere,
 So humble and so frank, to me so dear.
 Oh Lady ! turn it not from me away !"

The poem continues to place before us the real knight of former times, all busied in the war and in the chase, the labours and delights of our fathers ; successively appealing to everything that is dear to him in life, to everything that has been the study of his youth, and the honour of his riper years, to confess his interest in them, yet esteeming them all as nothing in comparison with his love.

We also read of Rambaud de Vaguiras, the son of a poor knight, who gained so much reputation by his uniting the character of a soldier and a poet in his own person, that the celebrated Marquis de Montferrat, who took so important a part in

the Fourth Crusade, encouraged him in making love to his noble sister. So Vaguiras divided his time between singing the praises of her beauty and her brother's valour, and performing his own brave and knightly exploits. The sweet singer of the First Crusade was not so fortunate in his life or in his love.

Several other renowned knights of these times were poets in no mean degree, and some of the orders of knighthood encouraged the practise of the art. Sismondi mentions, in his History of the Literature of the Troubadours, that "a few versifiers of little note had assumed at Thoulouse the name of Troubadours, and were accustomed to assemble together in the gardens of the Augustine Monks of that city, where they read their compositions to each other. In 1323, these persons resolved to form themselves into a species of Academy "*del gai Sabir*," and they gave it the title of "*La Sobrigaza Companina dels septs Trobadors de Tolosa*." This "most gay society," was eagerly joined by the Capitouls, or venerable Magistrates of Thoulouse, who wished by some public festival to re-animate the spirit of poetry. A circular letter was addressed to all the cities of Languedoc, to give notice that on the 1st of May 1324, a golden violet should be decreed as the prize of the best poem in the Provençal language, which event formed the basis of Letitia Landon's poem of "The Golden Violet." Hogg's "Queen's Wake" carries us back to a similar trial of skill.

But the profession was gradually sinking along with the Chivalry from which it sprung. Two inventions proved destructive to these institutions. Gunpowder forced the boldest knight to endure blindly the equal chance of being shot down with his ranks, without proving the sinews of his mighty arm; and printing did much to lower the rank and dignity of the minstrel, by taking from him the prerogative of retaining within himself the treasures of the kingdom. His lore could be fixed, retained, and multiplied to such an extraordinary degree, by means of "these moveable types," that his order sank from being "a peculiar people," to a more ordinary rank. Or rather, this invention of printing drove like a wedge through the profession, and split it into two great branches. On the right hand "the makers," who retained their position by the divine right of poets, and on the left hand the reciters, who merely repeated the rhymes of other people. Ere long this came to be practised only by "the meaner sort." Contempt poured on them made them sink to the level of contempt, till in the 39th year of Queen Elizabeth, a statute was enacted, wherein we find "the minstrel" classed with "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and adjudged to be punished as such. This act seemed to have put an end to them altogether in our land.

But we must not forget that the sunny climes and liquid languages of the south of Europe inspired to improvisation many a chivalric soul, long after in other climes the glory had faded "to the light of common day,"—

"For Juan was a minstrel still, in times
When minstrelsy was held a thing outworn."

The passionate youthfulness of the individual, in lands where nature is so kind, seems frequently to act individually, as the youth of a nation generally acts collectively, and necessitates similar expression.

"So Juan was a Troubadour revived,
Freshening life's dusty road with babbling rills
Of wit and song, living 'mid harnessed men,
With limbs ungalled by armour, ready so
To soothe them weary, or to cheer them sad.
Guest at the board, companion in the camp,
A crystal mirror to the life around,
Flashing the comment keen of simple fact
Defined in words ; lending brief lyric voice
To grief and sadness ; hardly taking note
Of difference 'twixt his own and others' life,
But rather singing as a listener
To the deep moans, the cries, the wild strong joys
Of universal nature, old yet young !"

And we can imagine some single natures, like Keats and Shelley, to have been some late lingering blossom of the true chivalric minstrel of the times gone by.

LUTEA RESEDA.

"Home from the East."

"No, Steve, no, lad—
Don't lock the gate yet ;
He's sure to come this evening,
And it's not so very late yet.
October nights are cold now,
The sun goes down early,—
It's good five miles from the railway, too,
And the road's not over cheeryly.

Put on a log, my boy,
The biggest you can find there,
And make the fire blaze up a bit—
Aye, rake it up behind there.
Sweep up the ashes, too,
To look all clean and decent—
And now, reach down my spectacles,
And the last letter he sent.

Aye ! now for his letter !
 What does he say, lad ?
 Well, I should know better,
 I've been reading it all day, lad.
 But I've been so taken up

With the thought—he'll be to-day home,
 That I clean forgot the coach leaves at four,
 So he'll have to walk all the way home.

Five years since he left !
 Ah, how long it seems, lad,
 That I've never seen him,
 Save only in my dreams, lad.
 Five years out in India !
 How brown the boy will be, lad !
 And think of him with his sergeant's sash
 And the medal we shall see, lad !

At six, does he say, lad,
 His train will reach St Mary ?
 And then, he's his five miles to trudge,
 And his knapsack, too, to carry.
 It will be long seven gone,
 Almost eight, I fear, lad,
 Since he's all that way to come,
 Before he can be here, lad.

Don't you remember well
 The day that he listed ?
 How your poor mother sobbed and cried,
 And how I resisted !
 But Willie said, when times were so hard,
 And the last loaf lay on the shelf, lad,
 That he'd never be a burden to me,
 But would somehow keep himself, lad.

If there were some one else in the house,
 I'd send you, Steve, to meet him
 A mile along St Mary's road,
 The sooner to greet him.
 But while we are chatting
 The time will slip away, lad,
 And our Willie may be here
 Sooner than we can say, lad.

And now, he's really coming back—
 Coming home—our boy, lad !
 My poor old eyes are nearly blind
 With the tears I've wept for joy, lad.
 An old man like me to cry !
 Doesn't it seem silly ?—
 Who's that's just unlatched the gate ?
 Stephen ! it's our Willie !”

MAS ALTA.



Grace Crichton's Wedding.

PART SECOND.

“NEXT morning brought hard frost, bright sunshine, and George Lockhart, who rode over from Hunthill soon after breakfast. I had tied up my hair with Gordon tartan ribbons, to show him I was still ‘proud of my Highland blood;’ and he noticed them at once, and asked me if I still thought the ‘gay Gordons’ and their Highland brethren superior to the ‘loyal Lockharts’ of the south country? A subject on which he remembered having a tough dispute with me in bygone days. But I did not pick up the gauntlet afresh, preferring the study of the modern Lockhart to the comparison of our respective ancestors. And after watching him closely all day, I was very well pleased with George Lockhart. He had preserved a boyish simplicity and freshness, a thorough enjoyment of life, and an energetic manner of talking, thinking, and acting, very refreshing after the ‘used-up’ and languid style of my London acquaintances. Grandmama Lascelles was delighted with him; there was a courtesy and deference in his manner towards her which won her heart at once; and he was remarkably handsome—a qualification on which she always laid great weight. He was of very unusual size and strength, and beside little slight pale-faced Grace he looked a perfect giant; but his manner towards her was perfection, as even grandmama admitted,—and that evening, she and I agreed that George Lockhart was a ‘complete success.’ ‘And indeed, Bessie, my dear,’ said grandmama, ‘though Grace is my grand-daughter, and very pretty, oh certainly very pretty, and of good family, and all the rest of it,—I can’t help wondering that such a very distinguished-looking young man did not choose a wife with a little more style and fashion and manner, than a little quiet commonplace thing like her.’ ‘Grandmama, you don’t know Grace,’ cried I, in great indignation; ‘commonplace! I never saw a less commonplace girl than she is. She’s ten times too good for George Lockhart, or any other man I ever saw; and I am glad to say I think he appreciates her. I think her just as near perfection as any one well can be in this world; and, grandmama, that quiet composed manner of hers is infinitely more ladylike than the fashionable tomboy style which prevails at present,’ and I mentally contrasted Grace’s gentle dignity with the cool impertinence, and the more than masculine coarseness of some young ladies, whom I had heard pronounced ‘extremely stylish’ the week before.

‘Yes, yes, my dear,’ reiterated grandmama, ‘Grace is very nice and ladylike, and I don’t doubt she’s very clever—all these Crichtons are clever, you know, and Grace is a regular Crichton ; but still, my dear, she is not exactly the sort of girl whom one would expect to captivate that very aristocratic, fine-looking, young man ; and in short, Bessie, I don’t wish to forebode any evil to Grace—my poor dear Carrie’s only daughter ! but when Mr Lockhart takes her into society, and sees her among a number of *really* fashionable girls, I just wish this fancy of his may last ! Good-night, my dear, I’m very sleepy,’ and grandmama dozed off before I could gather words to express my indignation at such an idea. My pretty, sweet Grace ! fancy comparing her to these girls of the period who were then in the height of fashion ! but George Lockhart, I thought, had more sense than grandmama gave him credit for.

“It still wanted a week to Grace’s wedding-day, and a very busy week it was to Grace and me, and to old Bell, who was driven nearly distracted by the multitude of her avocations. Besides the ordinary preparations for a wedding, we had to prepare Netherhope for the reception of such an influx of the kinsfolk that the list of their names, when Grace read it over to me, fairly took my breath away,—for the Crichton cousinhood was a very large one, and its ramifications used to be the subject of many a genealogical lecture from Uncle George. To be sure, it was only for one night that they were to remain at Netherhope ; and as we were to have a dance after the wedding, they would not probably be very particular about their sleeping accommodation for a few hours, so shake-downs were arranged here, and comfortable sofas there ; the billiard-room was transformed into something like a hospital ward, with wooden beds constructed by the village joiner ranged along the wall ; and at last we began to see our way towards the accommodation of the troop of kinsmen and kinswomen in tolerably comfortable style. The scenes in the kitchen, in the stables, in Grace’s room,—where Bell and an assistant were established with their needles,—baffle description. But Grace was here and there and everywhere, putting all that was wrong right, all that was crooked straight ; managing, planning, working, with a smile and a kind word for everybody, till even grandmama could not restrain her admiration, and George Lockhart (who was frightfully in the way all this last week), positively beamed with delight.

“At last we had arrived at the day before the wedding, when, shortly after breakfast, as I was sitting over the fire, putting the finishing touches to the wedding favours, the Hunthill carriage drove up, and little Mrs Lockhart, George’s mother, descended from it and came into the house. I went to the drawing-room to see her,

and found her in the full tide of discourse upon her errand to Netherhope. She was a little chirpy, flaxen-haired lady, excessively nervous and timid, very fond of Grace, and very much afraid of Uncle George. 'Yes, Grace dear, George is so sorry not to see you to-day! but the note just came by this morning's post, and he said,—'Mother, I must go to Glasgow on business. I'll try to be back by the last train at night,' and so he rang the bell and ordered the gig round; and he sent his best love to you, Grace my dear, and was so sorry not to see you to-day; but he'll try to be back to-night, and if not, to-morrow forenoon at latest. So I just drove over at once, that you might not wonder what was keeping him. No, thank you, dear, I can't stay, I must go off again immediately, but I wanted to give you his message myself.' 'Is it that business about old Dickson's farm, Mrs Lockhart, that's taken your son to Glasgow?' said Uncle George, giving the little lady his arm across the hall and through the porch. (He had come in while she was speaking, and had only gathered part of her story). 'No, Mr Crichton, no; I think not. The letter just came by this morning's post, and it was not from Mr Simpson nor Mr Maclean, nor any of George's lawyer-gentlemen, I'm sure; it was just quite a little note on pink paper, for I saw it lying on his plate, and wondered who it could be from. But I never ask any questions when gentlemen say 'it's business,' Mr Crichton, for I've such a poor head for anything of that kind, and my husband used to be so angry at my stupidity! Thank you, Mr Crichton, thank you! Good-bye sir! good-bye Grace, my love!' and the little lady drove off, and Grace ran up-stairs singing, to assist at a final 'fitting on,' while I stood at the door gazing after the Hunthill carriage. 'Now,' thought I to myself, 'if I were in Grace's position, I should torment myself straight on till I saw George Lockhart again about that 'little note on pink paper!' Well, well, it's lucky that Grace is of a different nature from me. I'm afraid this 'Highland blood' of mine is very jealous, untrustful stuff! Coming, Uncle George!' and I hastened to give my advice at a consultation about the floor of the barn, where the servants' ball was to take place the night after ours.

"Grace's wedding-day dawned clear and cold and bright. The whole frosty landscape lay glittering under the winter sun, the air was crisp and fresh, and inspiring; the whole household, from the cat upwards, seemed in a festive and mirthful mood; and Grace herself, when she came downstairs, looked as fresh and pure and sweet as a snowdrop. Not the slightest trace of excitement or bustle ruffled the sweet composure of her manner; just in her usual quiet way she went about her duties as hostess at the breakfast table; and neither grandmama's innumerable questionings, difficulties, and doubts, nor the pointed jokes of the boys, produced the

slightest alteration in her gentle equanimity. Grace's happiness was evidently too deeply-scated to admit of any annoyance or vexation on this morning; and the boys soon ceased their teasing, agreeing that 'it was a shame to torment her the last day she would be with them.' Breakfast was scarcely over, when wheels on the gravel walk announced the arrival of the first consignment of guests, who had come by the early train; and from that time onward till near evening, fresh arrivals of kinsfolk were incessantly taking place, some coming by train, some by carriage, but all in a state of high goodwill and affection towards Grace (poor girl! I thought she would have been kissed to pieces!) and most of them tremendously hungry. All of them being more or less nearly related to each other, everyone called everyone else by his or her christian name; and as of course the same names were perpetually recurring in the different families, the confusion was something sublime. I know it seemed to me that every second man answered to the name of Alexander. I began to feel quite an alien and an outcast, solitary '*Miss Gordon*' among all the Graces and Katies and Janes; and at last I besought my three fellow-bridesmaids to admit me to a standing of comparative intimacy, and let me be '*Bessie*' to them; after which I felt more at my ease. I should mention here that, at about two o'clock, we had a visit from John Lockhart, the bridegroom's cousin and best man, who came to ask if Grace had heard from George that morning. He had not returned, and Mrs Lockhart was getting fidgetty and anxious about him. But we could give no information. 'He'll come by the 5.10 train,' said Uncle George. 'That will give him plenty of time—the wedding's not till seven, and indeed seven's early enough, for they only leave this in time to catch the express going south,—it stops at Sandon Junction at 8.45—and the less time there is between the wedding and their departure the better—you'll be but poor company, Gracie! he'll come by the 5.10 John.' And Uncle George walked out to see John Lockhart drive off, looking, I fancied, a little serious, if not annoyed; while grandmama shook her head ominously, giving me a glance that said 'I told you so!' as plainly as words could speak, and Jamie and Sandy exchanged puzzled and wondering looks; but Grace was serene and cheerful as ever, and the subject was dropped. I could not forget it, though! Thanks to Grandmama Lascelles' reflections and forebodings, the seeds of doubt had taken root in my mind, and were beginning to bear their fruit of mistrust and suspicion. The '*little note on pink paper*,' the hurried journey, the prolonged absence,—I thought it all over and over and over, in the midst of the wedding preparations and the reception of the cousinhood, till my head ached, and my heart too. But no one, save grandmama, seemed to share my doubts, and all went on merrily at Netherhope. By half-past

six Bell and I had dressed the bride, and we bridesmaids, our toilets completed, had all assembled in Grace's room, to sit with her till Uncle George should appear to take her downstairs; and the sight of Grace in her bridal robes, looking so sweet and calm and untroubled, stilled the doubts in my mind for a time, as I thought how impossible it was that any man could forsake *her*. The carriages with the guests from the neighbourhood of Netherhope were beginning to arrive when we took our places round Grace, to wait Uncle George's summons; and Katie Crichton, the youngest and wildest of the bridesmaids, stationed herself at the window, to watch them drive up through the glare of light that fell on the gravel-walk from the front windows, though the porch prevented her from seeing the people enter the house. At ten minutes to seven the Hunthill carriage was announced; then there was a lull; and then, just as the big house-clock 'gave warning,' Katie sprang from her perch in great excitement, exclaiming that here was the minister; and sure enough, as I peeped under the corner of the blind, there was old Dr Farquharson in his thickest great-coat, just descending from his gig. We made Grace get up and stand in the middle of the room, while we finally adjusted her veil, and shook out her snowy draperies; and then there followed what seemed to me an interminable delay; but at last Uncle George's foot was heard on the stair,—he opened the door, and the instant I saw his face I knew there was something wrong. 'Grace, my dear!' said he, 'we've had to change our plans a bit. I waited for the minister to see if it would suit him as well—I'm afraid you can't leave Netherhope to-night. The fact is, George didn't come by the 5.10; but I've no doubt he'll come by the last train—the one that gets to Sandon Junction at 8.30, to meet the express that you were to have gone south by. So I'll send to meet him at that train, and bring him straight on here; we'll have the wedding when he comes, and you can go off whenever you please to-morrow. And in the meantime I've ordered dinner, for the good folks are getting hungry; and Grace, my dear, if you don't mind, I wish you'd come downstairs at once. There's old Sir Charles Dickson, and General Murray, and one or two more, anxious to have a talk with you before you go; and there will be no time afterwards, for they won't stay for the dance. But, if you'd rather not—' 'Of course, papa, I'll come,' said Grace. 'Why, I think this is the better plan of the two—we'll hear the speeches and see the dancing; but George will be so vexed that this unfortunate business should have come in the way just now! Give me your arm, papa, and we'll enter in all due form.' And before I had recovered from the shock that Uncle George's news had given me, I found myself following him and Grace into the dining-room, where the company were waiting for their appearance,

to take their seats at the long tables. Uncle George led Grace to a vacant chair beside Sir Charles Dickson, the 'great man' of the company ; and then, in passing to his own place, he took advantage of the confusion to tap me on the shoulder. 'Bessie—Bessie Gordon, come here a minute, I want to speak to you,' and he drew me apart into the deep bay window. 'Bessie,' said he, 'tell me honestly, has there been any foolish misunderstanding between Grace and George Lockhart? do you know of any possible reason why the lad is keeping off in this way?' I assured him, as I could most truly, that no misunderstanding whatever had taken place ; that I was perfectly sure (ah, this was not so honest !) that the delay was inevitable ; that no one would regret it more than George Lockhart, and that he was certain to come by the last train. 'Well, well, I hope so, I think so,' said Uncle George ; but I heard him mutter—'My poor bairn !' as he glanced towards Grace, and he looked very serious as he took his place at the head of the table beside Mrs Lockhart. I, as first bridesmaid, paired off with John Lockhart, the best man ; and I suppose, a more silent and pre-occupied couple seldom have sat together under similar circumstances, for dread of some impending misfortune hung heavy on the hearts of both.

"That long weary dinner ! I thought it would never come to an end. The clock struck nine, and John Lockhart, unable to restrain himself, turned to me with a face full of uneasy and anxious excitement. 'Miss Gordon, what on earth can they be doing ? It's not half-an-hour's drive from the station ; we should hear the wheels as they pass the corner of the park, and it's half-a-mile after that round to the door.' Uncle George and several others began to look at their watches ; conversation flagged, and gradually died away, and every face wore a listening and anxious expression—a melancholy-looking bridal party we were ! At last the sound of wheels was heard, and John Lockhart sprang to the door—I followed him, half-wild with excitement, and the whole party, infected by the example, streamed out after us into the hall, and round the widely-opened door. Even Grandmama Lascelles, leaning on General Murray, ventured forward, regardless of the bitter January blast. The weather had changed, and snow was falling thick and heavy. (We learnt afterwards that this was the cause of the delay at the station ; the 8.30. train had been very late, having found the line above Sandon much obstructed by snow.) At intervals through the drift we could see the carriage lamps as it rounded the end of the park, and at last it turned in at the gate, and drove rapidly up the avenue,—while our impatience rose higher every second. The carriage stopped before the porch, the footman sprang down, 'Mr Lockhart has not arrived, sir—there has been no telegram or message of any kind.'

“ I don’t know whose proposal or example led us, but in a few moments we were all in the great Netherhope drawing-room, where the wedding was to have taken place, and which was cleared of most of its furniture for the dance that was to have followed. I remember a great confusion, Mrs Lockhart and some other ladies crying, angry whispers and frowning faces among the gentleman, a running hither and thither, and an asking of useless questions, while Grace sat in the midst of us white and still as a marble statue. But the angry words grew louder and more universal, and at last Alexander Crichton, one of Uncle George’s brothers, a man of very violent temper, loudly declared that George Lockhart had wilfully insulted Grace and her family by his inexplicable conduct. ‘ Ill? an accident?’ said he, in reply to some timid suggestions of possible explanation, ‘ he was well enough when he bolted off to Glasgow the day before his wedding, and he was bound to let us know if his business was likely to keep him too long. Ill news travels fast—we’d have heard before this if any harm had come to him. The note that he got was in a lady’s writing, ask his mother, for it was she that told me. *Business* forsooth! I misdoubt the business, the false hearted—’ ‘ Uncle Alick!’ cried Grace, in a voice of such anguish that Alexander Crichton started and stopped. ‘ Oh, Uncle Alick, do not say such cruel unjust things! Is there no one that will say a word for George? Where is John Lockhart? And oh, Mrs Lockhart, will *you* not help me to speak for your son?’ But John could only mutter that it was ‘ incomprehensible, he could not believe it,’ and poor weak little Mrs Lockhart went from one flood of tears into another, and sobbed, ‘ oh, Gracie my darling, don’t vex yourself, don’t mind them!’ which was easily said. ‘ Then I must speak myself,’ said Grace, and she stood up beside the old minister, who had been holding her hand, and there was a sudden lull in the confusion, and then absolute silence. ‘ Listen, I know George Lockhart better than any of you, and I tell you he is utterly incapable of this,—this that you suspect him of. He is a true and honourable man, and he would scorn the very thought of such treachery and deceit. I do not know what has caused this unhappy delay—he may be ill—he may be dying or dead’—and Grace’s voice faltered, and she steadied herself on Dr Farquharson’s arm—‘ but wherever he is, I know that he is true to me, and I will be as true to him. I will trust him in spite of all appearances and all suspicion,—yes, I’ll trust him though I never hear of him more. You may think it over-bold of me to speak like this, but, if all had gone well, I should have been his wife two hours ago, and I should think shame to stand by silent and hear any one cast a doubt upon his honour. That is what I wanted to say.’ Grace’s words produced a partial and temporary reaction. Not that she had said a word more than we had all known before, or had given the

slightest explanation of the bridegroom's mysterious absence, but such perfect trust and faith on the part of her who had the right to feel most deeply insulted by his non-appearance, somewhat changed the feelings of those who had resented the matter chiefly on her account. At Grace's urgent request the guests agreed to remain a short time longer, instead of hurrying off in distress and confusion ; but dancing was not to be thought of,—our hearts were too heavy,—so card-tables were set out, and Katie Crichton, whose voice was the pride of the whole connection, sat down at the piano. As soon as she could do so unobserved, Grace slipped away, and in a few minutes I contrived to follow her to her room. I entered so quietly that she did not hear me, and I caught sight of her pale wistful face reflected in the looking-glass.

“ Poor cousin, with your meek blue eyes,
The truest eyes that ever answered heaven ! ”

That look would have melted a heart of stone. Oh, how I hated George Lockhart at that moment ! I understood how Beatrice felt towards Claudio, when sympathy with her insulted kinswoman wrung from her the infuriated words,—‘ Oh that I were a man ! I would eat his heart in the market-place ! ’ For—I blame Grand-mama Lascelles for it—Grace's words had produced no effect upon *me*. In spite of myself, as it were, I believed George Lockhart guilty of this cruel piece of treachery towards my gentle, loving, trusting cousin ; and the sobs, amidst which I threw my arms round Grace, were as much those of burning anger against her faithless bridegroom as of tender pity for herself. But I did not dare to hurt her by saying a word of my doubts, and for some minutes we sat silently holding each other's hands, till at last Grace, with a shudder that shook her whole frame, said,—‘ Bessie, I *cannot* bear it ! Oh, where can he be ? some dreadful thing must have happened to him. Oh George ! oh George ! ’ and at last her tears flowed freely,—the intense strain of excitement was over. ‘ What are ye greeting for that way, bairns ? ’ suddenly said the voice of old Bell, who had entered unobserved. ‘ This'll no do, Miss Gordon,—ye'll wear her strength oot, talkin' and excitin' her. Gang awa' doon the stair, an' let them hear some o' your fine Italian sangs, an' leave me wi' your cousin,—she's had a sair time amang them a', puir thing, an' this her waddin' day. Never you mind, Miss Grace, my bairn ! it's weel kent the Lockharts is aye leal. Mr George 'll be here the morn ; or if no, ye'll hae a letter,—keep up your heart, my lamb. Ye'd better bid her good-night, Miss Gordon, ’ and I was fairly ejected. I washed the tear-stains from my face, and returned to the drawing-room. Katie Crichton and John Lockhart, who had a very fine bass voice, were performing a duet ; and during the stillness which pervaded the room while they were singing,

I thought I heard the sound of horses' hoofs passing the park-corner. I thought no more of it, however, knowing that there was no other train till morning ; and my attention was fixed by the spirit and expression with which John Lockhart and Katie sang the brilliant conclusion of the duet. Loud and long applause followed ; then came a silence—a hesitation—for Uncle George, dispirited and gloomy, made but a poor host that night ; and then, just as I was wondering what was to be done next, the door was flung wide open, and George Lockhart himself appeared !

“ In the midst of all my excitement, and in spite of the widely-different circumstances, he brought vividly to my mind the equally unlooked-for appearance of ‘ young Lochinvar,’ when

“ So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
‘Mongst bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all ;—
Then spake the bride’s father ”—

and though Uncle George Crichton of Netherhope wore no sword, and therefore could not lay his hand on it like Grame of Netherby, yet his voice and manner were sufficiently stern as he rose and said,—‘ Mr Lockhart, I must demand an explanation.’ ‘ You shall have it, sir,’ said George, who certainly looked very unlike the villain some of us had thought him, with his open, manly face, and his straightforward unembarrassed manner, ‘ but I think it will be the most satisfactory way for all parties if I begin at the end of my story.’ He beckoned to some one in the hall, and a young man, very roughly dressed, but with an air of a gentleman about him entered the room. Uncle George looked puzzled ; but I was quicker. ‘ Archy ! it’s Archy !’ I shrieked, and ran at him to make sure. Archy it was, sure enough ; and, without waiting for further explanation, I rushed upstairs to tell Grace that George was safe, and that Archy was found, and that ‘ all’s well that ends well.’ George Lockhart’s explanation was much interrupted meanwhile by the excitement at the ‘ return of the prodigal,’ as old Dr Farquharson would have said,—I forget whether he really *did* say it,—but the facts were as follows :—Archy, when he left Netherhope, had gone to sea as a common sailor, and, three days before Grace’s wedding, his temper, which appeared still to be his stumbling-block, had led him to make some impertinent reply to the skipper of his vessel, which was then lying at Glasgow. The result of this was that Archy was dismissed in disgrace ; and, leaving the ship in a hurry, had left behind him a psalm-book which he had carried about with him ever since leaving Netherhope, and in which his name and address,—‘ Archibald Crichton, Netherhope, Lanarkshire,’—were written at full length. This book was

found by the skipper's wife, who was a Lanarkshire girl, and had often heard the story of Archy's disappearance, though she had never seen him ; and finding, upon cross-questioning her husband, that poor Archy, turned adrift without a character, was on the direct road to ruin, she resolved to write to his friends. Fearing (very absurdly) that Uncle George had disowned Archy, and would not take any steps to recover him, and aware of the engagement between Grace and George Lockhart, though ignorant that their wedding-day was so near, she made up her mind to write to the latter and ask his help. The note, however (which George read to the wedding-party) was couched in the most mysterious terms, begging him to come at once to Glasgow that he might avert a great misfortune which threatened the family at Netherhope, and also to keep silent on the subject,—altogether a most high-flown and romantic epistle, on the pinkest and most highly-scented paper. The search for Archy had proved long and difficult, and George found it impossible to leave Glasgow till the afternoon of the wedding-day ; but, knowing that the 5.10 train would take him to Netherhope in time, he neither wrote nor telegraphed. But, at the very last moment, they found they had been upon a false scent, which, however, afforded them a clue to the right one ; and George, half-wild with impatience, was obliged to remain, feeling that this was the last chance of restoring Archy to his home. He despatched a boy to the station with a telegram, but the boy lost it by the way, and when George, having at last recovered and secured Archy, arrived at the station to catch the last train, he found this luckless messenger waiting to confess his faults. At last they were off, but they remembered that from Blackhills, the station before Sandon, there was a sort of bridle track across the hills to Netherhope, by which they could arrive about an hour sooner than if they went on to Sandon in the regular way. They accordingly left the train, hired horses at Blackhills Inn, and started across the hills ; but the snowstorm came down upon them with tremendous violence, they repeatedly lost the road, and once lost each other ; and it was only after the greatest difficulty, peril, and delay, that they arrived at Netherhope. But all these troubles were soon forgotten. Alexander Crichton was among the first to shake hands with the bridegroom ; every voice was loud in his praise, when Uncle George pulled out his watch,—‘ What o'clock is it ! nearly half-past eleven ! where's the minister ? Dr Farquharson, since you have kindly waited so long, will you wait half-an-hour longer, and we'll have the wedding the day it was fixed for after all. And then we'll have supper, for some of us that I know of had but a poor appetite for dinner,—and we'll end the evening merrily as it should be. Hurry, George, hurry ! change your wet things man !

and you bridesmaids, Bessie—Katie—all of you—go back and be ready to come in with the bride.'

"And a happier wedding or a merrier party, never I am very sure, took place on either side of the Tweed. Everyone was in the highest of spirits, and I should be afraid to say to what hour the festivities were prolonged. How George (who was no hand at speech-making) stuck hard and fast while returning thanks for the toast of the evening,—'Mr and Mrs Lockhart of Hunthill,'—how Grace pulled him by the coat-tails, and begged him 'for any sake to sit down,' which he eventually did, amidst thunders of applause; how Jamie, the embryo advocate, made his maiden speech in proposing, 'The Bridesmaids,' and was successful beyond all expectation; how Archy grew gradually quite at his ease among us, and seemed disposed to please and be pleased; how after supper, we danced a reel and two country dances (it was so late that Uncle George limited the ball to these performances) in a style superior to anything that had been seen in the country-side for fifty years, as old Sir Charles Dickson assured us; how grandmama took an opportunity of whispering to me that she was 'extremely pleased with the way Grace had behaved! she had far more in her than one would think!' how George and Grace went off to Hunthill with Mrs Lockhart, in the midst of a perfect tornado of old shoes, and started quietly next day on their wedding tour. All these things, distinctly though I remember them now, passed at the time with the rapidity and unreality of a dream. Somewhat chilling was the awakening next morning, to find everybody tired, and a good many people cross,—Netherhope looking untidy and unlike itself, and my dear pretty cousin gone away. But the servants' rejoicings, which took place that night, served as a sort of transition to every-day life and its realities; and take it all in all, though there was a good deal of bitter mixed with the sweet, yet there are few events in my life to which I look back with greater pleasure than Grace Crichton's Wedding. Now, I'm sure that's long enough, and nothing of a story after all. I do believe Charley's fallen asleep. No, he's only pretending. Wake up sir, and give us a song."

The End.

DIDO.



Souvenirs of the Royal Academy, 1868.

“LETTERS & NEWS AT THE LOCH SIDE.”

By H. T. WELLS, A.—No. 440.

“PULL away, Donald—lay on to it, Jack—
The wind is against us dead, all the way back ;
Give way with a will, lads—ah, now then, she swings
Fast over the water as if she had wings.
If round yon near point we can manage to get,
No fear, but we’ll stop Sandy’s white sheltie yet ;
That cripple old pony goes always so slow,
How he gets through his rounds I’m just puzzled to know.
But, look ! why, there’s Riach’s old boat out as well !
He’s bound, too, for plunder, that’s easy to tell ;
So pull away, lads, ’twill be really too bad
If he gets in first, with the start that we had.
Hi ! Sandy ! you long-legged old rascal ! hi ! stay !
Let’s see what you’ve got in your wallet to-day.
So, out with the bag, and let’s see what he brings !
Now ! who are the owners of these pretty things ?
There’s the ‘Scotsman’ for you, Donald, ah, lucky lad !
No stupid love-letters to drive you stark mad,
With longings to rush from this outlandish place,
And bask in the light of your lady’s bright face.
Who is gazetted ? who’s dead ? and who’s married ?
What weight has Sweet Lass at the Trial Stakes carried ?
Ah ! it’s little he’s heeding, he’s deep in his boats,
I do think he knows every yacht that now floats.
Catch, Allan ! three ; ah, foreboders of ill !
That blue one looks much like a tailor’s long bill.
You spendthrift young dog ! you’ll be sorry one day
For throwing your money so reckless away.

Gordon, lad, Gordon ? oh, where *is* that Pat ?
Taking a line off that battered old hat !
Oh, the cunning old fox, not pretending to see !
Whose else could this sweet little billet-doux be ?
Now for my own—here's from that begging man Spring !
Does he think I possess quite the wealth of a king ?
Bah ! circulars ! stationers, saddlers, hotels,
And a Limited Co. for Artesian wells !
Oh, bother them all ! Good ! a letter from mother !
A note of advice from the parson, my brother ;
And, what will I give to his parish school-house ?
Give ! I'm as poor as is any church-mouse !
Now, what have we here ? a red seal—woe is me !
That comes from the War Office, plain I can see.
' O.H.M.S.' ah, those terrible letters—
The magical links of my Government fetters.
Oh, who would have thought it ? at this very time,
When the birds and the salmon are just in their prime ;
And every day here's such a glorious feast
For one's rod and one's rifle,—here's off to the East !
To be up at head-quarters before the week's done !
Oh, fancy Pall Mall in this blazing hot sun !
Piccadilly, St James's, the Row, choked with dust !
Well, there's no use in grumbling, for go off I must.
At any rate, here I am safe for to-day—
So, while the sun shines, won't I just make my hay !
To-morrow will only come surely too fast—
Then here goes for pleasure, while pleasure will last !
So, push her off, Donald,—and Allan, back water !
Toss me that fly-book, prepare for the slaughter !
I saw a grand rise in the ripple out there—
Now, you bonnie big fellows, escape if you dare !”

MAS ALTA.



Mediæval Chivalry.

(CONCLUSION.)

IN closing our remarks upon Mediæval Chivalry, we must free ourselves from the supposition that when we enthusiastically enlarged upon the qualities necessary to a true and noble knight, we meant for a moment to assert that mankind, as a whole, were better then than now, and that their times were the golden times, far beyond our own ; because society as a whole was not better, but much worse. The lower orders were unenlightened and crushed ; chivalry to them in general was a mighty incubus, that forbade the motions of life in their souls. We must not forget that to the church alone the serfs owed their freedom, for she taught that men should belong to no owner but herself.

But, amongst the knights themselves, whose education should have taught them better, practice is sadly at variance with profession. Not only do the annals of chivalry abound in *instances* of cruelty, cunning meanness, the seven deadly sins, and ignorance past all belief, but they are so common as to pass unnoted either by their age, or the chronicler who narrated them. Not amid its ranks did civilization take root and blossom and bear fruit : the castle walls that shut out foes, shut out also improvement, and sustained within cruelty, selfishness, coarseness, and utter self sufficiency,—the greatest bar to all progress, intellectual and otherwise. What advantage then did the knight receive ? Simply this, that there was set before him a model form of perfection, noble, pure, and withal possible to the enthusiastic and self-denying. As Guizot says on this same subject—"The heroes of Homer do not seem to have an idea of their brutality, their ferocity, their egoism, their rapacity ; their moral knowledge is no better than their conduct, their principles do not rise above their acts. It is the same with almost all societies in their strong and turbulent youth. We do not find them in general with ideas far more pure, more elevated, more generous, than their daily actions. In our Europe, on the contrary, facts are habitually detestable ; crimes, disorders of all kinds abound, but still men have in their minds, in their imaginations, pure elevated instincts and desires ; their notions of virtue are far more developed, their ideas of justice incomparably better than what is practised around them—than what they practise themselves. Everywhere the moral thought of men aspires high above their life." So, with all the

faults of its votaries, the true chivalric character was a beautiful vision, a shining "Sanct Graal," ever floating away before the gaze and grasp of its admiring followers, yet ever leading them towards the right paths. Like the expressed form of Christianity, a *life* was given as a model ; and though not always successfully imitated, the straining after it, which in many cases was earnest and ardent, resulted in a nobler frame of mind than any other force could then have done. At the risk of seeming contradictory, however, we would beg to assert that the very fact that it was possible for men to attain this ideal perfection, was frequently the cause that they did not attain it. Better a thousand times have an ideal which we can never attain, than one which would permit perfection ; for the "having attained" would be a gate of death in life, forbidding progress or ascent ; and the self-satisfaction and indolence consequent thereon, would undermine the foundations of this high-set pinnacle. In modern days, alas, perfection is conceived of a nature mean enough to be easily attained. This is one practical evil of the Romish religion throughout.

It was for the sake of the example held out to him chiefly, that the young noble was sent away from his paternal home, where eyes and judgment might be warped and blinded by affection, and consigned to the care of some noble ; for, as we find in the "*Memoires de Saint Palaye*," a note from "*L'Ordre de la Chevalerie*" to this effect,—“It is fitting that the son of a knight, while he is a squire, should know how to take care of a horse ; and it is fitting that he should serve before and be subject to his lord ; for otherwise he shall not know the nobleness of his lordship when he shall be a knight ; and to this end every knight should put his son in the service of another knight, to the end that he may learn to carve at table and to serve, and to arm and apparel a knight in his youth. According as to the man who desires to learn to be a tailor or a carpenter, it is desirable that he should have for a master one who is a good tailor or carpenter ; it is suitable that every nobleman who loves the order of chivalry, and wishes to become and be a good knight, should first have such a knight for a master.” Habits of prompt obedience and self-surrender are the best possible to the young, and obedience was the grand first principle of chivalric training. All honour was done to service,—it was not thought mean, but ennobled through its end. The page of old did more useful and continuous service than our modern edition in buttons, and was made thereby only the more a noble ; for it takes “a good servant to make a good master,” and the remembrance of how he had done work in his youth, would guide him to teach it to the lads of another generation, that ere long would gather round him in his castle or at the field, to learn from him the traditional lore, manners, and obedience. With

all the ignorance, narrow-mindedness, and selfishness that accompanied its best developments, let us not then forget to give chivalry its due as a healthy and beneficial phase in the life of nations. No nation which has not passed through the period of chivalry, can rightly understand or clearly illustrate the meaning of the noble word "gentleman!" The eastern nations escaped its influence, and are content with a lower degree of civil freedom and of self-respect than can support the true dignity of man. This chivalric form took a deeper root in Britain than in any other country. There alone, we may have noticed, the orders of knighthood retained their pure chivalric form, without an undue proportion of the ecclesiastical element. This may be due to the fact that the land threw off the trammels of the church at the very time when the other nations of Europe, having passed through the true chivalric period, succumbed more helplessly to that mighty power that assimilated to itself all capable of being so, and waged an exterminating war against all that resisted. But our native land, left free to follow the progressive spirit of its age, flung off, along with the fetters of the church, the withered vestments of chivalry and feudalism, from which the life had gone forth, or rather restored it, through the process of Palingenesis, to a new life that might have strength for the new times. And that Phoenix was not sacrificed in vain. Whence, but from its ashes, arose the golden glory of the Elizabethan age—its warriors and statesmen, its admirals and poets. Whence, but from this spirit, were those spirits finely touched unto fine issues that gave forth the lore of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare; whence came our national fortitude, uprightness, patience? For the new form is one more reasonable, more enlarged, more practical than the old; it is content to fling down its castle walls, and lay itself open to all ennobling influence from abroad; it does not wander forth "errant" upon the earth, for the bare glory of adventure, but bides its time in the majesty of conscious strength, and the patient power of the integrity of an English Gentleman.

LUTEA RESEDA.



A Song of Joy.

I AM here all alone at my window,
Gazing out on the dark stormy night ;
But no gloom doth its dreariness bring me,
For the joy in my heart makes all bright !

There are clouds on the wild face of heaven,
There are shadows on earth's slumbering breast ;
In the forest afar there is moaning,
On the sea there is weary unrest.

But glad light—glorious light—is around me,
All my life's path is bathed in its blaze ;
From the bright lamp of joy in thought's temple,
Stream o'er me its pure heavenly rays.

Wake ! awaken, oh world, careless sleeping !
Wake to know I am loved,—I am blest !
Give me joy ye wild winds of the forest ;
Ocean hear me, and still thine unrest !

Sweep the cloud-veil, oh moon, from thy glory,
And look down from thy gem-begirt throne ;
Peep, ye stars, through the misty maze wandering,
On an earth heaven-bright as thine own.

Drowsy birds in your downy nests dreaming,
Though 'tis night, it is glad day with me,—
Up ! arouse thee and bask in its brightness !
As my heart sings for joy,—so sing ye !

Live again thou red light of the morning,
Leave thy low ocean grave,—flash on high !
Show my joy to the world-circling heavens,—
Thy Tithonus ne'er loved more than I !

MELENSA.

Tennyson's "The Two Voices."

THERE was an ancient theory of the universe, which looked upon it as the battle-field of two opposing powers—light and darkness—the conflict being ceaseless, and the victory uncertain. It is a conflict which, under different forms, we still see everywhere around us,—a battle which is fought over and over again, not only in the world, but in every human soul. In Tennyson's poem of "The Two Voices," we have the record of one such soul-conflict, one episode in the long war which is every soul's history.

The man of whom we read in this poem is "full of misery." It has not always been so with him,—his youth was bright and hopeful, and rich with noble aspirations, but that time has gone for ever. It may be that some great sorrow or disappointment has crushed his spirit; or, more probably, it is only that the disenchantment, which must come more or less gradually to all when the bright visions of youth "fade into the light of common day," has come to him. He had once seen all things glorified by "the light that never was on sea or land,"—his hopes of his own and the world's future had been high and bright,—"then came the check, the change, the fall," a fall deep in proportion to the height to which he had formerly soared; and now everything is seen through the gloom that has fallen on his own spirit. He is not a sceptic, doubting for doubting's sake; he believes that truth is to be found, that it is a noble thing to search for it, and that, though he may never find it, others will; but the thought of the "purpose" that "runs through the ages," and the grand destinies of humanity, cannot cure the aching of an individual human heart.

At the moment when the poem opens, the man, weary and sick at heart, bowed down by a weight all the more oppressive because so indefinite, seems to have reached the climax of his wretchedness. Then he hears within him a quiet scornful voice—

"Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?"

Why endure to no purpose wretchedness which has no end?

"There is one remedy for all."

The idea so far chimes in with the man's mood, that at first he offers no decided re-

sistance to it. Weary and indifferent, he looks at it as a mere abstract possibility, and speaks about himself as if he were some one else. The natural instinctive shrinking from death may cause his reply to be in the negative ; but *that* does not prompt the abstract answer that man is too wonderful a being to be destroyed in that summary way.

The voice replies that it might not be destructive,—there are analogies in nature which lead us to believe that death may only be the gate of a new life, a transformation into a being of higher nature and vaster powers than before.

The answer is characteristic of one who, though he has lost all faith and hope for himself, still has faith in humanity. Man, he says, is the youngest-born and the noblest of all creatures,—surpassing them all in form and in the possession of heart and intellect, and endowed with dominion over all,—“The roof and crown of things.” The sneering reply is ready that this is but the fancy of a blind pride—for, “in a boundless universe, is boundless better, boundless worse.” And even allowing man to be the highest creature, what is one man among so many ?

To this last question at least there is an answer. Every man has his own individuality,—he is himself, and like no other man who has been or will be.

Admit it, the scoffing voice replies, is your individuality anything so great, so noble, that your loss will be any loss to the race ?

This is not an argument—only a taunt—and therefore all the more powerful in the man’s present state of dissatisfaction with himself ; and the instinctive impulse to resist the dark conclusion is arrested by a flood of tears. On this line of argument he is foiled, and his adversary takes advantage of this weakness and failure to draw thence an additional proof of the hopelessness of his case. He is so “steeped in misery” that he cannot think or reason, he can only weep ; and again the suggestion is repeated,—

“Were it not better not to be ?”

The answer this time is more personal and more hopeful. “I should lose all chance of a happy change.” The voice replies with another of those scornful and baseless assertions which cut so deep because they find an echo within, that any such hope is vain ; this disease of the soul is incurable.

Yet all this misery does not make the thought of death more welcome to the weary soul. In truth, life is not all weariness to him ; there are things in the world which he prizes, though he only finds it out when he thinks what it would be to leave them all for ever,—to close his eyes for ever on this fair earth, and the new beauties which every spring brings round,—to be shut out for ever from the world

of intellect, and the new truths which are continually revealing themselves to patient seekers. And, though it is too true that he must die sooner or later, and leave all these things, he would fain stay here as long as may be, and watch the new lights which are hourly breaking on the world's horizon.

But no man, however long his life, the voice replies, can hope to see that slow dawn break into day ; and, could he live for ages, and, gaining fresh knowledge every year, find the answers to questions not yet asked, by how much would he have lessened the infinite unknown ? how much nearer would he be to perfect knowledge ? He might seem to himself and to others to have learned much, but *you*, the mocking voice continues, with another bitter personal taunt, *you* cannot even do that.

“ But to seem to find,
Asks what thou lackest, though resigned,
A healthy frame, a quiet mind ! ”

It is only too true that these are wanting, that life must be fruitless as well as wretched ; but yet the man feels it a cowardly thing to leave this life from fear of pain, or at least, other men would say it was so. Not more cowardly, the voice replies, than to live as you do now, hating life and dreading death ; less cowardly indeed, in so far as decision of any kind is better and braver than this contemptible indecision. Why vex yourself as to what men will say of you ? They will very soon forget you altogether ; and, even should they blame you, you will never hear it in the quiet grave. There is rest to be found there, and sweet sleep after long trouble, if you will only be decided and resolute for once.

A hard task, the man replies, to draw resolution from doubts and negations :— Had I hope, as I once had, I could be resolute ; and he goes back in thought to those old days when he still had confidence in himself and the world ; when all his thoughts were centred in the conflict of life for which he was preparing ; and he looked forward, across long years of brave battle for the right, to an honoured death in the arms of victory.

His had been a noble purpose—a life-work worthy of any man's devotion. These plans and purposes had passed away ; they had proved but the baseless fabric of a dream ; but still the man who had once entertained them, could not but feel that it was only in such a cause as this that it would be worth while to die.

But that, replies the voice, was but the heat of a youthful fancy ; you have come now to see what life really is. And, even had that dream of yours been so far fulfilled—had you engaged in life's battle with the earnest purpose to fight and die for the truth, would you have succeeded ? Does any one succeed ? Search for

truth all your life, lured on by seemingly friendly gleams of hope, and what will you find in the end but darkness?

It is easier to answer this than many similar scoffing questions; for though in the great world-battle for light against darkness, there has often been defeat and failure, he cannot forget that there have been some who have striven and conquered.

It is the last ground on which he stands,—when driven from all trust for himself—the thought of those who did not trust in vain. It may be that his early visions were a delusion; that he has never heard “the melody of the everlasting chime,”—has never seen from afar the gates of the celestial city; but it is something to have looked on the faces of those who have—men, whose strong faith gave them the victory over suffering and danger—over even death itself, and as he thinks of these men, it seems for a moment to him as if he too felt as they did.

Before the exultant words have died away upon his lips, comes the cold and sullen answer:—It was only their temperament, not that they had any true ground for their faith. You have not their capacity for enthusiasm; you cannot help it if yours is “the fatal gift of eyes” to see things as they are, however you may wish that the old illusions still had power over you.

If all knowledge of the future is indeed so impossible, the man replies, I might, for aught I can tell, in trying to escape from this life, find myself in another of deeper and permanent suffering. Going weak and helpless into a world of which I know nothing, what is it I may not fear?

In answer to this objection, the voice argues from the perfect calm of a dead face, and the perfect silence of the grave, that death is nothing but a long and dreamless sleep. The answer is—that if indeed we neither know nor can discover anything beyond this life, we cannot be sure that those we call the dead are dead. It is true that, as far as we can judge by the evidence of the senses, the death of the body is the end of man; but do not all men feel that there is an immortal part of them which does not perish with the body? Several arguments are here brought forward in proof of the immortality of the soul—beginning with that which is to the majority of men the most convincing, and yet the most difficult to support by proof, the argument from intuition,—“that inward evidence by which we doubt against the sense.”

Again, man finds within him ideas which he cannot have gathered from his own experience; for, how could he draw the idea of eternity from the ever-changing course of time? or the idea of infinite perfection from a world where “all things are out of joint?” As the stream cannot rise higher than its source, such ideas cannot have

originated in the mind of man, they must have been implanted by a higher power—in whom they are realized—who is not a blind fate, but a heavenly Friend, whose purposes are wise and good, though often mysterious to human understanding.

Surely that God did not implant in man's heart that "type of the perfection," of truth and goodness merely to make the whole course of the world seem an enigma to him, and his own heart the most perplexing enigma of all. These ideas of perfection must have an answering substance somewhere ; and, as it is not to be found in this life, there must be another life in which we shall find it. And the tempting voice, though he can cast doubt on arguments like these, cannot disprove them, still less bring any proof that things are otherwise.

The voice replies with an argument against the soul's immortality, to the effect that there was a time when we were not in existence ; there was therefore a time when we began to be,—and "to begin, implies to end." His opponent answers that that last assertion cannot be proved ; but, granting it,—

"How should I for certain hold,
Because my memory is so cold ;
That I was first in human mould."

And then follow several arguments to prove the existence of the soul before its union with the body.

To explain the absence of any memories of such previous existence, it is suggested that a "draught of Lethe," such as was fabled in the old mythologies might cause total oblivion ; a former life might be forgotten as dreams often are here ; or there might only be a dim remembrance of it, which, if the former life had been a higher one than the present, would account for the indefinite longing and sadness felt in scenes of great natural beauty and sublimity. Again, had the former life been a lower one, it might be forgotten as men forget their infancy ; or, supposing our souls to have previously existed unconnected with any material form, as memory deals but with time and time with matter, we could have no memory of such an existence. This hypothesis would account for the vague feelings that sometimes come over us—"like glimpses of forgotten dreams," of something done or felt, we know not when or where. The reply is the cruellest the heavy heart can receive. No counter-arguments are attempted—"dreams" are put aside with quiet contempt, and the facts of sense held up again against the faith of the spirit—"Thy pain is a reality."

The reality of the pain cannot be denied—the soul still feels it as keenly as ever, but feels too that it is useless merely to show him the hopelessness of his present

state, and to promise him rest and silence. To one crushed and maddened by sorrow, death may indeed seem the only thing to be desired, but when the soul is "half-sick of shadows" it does not want darkness, but the substance of the shadows.

"'Tis life whereof our lives are scant,
Oh life ! not death, for which we pant,
More life and fuller, that I want."

True and noble words, which surely seem an echo of those other words that rise to our minds as we read them:—"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

So the discussion closes. The tempter is foiled ; but, though the soul has fought bravely and successfully, his is not the joy of victory—he sits "as one forlorn."

It had been night, and now the morning dawns,—a Sabbath morning, with its own peculiar still freshness, and he looks out into the world, and watches the people pressing to the house of prayer. The beauty of a spring morning, the sight of humble faith and piety,—it is not much after all ; but they bring calm and healing to the troubled and wounded spirit. The gloomy fancies clear away like mist before the sun, and something of the glow and brightness of other days returns. The dull and sullen voice is gone ; and a second voice, soft and silver-toned, whispers words of comfort and encouragement. The words are hints, faintly understood, of a hidden hope yet to be revealed, of a knowledge that all things are working together for good. They fall like soft music on the troubled heart ; and the luxuriant beauty of woods and fields and flowers completes the cure, and turns "the winter of discontent" into the hopeful joy of spring-time ; and all things combine to bring home the conclusion,—felt, although no tongue can prove it, that all things are ordered by a loving Father's hand ; that even

"Every cloud that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love."

It has been sometimes said that this conclusion of the poem is unsatisfactory,—that the long argument with the tempting voice leaves the matter after all very much where it was, and that the restoration of the man's mind to peace and confidence is attributed to his looking at the people going to church, and afterwards taking a walk in the woods. It seems to me, that the poem, as it is, is far more true than if the poet had shown us his hero retiring triumphant and perfectly satisfied with himself, after vanquishing the scoffing voice with a chain of severely logical arguments. It is a fact, and one of which the voice makes use several times in the course of his argument, that our opinions on all points, and particularly on those subjects which lie

beyond the evidence of our senses,—do depend very much, more than we like to acknowledge, on a number of external influences which affect the spirits. And in a state of weariness and depression, air and sunshine and sympathy, above all active sympathy, with our fellow-creatures, are mental tonics not to be despised.

But there is another reason which shows the poet's conclusion to be at once true and instructive. Notwithstanding the weakness of the arguments advanced by the doubting voice considered as reasons for seeking death,—many of the statements made are in themselves true, and cannot be disproved by any reasoning, however sound. That there is very much that is perplexing in the world and in ourselves, which the highest intellects will find it impossible to explain, is true. We must all feel it to be so—no man, no generation of men, has ever solved “the riddle of this painful earth.” And yet it has a key—a key that is not in our hands—but in His hands who says, “I am the light of the world—he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.” To believe these words—to trust in and follow that leader, such faith is the only thing that can make life worth living. And it must come to us from above; nature and human sympathy may do much to soothe the heart, and bring it into a sound and healthy state; but they cannot give this faith, nor can it come from ourselves—it is the gift of God. Mankind have not been left to grope their way in darkness, helpless and alone; the reign of darkness is passing, and the true light is now shining. To every one who walks by the light he has, and “will not make his judgment blind,” nor let his heart freeze into selfish isolation, the full light will come, though not perhaps always in this life. To every one kneeling on

“The world's great altar stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,”

“Crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry,”

faith will be given to feel himself to be

“A child that cries,
But crying knows its Father near.”

GRACE.

The Prize offered for the best Prose Article appearing in the January Number of “THE ATTEMPT,” has been awarded to O. M. for her article on “The Conventual System.”

Una Ferguson.

CHAPTER I.

“We were two sisters of one race,
 She was the fairest in the face ;—
 The wind is blowing in turret and tree.”—*Tennyson.*

How the wind was blowing that night as we sat together by the fire ! Blowing ? It was wailing, roaring, rushing,—making the black pines moan round the old house like human souls in pain. Every now and then it came nearer, and shook the window, as if a restless spirit that loved us could not remain without, and was pleading to be let in from the cold, dark, stormy night ; and then it went sweeping away across the gurdy sea, awakening love’s ceaseless litany in many a sleepless, anxious heart, as it shouted on its way. “That it would please Thee to preserve all who travel by land or water,—we beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord !” What though the prayer took many different forms ; though one pale young wife could do nothing but sit by the cottage hearth, moaning with white lips, as the gusts went by,—“Save him, save my darling, and let me see him again ;” though a widowed mother lay listening to the fierce blast, with an inward cry, more wild and yearning than if it had been audible,—“Oh ! my boy, my own boy, God help thee this awful night !” though it might seem like a desperate murmur of pain, it was heard above the tempest, and answered ; for

“The blessedest,
 Best sound, the boat keels grating on the sand,”

was heard next morning, and no mother was left childless, no wife widowed in St Michael’s by that “night of stormy water.”

I have wandered away from my sister Una and myself, sitting safe and warm in the red light of the fire, and listening to the wind, but not with that passion of individual interest with which so many heard it in the little fishing-town. We had no boat coming in, nor friend or bread-winner at sea, and though I thought sadly of the poor women I knew in the village, whose all was tossing on the waves, and of the brave fellows who were exposed to that great hungry Mystery which circles round our happy English homes,—all I loved were within the walls of the old house I spoke of, and safe.

Yes, *all*. The time had been when I sent out a frail vessel to toss on the

world's restless waves, freighted with my heart's best treasures of hope and love, as the Hindoo maidens send their little lamp-lit boats down the Ganges. And I stood on the shore and watched, till the light was quenched by the troubled waters, never to be kindled again. This is my sister's story, not mine ; mine was shut up and done with years before the stormy night I write of, but hers was yet to begin. I was nine-and-twenty ; she was nineteen. I was rather short and very dark, with black hair, and eyes like our father's ; Una,—but I must go to Burns' Mally for my description of her.

“ Her golden hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling doon her swan-white neck,
An' her twa eyes, like stars in skies,
Wad keep a sinking ship frae wreck.”

The colour of Mally's eyes is not specified, and it would have been hard for anyone who did not know Una well to describe the colour of her's. It may have been sisterly partiality, but I don't think I ever saw such another pair. Their size, though they were large and almond-shaped, was lost in their brightness. Sometimes they were black, sometimes brown, sometimes dark dewy blue, like the shadows on an evening hill ; but their real hue was violet grey, with brown lights that sometimes deceived people into calling them brown altogether. They were shaded by long dark lashes, and over-arched by “ eye-brows bent like Cupid's bow,” dark also. And now that I have given you a pen-and-ink sketch of those dear eyes, that were then, and are still, the lights of my life, I feel it useless to try to draw them. I cannot give you, or tell you, the love with which I look at them, and so you will not see them as I do. But this I will say, that none came near my darling without admiring her beauty, and none knew her well without thinking that rare as it was, it formed her least attraction. She was tall, with an indescribable grace about her every motion ; and her figure would have made the coarsest and poorest dress look like the robe of a qucen. Her complexion was naturally rather pale, but a flush like the sunrise came and went upon her soft cheeks with every passing emotion ; and her lips were nearly as lovely and changeful as her eyes, showing teeth like the white sea-foam, when her sweet face broke into a laugh. What with the rapid changes which her changes of mood wrought upon her face, and even her figure, her flashing softening eyes, her broad white level brow, her masses of rippling hair, there was much about Una which reminded you of the sea. It was such beauty as her's which Raskin says the Venetian mariners learned to love from the sweeping glory of the ocean. And, if I linger over her looks, you must forgive me ; for I was

half-mother, half-sister to the motherless child my father brought home from India when I was fifteen. He married again five years after the death of my own mother, who was a Scotchwoman, and his second wife I only saw for a few minutes ; he had very little time to spare before sailing for India, and I was at school. But I remember my step-mother's loveliness ; it made an indelible impression on my childish eyes and heart. Una has her mother's eyes and mouth, but her hair has more of the gold and less of the auburn. I remember how the beautiful young creature, only about twice my own age, warmly embraced her little shy dark step-daughter, and asked me to pray for her as well as for my father, when they were crossing the stormy sea.

I never saw her again. One wild night at sea, her baby was born ; and she only lived to feel the little helpless hands that seemed trying to stay the parting spirit, and then went where there is no more sea.

My father's grief and horror overcame him, so that his new-born infant had to be cared for by the passengers. She was baptised by a clergyman who happened to be on board ; and her strange name—Undine—was suggested by one of the ladies, who thought it appropriate for one born on the water. She lived and thrived, as children sometimes do in spite of circumstances, while others, with the utmost fostering care, pine and die, and, I believe, my father's heart-strings very soon wound themselves tightly round his little white sea-daughter, the only relic left him of his short year of happiness with the lovely girl who had surprised all her friends by accepting the taciturn Scotch surgeon of an Indian regiment for her husband.

But what I know is, that, five years after that night, when I was called down to the room where visitors were received, to see my father, and when I saw sitting beside him a child with the radiant eyes I had often dreamt of, and knew she was my little sister Undine, I loved her with all my girl's heart from that time forward. "Una," my father said, after I had kissed him to my satisfaction, "this is your little new mother. Mary, see what I have brought you from India. A big wax-doll to nurse till I can come home and take care of you both."

I held out my arms, and the great wistful eyes must have read tenderness in mine ; for, in a moment, two little dimpled arms were round my neck, and the sweet baby-mouth was pressed to my own, and I had my Una, my treasure that I cannot lose.

For surely I know that, if I am taken first and spared the cruel pain of staying where my darling is not, her kiss will be the last upon my lips, before they are sealed for ever ; her eyes the last stars that will light up the valley of the shadow of

death. Yes, and they will rise beyond it, calm with immortality, and tearless for evermore.

CHAPTER II.

“This child I for myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.”—*Wordsworth.*

I CANNOT quite pass over our merry school-time,—mine at least; for Una was so much younger than the youngest of the juniors, that she was, so to speak, in the nursery for several years. But, even at her first appearance among us, she created a great sensation. Well do I remember how, my father being gone, I led Una up to the bedroom, where the girls were employed in dressing for dinner. From a somewhat wild and reckless “first-classer,” I had suddenly become a staid and decorous matron, with a sense of responsibility large in proportion to the smallness of my charge. The girls in the west room, to which I belonged, having, contrary to all rules, left their door open, providing like Jenny Rintherout, for the convenience of any one who might wish to come in, saw my face as I cautiously ascended the stairs, before they could at all perceive the tiny creature at my side, and a yell of mirth broke from those irrepressible persons, which school-girls become when left to themselves.

“Here comes the meek Maria, with a face like a sermon on the benefits of affliction.” “Give me your yard-measure, Florry, we’ll measure it.” “Never mind being short, Molly, sure ye take it out in your features, they’d reach from Dublin to Kingstown.” “Has our beloved Mother Superior expelled you for sliding on the baluster?” “Has Monsieur doubled the translation?” “Is the cat dead?” “Have the cockroaches invaded our peaceful couch, eh, Mary?” wound up the most mischievous of the five maidens who shared my apartment, “never mind,—they will not waken me, Mary; but what’s this?” she cried, suddenly changing her tone. “Oh! you cherub, come and give me a kiss!” Then followed a simultaneous rush, overpowering to Una, who hid her face in my dress, but could not hide the universal tumult from the eyes of the first English teacher, who was pacing, like the Lord of Burleigh, along the passage.

“Young ladies,—Miss Fisher, Miss O’Hara, Miss Seymour,—retire to your room, if you please, and dress at once. Really, this habit of chattering at doors, rushing up and down stairs, and general noisiness and boyishness, is getting quite beyond me. I shall speak to Mrs Clayton.” The unsubdued Jane Seymour began

to excuse herself and her companions, but was crushed into nothingness by Miss Wylde ("what's in a name" held good in this case) who, Argus-eyed, noticed a long and grievous rent in the skirt of her morning dress. "I think, Miss Seymour, considering that that tear, which was probably effected while you and Miss Ferguson were engaged in the elegant amusement of sliding downstairs on the baluster, must be repaired before you can present yourself to-morrow morning and pursue your daily studies, a little of the spare time, which is seemingly so abundant with you, might be devoted to mending it." So saying, and bidding me take my little sister into our common room, Miss Wylde marched downstairs, leaving us silenced, but not so abashed as we should have been.

The girls contended with me for the honour of combing Una's "lengths of yellow ringlet," and putting her in order generally; but the time was brief, and the sharp "now or never" roar of the dinner-gong was heard before all was done. Jane paused despairingly, with her afternoon frock half over her white shoulders, and grinned a hopeless grin. "Give my compliments to Madame, tell her how grieved I am not to be able to say grace over the mutton of the noon-day meal. 'I asked grace at a graceless face' when I expected any favour from Miss Wylde, for she is like anything but a grace before my meat. Will this button never stay in? Oh! my cuffs, where are they? Goodness, Mary, I've got your belt; how did you expect it to meet round my waist? Bring me the bell-rope. No, here is mine. And my hair is standing on end, of course; never mind, it will look as if I was shocked at my own bad conduct. Wait just one moment,—there's a duck,—and don't drag your wretched innocent there into the presenee of majesty without any preparation."

All this was said, in spite of obstacles, while she hastily completed her toilette; and I, the last straggler, lingered on the stairs, unwilling to be late, but still more unwilling to let my favourite schoolfellow get into disgrace alone. It was embarrassing to have to present my sister to Mrs Clayton before the whole array of governesses and pupils, and to hear the mild reproof,—“And I hope, my dear Mary, you will set Undine a good example of punctuality.” “Undine!” I saw intelligent glances passing between several of the elder girls. The German class were reading *La Motte Fouqué's* beautiful story just then, and I was one of them. I was sorry for it, as I knew the teasing propensities of some of them. I had always spoken of my sister as Una, I call her so still, but the water-sprite was a favourite among the girls, and I knew her namesake would hear enough of her name. I was not mistaken; Water-witch, Mermaid, Nixie, Lorely, every variety of title that suggested water was heaped upon her; and it was not till they saw that it caused

her great vexation,—though she did not understand anything about Undine,—that they left off.

There was one part of this delightful system of teasing which they clung to for a long time. From the first, Undine showed a strong love for music ; her little voice, sweet and clear as a silver bell, used to be heard all over the house singing snatches of old Hindoo airs, caught up before she could speak, from my father's native servants. When she began to take music lessons, she attached herself strongly to the old music master. He used to give her every extra minute he could possibly spare, and she practised hard for him, and was always angry when the other girls dilated on his ugliness and crossness, in the intervals spent in hunting for theory slates, and wondering which part of the half-acquired "*morceau de salon*" one was most certain to break down in. "I like Herr Mühlbach," she once slowly said, bringing out each syllable with deliberate clearness, "he tells me stories about Mozart and——(Beethoven was too long a word), and other great men. And if I could play like him, I would do nothing else. I think——(she was alone with Jane and me)—I think the angels stop singing in heaven to listen to such music."

"Of course *you* like him, Water-witch," broke in Florry Fisher, who had entered unobserved, "he is your uncle, your uncle Kühleborn. I always wondered who the old Herr was like, and now I know. Don't go near the well in the garden with him, my dear little mermaid, or he'll dive with you, as sure as fate, and Mary will be left lamenting. Not that I think you would dislike it at all, though we should be sorry to lose you ; but he would bestow you safely in some pleasant cave, where you could warble your own native melodies in peace. And when I went yachting, as I hope to do next summer, I should look down through the water, and see you seated on a rock, with your dear uncle swimming round you, bewitched by your melodious strains, like an enchanted seal." Even Una's face of anger and indignation could not restrain our mirth at this picture of domestic life below seas ; and our laughter was only broken in upon by the sharp voice of Mademoiselle, who sat with us at our music lesson, calling for Mademoiselle Fisher, whereat Florry fled, murmuring, "I wonder she doesn't translate it into '*Pêcheur*.' I'm sure she does in her heart, if she is capable even of the feeblest pun."

Una was teasing me to tell her all about Kühleborn, and I was trying to quiet her importunities. She had a keen imagination ; and, if the weird story got hold of her, I felt certain it would do her some harm,—what, I could hardly have defined. There was only one English translation of it in the school, and I persuaded Kate O'Hara, to whom it belonged, to lock it up in her drawer, and begged them all not to tell the story

to Una. They refrained, but the Kühleborn joke was in their eyes too good a one to be let drop, and endless were the ways in which it was brought up. The good, gruff, old Herr went by no other name; and once, I am ashamed to say, one of the quicksilver spirits of Walton House hid herself in the thick branches of a tree, under which he smoked the pipe of contemplation in the interval after dinner, and began to shower some cold drops (not of modesty) from a watering-can, upon his head. The drops came faster,—he thought a spring shower had begun, when suddenly rising, he saw a gleam of terrestrial blue between the leaves, and caught the culprit in the act. “And that dear old merman, that pet of a Kühleborn, never said a word about it to Madame,” recounted Jane to a select audience that night in the short period allowed for undressing. “I really could not help it; his fuzzy old face looked as if he and his natural element had said farewell for ever. I had the watering-pot—I saw the tree—I knew where he was sure to sit—could an angel have helped introducing him to a little of what he must have lived in? But I watched Mrs Clayton’s face all dinner time, and fully expected a summons to her sitting-room to-night. And it never came, blessings on the head of Kühleborn. May beer descend upon him as fast as rain falls upon less worthy mortals; may his pipe never go out; may he—oh Mademoiselle, *je me coucherai tout de suite!*” This, as the door opened, and a solemn visage appeared. “Eh bien, Mademoiselle Seymour, toujours en retard,” and Mademoiselle passed on, while Jane twisted a great coil of yellow hair round her wrist, hastily fastened it up, blew out the candle, and lay down beside me, weary with the apprehensions of the day, for, as she said, “you might as well be expelled as go on thinking you were sure to be so for a whole afternoon.”

Oh happy, careless, mischievous days, that can never come back! Where is the Mary Ferguson I used to know, who was always ready for any fun that was going, whose laughing and crying were so frequent and so near to each other? Surely, if the child is mother of the woman, as well as father of the man, my mother has a daughter the antipodes of herself. It is easier to believe that the old, merry, eager, “*rücksichtslos Mädchen*” is still running about these old stairs, and schoolrooms, and gardens, than that she has changed into this quiet, sober, domestic woman of nigh thirty years of age, who keeps my father’s house.

When I was eighteen, and Una eight, my father came home, and I left Mrs Clayton’s, and began to study the science of household management.

We did not come to St Michael’s till about four years before the time at which my story begins. At Mrs Clayton’s earnest entreaty, papa let Una remain at Hamp-

stead, where our happy old school was, till she was sixteen ; and meanwhile I was taken to stay with his only sister in Scotland, to learn the mysteries of the *ménage*. He himself wandered about, now coming to Redmains to see me, now taking me to Edinburgh to keep house for him, now to London to see Una.

The great joy of my life came to me, as the summer comes to the flowers, and I walked the world wrapped in a mantle of dreams too dear to last, till one autumn day I woke, to find that I had spent in a few months the happiness that should have lasted a life-time, and that my lover had left me. Few of my friends knew of it, and Una does not know it now. The first time I went to Hampstead after that day, she stroked my white cheeks and asked if I were well, and I told her I had been ill, that was all. "All life needs for life is possible to will," and all that was needful wakened up again in me ; and I lived for her and for my father.

My aunt's boisterous "handful of children" were a great help to me, and also the daily efforts I made to make myself a good housekeeper. I can't go into a house where the boys are all at home, and hear hammering and shouting, and the usual variety of necessary noises, without a strange pain at my heart, as it goes back to that noisy Scotch home, where the gates of Eden shut upon me, and I went out among the thorns and thistles with weary feet, changed from a girl into a woman.

When Una was about to leave school, my father suddenly arrived at Redmains, and told me his plans. He had fixed upon St Michael's as a convenient place of residence ; his old Indian friend, General Hilary, would let him a house there ; in short everything was fixed, how soon could I be ready ?

"Just come in to dinner, James," interposed my aunt, "and never mind Mary till afterwards." So in he went, and I adjourned after dinner to the nursery, where a wild wailing had already begun among the young and tender of Aunt Laurie's flock. Willie, Jamie, Harry, Ronald, Geordie, joined in a chorus of lamentation over Cousin Mary's departure, a rumour of which had reached the regions above, through the agency of a malicious nursemaid. I was sitting on the floor among them, submitting to be "pu'd at" like Tibby Fowler of wealthy memory, while they proved, to the satisfaction of all disputants, that six bodies could occupy the same space at the same time, or nearly so, for we were heaped together in an undistinguishable mass of cousinly grief and mournful affection, when my aunt came in. "Now boys, let Cousin Mary alone, she has enough to do. My dear Molly," she said, as we went down stairs, "what I'll do without you I can't think, but your father wants you to go with him to-morrow." "So soon !" and I said nothing more, for my thoughts hurried to one part of the garden that must be taken leave of.

I said goodnight early, and gained time for packing. Everything was arranged, and next morning I awoke just as "the casement slowly grew a glimmering square." Rain had fallen in the night, and all was still. I rose and dressed, knelt and prayed,—prayed that the bitterness of my life might be changed to sweetness in the life to come,—and then wrapped a shawl round me, and went out,—out through the wet walks, till I came to the seat under the rowan-tree near the little loch, and there I sat down. Tears would not come there, in the chill early day; the time had been when I cried till the old boards were as wet with my tears as they were with the rain, but that time was past. I only sat and thought of what was gone, and then I kissed the senseless wood, and the bark of the trysting tree, and gathered a bunch of coral berries and a few primrose leaves, and came back to the house.

And that day, though poor Redmains put on all its autumn finery to tempt us to stay, and the sun shone royally out upon bracken and rock and heather, and the "rampageous" cousinhood held on to Cousin Mary with the energy of despair, till they extracted from her a general promise, as vaguely affectionate as Willie's in the old song,—

"Oh lasses, bide till I come back,
And faith I'll wed ye a',"

we went away. We were to pick up Una in London, and it was hard work for her to part from Mrs Clayton and her schoolfellows, who adored her in true school-girl fashion.

But I must close this chapter, which is already too long, and keep for the next our arrival at St Michael's, and our manner of life there.

O. M.

(*To be continued.*)

A Fragment.

It was a calm still night of rosy June,
When all the sky to westward pales in gold,
And flushes tender purple overhead;
There was no sound nor motion in the air,
Only the kine, knee-deep in long rich grass,
Crushed the soft blades, still wet with heavy drops,
That lingered from a summer storm at noon;
While all the trees spread out against the sky

Their leafy bravery—downward trailing birch,
 And massive chesnut—ash with fresh young shoots,
 And sweeping beechen-boughs alike were there.
 Pale Hesper, faint with summer light, sank down
 And hid his passionate face ;—and as he fell,
 The golden moon sailed slowly into view,
 And filled the night with glory. Such a night
 As lives in our remembrance like a psalm.

ELSIE STRIVELYNE.



Antient Knots, and the Unloosing of them.

“ Once, in the flight of ages past,
 There lived a man,—and who was he?”

HE bore the not uncommon name of Alexander ; and he lived a considerable time before the discoveries of Columbus had puzzled the brains of sighing school-boys, or afforded scope for the superfluous energy of old-world adventurers. There doubtless were living, at that distant date, many estimable and noteworthy men, of whom we now know nothing. And this man, possessing no special virtue, conferring, while he lived, no special boon on the world at large, will, as long as history is written, read, and taught, be talked of by the world at large as one of the great ones of the earth. How comes this ? Because he tamed an untameable war-horse ? because he ruled an important kingdom ? because he conquered as much of the world as was then known to exist ? or because he finally sat down and wept for grief that no more was left to conquer ? For all these reasons, doubtless, and for many besides. But what, with the general public, has given him undying fame, is probably that little incident in his career connected with the mysterious knot on which, we are told, depended the fate of an empire.

It is not our purpose here to enter upon the rationale of the Gordian knot, and its influence upon conqueror and conquered. It shall be enough for us to believe,—what we see no satisfactory reason for disbelieving,—that this knot, in all its inextricable intricacy, did actually exist, and that Alexander the Great did actually cut it. And why is it, we ask, that of all the events of a life crowded with incidents, and historically and geographically important, that selected by posterity to remember, quote, and moralise on, should be of such infinitesimal importance ? Possibly,

because there is in this incident a moral force, a universal applicability, before which all mankind, consciously or unconsciously, must needs bow. It was a fact, doubtless, of no small importance to the ambitious monarch referred to, that he ruled the kingdom his father had ruled before him,—a kingdom of acknowledged renown and power. But for men in general it is merely an historical fact, a truth for the intellect alone. When, however, we are told of the energy of a human will bearing down obstacles hitherto deemed insuperable, forcing its way and gaining its ends by fair means or by foul, we feel instinctively that here is a truth wider, deeper, higher than the mere facts of cognition; a truth whose importance is but inadequately expressed when we talk of the conscience or the moral faculty.

It would appear then that the world has judged rightly in extracting from this simple act of Alexander a moral of the utmost importance. But, whether the world has not, to put the finest possible point upon it, extracted a one-sided, and, consequently, an imperfect moral, is, we think, fairly open to question.

Universal consent has divided all possible power into two kinds,—active and passive. Whether this passivity be worthy the name of power, is a purely psychological speculation. With that, as with the psychological application of the words “act,” “energy,” “capacity,” &c., we have here nothing to do. In common parlance, active and passive power are distinguished as energy and patience. Combining these two, and resting them on the surest foundation, a human character may most nearly approach perfection; wanting either the one or the other, a life will almost certainly be a failure.

“Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.”

Alexander the Great was a failure. We do not question the indomitable energy that prompted the stroke; but we think he might have been a better, a wiser, and a happier man, had he bestowed a little time on the untying of the knot.

A popular essayist, who is still amongst us, and whose writings breathe a sound, cheerful, practical, religious spirit, recommends, as a cure for discontent or depression, half-an-hour of putting to rights. The same amount of time spent in untying an intricate knot, or winding a ravelled skein, might have the same happy effect.

A knot ought to be untied—time, place, and manner all supposed suitable—for more than one reason. First—a reason likely to be anticipated and appreciated by an age and nation that reads Miss Edgeworth’s tales—because of the good old proverb, “Waste not, want not.” Human nature was never better portrayed than in the simple tale, “Two Strings to your Bow.” Ben certainly commands our respect;

and, though sympathy for careless Hal forbids us heartily to wish the successful archer joy, we feel that he has deserved his triumph. But there is another, and a more important view of the subject—that hinted at already—the value of the occupation as mental discipline ; and that mainly because it serves alike to test and to strengthen the quality suggested as wanting in the Macedonian conqueror—patience. The successful untying of a knot implies, beyond most other occupations, a combination of undivided attention, unwearied patience, deliberate coolness, and far-seeing judgment.

For these reasons, then, no knot which skill and patience will untie should be cut. This, however, under limitations of time and place. Never spend time in untying a knot, unless the good to be gained by so doing overbalances the value of the time you may gain by cutting it. We are not to sacrifice practical tangible good for an abstract advantage. The sailor who sends forth the harpoon on its errand of death does not pause to extricate the entangled rope :—the axe descends, the knot is severed, and the lives of the crew are saved. The sempstress, who works against time into the small hours of the night, knows that it is better worth her while to break off her knotted thread, and begin with a fresh one, than to spend the minutes, whose value she knows too well, in saving so much thread as will suffice to sew on a shirt button. We are, then, it will be seen, reasonable in our demands. We do not ask that the traveller shall risk the loss of his train, the man of business that of an otherwise important half-hour, or the sailor that of his life, for either an economic advantage or a moral abstraction. Neither do we desire ostentatious display of this, more than of any other accomplishment.

We believe that the undying fame won by so trivial an incident as that of the Gordian Knot, had its origin in the tendency of mankind to symbolism—to the investing of finite objects with an infinite meaning. Such is the constitution of man,—given, a human intellect and an object appreciable by sense-consciousness alone,—the intellect is not satisfied when sense-consciousness has done its part. The object must be assimilated to that infinite and unchangeable self, whereof sense-consciousness and its objects form only a part, and that part not essential. A circumstance casually noted by the outward eye, unconnected in itself with the mental experience of the observer, becomes thus a part of that experience ; and, by shadowing forth a mental in a physical phenomenon, acquires a moral and symbolical significance sufficient to annihilate any original importance it might have possessed.

We have already analysed sufficiently for our purpose, the physical phenomenon—the knot literal ; what now remains is to examine into the nature and laws of its counterpart—the knot metaphorical. And what first strikes us is, that, unlike the

knot literal, it admits of a division into two great sections ; knots intellectual and knots moral. The inclination of men is, generally speaking, to shun all admission of the knot moral, and to set down as an intellectual error what is in reality a moral deformity. Observe, we do not say an intellectual weakness. We know no man, who, if left to the guidance of his natural disposition, would not rather be a genius, a forger, and a suicide like Chatterton, than an upright commonplace Christian, fearing nothing but sin, asking nothing but the approval of his conscience, and doing his duty in his sphere. Here we have unconsciously stumbled upon an apt illustration of our last remark. Those who have contracted an admiration for the unhappy Bristol boy, overlook, in their enthusiastic worship of his undoubted talent, the extreme cowardice of his life and death. To die is comparatively easy ; it is the cutting of a moral knot. A false step on the edge of a cliff, a touch of a trigger, a drop more than enough for a sleeping-draught, and a man is hurled into eternity ; where, he may have reasoned with himself, he is still in the hands of the Almighty. So, too, the survivors reason, while a verdict is returned of " temporary insanity." But to live justly, wisely, nobly ; to accept one's life as a precious charge received from the hands of Him who will one day redemand it ; is not this the most difficult task a human being can set himself to learn—the hardest knot he can resolve patiently to untie ? This, then, is a moral knot, whose importance as such is too often overlooked, or deliberately misrepresented.

By the canon laid down in our discussion of knots literal, we find that there are cases where an intellectual knot may justifiably be severed. For example, there is not, in the whole mass of juvenile literature bearing on school-life, a more favourite incident than the surreptitious use of keys to exercises by those who are threading the intricacies of Greek and Latin syntax. Yet, though in the schoolboy it is undoubtedly a dishonourable action, we do not condemn it in the man of years—physician, lawyer, merchant. The latter has, for his immediate end, the gaining of information on some other subject than Greek or Latin ; the time is to him of more value than the study of the passage in question. The boy's case is exactly the reverse. The intellectual knot is thus elevated into the rank of a moral knot, which the schoolboy has taken undue credit to himself for having unloosed.

" Life," we hear it said, " is a tangled yarn." Well, be it so ! Let us not murmur, as though some evil destiny had so involved it. It is the task given us to do by our Master ; woe be unto us, if we do not strive faithfully to perform it. But let us not despair, if we are left to find our reward in our own exertion. One day, if not now, the knot will be unloosed.

SANCT REWLE.

“Upon the Brae.”

<p>I saw it first in sweet spring-time, So fair and green, so fresh and gay, In the young year's glad glowing prime, That afternoon in happy May. How bright the budding flowers were! How wide the heavens stretched, and blue! And oh, how soft the breezy air That o'er the rippling river flew! Loud trilled the sky-lark from above, The blackbird whistled from the tree, And all things sang of joy and love, That happy day, to you and me. And at my feet—ah, bonnie lad! On the soft mossy grass you lay; Could either of our hearts be sad, Upon the brae, upon the brae?</p> <p>I saw it next, when summer's glow Had faded from the land away; The yellow sun was sinking low Behind the distant mountains grey; The merry lark's glad song was o'er, The sparkle from the river fled, The broom's gold clusters shone no more, The sky hung sombre overhead.</p>	<p>Far to the west the purple strath, Stretched darkling in the dying day; And there we stood upon the heath, And in your hands mine trembling lay; While there, dear love, we swore to be Each one to other true for aye,— Then kissed, and parted—woe to me! Upon the brae, upon the brae!</p> <p>And now, the winter's snow lies white, The winter's frost strikes hard and deep, And the poor vanished flowers their night Of ice-bound sunless silence sleep. The empty nest, on frozen bough, Is cold, untenanted, and lone; There is no life, no sunshine now, The summer's gladness all is gone. And gone, too, all my young life's glee— In my drear heart no sun can shine; For far from Scotland and from me He roams—dear only love of mine! I know he never can forget The one who loves him, far away; But, shall I ever meet him yet Upon the brae, upon the brae?</p>
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MAS ALTA

“La Beata.”

BY ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

THE sensation novel of the present day is too well known to require description in these pages. The short and spasmodic sentences, the slipshod English, the commonplace dialogue and unartistic description, are well suited as the vehicle of incident,

character, and plot that are also to be met with every day in the real life of the police reports, where immorality and its consequences, crime and its punishment, are the only claims to the notoriety that inevitably follows. In the sensation novel the plot may be more complicated and the crime may be more detestable, but the foundation is pretty much the same,—an absence of all principle, a confounding together of right and wrong, until the right disappears and the wrong reigns triumphant, in the conduct of the personages in whom our feelings and sympathy are to be interested. We may form a pretty correct estimate of a book from the literary excellence or otherwise of its style. Language is the handmaid of thought and conception ; and if they be good and pure, the medium by which they are conveyed to us will be elegant and cultivated. It cannot, therefore, be a matter of surprise to us if the sensation novel be as inferior in its style and execution, as it is unworthy in its conception and coarse in its incident and character.

It is with full intent and purpose that the reader's attention is directed to the novel mentioned on the title—*La Beata*. And yet it may be objected that this book deals with sin and shame, with crime and its punishment, with the victim and the destroyer. And so it does—but how, and in what manner does the author deal with these things? Not with the coarse pen and the coarser thoughts that dictate the books we have been referring to, but with the pen of the artist and the spirit of the moralist is *La Beata* made the object of the reader's sympathy and interest. The novel of *La Beata* was published in 1861,—rather late now in the day to introduce it to this magazine, still we doubt not it is new to many, and the excellences of the novel are so undoubted, that it is worth the reader's while to peruse it, although so long before the public.

The book opens with a description of Florence, and its artist and domestic life. Artist life in Florence is something different from the artist life so freely depicted in London and Paris, where one would suppose that to be an artist is to be a Bohemian and a vagabond, and that no artist career could be properly carried out except in an atmosphere of dirt and confusion, of tobacco smoke and pints of porter, of bread, cheese, beer, slipshod landlady, and all the concomitants of low habits and thriftless living. The same grade of artist life is here described ; the same class, we should rather say, of the artist who paints his picture to sell, and not to gain fame and immortality ; but the artist in Florence must, like his fellow-citizens, conform to the respectable usages of citizen life. Nothing can be more natural or more charming than the life here depicted ; but it is upon *La Beata* herself that the author has expended his best efforts, and we will venture to

say, that few can call to mind a sweeter picture of innocent lovely girlhood than that of the hapless Beata. Ignorant, unprotected, and alone, our sympathy and our interest in her never fail ; her portrait is drawn with the most delicate of pencils. Pippo, the unworthy commonplace object of such a tender loving heart, reminds us, in some sort of distant fashion, of the Tito of Romola ; that is to say, like Tito, he is at once the exponent and the victim of the great principle of expediency ; but there the resemblance ceases. One might perhaps in both cases wonder how such an one could gain and keep the love of a true and noble heart, did we not know that love depends not alone for aliment upon the object loved, but springs fresh, pure, and strong from the everlasting capacities of the heart in which it takes root. M. E. T.

My First Dinner-Party.

“LIZZY,” said my mother, one rainy morning about five years ago, “Lizzy, put away that book and attend to me.”

With a vague sense of impending misfortune, I obeyed. “Lizzy,” continued my mother, “since my cold is no better this morning, and the weather is much worse, it will be impossible for me to dine with the Duncans this evening. Now, I know how provoking it is to get an apology from anybody at the last moment, so you shall go with your father, instead of me. The Duncans are very good natured, and will excuse the liberty.”

A horror stricken “Mama !” was all I could find voice to utter ; and I stood before my mother with my mouth and eyes wide open, and an expression of blank dismay upon my face.

“Now, don’t be foolish, Lizzy,” said my mother, “and for goodness’ sake shut your mouth, and don’t stare in that ridiculous manner. You are sixteen years old, and, if you don’t know how to behave yourself in society, the sooner you begin to learn the better. There is nothing to be frightened about ; you are going with your father, and the Duncans are old friends. You had better go up-stairs now, and speak to Hannah about your dress.”

Thus admonished, I left the room, and slowly ascended the stairs, to speak to my old nurse Hannah on the subject of my evening’s attire. I confided my woes to my brothers and sisters, but small indeed were the consolation and encouragement which I received at their hands. Nettie was first indignant, then satirical, then downright impertinent ; Jack and Harry began where she left off, and expended an enor-

mous amount of perverted ingenuity in presenting to my mind's eye pictures of the serapes into which I should be sure to fall, and the absurdities I should be sure to commit—"for you know, Lizzy dear, you *are* dreadfully awkward," as Nettie remarked, with a sigh); and Madge did nothing but shout at every pause in the conversation, "Take me too! take me too!" till I fled from the face of my tormentors, to meditate in silence and alone on the awful prospect before me.

The dreaded hour at last arrived; and, adorned for the sacrifice, I descended to the drawing-room, to be paraded for the inspection of the assembled family.

"Your dress is very nice, Lizzy," said my mother, "but do try to hold yourself a little better, and don't stick out your chin like that when you speak."

"Stop a minute, Lizzy," said Nettie, "your sash is quite crooked, and there's a hole in one of your gloves."

"Your frock's too short," said Jack. "And how red your face is," said Harry. But my father, who was growing impatient, spared me further humiliation by hurrying me off, I having thus been made thoroughly comfortable in my mind with regard to my personal appearance.

Arrived at our destination, we were warmly received by our host and hostess, indeed, rather too warmly for my taste; for Mr Duncan, a stout, red-faced, hospitable, fussy old gentleman, with a very loud voice, thought proper to proclaim to the company in general, that this was my very "first dinner-party;" thus making me for the time being, the observed of all observers; and, although I knew the worthy gentleman to be actuated by unmingled kindness and hospitality, I should have infinitely preferred it, had he flown into a passion and turned me out of the room.

When I recovered from the confusion into which I had been thrown by the unexpected publicity of my reception, I began to look about me at the rest of the company who were by this time all assembled. With a very few exceptions, they were all elderly; the gentlemen were bald, the ladies wore caps and shawls; and, altogether, I thought I had never seen so uninteresting a collection of human beings. There were one or two young people; among them a very young gentleman, with very fair hair parted down the middle, and an exceedingly mild expression of countenance; he wore spectacles, and reminded me very much of Mr Verdant Green. He did not appear to know any one of the company; in a few moments, however, he was captured by Mr Duncan, who dragged him across the room to me, and introducing him as Mr Henderson, gave us to understand that we were expected to entertain one another. Mr Henderson forthwith planted himself in front of me, and fired off a series of rapid and explosive remarks upon the weather, blush-

ing violently all the time ; the remarks themselves, though undeniably correct, were certainly rather wanting in originality, and, as it was impossible to find ground for contradiction, or even for argument, in the assertions of the mild young gentleman, we very speedily exhausted the subject, and were forced to think of another. I judged, from the manner of my new acquaintance, that he was almost as great a tyro at "state-dinners" as I was myself ; so, thinking it might be some relief to his excessive bashfulness to find a companion in misfortune, but not liking to ask him point-blank if this was positively his first appearance, I inquired, "Have you been at a *great* many dinner-parties?"

"No," replied he, becoming suddenly animated, "I've never been at a dinner-party—like this, I mean—in all my life before." I think he was going to add, "and I hope I never shall be again ;" but just then dinner was announced, and a fit of trepidation which came upon him, in consequence of having to offer me his arm, put a stop to conversation for the next few minutes.

After a few minutes of apparently hopeless confusion, the whole party was seated at table, where I found myself placed between Mr Henderson and a very stout gentleman, who was inclined to occupy much more "elbow room" than the crowded state of the table would afford—a circumstance which considerably interfered with my mental and physical comfort. Immediately opposite me sat an ancient maiden lady, of the most vinegary aspect, with two eyes sharp as needles, which she riveted upon me with an expression of mingled scorn, suspicion, and malignity, that completely destroyed all the little self-possession I had retained. But as it is always some comfort to know that we have a companion in distress, I recovered some degree of composure when I observed the profound mental misery of my unfortunate cavalier, Mr Henderson. Upon first taking his place at the table, he had managed to put the leg of his chair through a lady's dress, and had been rewarded by one of those glances which are more expressive than any words. The effect of the look was tremendous ; for the unfortunate youth trembled like an aspen, blushed like a peony, and overturned a glass with a clatter, which made everyone look round ; fortunately it was not broken, or I really think he would have sunk below the table. A few moments of quiet ensued, but he was suddenly and violently startled by the voice of the waiter at his shoulder, demanding in a severe and peremptory tone, "White or brown soup, sir?" "A—a—if you please," stammered Mr Henderson. "White soup or brown, sir?" reiterated the waiter, with increased severity ; and Mr Henderson, with great difficulty, gave a coherent answer ; but his embarrassment returned a few moments afterwards, when another waiter

called upon him to choose between boiled and fried fish ; when Mr Henderson's irresolute—"a—a—no-thank-you" was at once accepted, and he accordingly got no fish.

Meantime I was beginning to feel rather reconciled to my position, and to entertain a slight feeling of contempt for my cavalier. The only thing which, for some time, made me feel terrified and abashed, was the sound of my own voice, which I had raised during a tempest of laughter and conversation, in order to make myself audible to Mr Henderson ; and a sudden and universal hush descending upon the party, I was brought into most uncomfortable notoriety by the fag-end of a sentence. I give you my word I never heard anything that sounded more tremendous in my ears than the simple words, "a very uncomfortable journey" uttered by my own voice during that terrible hush. Everybody looked at me ; nobody seemed inclined to destroy the effect of my remark, by resuming the conversation ; my spiteful old opposite neighbour looked at me with a grin, which seemed to say, "Now, see what a fool you are making of yourself !" and I felt as if every one was wondering who had made this uncomfortable journey ? why was it uncomfortable ? where did it begin and end ? was it attended with any disagreeable results ? &c., &c.

It was a considerable time before I could make up my mind to speak again, though the conversation soon grew as loud as ever ; so I amused myself with listening, and very good amusement it was. At first the various topics which were being discussed on all hands blended themselves together into a most extraordinary jumble—a lady's lamentations over her daughter's delicate health mixing themselves up with a gentleman's enthusiastic praises of his horse, and the raptures of one individual over the last new opera chiming in curiously through an animated discussion on the comparative merits of two different kinds of sewing-machines.

But, before long, the stout gentleman I have mentioned, who sat on my left hand, began to play so prominent a part in the conversation, that the various committee-parties gradually blended themselves into his party, and became attentive listeners to his discourse. His name, I ascertained, was M'Corquodale, and he possessed a farm somewhere near Cupar-Angus. He had come up to town to attend the marriage of a niece, and visit some old friends, and he seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the festivities of the metropolis ; for never, in my life did I behold man, woman, or child with so insatiable and miscellaneous an appetite. He literally ate and drank everything that was offered him, and a great deal besides ; he took all he could get, and then called for more. But I was speaking of his conversation. When he first sat down, he was taciturn, and even morose ; but, as dinner proceeded, he gradually began to brighten, laugh, and talk, until at last he fairly led the con-

versation, and silenced every voice raised in opposition. At last, after a peculiarly successful anecdote, flourishing his right arm in the ecstacy of his glee, he knocked a large glass full of claret right into my lap, and in the midst of the confusion which followed, Mrs Duncan gave the signal for the ladies to retire, and I made my escape from Mr M'Corquodale's stentorian apologies to "little Missy," as he called me, for "spoiling her bonny white frock."

The "white frock" having been wiped, and various remedies applied to remove the stain, (which, nevertheless, remained distinctly visible), I joined the other ladies in the drawing-room, and soon found that this was likely to be the most trying part of the evening's entertainments. One party of matrons having gone into committee upon the price of beef and mutton, another upon the merits and demerits of their respective servants, and a third (composed of the younger ladies) upon the last new fashion of hair-dressing, a fourth took me in hand, my ancient friend with the sharp eyes acting as chairman of committee, and conducting the cross examination with a persevering energy and an unflagging determination worthy of a better cause. My full name and exact age, with those of my brothers and sisters, having been ascertained, they proceeded to examine me on the subject of accomplishments, an ordeal which, alas! I was but ill qualified to undergo. I didn't care for music, and I detested drawing—facts received by my examiners with many elevations of the eyebrows and shrugs of the shoulders; and, although my fondness for plain-sewing procured me some approval, the good impression was soon destroyed by an incautious admission that I hated all kinds of fancy work; that I had never made flowers in wax, or even in paper; and that Potiehomanic was to me a science unknown. Their astonishment rose to horror, upon finding that I had never taught in a Sunday school; and one lady retired in disgust from the conversation.

My sharp-eyed friend, however, was by no means inclined to let me off yet; and, having ascertained that I was very fond of reading, she opened a brisk fire of questions upon the nature and extent of my studies,—I fear the answers were far from satisfactory. Her favourite works were Young's Night Thoughts, Butler's Analogy, and Johnson's Rasselas; and on none of these was I at all prepared to stand an examination. A feeling of intense misery and humiliation fell upon me; I began to blush and stammer, gave some very incoherent answers, contradicted myself, I regret to say, more than once, to the manifest delight of my malicious inquisitor, and it was with the sincerest satisfaction that I heard a tremendous laugh upon the staircase announce the approach of Mr M'Corquodale and the other gentlemen.

Mr Henderson, who was now in much better spirits, having looked over all the

photograph-books with me, and a very stout jolly-looking lady having favoured the company with the plaintive strains of "The Last Links are Broken," the party began to break up; and I returned home with my father, thankful it was over, elated at having fairly entered the world, enraged with the sharp-eyed lady, and rather downcast at my own deficiencies,—in fact,

"Half proud, half sad, half angry, and half pleased."

DIDO.

A Glance Inward.

AND who art thou to judge thy brother,
 Or wound him with the keen edge of thy scorn?
 Thou knowest not; and, untried, can'st not know
 How thou would'st stand temptation's fiery test.
 'Tis easy, from the yet untrodden heights
 Of our own snowy virtue, to look down
 Exultant on the sullied earth beneath,
 And glory in our own unstained whiteness,
 And yet be like those Pharisees of old,
 When, once before the sinless One they brought
 A guilty woman, whose offence they knew,
 And sternly urged against her Moses' law;
 But soon as told, whoever sinless was
 Amongst them, first to cast at her a stone,
 Convicted by the Voice that spake, they each,
 Beginning from the eldest, to the last,
 Went out, and left the sinner with her God.
 And *there* do thou thy erring brother leave,
 Nor think to scan with thy imperfect light,
 The vast whole of God's merey and man's sin.
 Remember that *thou* needest merey too;
 And that if it were measured out to thee,
 As thou might'st mete it to thy fellow men,
 Perchance 'twould not suffice thee for thy need.

ZOE.

On Hero-Worship.

CARLYLE, in his lectures on Heroes, says that what he calls hero-worship has disappeared. If we cannot say so now, it is in great measure owing to Carlyle himself. Hero-worship is a feeling which lies hidden in every one's heart, inborn there,—but it is Carlyle who, more than any one else, has given to that feeling a name, and raised it from the latent position it occupied, to be to many men an article of their creed, and to some their very religion.

Let us first find out what we mean by hero worship, and then go on to trace its influence. Carlyle defines it as “transcendant admiration of a great man.” This must not be taken to mean a mere approval by the reason of the conduct and character of a great man; but, as is implied by the word worship, heartfelt admiration, reverence, and submission. If we accept this definition, we shall see that this is no new conception, that it is not merely the vague theory of a modern philosopher, confined to any small section or party of men,—but that it is a principle which, from the earliest times, has moved the hearts of men and controlled their destinies, more perhaps than any other; taking them out of themselves, making them *forget* themselves, and inspiring them with the noblest and strongest motives that can animate men. “The history of the world is the biography of its great men.”

It has always been found that, with a leader whom they can trust in and follow, men can do almost anything; while without one, and left each to do what is right in his own eyes, they have no unity of purpose, no singleness of aim, and therefore no strength. Any superiority they may possess, by reason of numbers or material advantages, is of no avail, and they are forced to yield to men who are inferior to themselves in almost every way, except that they have a leader, and know how to obey him. An instance given by Carlyle shows the truth of this very forcibly.

Scotland, at the time of the Commonwealth, was almost entirely a nation of Covenanters. But among them all there was no great leader, and the leaders that they had, brave and good men enough, they would not obey. The Cavalier party was few in numbers and scattered through the country, weak in everything but their leaders, and *there* they were strong, stronger far than their opponents. Montrose, “the noblest of all the cavaliers,” put himself at the head of a handful of men, not trained soldiers, but wild undisciplined Highland and Irish peasants, and with these he attacked and defeated over and over again the regular troops of the Covenanters; while they,

who had all the advantages of fighting in their own country, with nearly all its military resources in their hands, were utterly routed by the English under Cromwell.

If we look at any of the important events of history,—a nation called into existence, or freed from oppression,—or any of those great movements, literary, social, or religious, which have each made a new epoch in the progress of mankind,—we can point to the individual men who, “with wisdom to discern what the time wanted, and valour to lead it on the right road thither, were the salvation of their time.” They gathered up all the vague longings and feeble efforts which had been moving the people perhaps for generations, gave expression to them in their lives, and translated them and their deeds into accomplished facts.

It is often said by the opponents of hero-worship that it suited the old times, when men became leaders of their fellows by their strength of arm and prowess in battle ; that it is altogether a thing very well fitted for half-civilized, barbarous men and times, but in this age of progress we have got far beyond such enthusiastic fancies. No man now-a-days, they say, can be expected to merge his individuality in that of another, however great and good that other may be, or to give up that unalienable privilege of every man—the right of doing what he chooses. But surely this is going back to the barbarous times instead of leaving them behind us. Every man ruling himself, living for himself, his actions only guided by regard to his own interests,—this seems almost the lowest state of humanity ; and do not men take the first step to something better when they begin to be influenced by a *common* object, not a selfish one, and is it not a step higher still when they with one consent recognise and follow the noblest man they have, and give him supreme authority over them ?

In times of anarchy and confusion, men return in this respect to the barbarous ages ; it is the special characteristic of such times that every one does what is right in his own eyes. Was not recognising Napoleon as their leader the one hope for France after the terrible anarchy of the French Revolution ? And the history of France since, shows how much it did for the nation to admire and follow enthusiastically the man who represented their highest ideal, even though that ideal was a comparatively low one. The Americans are often quoted as an example of a nation, who do great and noble things, and who have risen to the high place they occupy among foreign powers without having, either in the records of the past, or among them now, any man for whom the people felt that reverent admiration and submission, which we call hero-worship. The great movements in that country are national ones, and controlled much more by enthusiastic patriotism than by any other feeling. But, if we consider the general character of the Americans, there seem to be in it some defects that spring

directly from this want of personal loyalty. Their patriotism, which is really one of the finest points about them, too often exhausts itself in mere bombastic utterances, becoming simply a channel in which they may allow their own praises to flow more freely. Since the war, an event has occurred in their history which gives us hope that they are beginning to let the noble principle of personal loyalty have its proper place. The war proved beyond all dispute, if indeed proof was required at all, that they were capable of forgetting themselves and all selfish motives, in enthusiasm for a common cause. They made splendid sacrifices at the shrine of their country without a murmur, and, what is perhaps harder for Americans, without a word of self-glorification. One result of the enthusiasm which animated them during the war, has been the election, by the voice of the people, to the head of the government, of the General who led their victorious army—one of the most striking acts of hero-worship this age has seen.

Till now I have been speaking of the effects of heroes, and of hero-worship on nations. I must say a little of its influence on individuals. Does not every one feel that, by reverencing that which is above him, he himself is made better; all that is noble in him grows nobler when brought into the light of what is nobler still,—and what is false and insincere cannot but shrink away from the heart that loves and obeys what it feels to be higher and truer than itself? “We needs must love the highest when we see it;” it is at once our duty, our profit, and our highest pleasure.

This does not involve, as is sometimes said, the giving up of all responsibility. “In this world we cannot choose our work, we can only choose our master.” Surely the choice of a master is a deeply responsible one; and when we have chosen him, we are not called upon entirely to sacrifice our individuality. “A man embraces truth with his eyes open—does he need to shut them before he can love his teacher of truth? He alone can love, with a right gratitude and loyalty of soul, the hero teacher who has delivered him out of darkness into light.”

Must I be forced to say at last, that after all this, hero-worship in the highest and best sense is but our ideal, never to be realized. Granted that it may be so: if we are never to attain to anything, must we not have an ideal before us, lying far away out of reach? It is not by our poor attainments that we must measure and regulate our aims. And this is not perhaps, after all, such an impossible ideal. “If hero mean a sincere man,” as Carlyle says, “why may not every one of us be a hero? A world all sincere, a believing world,—the like has been; the like will be again, cannot help being. *That* were the right sort of worshippers for heroes; never could the truly better be so revered, as where all were true and good.”

ESTHER.

Una Ferguson.

CHAPTER III.

“ We reached the place by night,
And heard the waves breaking,
They came to meet us with candles alight,
To show the path we were taking,
A myrtle, trained in the gate, was white
With tufted flowers down shaking.”—JEAN INGELOW.

I SHALL never forget the day we came to St Michael's. We reached it late in the evening, driving some six miles from the last station. The first whiff of salt sea-breeze sent a sort of recognising shiver of delight through Una's whole body. I remember, as I looked at her,—sitting with her back to the horses in the disreputable old “shay,” her clustering love-locks thrown off her face, and the soft lassitude of a hot day's journey still upon her,—how her great eyes suddenly brightened, and a glow came over her cheeks, and each little delicate nostril expanded at the scent of the sea, when it stole over her senses again.

“ Papa, Molly, do you feel it?” she cried, “oh, bless the sea, I can feel the smell of it again. Let me out. I'll walk the rest of the way. There's going to be the loveliest moon that ever was, and it will shine upon the sea, and I shall look at it.”

“Sit still, child,” broke in papa, countermanding the order to the Jehu, who was drawing up his by no means fiery steeds; “are you cracked, to think of walking three miles as a finish to to-day's exertions?”

Una “fidgeted,” to revert to a Hampstead figure of speech. I felt her little boots dancing upon mine; she wriggled herself further into the corner of the carriage, and we watched the moon rise, golden and glorious, over a black belt of pines to the left. Should we never get a glimpse of the wide water where she was born? Yes, there it was. The pines swept away like a dark curtain, and suddenly revealed the sea; and Una started up in an ecstasy, and stretched out her hands as a child might to its mother.

There it lay, glittering in the moonlight, and there, on the other side of the bay, flickered the lights of St Michael's.

“Oh, how glad I am to come to this place. I shall always like it, because we saw it first in this way,” said Una, subsiding. “Darling Molly, Mary mother, you're done out to-night, and of course you don't appreciate the effects, but to-

morrow you will. We'll be out before breakfast, and take in the whole situation at once—oh, how jolly it will be ! No Miss Wylde to put down my name if I'm five minutes too late, no more use of the globes, 'no more trenches' in fact."

"And only poor old Molly, instead of Fanny and Georgie, and the rest of the concatenation," said I. "How will you fancy wandering by the sad sea waves with one old maid instead of so many young ones?"

Una's feet ceased their impatient *pas seul* upon mine, and she looked earnestly at my face in the light of the rising moon. "Don't fish, though we are to inhabit a sort of fishery," she said, "but I suppose you wish to 'subdue your nature to what it works in.' Say what you like. When I find this marine paradise dull, I'll tell you so. Here we are at last, and there's old Lizzie to meet us !" Old Lizzie, be it known, was one of those fast-vanishing treasures of servants who are still found in the remote parts of these islands, far from register offices, amorous policemen, and the other disturbing influences which make the domestics of to-day such a fluctuating body. Thirty years had she served us and ours, with service worth the name ; faithfulness no money could hire, steadfast affection that sought no change and knew no check. She had come as servant to my mother when both were young, gone with her to her married home, nursed me with vigilant care, and stayed behind when I went to school, in accordance with my mother's last charge, to take care of the master. In one capacity or another, she had been with some of us ever since, and now stood waiting to welcome us at the gate of our new abode,—the first home, properly so called, that we had all known. Quiet, respectful, somewhat imperious at times, but always so affectionately careful, so earnestly conscientious, truly Elizabeth M'Pherson (such was her full title) deserved a memorial oak-tree, green and brave as that which stretched its arms over Deborah's grave in the land of her exile. A sensible, shrewd Scotch face, not a plain full face yet, though she numbers fifty years ; grey hair over a broad forehead, large grey eyes, pawky and keen, and rather wide mouth and a chin denoting decision, as her smile shows benevolence,—such is she, curtseying in her decent garb of black.

"Ye're welcome, sir. Ay, Miss Una, ye've no come far enough this day, that's weel seen." This as Una, hastily shaking hands with her, made a rush towards the house, which showed whitely in the moonlight, and invited immediate inspection. "I've got a lass for housemaid, Miss Mary, ma'am, and if ye like her nae better than I do, ye'll no set much store by her. A glaikit thing ; if she has a little inside her bit head as there's outside, she'll be a sorrow ; but there's nae better to be had it seems." A step came down the walk, and the obnoxious damsel

appeared. A pretty girl certainly, with a load of brown hair that made her apology for a cap excusable ; though, in the eyes of a martinet like Lizzie, the scrap of muslin and fluttering blue ribbons might seem "most tolerable and not to be endured."

She began to help Gordon, my father's old regimental servant, who still acted as butler and valet, with the luggage, and before long all the effects were safely landed in the new house, shining and speckless from one of Lizzie's thorough "reddings up." Una was in raptures, rushing now into one room, now into another, finding out in each something peculiarly charming.

"Mayn't I have this room, Molly ? It is the smallest, and what a view of the sea ! and a window-sill one can sit upon, here's luxury ! Unpack the trunk, Lizzie, this is my dwelling-place—no, tea comes first. It might be well to wash one's hands, and take off the first coating of dust and crumbs. Oh ! Molly, this place is delicious." She took off her hat and jacket, and plunged her face into water, looking at me over a towel with eyes that danced with delight ; shook out her dress, and ran down-stairs. Following her, I found her sitting in the drawing-room, taking in the aspect of things in general.

This sitting-room must be described. It had a bow-window, a regular old-fashioned one, with comfortable seats around it, and was panelled with oak one-third of the way up the walls. Our own furniture had been put into it,—plenty of cozy low chairs, and a big piano ; two or three tables, the largest whereof was now spread for tea ; book-cases not yet filled, and all the ceteras which ladies accumulate. The carpet I had chosen was green, with a slight tinge of brown here and there, representing ferns. When I saw it, it reminded me so much of Redmains that I chose it at once. Did I need reminding ? Ah no. Shall I ever tread among green fern-fronds, to my life's end, without the sense of a step that once crushed them by my side, of a hand that once parted the hazel boughs to let me pass ?

But I have dwelt long enough on our arrival, and must return to my starting-point, the stormy night on which this story begins. In the three years following our settlement at St Michael's, the place gradually became fashionable, till the old inhabitants might have addressed it as Quince addressed his transformed companion,—

"Bless thee, thou art translated."

When first we went, very few people had found it out ; but before long, the pine-trees began to fall, and white villas to arise in their place. Extinguishing the quiet little church where we were wont to worship, a new and splendid edifice appeared, where decorations, intoning, and marshalling of small undisciplined choristers, occupied the chief attention of the presiding priest, to the horror and shame of Lizzie,

who would have shaken the dust, or rather the sand, of St Michael's from her feet, and departed when once she had been inside it, but for my abject entreaties. The tap of croquet mallets began to be heard, and St Michael's was popular and populous.

Such was the state of things when Una had attained her twentieth year, and become the girl I have described.

Well, we sat beside each other, I in a low arm-chair, and Una on the fern-strewed floor of the drawing-room,—her white arm, in its muslin sleeve, on my knee, her glorious head shining out against the darkness of the rest of the room. Chignons are vulgar and ugly in themselves, some people say, but Una's was not. Her hair was all rippled back, and was lost in the mass of gold behind ; it hardly looked more beautiful as it waved below her waist when she came in from bathing. She was looking into the fire, and talking dreamily, as she often did, when alone with me in our quiet fire-light time after dinner. "Mary," she said, and then came a pause. "Well, what darling?" said I. "Mary, I read Undine before I left Hampstead." "Is that all?" said I, with a sigh of relief; for to tell you, O reader, the truth, a family of Glynnes had settled at St Michael's a year before, and the son had for some time been paying marked attentions to Una,—therefore I trembled lest he should that very day have 'put it to the touch,' as we had been lunching there. "Is that all? You wicked child, when I took such pains to keep it from you."

"They were never done teasing me about Kühleborn and Hildebrand, and water-witches and mermaids," she said, "and so I took possession of a copy old Herr Hartmann left about, and read it through, in the original, Molly. Doesn't that soften you? Dear old Molly, I know what you were afraid of, but you needn't have been. I am not like Undine, except in being really remarkably fond of the water, now am I?" "No, you are neither so patient nor so frolicsome," I said, "and then you know Undine got on quite well till Hildebrand came, and your Hildebrand has never come." "No," and the bright head sank a little, "sometimes I think he never will." "This is the very night for him, at any rate. What a storm!" "I wish papa would come back from General Hilary's," said Una, uneasily, and then she went to the window, and looked into the darkness.

"Molly, do you know this kind of weather makes me horribly restless. I must have some connection with the sea, from having been born on it. I'd give anything to be down near the cliffs just now."

"And I would give anything to know that Jack Evans was with his wife just now, and Bob Wingate with his mother. There are sore hearts in the village to-

night," said I, in the sort of vague, helpless sympathy which we give, when we seem to have nothing else to bestow.

"Then why shouldn't we know now?" said Una, suddenly. "Haven't we waterproofs, and can't we walk?"

"My darling child, it is as black as pitch, and what would papa say if he found us gone off?" I remonstrated.

"We'll be back before he is," said Una, "if papa and the General get on their Indian reminiscences, which they have done by this time, the witching hour of midnight will be upon them before they've done. Now, just come along, I'll get you your cloak in no time, and there is a moon every few minutes,

"By whose gracious, golden, glittering beams.
I trust to taste"——

what in the world is that?"

The sudden noise which stopped Una's quotation was a hurried knock at the front door, and a rush along the hall; the drawing-room door flew open, and admitted Sarah Porter, the girl Lizzie engaged as housemaid, and who still, strange to say, adhered to the establishment.

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but little Billy Cootes is just come, and he says 'm (the ma'am abbreviated by excitement) that there be a ship run aground out at the Devil's Elbow, just across the bay, and maybe you'd like to see it." This in the tone in which she would have announced a circus, a Punch and Judy show, or any other delight St Michael's could have offered to a discerning public. I had not time to reply before Lizzie followed her despised subordinate, and calmly took up the word—"Gang to the pantry, Sarah Porter, and be seeing after the young ladies' teas. It sets ye to be talking about wrecked ships that kens little o' the matter. If them that was in them minded their ain business as little as ye do, they'd a' be at the bottom sune or syne, an' serve them richt. 'The Deil's Elbow,' quo' she, the deil 'ill be at your elbow before long, my lass; idle folk are his best prentices." The discomfited maiden withdrew, and Lizzie continued, addressing me this time,—“Ye're no gaun out this awesome nicht, Miss Mary.” “I don't see how we can,” I was beginning, when Una came forward. “Now, Lizzie, don't be despotic,—Molly and I are going down, not to see the ship, but to see if any of the fishermen are come in, and if they are not, to say what we can to comfort their wives. We won't be gone an hour. There's no rain, only a high wind, which is a thing we both delight in; so you may go and prepare brandy and blankets to revive us when we come in.” She

out short Lizzie's remonstrance by running up-stairs ; re-appeared clad in a long elcloak, with a little sailor's hat tied firmly under her hair, evidently ready for action, and proceeded to get me up in somewhat similar fashion. " Aweel, Miss Una, I wish nae harm may come of it," was Lizzie's parting shaft. Did harm come of it? Can I tell whether, through the slow moving years that change our good into evil, and our evil into good, that night brought most harm or happiness? The last, I think, for in merey we are so made, that one hour of happiness drowns and obliterates years of pain.

Out we went in spite of Lizzie, though the gust that caught our breath at the door almost made me turn baek into the fire-light. But Una drew my arm through her's, warm, soft, and firm, and we passed down the avenue, with the pines wailing over us,—out at the gate, and along the sandy soil of the road which led to the village. Since the elevation of St Michael's into a fashionable place of resort, gas lamps had been introduced at wide intervals among the houses ; but on this night the wind had blown them out, if they had ever been lighted, which was doubtful. So in the blackness we proceeded on our way, till all of a sudden the moon broke out, and showed us the row of fishermen's cottages, and a crowd gathered on the shore, mostly women and children,—but among them the anxious weather-beaten faces of a handful of men. Nearly all the boats were out, for the storm had risen just after sunset. We had gone quickly along the edge of the cliffs, to where the land curved inwards and the cottages stood ; and there, on the other side of the bay, so near, yet so distant, with all those yawning billow-graves between, was the ship. Alas for the mothers and wives of the men that it held, for the Almighty had dealt very bitterly with them ! Where was there any hope? No one could approach the ship from the point at which she had struck, for the cruel rock called the Devil's Elbow stood out from the mainland, which at that part was quite precipitous, about a quarter of a mile. It was strangely curved, which gave it its name, and looked as if it had once belonged to the cliffs behind, but had been rent asunder from them in some long-past convulsion of the solid earth.

The only chance for those on board was in a boat from the place where we were standing. And who could ask those poor shivering women to let the few men go, who had been saved, as if by Providence, from joining that evening's fishing,—even though the errand was the noblest that could be given to mortal man? One woman sat apart on the stone, her hands clasped round her knees, her eyes, dry and terrible in their hopeless dread, looking out to sea. She was young, and her long hair had got loose, and was blowing over her shoulders. I went up and touched her,—“ Alice”

I said "you should not be here." She shivered, and then came a helpless moan of misery.

"Oh, Jack, Jack, I'll never see him again. Oh, if he had only kissed me before he went, Miss Ferguson, I wouldn't mind it so much. But he were in such a hurry, poor lad, and he just ran down to the boat while I were up-stairs, and kissed his hand joking-like when he saw me coming to the shore. And now——." And she rocked to and fro, still tearless.

Somehow, I suppose because of my being a woman, the sight of this one young creature, no older than Una, whom I had seen walking on Sundays with her handsome young fisherman along the lanes, and who now was crushed by the fear of never seeing him again, pained me more than that other sight across the bay,—the wild sea dashing in triumph over the doomed ship, threatening every moment to wash her off the rock, and destroy so many of the men God had made.

"Hush, Alice," I said, "remember Jack is on the open sea, not smashing on a lee shore like those poor things at the Devil's Elbow. God helping him, you'll have him back again in the morning; and do you think God can't take care of him on the sea, as He has done many a time before?"

O. M.

(To be continued.)



Souvenirs of the Royal Academy, 1868.

"CONVEYING THE BODY OF A CHILD-MARTYR ACROSS THE CAMPAGNA
TO THE CATACOMBS."

O'er the Campagna hangs the gloom of even,
From the wet marsh-lands rise the vapours white,
And from the troubled clouds, one star of heaven
Peers through the silent night.

From the dark distance, the great city's murmur
Floats like a whisper o'er the shadowed plain,—
Now dying faintly, and now rising firmer,
Then sinking low again.

Sudden, upon the night-breeze damp and chilly,
Trembles a sound, a footfall, a soft word,
So faint, it scarcely moves the silence stilly,
As rather felt than heard.

But, as it onwards comes, the voice sounds clearer,
And the light footsteps more distinctly tread ;
Then through the gloaming, nearer come and nearer,
The living with their dead.

In dusky garments clad, with heads low bending,
With clasped hands in anguish still and meek,
In wordless woe, their slaughtered dead attending,
The lonely tomb they seek.

Through the low portal of the grey rock massive,
A sullen smoking torch grasped in his hand,
One slowly goes, in tearful sorrow passive,
To light the weeping band.

Thitherward, like a blossom fallen untimely,
Pallid and wan, yet placid, sweet, and mild,
With heaven's own peace stamped on her brow sublimely,
Bear they their martyred child.

The stain of murder on the white robe, crying
For vengeance on the heathen horde, stares red ;
The small hands crossed on the cold breast are lying,
Low droops the fair tressed head.

Oh, dear pale lips, that would not, truth defiling,
Speak words of honour in an idol's praise,
'Mid God's own light, in holy joy now smiling,
You sing before His face.

Poor dim blue eyes, that closed to earth for ever
 As fell the brutal lictor's ruthless blow,
 From your dear Lord's sweet face your gaze shall never
 Stray now to things below.

Brave little hands, that would not sin by casting
 One grain of worship-incense to false Jove,
 You wave of praise the censer everlasting
 Before your King above.

Tired childish feet, that did not shrink nor falter
 From treading, for Christ's sake, death's way alone ;
 That thorny path has led to heaven's bright altar—
 God's calm, strong, steadfast throne.

Rest, then, poor tortured corse, in earth's kind keeping ;
 Lie down in silence, till the dawn breaks bright,
 When the great golden trumpet from thy sleeping
 Wakes thee to heaven's fair light.

MAS ALTA.



The Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy for 1870.

IN going over the pictures in the Royal Scottish Academy, we are struck with the fact that the great feature of this year's exhibition is the landscapes.

On entering the North Octagon, the eye is at once arrested by one of the finest landscapes that has ever hung upon these walls,—No. 323, "On the Way to the Cattle Tryst," by Peter Graham. It is most gratifying to those who note the progress that Scottish artists are making, in every department of painting, to observe that this artist, although comparatively but a few years before the public, has attained a standing among British artists, equal to that of any living landscape painter. The picture to which we are now about to call attention, has added no little to his fame, but it is superfluous at this date to speak of its merits as a painting. These have been judged of and decided upon in a much wider arena than the one it at present

occupies ; and all judges of true art have assigned to it the highest place among landscapes. It is a splendid painting, not alone for the manner of its treatment, but for the feeling that it evokes in the mind of the spectator. There is a feeling of grandeur, of simplicity, and of truthfulness combined. It is evident that Peter Graham does not consider that the grand truths of nature are to be conveyed to the minds of others by the exquisite painting of a few stones in the foreground, or of a patch of heather, or of a delicate flower ; neither does he improve nature or sentimentalize over her. Nature "when unadorned adorned the most," holds good in landscapes as in the human form divine ; still, no doubt, the poet's mind must work through the painter's brush, if a good result is to be arrived at. A servile imitation would not please : the scene, whatever phase it presents, must be felt before it can be truly rendered, or the true feeling conveyed to others ; but who can look out upon these silent hills and not feel their solitary majesty ? It is not the beauty of sunshine, of waving trees, and flowing water. The atmosphere is dull and comfortless ; the thick and heavy mist slowly up-rises to meet the dispersing clouds, through which the morning light heralds the rising sun, soon to illumine these vast hills, so that their mossy verdure will gleam like velvet in all the green freshness of an early spring morning. But that hour has not yet come ; and the shepherd, issuing from the distant hut, suggests that within are to be found comfort and warmth, which the heavy mists are not likely to conduce to without. What would Rosa Bonheur say to the Highland herd huddling together in the foreground ? No fattened specimens of English feeding are among these lean and hungry kine ; but we question if ever her hand painted truer or more spirited specimens of the genuine Highland breed, which indeed are painted with extraordinary merit.

It is but a year or two ago that we had one among us, whose pictures were ever hailed with fresh enthusiasm and delight, and who devoted himself through long years to the delineation of Scottish scenery,—the Sir Walter Scott among painters. To say that the mantle of Horatio Macculloch has fallen upon the shoulders of Peter Graham, would be to say an absurdity, for the works of the two artists are widely different. But there is one point of resemblance, and that is, the love for, and appreciation of, the picturesque and noble beauties of the Highlands of Scotland ; and although Macculloch delighted in the sunshine and in the smiles of nature, he also painted her as he found her ; and rigid adherence to the truthful feeling of the scene is always predominant in his paintings.

At the opposite side of the room, North Octagon,—No. 386, "On the Solway," is a landscape by Mr Bough. The first look at this picture does not please. It

has a highly scenic effect, produced by apparently empty space and curious massing of yellowish paint. It is no exaggeration to say that shortly this feeling of disappointment changes to that of absolute admiration of the beautifully evanescent colours, the softly rippling water, the artistically attuned harmony of the whole scene. The broad Solway flows peacefully through a wide and sandy plain. In the foreground one or two sea mews are dipping down, a few ducks are paddling in the water, an English drover and his cattle are crossing the ford. On the English side, the setting sun, with lovely tender colours, lights up the flowing river with the most charming lights and shades. On the Cumberland hills in the distance, the evening clouds are gathering fast—the delicate colours of the setting sun blending with advancing twilight; the quietly rippling water, and softly departing day, the changing effects of light and shade, are all marvellously rendered. In the Sculpture Room there is a sea piece by Mr Bough, that we think is the most charming in the Exhibition,—No. 864, “Canty Bay.” It combines great breadth and vigour of treatment with the utmost possible finish; it is worked out with the greatest ease and nicety. The sea is fresh, breezy, and exhilarating, beautifully lightened up by the setting sun; and the eye is carried out to the Bass Rock in the distance,—far out to sea, with the same sense of reality as we should have on board ship. It is a fresh and lively scene, admirably painted.

In considering the productions of the artist, as in criticising the effusions of the poet, we instinctively come to ponder upon the mind that sets the pen or the pencil in motion; and, indeed, it is only when we discern the imagination through the pencil, that we are satisfied with the production. Each artist, as each poet, has his own peculiar gift or faculty, if indeed an artist in the higher sense of the word. These thoughts rise in our mind in considering the works of both Sir Noel and Waller Paton. The one seems to revel in fancy, sometimes beautiful, sometimes grotesque; while, in the works of the other, a kind of imaginative melancholy is ever the feeling of his landscapes. Waller Paton has several very beautiful pictures in this Exhibition. We shall, however, confine ourselves to two, as illustrating more particularly the peculiar combination ever to be observed, of the most gorgeous colouring with a feeling of melancholy repose. Waller Paton delights in that hour when all nature is clothed in the gorgeous purples and reds of an autumnal sunset. He makes this hour peculiarly his own, and it is difficult to say which is most admirably expressed,—the tender feeling of rest that steals over the scene, or the subdued, yet gorgeous radiance that the setting orb spreads over the face of all things below. No. 562, “Sunset from Altnaeraig, Bay of Oban,” and No. 731, “King’s Cross Point,

Arran," both illustrate, in the most charming manner, this union of beauty of colouring and repose of feeling:

There is one lovely little landscape,—No. 456, "The Mountain Tarn," by Sir George Harvey, that is also remarkable for the sweet poetry of its composition. It is a very rural and pastoral scene, with browsing sheep, pleasant green hills, a tiny lake, and summer sky. The charming stillness of the scene steals upon one's senses like the grateful feeling of the soft summer air.

We advise our readers to examine for themselves "The Pass of the Cattle," by John Smart No. 816, Sculpture Room,—a beautiful picture, truthful and powerful, with some finely painted cattle in the foreground.

No. 706, "Twilight on the Moor," by James Cassie. How admirably is the feeling of weariness given in the slow moving horses up the darkening road. The same artist has a sweet summer moonlight scene,—No. 551. No. 429, "Inistrynich," by Arthur Perigal, is a charming, crispy landscape, beautifully painted; unfortunately, however, devoid of all the softening effects of atmosphere: the tree in the foreground is a perfect study of foliage. We must not omit to mention No. 401, "Evening," by Joseph Farquharson. The old subject,—a long picturesque path between two walls of Scotch firs, the setting sun gilding the tops of the trees and radiating the perspective. J. C. Wintour has several very effective pictures, whose colouring seems to date from the middle ages.

In our wanderings up and down, we have omitted to mention a number of very charming things; but, as we have to take a rapid glance, both at the *genre* pictures and the water-colours, we are forced unwillingly to leave the landscapes.

No. 486, "The Sleep of Duncan," by Daniel Maclise. This picture portrays a scene of which the world never tires. Lady Macbeth is a name that never palls upon the ear; and the arch-spirit of this tragedy is here depicted, but not exactly as the world loves to imagine her. We do not think Mr Maclise's conception quite realises the idea formed of the dread murderess in the popular imagination,—she who never faltered in her fell purpose, and yet who had all a woman's nature. The figure of the sleeping king is very fine. Shakspeare's own words,—"*There's such divinity doth hedge a king,*" are quite applicable to the sleeping monarch, who looks every inch a king. The guards are well disposed, as are also the accessories, although somewhat out of harmony with the times in which this dire tragedy is supposed to have taken place.

No. 511, "Edinburgh, 16th June 1567," by Mr James Drummond, is a picture of undoubted merit: an incident in the life of Mary Queen of Scots, who is

about to be taken to Loeh Leven. The Queen is the centre of the picture. Mr Drummond has not aimed at exciting sympathy for the unfortunate Queen by the portrayal of her much vaunted beauty ; still it is a noble face, and expresses well a certain undaunted power, that goes far to explain the secret of that influence she exercised over all who came within its sphere. Surrounded with open enemies, her soul oppressed by secret crimes,—still she stands unmoved amidst the excited mob of weeping women. Her whole surroundings are in keeping with her noble bearing, and sympathy for her sorrows, rather than detestation for her crimes, is the feeling evoked by this very clever picture.

On the other side of the Great Room,—No. 574, is Sir Noel Paton's "Caliban." If talent were sufficient to make a picture attractive, there would be little doubt of the attraction of this miserable monster,—for surely never was the term man-monster so thoroughly realized as in this creature. In fact, it is the diabolical mingling of man and beast together that makes it so unpleasant to contemplate. Caliban sits in the foreground, so disposed that he fills it up with a kind of arch. Around and above, in another and more transparent arch, float Ariel and his attendant sprites, filling the circumambient air with spirit music, lovely as their own floating forms. The tawny monster listens with pleased wonder, his light blue eyes glisten with human interest and delight. These bright and glistening eyes are surmounted by the crown of a bull ; he has the ear and nose of an ape ; but the mouth is the crowning wonder of this unearthly abortion,—such a commingling of the beast and the human was surely never before achieved. It is not by the vulgar aid of bristles, claws, and fur, that this union is typified of the human conformation struggling with that of the animal. It is conveyed by something much more subtle, a something that makes us turn with horror from this strange abortion. The sea-shore, and various spoils of the ocean lying at Caliban's feet, are managed with all the usual delicacy and finish for which Sir Noel Paton is deservedly celebrated. In spite, however, of all the talent, delicacy, and finish of the picture, it is impossible to have any pleasure in its contemplation.

Mr Archer has four pictures of domestic interest,—the largest and most prominent, No. 692, "Fair Helen of Kirkeonnel," is chiefly impressive from the sympathy that is expressed in surrounding nature with the scene in the tragedy : nature seems to tell us that murder is being done.

No. 540, "The story of the Three Bears" is quite a perfect gem,—the expression both of the girl and her little brother is so charmingly conveyed.

Mr Keeley Halswelle has three very fine pictures in the Exhibition ; we have

only space to notice one of them. No. 304, in North Octagon, "Roba di Roma," is a capital delineation of Italian life. The handsome peasant to the left of the picture, challenges competition with the works of the great master John Philip; the woman is admirable, a splendid specimen of Roman peasant beauty,—where, indeed, beauty both of form and face, of bearing and of expression, seems to flourish more vigorously and truly in the lower classes than in the higher; quite different from what is to be found in more northern latitudes, where to be patrician is to be beautiful, to be ignoble is to be vulgar and commonplace. The grouping is vigorous and distinct; the head of the Jew vendor of the holy relics is capital in expression,—the whole picture is full of life, originality, dash, and finish.

No. 654, in South Octagon, "A China Merchant," by Erskine Nicol. This charming picture is in Mr Nicol's best manner, unexaggerated, yet full of the true Irish feeling. The china merchant's wife, stooping in the foreground and smiling up to the customer, is as sweet a specimen of Irish beauty as one would wish to see; and the china merchant himself is no unworthy mate for so sweet a wife. The colouring is composed and harmonious, and the children in the cart are natural and pleasing.

We should like to point out to our readers No. 474, "Maternal Care." A sweet and natural scene, with an air of reality and simplicity in the mother's face that is very charming. The whole composition of the picture is true in its details, and effective in expressing, with quiet simplicity, "maternal care." This picture is by Mr Hugh Cameron, whose diploma picture—"Asleep," No. 450, is also in Great Room, and is a very effective picture.

We must now, however, pass on to the Water-Colours, leaving, with great reluctance, many interesting pictures unnoticed. The North Room is, perhaps, on the whole, the most interesting in the Exhibition. It is full of beautiful specimens of this truly delicate branch of art,—a branch that seems to be cultivated with the highest success by the lady exhibitors. One of the sweetest and richest specimens on the walls is No. 260, by Miss S. S. Warren,—a woodland scene, vigorously drawn, full of rich and beautiful colouring, subdued in tone, and harmonious in feeling, minute in all its details, and of the most perfect finish. This is one of the loveliest things in the room.

Lady Dunbar is well known as one of our most successful water-colourists. She is always original and striking. No. 36, "Antibes, Alpes Maritimes," is a delightful specimen of her lively and dashing style of treatment.

Mrs Forbes Irvine and Mrs Stewart Smith,—in No. 81, by the former lady, and No. 101, by the latter,—preserve to our recollection specimens of the old architecture of Edinburgh. Both ladies are excellent water-colourists.

Mrs Charretie, in 46, has a charming portrait of a coquettish beauty.

No. 70, "The Absorbing History of Cock Robin," by Miss W. Dunlop, would do credit to any artist ;—the child's head and face are charmingly natural and pleasing.

No. 69 is a small landscape, by Mr James Paterson, an unknown name among Edinburgh exhibitors. To our belief, there is no cleverer specimen on the walls than this unpretending little landscape.

No. 84, "Milking Time," by Mr George Manson, another young artist, is also a most effective picture,—excellent in drawing, simple in design, it is full of truth and nature: it is really a pretty picture.

No. 179 is a most charming landscape, "Brook Side, Dollar," by Waller Paton. We simply call attention to it, as it might be passed over in the more absorbing glories of "Castle Campbell, Dollar," No. 187, by the same artist.

Arthur Perigal has two lovely landscapes. No hardness of outline can be complained of here ; the effect is soft and harmonious. Of the two we prefer 170, "Near Edinburgh." The other, 169, "A Lowland River," is also a beautiful landscape. There are many names we have to pass over for want of space.

J. Osborne Brown contributes three specimens of water-colours, excellent in drawing and fine effects of colours. The names of Charles Lodder, James Faed, James Ferrier, and Robert Frier, assure us of the excellency of many of the other contributions. We shall finish off our rapid sketch by a somewhat longer description of No. 100, by W. B. Scott, brother of the late David Scott,—"And behold the veil of the temple was rent in twain." The dread event is passing in the distance, but the attention of the spectator is concentrated on the convulsions of nature, as typified by the rending of the veil in twain. The head priest stands back in terror and dismay ; the sacrificator hides his shuddering face, while the vivid lightning plays up and down, lighting up the gorgeous vestments and the rich magnificence of the temple. The sacrificial lamb is ready upon the altar, but the sacrifice is not now to be completed. This striking picture is bold in execution and faithful in conception ; it reminds us forcibly of a similar class of subjects, so often produced by his lamented brother.

We must now bring this cursory notice to a close, regretting that so much has been left unsaid that might have been said, as to the numerous and delightful pictures that are in this year's Exhibition.

M. E. T.

The Last Poet.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. GRÜN.

WHEN will the poet's tongue
Weary of singing?
When will the poet's song
Leave off its ringing?

Is not the poet's quest
Now unavailing?
Is not each blossom plucked
And each source failing?

While yet Apollo's car
In azure glides;
While by one mortal viewed
On high he rides;

While with heaven's thunderbolts
Tremble the spheres;
While 'neath their menaces,
But one heart fears;

While yet, when storms are past,
Rainbows may shine;
And one soul longs for peace,
And love divine;

While, with night's starry seed,
Aether is sown,
While the scroll's golden text
By one is known;

Towards the moon's lucid ray,
While the heart yearns,
When to the quiet woods—
Weary it turns;

While yet the spring appears
Joyous with flowers—
While we rejoicing pass
The sunny hours;

While the dark cypress tree
O'er a grave stoops;
While human eyes yet weep,
Or a life droops;

So long will poetry
Here have her home,
While in her joyful train
Votaries roam.

And from this ancient house
Singing in pride—
Will the last man pass out
Poet beside.

God holds the universe
As a fair flower
Smiles on it, henceforth still
Ruled by His power.

Let then this wondrous flower
Wither and die;
And let the earth and sun
Like fallen leaves lie,—

Ere thou canst ask, if not
Tired of demanding,
Does the eternal song
Ring notwithstanding?

SANCT REWLE.

Our Crusty Friends.

I SUPPOSE we are acquainted with at least one individual who may, without aspersion, be placed in the above category. Most of us must be able to reckon them in large numbers, and few of us will own to any great partiality for the tribe. But under the generic appellation of "crusty" there are several species; and I intend in this essay, to attempt the description of only one of these branches of the family. I don't know any one word that exactly fits the class of persons I have in my mind; but I am sure we must all know some individual who, under rough, stern, and unprepossessing manners and address, is believed to conceal much tenderness of heart and excellence of character; but who manages to conceal them so very effectually, that the world at large may be pardoned for doubting their existence. The species is generally marked by a noble disregard for the amenities of society and the rules of good breeding; a dogged and stubborn manner of expressing its opinions on all subjects, utterly careless of the feelings of those who may happen to be present; and an extraordinary knack of discovering your mental weak points and sensitive places, and rubbing against them with the most landable perseverance and energy. Your friends say to you, "Oh, you must not mind Mr Snarler's manner,—he is a little gruff and disagreeable, but it's only his manner, it's just a way he has; he always likes to speak his mind, and says exactly what he thinks; and then he has *such* an excellent heart, and does so much good!" and so Mr Snarler, on the strength of his excellent heart and charitable actions, is permitted to conduct himself in a manner that would disgrace a bear. I would humbly submit that the performance of *one* of our social duties is not, or at least should not be, an excuse for neglecting the others; and that it is perfectly possible to be kind-hearted and charitable, without transgressing the code of good-breeding and civility.

"Speaking one's mind," and "saying exactly what one thinks," are things upon which our crusty friends especially pride themselves; and more especially I have noticed this among our feminine crusty friends. Possibly the masculine specimens are as bad among victims of their own sex; but certainly the misery I have experienced, from several severe courses of truth-telling, has generally been inflicted by ladies. But let that pass. I know the confession will be received with astonishment and horror; but, nevertheless, I must here acknowledge that there is no species of character which inspires me with such dread, such disgust, such detestation, as the character which "speaks its mind." Honesty is a grand thing, truth is a beautiful thing, conscientiousness is an admirable thing; but oh, my

fellow sufferers, is it not true that we may have far too much of every one of them? and that the being who, under the excuse of a love for truth, thrusts upon you cool incivilities and flat contradictions, laughs at your most cherished opinions, pronounces an edict of contempt and disapproval upon your friends, and expects you to smile and accept his or her ideas as your guiding principles, is objectionable beyond your powers of expression. For truly the mental laceration, the agonising process of (figurative) flaying and scourging, to which I have been subjected by the "good-hearted, honest, outspoken" portion of my crusty friends, is torture of such keenness, that, to escape its recurrence, I should welcome the companionship of a Uriah Heep, or a Sir John Chester, exclaiming

"And of all ills, good heaven, thy wrath can send—
Save, save, oh, save me from the Candid Friend!"

For hypocrites, whatever they may say behind your back, would, at least, not insult you to your face; and though they might not prove trusty friends, would be agreeable companions. But, without going farther in the defence of hypocrisy, I would humbly advise the ultra devotees of sincerity to leaven their talk with a grain or two of politeness and kindly feeling; to remember that their ideas, however profound, need not be incessantly and pugnaciously levelled at their friends' heads; to bethink them that they may sometimes (it is just possible) be in the wrong; that even when in the right, their opinions may be disagreeable to the rest of the company, and may frequently be suppressed with great advantage; and finally, to believe that truth is none the worse for being mixed with a little civility and consideration.

But to return to a less objectionable type of our crusty friends,—those who do not render themselves so violently offensive as the candid species, but who merely cloak and disguise their real kindness of heart under a gruff and unprepossessing demeanour, and a sharp fault-finding way of speaking. These individuals, never pleasant upon a slight acquaintance, often gain a very strong hold on our affections when we come to know them well, and perceive their real excellence,—a knowledge which only makes us regret the more that the roughness of their manner should cause the mistaken view of their characters which is entertained by the world at large. This type of character has always been a favourite one with novelists; and I can call to mind at present four specimens, all possessing many points of similarity, yet each with individuality sufficient to distinguish her from the others, and make her, as it were, the representative of a particular grade of the crusty character. The ladies to whom I allude are Miss Bettina Davenal (in "Oswald Cray"), Mrs Sandys (in "Barbara's History"), Miss Betsy Trotwood (in "David Copperfield"),

and Miss Kate M'Quarrie (in "Alfred Hagart's Household.") The points of similarity between them, as I said before, are many. They are all *ladies*, they are all rich, they are all crusty and crotchety, they are all presented to us as "Aunts;" three of them are spinsters, and in the case of the fourth, the dear departed Mr Sandys shaft is as completely obliterated from the recollection of all the world and his widow, as if he had never existed; and they all possess much real goodness of heart beneath a severe and harsh exterior.

Miss Bettina Davenal is the least interesting, the worst tempered, and the coldest-hearted of the four. She is not merely crusty, she is soured, an early disappointment has crushed her heart as well as her spirit, and her sympathies are slow and torpid. She detests her noisy high-spirited nephews; is unnecessarily severe and contemptuous towards her pretty foolish niece Caroline; and even Sara's gentle patience she tries to the utmost, before it wins the love of that hard, unmonstrative nature. I think the utmost we can accord Miss Bettina, at the end of the book, is our pity for her loneliness and infirmities; excellent, conscientious, and upright though she was, our hearts never feel any warm sympathy with *her*.

Next I would place Mrs Sandys shaft, the redoubtable aunt of "Barbara's History." She, very different from Miss Bettina, is a woman of deep affections and strong passions. The first she lavishes on her little niece Barbara, the latter she vents pretty freely upon everybody else. She is the happy possessor of a hundred pigs, whom she rules by means of a portentous whip; but her gentler moods are very naturally and beautifully described, and we forget the Amazonian figure in top-boots, striding about the farmyard, and quelling the refractory porkers, when we read of her joy, her rescue from the very gates of death, at the return of "her little Bab." Her delight, at the commencement of the story, when Barbara indignantly repudiates the charge of mercenary motives, is very characteristic; also her disgust at the first sight of Barbara's baby, and her gradual reconciliation to it. But we must pass on to Miss Betsy Trotwood, the best-known of my four specimen ladies, the most amusing and original of them all. Dear, irascible, illogical, charming Miss Betsy! from her first appearance, when she bursts upon the amazed and trembling Mrs Copperfield like something between a fury and a fate, our sympathies are entirely with her. She is the most thorough specimen I know of the crusty character; her violence, her obstinacy, her defiance of the *convenances* in her interview with the Murdstones ("that murdering woman of a sister!") these are her shell, her mantle, her disguise,—and beneath them is Miss Betsy Trotwood, the protectress of David Copperfield, the admiring champion and patroness of the idiotic "Mr Dick," the

loving and thoughtful adviser of poor silly little Dora. Her skirmishes with the donkeys ; her incessant references to the mythic "Betsy Trotwood," whose non-appearance had been so great a blow to her ; her re-christening of David ; her consultations with Mr Dick,—all her little eccentricities we readily pardon for the sake of her large, loving heart. But then, we must remember, that she is represented to us fully and fairly in the pages of the work, and that we are enabled to judge her by following her through a long period of years ; while I have no doubt, that if we had resided in the neighbourhood of Miss Betsy Trotwood's cottage, and kept up a visiting acquaintance with her, we should, for a long time, have considered her an old person of violent and unladylike manners, who bullied her poor little nephew, and treated the donkey-boys with great brutality ; so liable are our crusty friends to lay themselves open to misconstruction.

Last, not least, let us glance at Miss Kate M'Quarrie. She is incomparably the highest and noblest character of the four I have selected ; indeed, I have some doubts whether I am justified in placing her among our crusty friends at all. Like Miss Bettina Davenal, her affections have been blighted, and the hope of her life destroyed ; but, unlike Miss Bettina, she retains the warmest sympathy and interest in the joys and sorrows of others ; the grief of her girlhood has in no way chilled her feelings or palsied her affections. Her affectionate and eloquent pleadings with her niece Cora M'Quarrie, whose Highland pride has well-nigh destroyed her happiness for life, show us how keen was her remembrance of her own love-troubles, how deep her repentance of her own fault. Miss Kate's scorn of the toadying Stuarts, reminds us of Mrs Sandys's indignation at Barbara's mercenary father ; and in numberless points she is like Miss Betsy Trotwood ; but, in head and in heart, in dignity, spirit, and true worth, the stately old Highland lady leaves the other three immeasurably behind. She, more than any other character in the novel (save, perhaps, poor little Katy Hagart !) reminds us that the author is a poet. The humorous part of her character—the crusty, harsh side of her nature, capitally described though it be, is poor beside the pages which tell of the romance of her youth, the interview between her and Cora, and the closing scene of her long life. That closing scene ; the description of her last illness and death,—the fiery spirit of "Captain Kate" flashing out here and there, through the mists of age and the shadow of death ; the voice she hears call her "across the wastes of seventy years,"—all this is written by the hand of a poet, and we bid farewell to the grand old lady, feeling that for her sake we will gladly bear with the infirmities, and seek out the virtues of Our Crusty Friends.

DIDO.

A Trip to Bohemia.

FAR away in the pleasant hills of Bohemia, stands the little watering-place of Toeplitz, situated about seven hours by rail from Dresden ; and the way lying through the most picturesque and attractive part of Saxony,—it is one of the finest places for a pleasure party. So I, at least, thought after the excursion I am about to describe.

One fine night, in the beginning of September, between twelve and one o'clock, a merry party left the Dresden station for Bohemia:—two gentlemen, four ladies, and myself. We travelled all night, my companions sleeping the whole time. I think I must have dosed a little also at first ; but, when day began to dawn, I was wide awake. For a long time I could distinguish nothing from my window, but by-and-by, “the rosy morn” beginning to appear, I perceived the quiet Ebbe beside us, dotted here and there with little boats, idly floating on the mirror-like water ; peaceful villages surrounded with orchards bending with fruit, and fertile fields ; while the sun was slowly rising in the east, spreading a glow over the whole landscape. The others now began to awake, and looked tired and rather cross in the keen fresh morning air. They all declared that they had not slept a wink. Wondering what *they* called not sleeping a wink, I looked out of my window, and found that the Ebbe had vanished, and that we were in a mountainous country. It was now about seven, and soon after we arrived at Toeplitz. By this time all traces of bad temper had disappeared, and we were very merry as we sat at our nice breakfast of coffee and little rolls strewn with poppy seed, for both of which Bohemia is so noted. Immediately after breakfast we set out on a voyage of discovery through the town. Toeplitz is not large, but clean and airy ; the streets are narrow and very steep.

We saw a great many bath-houses, where patients go to drink mineral waters. We entered one of them, and found the water springing up hot from the earth into a stone basin. There were many fine shops. The most tempting were the confectioners and the famed glass shops. I could have looked for hours at the beautiful Bohemian glass, with its deep, rich tints, but other things attracted our attention. At first, we had been walking in clean well-kept streets, the houses all painted snow white, with bright green shutters, red roofs, and verandahs filled with flowers. Now, however, we turned into a dark, dismal street, where almost all the shops were, what we should call, pawnbrokers. This was the Jew's quarter, where they used to be locked up formerly every night. We saw several beautiful faces among the women and girls, but the men all looked repulsive.

We now determined to climb the Schlossberg or Castle hill, which was not very far from the town. This was the pleasantest part of the day. We had much difficulty in reaching the top, but once there, we felt ourselves well rewarded for our pains by the lovely view. At our feet lay Toeplitz, with its snowy houses ; the church bells ringing softly in the distance for mass,—for there was a Roman Catholic festival that day, and we had hopes of seeing the procession to the church. On the other side, broad fertile fields, intersected by walnut and plane trees laden with fruit. Then, closing in the landscape on every side, the lofty mountains in the Ern Gebirge, partly covered with mist, and with their summits lost in the clouds. It was a splendid sight,—and the faint tolling of the church bells, borne to us by the summer wind, added to the grandeur and solemnity of the scene. We had lunch among the ruins of an old castle, which ornamented the summit of the hill, and gave it its name, formerly the abode of a celebrated robber baron, who used to sally down from his fortress to the plains below to plunder passing travellers, and return laden with rich spoil. After lunch we took one last look all around, and then began the descent. We reached Toeplitz just in time to see the procession. In front walked the priest, repeating Latin prayers aloud ; the figures of Christ and the Virgin were borne before him. A band of peasant girls followed, dressed in white, with ivy wreaths, and a mixed assembly came behind,—the women dressed in the bright colours peculiar to Bohemian taste, the men with their hats off, and all devoutly praying. We watched the procession into the church, and then went to the hotel for dinner.

We had then only two hours more before returning home, which we resolved to spend in some beautiful gardens near Toeplitz. They were crowded with people, listening to a band playing airs from operas. The musicians were on a wooden platform prettily ornamented, while the listeners sat all around in a cleared space in the centre of a large glade of trees. Many country people were there from the procession,—we could see their bright costumes gleaming through the trees. Besides these, there were Hungarians, with their ornamented costumes, miners in black and silver, Tyrolese in grey and green, with their high peaked hats, and officers of almost every regiment in Germany.—some in red and blue, others in white, green or pink. It was a lively scene, and we were sorry to leave it, when the time arrived for our departure. It was six in the evening before we got to the station, and the shades of evening were already beginning to descend as we sped on and on towards the Saxon frontier. Everywhere the labourers returning from the quiet fields paused to look at us, and soon the Ebbe appeared like a thread of silver beside us ; and, by the time we reached Saxon

Switzerland, lights had began to twinkle in the villages and among the lofty hills on the other side of the Ebbe. Some of the heights were crowned with sandy precipices, others with huge rocks, that looked like the castles of feudal times. At last night descended, and wrapped all in her sable mantle. Hills, rocks, and river vanished, and all was one vast darkness. We reached Dresden late at night, and all agreed that we had never spent a pleasanter day. But my last thoughts that night before falling asleep were, that after all, there is no country like Scotland, and no place like home !

INPERITA.

The Progress of "The Attempt."

(A PINDARIC ODE.)

In early days, content with humble aim,
Known but to few, and quite unknown to Fame,
A little band of eight or nine
Were wont to weave of prose and rhyme
A modest offering for the Muses' shrine.

But, see! Ambition waves her purple wings,
And clear her silver voice as clarion rings—
"Why thus your powers conceal?" she cries,
"Arise, Arise!"

And Hope points, smiling, with extended hands
To where Success in the far distance stands;
The rousing voice inspires, the vision cheers,
And soon in printed type and cover blue
A Magazine appears!

Two of the little band,
With skilfulhand,
The Magazine conduct; and, by their zeal inspired,
And by Ambition fired,
The rest each other stimulate and cheer;

And now, from far and near,
To aid the work,
With eager haste
Contributors appear.

With glowing pen one writes
Of war and chivalry and knights
Of bygone days.
"Mas Alta's" muse now throws a gleam
Of fancy o'er some simple theme,
Now sings in martial lays.
While "Echo" with clear voice rehearses
The thoughts of foreign bards in English verses.

"Dido" waves her magic wand,
And, see! before us stand
The Bards of Italy.
With earnest voice "des Eaux"
Pleads for those sunk in woe
And helpless misery ;
And sweet as sound of evening bells,
One in soothing numbers tells
The joys of "Hope and Memory."

'Tis not for Fame alone they write,
Though still the vision bright
Which erst they saw attends them on their way ;
But to instruct, amuse, delight,
To please both grave and gay ;
And though from Fame's capricious hands
The wreath of laurel they may fail to gain,
Yet will this thought still cheer them on their way,
Who pleases others does not toil in vain.

VERONICA.

Una Ferguson.

CHAPTER IV.

“A ruddy shaft our fire must shoot
 O'er the sea.
 Do sailors eye the casement, mute,
 Drenched and stark,
 From their bark,
 And envy gnash their teeth for hate—
 Of the warm safe house and happy freight,—
 Thee and me.”—*Browning.*

I WAS so occupied with trying to soothe Alice Evans, who had now, to my relief, begun to cry, that I had hardly noticed the rest of the group ; but just then I heard Una's voice as if in expostulation, and rejoined her.

“Is none of you man enough to take a boat out to that ship?” she was saying. “Are you going to see those people drowned without even trying to help them? Oh, if I was only a man!” She stamped her foot as she spoke, half in impatience, half in sorrow.

“If you was, miss,” growled one of the men, “leastways if you was a fisherman, you'd know better than to think any boat could live in that there sea;” and as he spoke, a monster wave crashed down upon the sand, as if to emphasise his words. “Their time have come, poor souls, but it ain't for the like of us, what has wives and echilder, to throw our lives away after theirs, and no good nother.”

Una wrung her hands. “Oh Mary, I can't bear it ; to see them perishing in sight of land, in reach of help!” And she burst into tears.

“Now, now, Miss Una,” said old Ringwood Masters, a great friend of ours,—in fact, we knew them all,—“don't 'ee fret so. They're neither kith nor kin of thine, sure-ly.”

Una did not hear him, she had sat down on the sand and covered her face. Suddenly she started up.

“Oh, Ringwood,” she said, “oh, Tom Aikens, do you think God let you stay at home from the fishing to-night that you might stand and look at that ship breaking to peeces opposite you? Why, He might have left nobody but women in the place, and then we could only have sat down and cried ; but He left you, and now you won't do anything. Oh dear, oh dear !”

There were steps behind us, and up came young Glynne, and a young man, whom I supposed to be a friend of his. The moonlight was now clear and brilliant, though the raging wind was as strong as ever, and I noticed his face,—a handsome one certainly, but even in that moment of first sight I did not like it. Very dark, but with light blue eyes set near together, and having from that fact a peculiar brilliancy. The contrast between these very light and very bright eyes and his dark complexion and black curly hair, struck me at once; also the contrast between his careless *dégagé* air of aristocracy, and the extremely commonplace and somewhat plebeian appearance of his companion, Henry Glynne. The latter is easily described. He was short, broad-chested, thick-necked, narrow of forehead and chin, but wide of mouth,—even the moustache could not conceal the thick lips and heavy outline, carefully as it was cultivated. He was neat, but rather “loud” in his style of dress, and the greatest attraction, in a pecuniary point of view, in St Michael’s, being possessed, report said, of £8000 per annum, made by his father in the sugar trade.

His mother and two sisters lived with him at St Michael’s, and, as I have said, he was a decided admirer of Una’s. Unsited as that moment was to such reflections, I could not help thinking he had not helped his cause by appearing beside this very handsome stranger, who must have been over six feet high, and had a remarkably good figure. But Una only saw in them possible leaders of the forlorn hope she was so anxious to organise.

“Oh, Mr Glynne,” she cried, entirely forgetting the strangeness of the meeting and the whole affair, “do help me to persuade the men to take a boat across to that ship. Look, every wave washes over it; they will all be lost before anything is done.”

She had anticipated Mr Glynne’s exclamation of surprise, and he replied—“I heard a ship was on the rocks, and Maryon and I thought we might be of use. (My friend, Captain Maryon, Miss Ferguson, Miss Una Ferguson)—but after all, what can be done, eh, Maryon?” “Well,” answered a voice with a little of a foreign ring in it, “if there is anything to be done, I’m your man. What ladies suggest should never be impossible. I say, my men, which of you will go with me to that inviting looking rock over there?” He put his hand into his pocket, but there was a protest from the men. “Nay, sir, if it ain’t worth our while already, money won’t make it so. If so be as your honour is willing to risk your life, why shouldn’t we be?” The leader had been all that was wanting, the “with me” had its certain effect; the men were ready and willing.

Una shut her eyes for a moment, and I heard the low "thank God." Then her bright eyes flashed out again, and rested on the bold handsome face of the stranger with interest,—I half feared with admiration. There is no man a woman admires so quickly as "he that does the thing she dares not do." "No time to lose," said Captain Maryon, as he saw how fast the ship was breaking up. "No, Glynne, you stay and keep these ladies from fainting, I won't let you come; think of your mother and sisters. If I'm swamped, there'll be one vagabond the less in the world, and my affectionate friends will be spared the expense of a tombstone. Unless they are all mistaken in their conjectures besides, there's hemp in my weird that ensures me against salt water. Will you let me shake hands with you?" he said, coming up to us, "we have met so strangely, and we may never meet again." We gave him our hands, and he must have pressed Una's very hard, for she blushed and half turned away.

"Good-bye, and God bless you for your brave heart," I said half involuntarily. Then a cry of "all ready, sir," rose from the men, and the stranger jumped into the boat just as she put off—off into that awful sea!

I could not help shuddering, as I saw how she seemed buried every few minutes by some tremendous surge, and then rose over it like a sea-gull. No thought of going home before her return came into either of our minds; but we watched with straining eyes and inward prayers that black speck on the angry sea. How many would be saved, even if they reached the ship in time; and if not, what succour could there be? Nearer and nearer, slowly breasting the billows, preserved as if by a miracle, the deliverers came, then suddenly a mighty wave swept with a deadly force over the wreck, and hurled her off the rock into the boiling sea. Such a cry as went up from those perishing sailors I never heard before, and God grant I never may again. The boat was near enough to save some; too late, alas, for many, for the ship went down with that sudden wail, and most of her crew with her, never to rise again till the last summons to sea and land to give up the dead that are in them. But some few struggling figures were still to be seen, wrestling with the last agony, where she had sunk; and we saw all of those that could be reached dragged into the boat, which then made for the shore again.

We gave one simultaneous gasp and shriek as the ship settled down; and when all was done that could be done, I looked in Una's face for the reflection of my own dismay. Then recollection came—the living must be cared for now.

"Mr Glynne," I said, "Una and I will go home and get all ready to receive those

who are saved at our house. Papa is a doctor, and it is right they should be brought there. Will you see that they are?"

I said this chiefly because I saw that the women who were watching the return of the boat were incapable of any exertion for the present. Nothing would be ready in the cottages that night.

We soon gained our own door, and found Lizzie waiting for us. "Lizzie," I said (how queer and hoarse my voice sounded), "there are some poor men being brought from the wreck. Tell cook to heat water, and put blankets to the fire, and do all that's wanted." Luckily Lizzie had been brought up on the coast of Fife, and understood the treatment of such cases much better than either of us.

She retreated to the kitchen, and all was prepared, when we heard the sound of steps coming slowly up the avenue, and two fishermen came in, carrying—was it a dead body or a living man?

He was young, not more than seven-and-twenty, with brown hair drenched and dragged, with long wet brown lashes over closed eyes, with a cold white forehead, as calm and smooth as if the treacherous sea had kissed him to sleep for ever. I felt a pitiful tenderness of heart as I looked at the muscular strength and youthful beauty laid low, like the feeling of the woman to whose house the body of a youth was brought after the battle of Langside, and who, saying sorrowfully "my darling, my darling, some mother's heart is bleeding for thee," found that it was that of her own son; certainly Lizzie could not have tended him with more eager care if he had been her's. My father, she, and I, had our hands full, for four other dripping figures were brought in and laid in the kitchen and dining-room, and there was little time to think, till "after all was done that hand could do." Under Lizzie's directions, and with the help of the fishermen, we succeeded in rousing four of the five from their deathlike trance, among them the young man who was brought in first; but in the case of the fifth we strove in vain.

He was an old sailor, and on his head was the mark of a blow, most probably received from some portion of the wreck, which my father said must have caused death almost instantaneously. When I looked at his quiet face, and contrasted it with the expression of trouble that came over each of the living brows, as thought and memory crept slowly back, words I had been reading that evening (how many days ago it seemed since then) came back to my mind—

"All our life is mixed with death,"

"And who knoweth which is best."

Who but the Lord of life and death, who takes one and leaves another?

The youth, the only one of the five who looked like an Englishman, was the last to open his eyes, and as fate, if fate there be, would have it, the first creature they lighted on was Una.

She had been entrusted for the moment with the task of chafing his hands, and her beautiful face was bent over him, anxiously watching for some sign of returning life.

Whether some vague idea of a welcoming houri or a pitying angel stole into his mind, I cannot say, but he fixed his eyes so steadfastly upon her, that all Una's shamefacedness rushed over her in a flood, and sent the blood to her very hair. She turned away her face, and then recollecting herself, said—"See, Molly, he has opened his eyes." "Where am I?" were his first words. "Ah, I know. Don't turn away from me now. I am dead, and can do no one any harm, least of all you, darling; look at me again."

My father had left the room, and I went to the stranger and took his hand.

"You are saved," I said, "and among friends; all you have to do is to go to sleep." The sound of my voice seemed at once to recall the memory of his last adventure; and suddenly his face was alive from the past and awake to the present. "I beg your pardon, ladies. I must have put you to inconvenience. I have not the least idea how I got here." "Then never mind how you came," said Papa, re-appearing, "we'll take care of you. I'm a doctor, sir, and you'll please to consider yourself in an hospital. Mary," turning suddenly to me, "go to bed. Lizzie, you're the woman for making whisky punch, just see that 'the bairns' get a good stiff glass each at once." Lizzie gave some directions to Gordon and Sarah, and was going out with me, Una being already up-stairs, when the back-door was heard to open, and there hurried into the kitchen, as if borne on the howling blast, a withered old woman with black eyes, known among men as Mrs Sandyside, General Hilary's housekeeper. If the Devil's Elbow had come marching to the door, I should not have been much more surprised, for she was one of the women who are such "keepers at home" that their existence becomes a mere tradition to the outside world. I should have been astounded at the apparition on any other night I mean; *that* night, or rather morning, for it was nearly three o'clock, I merely opened my eyes as far as their sleepy weight would permit, and wondered what would happen next. Lizzie knew her well. The two were always exchanging condolences over the old times that were better than these, when Lizzie's still active feet carried her to the hall.

"I've warrant ye've heard what has happened, Mrs Sandyside," she said, but my father interrupted her.



"Has General Hilary sent you with any message, Mrs Sandyside? If he has, pray go into the dining-room, and I will come to you directly. There are too many here, and I was just clearing the room." The old woman did not answer at first; it was as though the storm had taken away her breath. She looked round the room with stealthy eagerness, till she saw the young Englishman; then she gave a sort of smothered cry, and sprang to the sofa where he was lying. No mother over a son long-lost could have shed more rapturous tears. "Oh! Brand, is it you, oh! my boy, my darling, look at old Grace. Don't you know me? Oh! to think of your being cast up like drift-wood at the doors of them that would have given their lives for yours!"

Astonishment kept us all silent, till the housekeeper regained her composure and something of her usual stiff dignity.

"I beg pardon, doctor, but this is Mr Brand Hilary, the general's son, and I that nursed him when he was a baby, to find him here, within a mile of his own father's house, and being seen to by strangers. Not but what its all the kinder of you, sir, he being none of yours; but oh! Mr Brand dear, tell me how it all happened, and where you've been all this long weary time," said the faithful old creature, the tears still streaming down her cheeks. But any further communication was prevented for the time by my father, who forbade her to excite his patient.

"He'll stay here to-night, Mrs Sandyside, and by to-morrow you'll hear all he has to tell; you only bewilder him more just now. Does his father know?"

"That he doesn't," was the housekeeper's reply. "Was I going to tell him the son he sent away six years ago had come back this way? The general might have been glad or he might have been sorry; glad he'll be at his heart, I reckon; but how was I to be sure when old Jonas just came up from the shore, saying if it wasn't Mr Brand that was carried up first to the Lawrence Lodge, it was his ghost. You'll let me stay here too, sir?"

"Oh yes," said my father. "Now, Molly." I took the hint, and moved off up-stairs to my own room. There I found Una already in my bed, and her white face and great eyes almost frightened me.

"I couldn't sleep alone, Molly," she said; "I heard that scream every time I closed my eyes."

Well, weariness did its work, combined with the soothing potion Lizzy brought us before long, and we slept sound, though our dreams that cold morning were of peril and wreck.

O. M.

“ Still Waters Run Deep.”

It's down on the river, so placid and still,
As the red sun sinks slowly behind the far hill,
And the nightingale's notes on the soft breezes float,
That gently there sways 'mong the lilies a boat.
With her hand on the tiller, a maiden so fair,
With dancing blue eyes and with bright rippling hair ;
She laughs and she talks to young Frank at her side,
As his oar idly dips on the scarce moving tide ;
While hardly a word or a smile will she deign
To Harry, who's gazing and watching in vain
For one tone or one glance, in his heart long to keep ;
For, though little he says, yet—“ Still waters run deep.”

When children together they all of them played,
And here by the river, when older, they strayed ;
Together they talked of their hopes and their fears,
And shared with each other or laughter, or tears.
And sometimes on Harry sweet Alice would smile,
Or now it was Frank she would laugh with the while ;
And then with them both she'd pretend to fall out—
Oh, how charming her frown, and how dainty her pout !
Then, the breeze that had ruffled her soon would pass o'er,
Leaving both the lads far more in love than before.
But while Frank on the lass sweet caresses would heap,
Harry worshipped in silence—“ Still waters run deep.”

The mill by the river stands bonny and fair,
And Frank to it all is the miller's sole heir :
But Harry is poor, for his father's long dead,—
And a fatherless lad must work hard for his bread.
He knows but too well that he never must say
One word of the love that has grown day by day
With his life's very being,—but guard it apart,
The one precious thing in the depths of his heart.

But he cannot bear now to be always so near,
Yet for ever divided, from her who's so dear;
For a soldier he's 'listed—this evening's the last
Of those once happy hours that for ever are past.

The sun has long set, and the red glow is gone
Yet still 'mong the lilies the boat's rocking on;
But hushed are the laughing and chattering gay,
For silence has fallen with twilight so grey.
Frank looks at the mill-wheel, and fancies the time
When the bells shall be ringing his glad marriage-chime:
And Harry is thinking—"To-morrow will come,
And I shall be following the fife and the drum,
While *they* just the same here together will be—
Oh, will she, I wonder, think ever of me?"
And Alice? One thought she can't quite drive away—
"I wish I'd been kinder to Harry to day."

The evening grows later—the moon rises high,
And calmly and proudly sails slow through the sky;
The water laps softly the green bank along,
And still the sad nightingale pours her sweet song.
At length Harry speaks—"It is time I must go—
To-morrow my regiment claims me, you know;
Very long it may be ere I sit here again,
And things will have changed, I doubt little, by then."
Then Alice leans over the side of the boat,
Where the broad lily-leaves on the cold water float,
And she pulls from the river a blossom so white—
"There, Harry, keep that, to remember to-night."

'Tis a bright winter's morning, so frosty and clear,
And merrily peal the glad bells on the ear;
Through the snow-covered churchyard, with fondness and pride,
Frank leads back sweet Alice, and calls her his bride.
Ah! who in that hour of rejoicing and glee,
Gives one thought to the soldier far over the sea?

'Tis a dark winter's evening—the day's work is done,—
 The enemy's routed, the hard fight is won ;
 And there, rifle in hand, on the battle-field red,
 By the side of his Captain, young Harry lies dead !
 And close to his heart, in that last wakeless sleep,
 Is a withered pond-lily— " Still waters run deep."

MAS ALTA.



The Character of William the Third.

"A PRINCE profound in his ideas, skilful in the forming of plots and coalitions ; more skilled in giving occasion for wars than in fighting, more to be dreaded in the secrecy of the cabinet than at the head of an army ; an enemy rendered capable by his enmity to France both of imagining and executing great things, one of those geniuses who appear to have been born to move at their will both sovereigns and people ; a great man if he had not desired to be a king."

The above short summary of the character of William of Orange, given by Massillon in the "*Oraison Funèbre de Monsieur le Dauphin*," though drawn by no friendly hand, would appear to be both just and true as far as it goes, giving us the more striking features of one, who is, we think, fairly entitled to be called a great man. He possessed a giant strength of will, united to a body of which it has been said that its life was one long disease. William has been described by Lord Macaulay (more accurately perhaps than politely) as an "asthmatic skeleton." The power of the mind over the body has seldom been more clearly demonstrated than in the subject now before us. We can hardly doubt that his peculiar creed, and the circumstances of his early life, in a great degree led to the formation of his character ; his hatred to France had much to do with the course of his actions. Born and bred a Calvinist, he was carefully instructed in the religious system to which his ancestors, the Princes of Orange, had generally adhered ; a system to which he was peculiarly partial, the gloomy and terrible doctrines of which were eminently calculated to strengthen and deepen the grave stern nature on which they were grafted.

William Henry, Prince of Orange (grandson of the great William the Silent, whose history has been told with such graphic power in the pages of Motley's "*History of the Dutch Republic*"), was born a few days after the death of his father Prince

William the Second, his mother being the daughter of Charles the First of England. "Destined to raise the glory and authority of the house of Nassau to the highest point, to save the United Provinces from slavery, to curb the power of France, and to establish the English constitution on a lasting foundation, he enjoyed high consideration as the possessor of a splendid fortune, as the chief of one of the most illustrious houses in Europe, as a magnate of the German Empire, as a Prince of the blood royal of England, and above all, as the descendant of the founders of Batavian liberty."

The circumstances of his early life were hard and depressing, and served to develope qualities which fitted him for the position he was afterwards so nobly to fill. Early trained to rule himself, he early learned the art of ruling others. Regarded by the people as their rightful head, he was watched and suspected by the ministers of the Republic, who regarded him with unfriendly and jealous eyes; removing from him at the age of fifteen all those in whom he had any confidence. They left him at that early age without friend or adviser; but all the harsh and even cruel treatment of these early years of his life served but to increase the innate strength of his character, while it also doubtless fostered what may well be considered its defects of moroseness and unsociability. He early learned to be cautious beyond his years. He proved to be an able statesman, but was remarkably deficient not merely in the graces and accomplishments, but even in some of the common amenities and courtesies of life. He was thought blunt even by his own countrymen, and churlish by foreigners; he took little interest in either literary or artistic pursuits; statecraft being apparently the ruling passion of his soul. He is said to have had a slight turn for sarcasm, and an unconscious talent for oratory of a quaint kind. Aided by a singularly good memory, he acquired enough of various languages to write and converse in them. His theological opinions were, as we have said, very decidedly Calvinistic, but he was as decidedly averse to all persecution and intolerance. "At the age of seventeen he was surprising skilful diplomatists with his weighty observations on public affairs; at eighteen he sat among the fathers of the Commonwealth, grave, discreet, and judicious as the oldest among them; at twenty-one, in a day of gloom and terror, he was placed at the head of the administration; and at twenty-three he was renowned throughout Europe as a soldier and a politician."

As a warrior, however, he is less renowned than as a statesman, though his personal taste is said to have tended in the former direction; but, while never attaining any very great celebrity as a strategist, he always gained the respect and con-

fidence of his soldiers. His personal courage was of a rare quality, and nothing, not even the imminent and constant danger of assassination, was able to deprive him of his firmness and self-possession. No danger ever seemed to have power to shake his iron nerves, or rather, let us say, his iron will and determined resolute purpose. Strengthened by the sort of fatalism which seems almost inseparable from his peculiar creed, and by what he believed to be the rightness, nay more, the heaven-appointed, heaven-directed tendency of his course, he pursued it unflinchingly, unfalteringly to the end. When remonstrated with for exposing himself with such daring recklessness in his first campaigns, his opponent the great Condé remarking after the battle of Seneff that "the Prince of Orange had in all things borne himself like an old general, except in exposing himself like a young soldier," William's reply was, that it was from a sense of duty and a coolly formed plan that he did so, and not from the rash impetuosity and temerity of a young soldier.

But with all these hard stern qualities, he was not without a softer side to his nature. The gentler emotions partook in him of the depth which belonged to his character, as they are not unfrequently found strongest and deepest in such grave self-contained men, and when apparently placed in such strange juxtaposition; great tenderness and great strength of character being by no means opposed the one to the other,—a deep and unsuspected fountain of tenderness often springing out of the hard and rugged rock of a stern and undemonstrative nature. Among outsiders he was supposed to be one of the most cold blooded of mankind. "But those who knew him well, and saw him near, were aware that under all this ice a fierce fire was continually burning."

His fury, if once roused, startled those who witnessed it, and "where he loved he loved with the whole energy of his strong mind; when death separated him from what he loved, the few who witnessed his agonies trembled for his reason and for his life." A hard, unsympathetic, unlovable nature to the mere casual observer, he yet proved himself capable in no common degree of winning and retaining the devoted love of both wife and friend,—that of the former amounting almost to idolatry; and as to the friendship between him and Bentinck, there are few more touching instances on record. When the young Prince was dangerously ill with malignant small pox, Bentinck nursed him day and night, till he was himself smitten with the disease, with a devoted watchfulness and care for which William through life testified a grateful remembrance; and though for a time a cloud passed over the faithful servant's love for his master, owing to Bentinck's jealousy of Albemarle, the king's affection for him seems never to have wavered; and

Bentinck was present in the king's dying chamber. The man who could have inspired and retained the affection of a woman like Mary, and a servant like Bentinck, must have had in him much to love and esteem.

His patriotism does not appear to have been a strong point in his character. Whatever he had belonged to his native Holland ; with England he never identified himself, and though he did much for her, and her blood ran in his veins, he neither loved her nor was loved by her. But even his regard for Holland was subservient to the stronger passion of his hatred for France, an enmity which was present with him even on his deathbed. The chief aim of his life seems to have been to form a great coalition of the European nations against France ; and England benefited by him, not because he loved her, and above all things desired her welfare, but rather because she was necessary to his political schemes.

He makes his appearance as an actor on the stage of English history in 1687, when in his thirty-seventh year. He is described as slight in form, with an eagle eye, a thoughtful brow, and a cheek furrowed by sickness and care.

In 1688 William and Mary were proclaimed in London, which was loud in its professions of loyalty to the new sovereigns. William of Orange was apparently in a proud and enviable position ; but "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and the new king was surrounded with difficulties and anxieties of various kinds. A keen observer, too, of human affairs, he was fully prepared for a reaction in the popular favour, nor had he long to wait for it. The two great parties in England were again at war with each other. The Tories clung to the hope of a restoration of the Stuart dynasty, and only accepted William as the lesser of two evils. The Whigs welcomed him, but merely as the leader of a party ; and had no mind that he should assert himself as the sovereign of the entire nation. He was beset with difficulties inseparable from the position he now occupied as the ruler of a great country, passing through a crisis in its religious and political history. He took upon himself the direction of foreign affairs. "The revolution had on a sudden placed England in a situation in which the services of a great minister for foreign affairs were indispensable to her. William was admirably qualified to supply that in which the most accomplished statesmen of the kingdom were deficient. He had long been pre-eminently distinguished as a negotiator. The clue without which it was perilous to enter the vast and intricate maze of Continental politics was in his hands."

He chose his ministers for the home government with great impartiality, not excluding any who professed themselves willing to support the throne. A popular monarch William never became, his morose and ungracious manners disgusting the

courtiers who had been accustomed to find their sovereigns sociable and easy of access; but though unpopular in the capital, he seems to have been ever most popular among his soldiery. In 1690 he went over to Ireland; his spirits rose at once on finding himself at the head of his troops, and he completely won the hearts of his men by the way in which he shared all their hardships,—“sharply reprimanding officers who were so anxious to procure luxuries for his table, as to forget the wants of common soldiers.”

He made himself intimately acquainted with each regiment, and his pleasant looks and sayings are said to have been long remembered. William's army consisted of about 36,000 men. He determined to attack the Irish without delay, though in so doing he acted contrary to the opinion of some of his officers, Schomberg in particular, who thought it was too hazardous an experiment. On the 1st July was fought the battle of the Boyne. The king had been wounded by a chance shot when leaving his breakfast-table the day before, but though obliged in consequence to hold his sword in his left hand, he led his men into the hottest part of the fight. Schomberg and Walker both lay dead on the field, when, just as the battle raged the fiercest, William, coming up with the left wing, decided the fate of that important day. On another occasion, at the battle of Landen, he displayed the same valour, consideration, and coolness, and though the result was then very different, and he was disastrously defeated, his nobility of character was as conspicuous in misfortune as in success. His unconquerable spirit rose to the occasion, and he set to work without delay to repair, as far as might be, his defeat, and collect his scattered troops.

Of personal ambition, the desire of vain glory and self aggrandizement, he seems to have had but little; he did great things, and desired great things, but more, it would seem, in order that he might work out what he believed to be the divine purpose and the salvation of Europe, than from any other motive. Even his hatred to France, deeply and strongly as it no doubt entered into his personal feelings, proceeded from his conviction that she was the deadly enemy and the great obstacle to European freedom and equality, which he conceived to be in danger of utter destruction from the weight of her power and ambition.

The historian Froude, in writing of Mary Queen of Scots, remarks—“Mary Stuart was chiefly interested in herself, and she was without the strength of self command, which is taught only by devotion to a great cause.” Now this devotion to a great cause seems to us to be one of the keys to William's character and actions. Of the calm wisdom and unselfish consideration with which he acted on many occasions, and in trying and perplexing circumstances, many instances are recorded.

His religion, though perhaps of rather a narrow and Puritanical type, appears to have been deep and earnest ; and his letter to the General Assembly of the newly established Church in Scotland contains some truly religious sentiments. "We could never," he writes, "be of the mind that violence was suited to the advancing of true religion, nor do we intend that our authority shall ever be a tool to the irregular passions of any party ; moderation is what religion enjoins, what neighbouring churches expect from you, and what we recommend to you."

Both the King and Queen are said to have had a particular dislike to evil speaking, slander, and gossip of all kinds. When any such was ventured upon in his presence, the king is said "to have preserved a profound silence, and to have given the speaker a look, which, as was said by a person who once encountered it—and took good care not to encounter it again—made your story go back down your throat." His submission to, and recognition of the divine will in circumstances of severe trial, is simply and touchingly shown in the short note which he wrote to his friend Bentinck (then Duke of Portland) a few hours after the defeat at Landen, one of the most disastrous days of his life. "Though I hope to see you this evening" (so runs the note), "I cannot help writing to tell you how rejoiced I am that you got off so well. These are great trials which it has pleased God to send me in quick succession ; I must try to submit to His pleasure without murmuring, and to deserve His anger less."

Unselfishness, thoughtful consideration for others, and entire submission to God's will, were manifested in his dying chamber. He died professing his firm belief in the Christian religion ; his last words were to ask for Bentinck ; on his body was found a piece of black ribbon, containing a gold ring and a lock of hair, belonging to the wife he had loved so truly and mourned so passionately.

Disfigured and shorn of its beauty by many weaknesses and defects, the character of William the Third of England was still a great and noble one ; posterity can hardly deny that he was a great man, one of England's *greatest* men, who has made a mark upon her history which no time can efface ; and whether we think of him gratefully or ungratefully, in admiration or dislike, our grim preserver stands out from the background of history as one whom the world cannot forget,—a man to whom Burns' words seem particularly applicable,—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

ZOE.

Song.


WHEN the pearly morning
 Whispers to the song-birds,
 Ere the drowsy warning
 Slumb'ring peacefully,
 And the winds awaked to motion
 Flutt'ring seek the sea,
 Sighing their devotion,
 Oh God of day, to thee !

When the red sun, ploughing
 Through the mists all-golden,
 Sees the tree-tops bowing
 To him reverently,
 And the hills, with gladness flushing,
 Eager greet their king,
 Hears the brooklets rushing
 Their hymn of welcome sing.

When the twilight dreary,
 Creeping o'er the ocean,
 Shrouds the wavelets weary,
 Sobbing ceaselessly.
 And the star of evening gleaming
 Keeps pale watch on high,
 From her far home beaming
 Upon earth tenderly ;

When the wild night, sweeping
 Through her halls of darkness,
 Hears the mourners' weeping
 Rise despairingly.
 And in gentle pity scatters
 Sleep o'er land and sea—
 Then—night or day, what matters ?
 I ceaseless think of thee.

MELENSA.



Rathrina, her Life and Mine,

IN A POEM, BY J. G. HOLLAND.

By universal consent, America is conceded to be the most go-a-head country in the world. To use their own words, the Americans beat all creation. In the old country, we take a thousand years before we can turn out a real poet, and a thousand multiplied by five before we can match one of the old Greek philosophers. We produce a really great statesman about once in a century, and our Wellingtons, Nelsons, and Marlboroughs become finger posts for people to point at, until history gets quite tired of their oft-repeated exploits. But it is quite different with the Americans. Like a well-known statesman of our own growth, they are fit and ready for anything, from commanding the Channel Fleet to filling the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer,—nothing comes amiss. A first-rate statesman will step from behind a

tailor's board, and the next rail-fence will provide a President with genius and power sufficient to change the destiny of millions of human beings. In all the domestic arts and manufactures, in all the appliances of mechanical skill and utilities of social life, the old country is left toiling breathlessly after her precocious and adventurous offspring, and all this has been done, and invented, and brought into practical use, in the course of two hundred years, since their forefathers left these shores, to begin a new life and to make a new country ; and so soon did these old Puritans wax giddy and light-hearted with their success, that the father of American poets, the worthy old Puritan Benjamin Thomson, who lived and wrote in the old Puritan times, composed a sort of lament upon the "*Crisis of New England*," and deploras the approaching downfall of the new country, seeing the unexampled degeneracy of the people—the women wearing silk gowns, and the men smoking tobacco. We can imagine the old Puritan's dismay, if, like Washington Irving's celebrated hero, he could awaken out of his long slumber, and see his descendants strolling along Broadway.

Roger Walcott is the next worthy who essays his poetic flight. He must have been the father of all the Yankees,—for, with the true business feeling uppermost, he tells his readers that as he has spent time and money in composing verses for their edification, he expects them to return the benefit by ordering their cloth from his shop. The next in order is Michael Wrigglesworth, who, mightily impressed by the haste and hurry of the people about him, became convinced the day of judgment was at hand, and wrote these appropriate lines, typifying the state of mind and body of the world around,—

"They rush from beds with giddy heads,
And to their windows run."

It will be seen, however, from these quotations, that the Americans, however apt at every other pursuit, failed somewhat at producing poets at the shortest notice, and it is only within the present century that anything like poetry has been produced in America. Now, they can point with justifiable pride to the names of Bryant, Sigourney, Willis, Whittier, and Longfellow,—Edgar Poe stands apart. As far as genius has a claim and a right to be honoured, Edgar Poe would stand among the highest in any nation as a lyrical poet. He is unsurpassable ; he has written lines that a Campbell or a Burns has scarcely equalled. His "*Annabel Lee*," and the famous poem "*Nevermore*," have never been equalled for the perfect harmony of the sentiment with the rythmical expression. Another poet has now arisen above the American horizon,—J. G. Holland, author of "*Bitter Sweet*," and "*Kathrina*,"

published in 1869. In America he has achieved a great success, and is now quite famous. With us "fame" is a much more jealously guarded plant. No poet is famous unless he can do what no one can do after him. Mr Holland is, however, a poet, and "Kathrina" will no doubt win her way to the hearts of many English readers as she has done to hearts across the Atlantic. Mr Holland cannot be put upon the same pedestal as Bryant or Longfellow; he occupies a place of his own, somewhere between these two and N. P. Willis and Sigourney. Mr Holland has evidently been a close student of English poets; many of his lines have a familiar ring to the ear, which is caused by the unconscious adaptation of the turn of thought and expression most familiar to the mind of the author. In all American literature deserving of the name, the moral in view is always excellent. In this particular, and in their earnest religious faith, they stand alone among nations; for who but themselves can show a literature so free from any immoral taint, and so true and simple in its religious teachings. It is as if the influence of the old Puritan Fathers still remained upon the earth to keep straight the path of their descendants. The aim of "Kathrina" is high; its moral is to point the great truth, that unless the true christian spirit inspire the life and actions, all blessings, even the greatest, are but as dry dust and ashes.

Paul, the unhappy hero of the poem, is, to say the least, born under an unlucky star. Living alone with his widowed mother, whom he fondly idolises, his childhood is darkened not only with her sorrow, but by the whispered words of his companions, which made him

"Learn . . . the secret in the street from those
Who pointed at me as I passed, or paused
To gaze in sighing pity on my play!"

The secret is his father's suicide, and this is the cause of his mother's grief. The author, however, is not content with this one brooding horror over the young Paul's life. He no sooner passes childhood, than he begins to understand that his mother has the same suicidal determination; to which, in spite of her daily prayers to the Almighty for help and strength, she ultimately falls a victim. Now, this accumulation of horrors upon poor Paul's head, is very much in the style of Edgar Poe, but by no means told with corresponding fervour of expression, so that it loses much of its effect upon the mind of the reader, who is quite amazed that such a strange idea should come into the author's head, solely for the purpose of making Paul a rebel henceforward, and a despiser of his Creator. All this, to say truth, is

highly unphilosophical ; for Paul, who really has a naturally religious nature, would not, under such circumstances as these, have become estranged from God ; he would, on the contrary, have clung the closer in all fear and humility. Paul has long known and felt that he has the nature and powers of a poet ; but he is now quite alone in the world, and miserable. "Kathrina" is, however, about to appear on the scene. One Sunday (of course, in his unhappy frame of mind he never thinks of going to church) he takes a walk in the country, and finds his way to "Hadley Church ;" but he shall speak for himself,—

"I heard the sound of flutes, . . . and one voice,
A woman's, or an angel's, that compelled
My feet to swift approach, a thread of gold
Through all the web of sound, I followed it
Till, by the stress of some strange sympathy,
And by no act of will, I joined my voice
To that one voice of melody, and sang.
The heart is wiser than the intellect,
And works with swifter hands and surer feet
Towards wise conclusions, so without resort
To reason in my heart, I knew that she
Who sang, had suffered, knew that she had grieved,
Had hungered, struggled, kissed the cheek of death
And ranged the scale of passion, till her soul
Was deep, and wide, and soft with sympathy ;
Nay, more than this, that she had found at last
Peace, like a river, on whose waveless tide
She floated while she sang. This was the key
That loosed my prisoned voice, and filled my eyes
With tender tears, and touched to life again
My better nature."

He enters the church and looks round him.

"I scanned the simpering girls within the choir,
But found not what I sought ; and then my eyes
With rambling inquisition swept the pews,
Pausing at every maiden face in vain.
One head that crowned a tall and slender form
Was bowed with reverent grace upon the rail
Before her ; and although I caught no glimpse
Of her sweet face, I knew such face was there,
And there the voice."

Kathrina, for it is she, is about to take her first communion,—a solemn ceremony among the old Puritans, who required the vows to be taken by the young communicant before the whole congregation.

The service over, Paul finds Kathrina to be the niece of a dear friend of his mother's. He goes home with them, and, of course, at once falls in love with Kathrina, who, to say truth, is well worthy of his love; her only fault being a strong tendency to sermonizing. However, this seems to be rather expected from clever young ladies in America, and Paul composes himself and listens with a very excellent grace. Kathrina tells him, in very long sentences, that all poets and artists must have their interpreters, that Paul the poet holds the "Heavenly Manna" in his hands, but that he is not able to distribute it to the people, but she, the teacher, and such as she, feed the multitude. Very true, no doubt, and Paul acquiesces in all that his pretty preacher says to him. Turner is only Turner to the apprehension of the crowd outside through Ruskin's interpretations; and where would Shakespeare be but for his annotators and translators? Paul, like all wise epicures, understood well that hope is sweeter than fruition. He says—

"All the summer fled,
And still my heart delayed."
"One pleasant eve
When first the creaking of the cricket told
Of autumn's opening door, I went with her
To ramble in the fields."

The scene that ensues unfortunately brings to one's recollection that exquisite episode of Coleridge's "Geniveve." Paul reads a poem of his own to Kathrina. At first she does not understand the meaning intended to be conveyed; when she does—

"Like the flash
Of the hot lightning, the significance
Of the strange vision gleamed upon her face
In a bright throbbing flame, that fell full soon
To ashen paleness. By unconscious will
We both arose; she vainly strove to speak,
And gazed into my eyes with such a look
Of tender questioning, of half reproach,
Of struggling, doubting, hesitating joy,
As few men ever see, and see but once."

“ In such a pomp
 Of autumn glory, by the simplest rites
 Kathrina gave her hand to me, and I
 Pledged truth and life to her. I bore her home
 Through shocks of maize, revealing half their gold,
 Past gazing harvesters, with creaking wains
 That brimmed with fruitage, my adored, my life,
 Fruition of my hope—the proudest freight
 That ever passed that way.”

“ Into her place
 As mistress of all home economies,
 She slid without a jar ; as if the fates,
 By concord of fore-ordinate design
 Had fitted her for it and it for her,
 And, having joined them, well were satisfied.”

And now, having brought Paul and Kathrina into the usual port of all novelists, we will wish them good-bye, premising, however, that the poem does not end here. The moral has still to be worked out,—for Paul, though blessed in every relation in life, is by no means a happy or contented man. Although wife, child, fame, all are his, until he is brought to see that all human blessings are as mere dust in the balance, he does not find God ; and when he finds God, he loses the priceless treasure of his faithful Kathrina. She dies early, as one whom the Lord loves, and it is over her tender heart now at peace, that the bereaved and unhappy Paul finds the rest he has been seeking so long and fruitlessly.

We have quoted long and fully from this poem ; but we hope our readers may peruse it for themselves. The moral is well worked out, and the contrasted lives of Kathrina and Paul, point the difference between the christian and the unspiritual life of Paul. There are many passages of great force and beauty, especially that which tells us,—

“ And now,
 A guest was in my house—a guest unbid—
 Who stayed without a welcome from his host,
 So loathed and hated, on such errand bent,
 And armed with such resistless power of ill—
 I dared not look him in the face.”

Death, the unbidden guest, does not leave again until he leaves Paul's home empty of all that had made life pleasant to him.

M. E. T.

The Edinburgh Ladies' Educational Association.

THE Second Report of this Association is now before the public. Various circumstances have delayed its publication, so that, though appearing only in March, it refers almost entirely to the session of 1868-9, not to that which is now completed.

The results of that second session of the Association's work, as they are set before us in this Report, are most gratifying and encouraging to all who are interested in the higher education of women.

Keeping before them as their aim "the establishment of a Faculty of Arts for Women," the Association have wisely adopted the division of subjects which exists in that Faculty in the University; and being thus able to avail themselves of the services of the University professors, have secured for their pupils the best possible teaching on each subject. It has not, at this early stage, been possible to make the curriculum of the Ladies' Educational Association as complete as that of the University. One department of the Faculty of Arts—the Classical—has as yet been omitted altogether. There are perhaps some practical difficulties in the way of teaching Latin and Greek to large classes of ladies; and besides, girls have already, in modern foreign languages, a mental discipline analogous to that of classical study, both as regards the grammatical study of another language, and the becoming acquainted with another literature than our own.

The other two departments of the Faculty of Arts, however, those of Mathematics and Philosophy, were represented in the second session of the Association; the first by the class of Experimental Physics, under Professor Tait (to which this year a class of Mathematics, under Professor Kelland, has been added); the second by the classes of English Literature, under Professor Masson, and of Logic and Mental Philosophy, under Professor Fraser. Reports by these professors and their assistants are given in the appendix to the Report of the Association.

The class of Experimental Physics was perhaps the boldest experiment of the second session, as it was more entirely out of the line of the reading by which intelligent girls usually supplement their school education than the other classes were, and Professor Tait's announcement that his lectures were "*not* to be, in the common and degraded sense of the word, *popular*," may have seemed a little alarming. But the results justified his respect for the powers and energy of his pupils.

The deficiencies in the ladies' work in this class, of which Mr Smith speaks in his report, seem to have arisen from the circumstance that not only "all physical and mathematical," but even a great many arithmetical ideas, "were perfectly new" to them. Here we especially see the need of these preparatory classes for which the Association appeal in their report. All that most girls learn of arithmetic is its *processes*, while they gain no acquaintance with its laws and principles; and it is this which makes real scientific teaching so new and strange to them. But this is a fault which can be remedied, and we hope will be; for, of course, if there had been no deficiencies in the education of girls, there would have been no need for this Association at all, and the more clearly these deficiencies are pointed out, the better will the Association know in what direction they should aim.

The classes coming under the Philosophical department of the Faculty of Arts, required less special preparation, or at least the previous work of most of the students was a better preparation for them than for a Mathematical class.

English Literature is a subject in which girls are at least as well educated as boys. One was therefore prepared for Professor Masson's report (though this does not make it the less gratifying), in which he remarks that the best students in the class he taught for the Association were closely comparable to the best of his University class.

Of the success of the class of Logic and Mental Philosophy, one could not have felt so certain beforehand. It was, as Professor Fraser remarks, "the first attempt of the kind in Great Britain." But, as he goes on to say, it has certainly become evident, as far as the results of one session can make it so, "that women" (we don't know if he means Scotchwomen only) "are not inferior to the other sex in capacity for psychological and logical education, and that they may be animated with the enthusiasm for these studies which Scotchmen so often show." Professor Fraser's opinion on this point is confirmed by Mr Lindsay, who, as Examiner in Philosophy to the University, has the best opportunities of comparing the work of Association and University students.

All these reports combine to prove that there is no deficiency in women, as regards either mental capacity, or energy and perseverance, which should prevent their receiving and profiting by a very high and thorough education. We women are often accused of a love for "smatterings" of information, and a girl's education is often spoken of as having, for ground work, a number of unconnected facts in history and geography, and a certain power of "doing sums;" and for superstructure, enough French to ask for what one wants at a Continental hotel, enough German to read an

easy story, enough Italian to translate the words of a song ; the power, as to drawing, of making a fair copy of a pencil sketch ; and as to music, of playing a certain number of drawing-room " pieces ;" or, if the girl's education has been a little more ambitious, we find, perhaps, a knowledge of Latin, which leaves her incapable of construing a simple sentence ; of mathematics and algebra, which does not enable her to do a sum in equations ; and various vague ideas about chemistry and physics, which go by the name of " science."

This is doubtless an exaggerated picture. There are many schools and classes which give a sound and through-going education, and there are many girls who supplement defective school teaching by their own reading. But even in the cases in which the accusation of " smattering " is so far true, the fault is much more owing to circumstances,—to the unreasonable requirement of society that girls should know and be able to do a little of everything, and to bad teaching, than to any innate want of thoroughness in the female mind. Before very long we may hope to see, thanks to the exertions of this Association and other similar societies, good preparatory teaching, carried on and completed by such higher education as the classes of this Association offer, placed within the reach of girls, at least in every large town ; and though, when it becomes a matter of course for girls to complete their education at these higher classes, as their brothers complete theirs at the University, one may miss some of the enthusiasm which is felt and expressed now, when those who have long been gathering disconnected information from books or conversation come into contact for the first time with a powerful mind, thoroughly acquainted with some special subject, and new regions of thought seem to be opening every day, and new light flashing on the commonest facts of life, it will only be because sound principles and methods of education will be so thoroughly diffused, that new facts and ideas will be acquired by all, constantly, gradually, and naturally. And this is the safest and surest method of study, though perhaps less fascinating than a sudden introduction to innumerable new facts and new ways of thinking.

Let us hope that the girls of that day will remember with the same gratitude which must be felt by all the present students of the Association, those who did the hard work of the beginning, who planned for them, and secured for them, the complete course of education which they enjoy.

Leaving out of view the much-vexed question of special professional training for women, we can at least maintain that such higher education as this Association offers is, to use their own words—" the best help to a good and useful life, whatever may be the scene, and whatever the after pursuits of that life." For, to quote again

from the Report, "cultivation docs for women what it does for men—intensifies every moral attribute in proportion to the mental growth. Those who must go out into the world, go out with a truer courage, founded upon a nobler estimate of work; those whose duties lie within the circle of home, find them invested with a new and vivid significance, from the higher elevation and consequent larger views of their own minds; we believe that womanhood can only be made more truly womanly, as manhood is made more truly manly, by the utmost use of the possibilities of high cultivation."

GRACE.

Marie of Oberland.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RODENBERG.

How fair the maids of Hel'goland,
 The maids and matrons all !
 Their scarlet dress and yellow band,
 Their figures lithe and tall.
 Yes, pearls they are that brightly shine
 Upon the barren sand,
 The fairest pearl of all is mine,
 Marie of Oberland !

How merry are the sounds by night,
 Beside the emerald sea,
 Where 'neath the festive torches' light
 The sailors dance with glee.
 Fair maids in feast-day dresses fine
 Appear on every hand ;
 The fairest maid of all is mine,
 Marie of Oberland !

A green tree grows on yonder hill,
 A cottage stands below ;
 Bushes and shrubs the garden fill,
 And perfume round it throw.
 A window where the roses twine,
 Looks down upon the strand ;
 The fairest rose of all is mine,
 Marie of Oberland !

I loose my shallop from the side,
 Wild rage the wind and sea ;
 The little window's opened wide,
 She waves farewell to me.
 Alas ! we too must part, must part,
 Though billows lash the strand ;
 Farewell, thou darling of my heart,
 Marie of Oberland !

DIDO.

U n a F e r g u s s o n .

CHAPTER V.

“ And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But, oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

—*Tennyson.*

WE were late next morning ; and when I came down, half doubting whether it had not been all a dream, I found my father had gone up to the Hall. I well knew his purpose, and went to the kitchen to make inquiries. Young Mr Hilary was in the spare-room, but the tawny faces and black hair of the sailors still decorated the extempore couches in the kitchen. All at once, one of them awoke, and began to murmur words, at first unintelligible to me, till at length I made out that he was speaking Spanish, a little of which I had picked up some years before. I mustered up enough of the language to assure him that he was “all right,” or words to that effect, and returned to the dining-room. Una was down, looking as fresh and as calm as if last-night had been spent in playing Beethoven, or reading Browning.

“ Don’t you feel like a heroine, Molly ?” she said, “ I do. First that very charming Corsair. I don’t care what his real name is, he shall be called Conrad and then this interesting waif——”

Here she paused, and her morning flush became fainter. “ Molly, did you see how I blushed, when he looked at me ?”

“ Yes, I did,” said I, “ and no wonder, he gazed as if he had never seen such a vision.”

“ His eyes were like a ghost’s,” said Una,—“ like a ghost come back to visit some one who had used him ill.”

“ The ghost of a very handsome man,” I responded ; “ he has a look of his father, but his features are much better. Where are the letters, Una ?” And finding them beside my plate, I hastily broke open one from Redmains. Aunt Laurie had her hands full, evidently. Geordie had fallen off the old pear-tree, and sprained his ankle ; Ronald had caught a feverish cold, in a premature attempt at deer-stalking (a mercy it was no worse, and the boy did not shoot himself, was

my aunt's comment). Of course the Lindsays had come to pay a visit, just when the house was upset; and last, not least, Frank was coming home.

This last piece of news obliterated from my mind poor Aunt Laurie's list of troubles—Geordie kicking on the sofa, and poor Ronald grumbling in bed, Mrs Lindsay and her three fading, frivolous daughters, “fashionless,” Aunt Laurie called them in her exasperation—and brought the tears to my eyes with a strange sudden start. Frank was the eldest of the “boys,” and much as I liked them all, was my favourite. He had gone out to India six years before, after passing his examination for the Civil Service, and it seemed he had now leave to pass a few months at home. He would be changed now, the bright hair would have grown dark, and the red cheek brown, very likely thin and worn looking—India ages people so fast.

But however different the young man of twenty-five might be from the lad of sixteen I remembered so well, he would be as dear as ever for the sake of a day in the woods about Redmains when I was twenty. We went nutting together, and when I was tired with reaching up to high branches and climbing on rocks, we sat down in a little glade where the leaves were turning golden, and he asked me to sing. I had hardly done so for several months, but I could not bear to deny him, he was going away so soon. So I sang the song he asked for,—a lilt of the olden times, of faithless Jamie Douglas and his injured loving wife, pining in her bower,—

“Waly, waly, up the bank,
And waly, waly, doon the brae.”

I sang it in a kind of dream, it seemed as if some one else were throwing sorrow into song, raising the old familiar tune, that I had hummed in my carelessness many a time, when it was a sort of pleasure to sing, in my very happiness, “the songs that make us grieve,” till I came to the passionate cry,—

“Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blow,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am weary.”

Then the dream went, and I felt that it was I, singing the old sad words with a new sad heart, and I laid my face on a mossy cushion close by, and cried till I was weary. Frank was first silent with wonder, then remorseful for having made me sing such a “beastly melancholy” song, that was his phrase, I remember, for it nearly brought on a fit of hysterics, then he put his arms round me, and begged me to stop, and I managed it at length. Then I made him promise never to tell any one how I had given way, and I believe he kept his word, and only showed his

remembrance of it by having eyes in the back of his head for everything I wanted till he left home. But the affectionate words he said will never leave me ; and have often comforted me since. So, remembering old times, I laid the letter down, and said, "Frank is coming home, dear boy. How very glad I am ! We must have him here, Una. Papa will be glad to see anybody so fresh from India, if fresh is an appropriate word for the dried-up remnants of what were once Englishmen in your native land, Una."

"*My native land*," said Una, in high disgust. "Am I a Hindoo?" And she began to spout Barry Cornwall's description of his first appearance in the world,—

"White were the waves, and red the morn,
In the stormy hour, when I was born."

We heard steps on the avenue, and Papa and General Hilary appeared and went straight upstairs. We had only a glimpse of our old friend's face, white and set, and yet with a light in the dark eyes that seemed to make it young again.

A few minutes passed, and Papa came down.

"Give me my coffee, Molly," he said, "and don't ask questions, Una," for Una had already sat down on the arm of his chair, and was preparing to extract some particulars from him. "After all, I'm thankful I've only girls."

"Questions are unnecessary after that, Papa," retorted Una, reluctantly resuming her seat, "we have only to draw our own inferences about the only son who makes you express such feelings. Negative blessings are precious after all, n'est ce pas, Monsieur mon père?"

"Breakfast would be a positive blessing, if you would let me eat it, my dear," said my father. "I have walked to the Hall and back, besides going to Mrs Glynne's."

"To Mrs Glynne's, Papa!" exclaimed I, "what took you there, if all questions are not prohibited?"

"The health of the son and heir, Molly. Last night's desperate exertions have prostrated him with what his mother calls a fever, and I call a rather bad cold. As for your hero, who led the expedition—Marine, Maroon, oh yes, Maryon—I met him sauntering out with a cigar in his mouth, as fresh as a daisy."

We continued our repast, and it was hardly over when General Hilary walked in.

"Good morning, Miss Mary, good morning, fair Una," said he. "Well Ferguson, how shall I thank you and yours for giving me back my boy?"

"By keeping him on dry land, now you have got him," said my father. "After

all, Mrs Sandyside found him out first. He'll be none the worse of his ducking in a few hours, meanwhile I desire he may be let alone."

We rose and left Papa and the General together, and I went down straightway to the cottages, to see whether the men had come home.

Jack Evan's cottage was the first I came to. Ah! I could see all without going in, through the window. There was Alice kneeling at her husband's feet, pulling off his long, wet sea-boots. She had been crying, I was sure of that, for the tears were still shining on her cheeks and in her eyes, but what a wealth of happiness looked out from below the wet lashes? How tender were the hands that did the menial office! Many a rich man, tended by "gallant gay domestics" might have envied the weary toiler in deep waters such proud, loving service. Off came the last boot with a vigorous tug, and then Alice threw her arms round him once more, as if she could hardly believe she had him again, and I turned from the window—she did not want me now.

I went on to Mrs Wingate's, where Bob was receiving an ovation, all the empty labour of the dark night forgotten in the joy of reunion.

And after rejoicing with them, I turned my steps homeward, having promised Una to be back soon. No sooner had I turned the corner from the path to the cottages into the low growth of pines near the cliff, than I was aware of a man approaching from the direction of the Glynne's house. A cigar was tainting the morning air, and the smoker of the same was Captain Maryon. He recognised me at once, and came up with outstretched hand, leaving his cigar to smoulder among the dry pine-needles by the way.

"Glad to see you out after last night, Miss Ferguson," said he. "I hope you were none the worse for it?"

"Mr Glynne was, I hear," I replied. "No, thank you, we caught no cold. After all, you were the only person who exposed yourself."

"And I have certainly taken no harm. How is it with those poor fellows you took in? Do you know I seemed to know the face of one of them as if I had seen it in a dream. He is like a fellow I knew ages ago, we were at Harrow together. Let me see, what was his name? Hilary,—Brand Hilary. Have you the least idea who this shipwrecked mariner may be, Miss Ferguson?"

"Your old schoolfellow, beyond a doubt," I said, "he is the son of General Hilary of this place, but has not been in England for several years."

"So the dear old country gave him a rough reception to pay him out for his neglect. Odd isn't it, that a rich man's son should be wandering about in that style?"

"I know nothing of the circumstances," I rejoined, rather glad we were coming to the gate of Lawrence Lodge, where our conversation would have an end. Should I ask him in? My inner woman at once negatived the proposal, which was dictated only by a general spirit of hospitality. "All in the wild March morning," I heard Una's voice. She was walking round the garden waiting for me, for we were to pay a visit together before lunch, and, after the manner of Bunyan's pilgrims, as she walked on her way she sang. How I wished she had not been chanting "Si tu savais" so near the gate. My companion knew her voice at once, I saw, and looked most wistfully up the path to the house; and just as I was hardening my heart to say good morning, Una was beside us.

Charming she looked, with her little sealskin cap contrasting the bright hair underneath it, and her cheeks freshened by the wind. Charming, and I was not alone in my thought. Captain Maryon's eyes fastened upon her at once, with that look of admiration which stamps a man's character so quickly. There was a warning bale-fire in each of the "Corsair's" eyes as he looked at Una, but I forgot their evil light in a sudden conviction that came over me, burned in upon my brain as if by a lightning-flash. I had seen them before. Not in a bad dream, one of those in which we are haunted by a face we hate with wicked eyes and cruel mouth, which pursues and all but overtakes us in the land of visions. No, as Heine says—

"Sie waren dieselben Augen,
Die mir so elend gemacht."

They were the eyes that had once looked brightly, beguilingly, tenderly, into mine; then coldly and carelessly, till I saw them no more save in dreams, where they grew out of the darkness night after night, gazing with their old dead dearness into mine; till I prayed God in His mercy to take them away and let me rest. Why had they come back now? Or were these ten years a dream, and this the waking reality?

Every drop of blood in my body seemed to rush to my heart, and I felt cold and sick in the morning sunshine. I held out my hand instinctively. "Good morning," I said, "we have an engagement, and must go. Come, Una." He thought me abrupt no doubt, but I did not feel we were safe till I got into the house.

"What is the matter, Molly, darling?" said Una. "You are as white as a sheet, and shaking too. Sit down, and I'll get you a glass of wine."

"I don't want it, child," I said. "We'll be off in a few minutes, I feel knocked up, that's all."

"Last night has been too much for you," said Una. "Why do I drag you

about as if you were made of gutta-percha like me. I'll go by myself to the rectory, poor old Père Haslam will be glad to see me, and you shall sit with Lizzie this afternoon. She was saying the other day she never got a crack with either of us now, we were so taken up."

"Very well," said I, "mind Una, go across the fields to the rectory."

"Even so, most wise, there be thieves abroad, corsairs and the like. Lo, I will speed across the fields more swiftly than the roe, and none shall behold me." And so saying, and kissing me, thereby tipping her tiny head-gear still more defiantly over her nose, off she went.

I watched her turn a corner with an uncomfortable feeling, and then went to Lizzie's room.

But I must defer that afternoon's talk to another chapter, merely stating that our recovered guest was driven off to the hall before Una's return, after many acknowledgements, and accompanied by the happy and triumphant Mrs Sandyside.

O.M.



Suggested by Wordsworth's Sonnets on "Personal Talk."

"And thus from day to day my little boat
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably."

SWEET is the placid murmur of the brook,
Meandering through yon valley's shady nook ;
And sweet his thoughtful philosophic strains,
In Nature's poetry supreme who reigns ;
But nobler is yon brooklet's later course,
When rocks and stones oppose its gathering force ;
And nobler is a Körner's battle lay,
High-sounding 'mid the clamour of the fray,
To glory pointing out by sword and pen the way.

O, not for me the peace that knows no strife,
The gentle ripple of the poet's life,
The rest unsweetened by a long day's toil,
The stillness undisturbed by life's turmoil !
Be mine to ride upon the storm-tossed sea,
Face Nature in her untamed revelry,
And check the fevered current of the brain,
By some external impulse dulling pain,
To guide an energy no power could e'er restrain.

SANCT REWLE.



Something About Everything.

UMRITSUR.

"THE Golden Temple of Umritsur is to be illuminated for the Duke of Edinburgh." This was an announcement that made us decide on visiting the most important Indian building in the Punjaub, said to be second only to the Taj. Accordingly, we set out one morning, this time not by the much abused *dak gharry*, but by the newly opened railway. Let not our readers however imagine, as we fondly did, that ours are like the railways of their happier land. First there is often great confusion caused by the difference between railway and cantonment time made to allow for the variation as the line goes eastward ; then there are Baboos to give the tickets, who, when a breathless passenger asks for his fare, take pencil and paper and begin to do sums before his despairing eyes ; porters there are none, but the native coolie, great in his habitual laziness and dirt, has to be found, and, when found, paid for ; neither does luggage take care of itself in the miraculous way we once knew, it has to be weighed, paid for, booked and ticketed, unless it can be smuggled into the carriage, and after all these precautions the owners may be happy if it is neither stolen nor burnt. Add to all this the pace, which is, including stoppages, sixteen miles an hour, with engines too feeble to cope with a strong wind, and you have a faint idea of railway travelling in the Punjaub. We were unfortunate, too, in the weather, for a dust storm was in progress, than which nothing is more pre-eminently disagreeable—a

gale, and the air the colour of pea-soup, the country dimly visible and yellow with sand, everything gritty to the touch, and eyes and mouth full of dust—these are not the elements of a day of pleasure. At one station we inquired how long we were to stop ; five minutes, said the guard ; but presently we heard him make some ominous remark to another official about refreshments, and they and the engine driver vanished and were seen no more for three-quarters of an hour, save when the latter returned to abuse a luckless man, who, misunderstanding the machinery, was carefully running off the scarce and short supply of water. During this period we waited with what patience we might, eating dust as before, and declaring that no illumination could take place. Finally a train came in, and we moved on, charitably hoping that it had caused the delay ; though we have heard that it is no uncommon thing for passengers to be kept at a station until their estimable railway attendants have dined in peace.

Arrived at Umritsur, we found outbursts of loyalty in the shape of A.s, V.s, and crowns in every direction, and we spent the early part of the afternoon in listening to the arrangements hurriedly made for the Duke's reception, which evidenced the liberal hospitality that seems to us to be the one good point of Indian life. At about four we adjourned to the Town Hall (which was decorated with Cashmere shawls), to see an address presented to His Royal Highness on his arrival. In due time he appeared, and took his place on a platform, accompanied by his own suite, and the principal gentlemen of the town. In the body of the Hall was an assemblage of natives of the better class, clad in every variety of colour, many of them in rich gold embroidered stuffs. After the address, which was in Persian, had been taken out of a handsome casket, a most absurd incident occurred. It had not been intended that it should be read ; but a wish was expressed that the formality should not be omitted, and it was therefore handed to a native, who began it somewhat stammeringly ; just then another, gorgeously apparelled, came into the hall, and seeing what was going on, ran forward, snatched the address, and scornfully pushing aside the first reader recommenced in sonorous tones, the string of titles we had already heard. The Duke's gravity was sorely tried, but not even his sense of the ludicrous put him at his ease, and we could not but remark that, considering the experience he has had of such ceremonies, he has not the self-possession we should expect to see in one who is "to the manner born."

After the reading of the address, he proceeded to examine shawls and other native goods, and then saw from the verandah some wrestling for which the Sikhs consider themselves famous, and some very feeble attempts at tumbling

and rope daneing—amusements designed to wile away the time till it should be dark enough for the illuminations. Here, too, were collected members of the several religious sects of the Sikhs, men dressed mostly in yellow, with strange ornaments of feathers and beads; our attention was specially attracted by one of the few surviving “Nahungs,” or Immortals—fanatics who swore to die for their faith, and were the forlorn-hope of Runjeet Singh’s army—he wore a dress of dark blue, and on his head was a high pointed turban, covered with knife blades and *chukkers*, more of which he held in his hands. These are steel quoits, which could be flung to great distances, and inflicted severe wounds. We would have given much for a photograph of this old man, whose name was changed, by the way, to Unhung by his conquerors. As soon as it grew dusk we drove away to the Temple, going at a footpace through the city; the streets are very narrow, but on this occasion wore an unwonted aspect of cleanliness. The little shops are as usual all open in front, and were densely packed with natives crouching row behind row, their brown skins and neutral tinted clothing, to use a mild term, so much resembling the colour of the mud walls that at a little distance we seemed to see only rows of white teeth and bright black eyes shining out from the dusky mass. Every house was lighted with strings or network of tiny earthenware lamps with cotton wicks—a simple but most effective mode of illuminating. The verandas were all hung with white or coloured stuffs, and the whole effect as we wound along was picturesque in the extreme. Passing behind an unfinished clock-tower, we came out on a platform, below which, in the centre of the sacred tank, shone the golden temple. A marble pier, with open railings, runs across the water to the chief entrance, and the design of the railing stood out in a fretwork of light; the temple itself was lit up in colours attained by placing lamps behind glass bottles filled with coloured water; every house in the vicinity was crowded with people and blazing with light, while fireworks were let off plentifully from rafts on the water; “golden rain” fell from the surrounding buildings into the tank, and numerous fire-balloons floated slowly over our heads. All this, reflected in the water, made a picture only attainable in the East, and duly appreciated by the visitors under their silver-poled crimson awning. Alas, that such a fairy bit must be marred by the inevitable vulgarity of John Bull! Right in the middle of the glimmering fretwork was a transparency, doubtless thought very fine by the natives as a “Europe” decoration, but also, to our surprise, approved by the gentlemen present, who did not seem to think enormous white letters, on a red ground, out of keeping with the rest of the scene. After spending some time here, the Duke wound up the day with a dinner

party and reception, and left Umritsur early in the morning. Truly it is not only the head that wears the crown that is uneasy, for His Royal Highness' life is one continued round of ceremony and gaiety; he cannot even travel in peace, but must get out at small stations and bow to the local notabilities whose names are mumbled over to him. We saw one such performance, and if it is true that a reverence for royalty is deeply rooted in the British heart, it is no less certain that the proofs thereof have a touch of snobbism about them. "Everybody" went to see the Duke, except the lady who did not go because she feared no one would be there but the Miss Smiths. There was the gentleman there who professed to scorn such things, but whose fussy manner belied his words; there was the usual assemblages of ayahs and children, and the Smiths aforesaid, whose name is legion, and whose conversation when the special train came in, was not to be admired. Determined to be noticed, they rushed to the carriages, and their extremely loud remarks of "There he is!!"—"Why doesn't he come forward?"—"Quite good looking!"—"So like the Queen!"—must have been pleasant to the victim at whom they were levelled. But the train moves on, and the British public having talked at their guest, begin to talk of him. One is scandalised that he wore no gloves, another that he was not in uniform, a third criticises his face, and a shy gentleman falls into hopeless despair because he stood next the Misses Smith and feared the Prince might think he belonged to them. Such an idea is sufficient proof that little Pedlington is great in its own estimation, whether it be in India or in England.

To return to Umritsur. Next morning we went to see the Temple by daylight, and found it well worth a journey. It stands, as we have said, in the centre of the tank, and is approached by a marble pier, the entrance to which is through a pair of silver gates. Before descending into the sacred inclosure the visitor has to take off his boots and put on cloth slippers provided for the purpose, which we found a most uncomfortable arrangement, as the whole pathway was being washed after the night's illumination; however, we paddled along the pier, and did our best to hear and understand our guide's rapid Hindustani in spite of the horrible din of voices, and *tom toms* or native drums, in full swing within the building. The walls of the temple are of marble inlaid in elaborate designs, gods, devils, and emblems of which the meaning was unknown to us—such as an apple with a knife sticking in it. The dome and small minarets at the corners, and almost the whole interior, are plated with gold, though here and there occur panels of silver, glass, or inlaying of roughly cut precious stones. There is an entrance on each side, so that the interior has somewhat the shape of a cross, the central space being

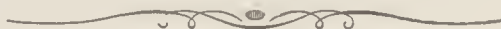
covered with a square silver awning, thickly sewn with jewels ; round and under this the worshippers were sitting gabbling loudly, while opposite to them priests were reading from books deposited on a sort of altar. Here we were presented with lumps of candied sugar, and then ascended to a balcony which runs round the building, both inside and outside, and from which we could see the whole square, and observe beyond the natives bathing in the holy, but green and filthy, water, the high houses which are used as free quarters by the various Punjaub Rajahs, our guide carefully explaining that they paid no rupees for living there. We were also shewn different portions of gilding or marble given by each Rajah, gifts to the temple being a highroad to Sikh favour. Not long since one of them bestowed a large donation on it, but on the rupees being counted a considerable amount was missing, so that not even religious veneration will control the propensity of the natives to theft. Passing back by the pier, we entered another building also domed with gold, where the book, "our Bible" as the guide called it, is kept when service is not going on. In a sort of bay window is a golden cage, and inside this the book on rich silks, priests keeping watch beside it. At night it is removed into a small padlocked apartment, and deposited on a sort of bed, round and on which were lying cowries and strings of flowers, the offerings we supposed of the poorer classes. The attendants presented us with some of the flowers and seemed much pleased at hearing us remark that they were sacred, whispering to each other, "She is a wise lady, and knows these things well," and salaming with increased energy. In this house there is also a collection of Sikh weapons, some of them the property of Runjeet Singh. Much of the ornamentations reminded us of what is seen in the Alhambra Court of the Crystal Palace ; and on one ceiling of which we caught a glimpse through an open window, we saw an arabesque in red and gold, certainly familiar to us in Moorish work.

We drove back at a walk through the city, preceded by a mounted "sowar" and a "chuprassie" on foot, to clear the way ; and as we looked at the crowd we again noted here and there a stately grey-bearded Sikh, one of the last warriors of the old army. Altogether Umritsur is the only place that has yet evoked any sympathy in us, even its name is suggestive of by-gone glory, meaning "Fountain of Immortality," and we cannot but admire the men, who fought so well, and threw down their arms at last, rather than let our shells touch their beloved temple, only bargaining that their conquerors should respect its precincts,—an agreement that has been religiously observed. From the city, we drove to the fort, which was also built by the Sikhs, and is, engineers say, remarkably well constructed. Except in a military point of view there is

nothing noticeable in it, save that there are three mortars carefully turned upon the Temple, a fact of which the natives are well aware. It is in every way satisfactory to have such a hold over them, and any turbulence on their part could, if need were, be punished by the utter destruction of those burnished walls that now glitter so brilliantly in the broad sunlight.

So terminated our visit to Umritsur, and as we returned home, we only regretted that we were unable to learn more of the history of this, the one beautiful sight we have seen in the Punjab.

ELSIE STRIVELYNE.



Jocelyn,

BY M. DE LAMARTINE.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY H. G. EVANS & T. W. SWIFT. LIVERPOOL 1868.

By what is the name of De Lamartine best known in this country? Is it as a poet, or as a historian; as a statesman, or as a demagogue? In all these capacities he shone with no common light in France; and if oblivion fell upon him before the grave, it is but the common lot of many whose career has been as distinguished, whose virtues as noble, and whose talents as great, as those of the celebrated author of "Jocelyn." The desire of perpetuity is strong in the heart of man. If we have to part with the dear possession of life (and, in spite of its sins and sorrows, its disappointments and its failures, with what desperate tenacity we still cling to it), we desire that at least our memory may remain green in the hearts of our fellow-men; our consolation is that, though we depart ourselves, our name may live in the annals of the world we leave behind. And not even the glorious promises of religion can detach us wholly from the scene where lie all our hopes, our fears, our joys, and our sorrows. But even in this, is man doomed to disappointment. Time, who, with his remorseless scythe, cuts down with unerring certainty the ever-recurring life, holds also in his hand his winnowing fan, and when with this he has sifted the deeds of man, little is left to tell what the busy life has been. The name of De Lamartine offers no exception to this painful truth. Even when in life he passed

out from the active knowledge of men ; but as a poet, a philosopher, and a historian, he will live as long as a taste for pure literature endures.

Although the best parts of "Jocelyn" have now appeared for some time in an English dress, it is but little known out of the author's country. Sweet and melodious as is the measure, it does not well bear translation. Upon its first appearance, now more than thirty years ago, it at once attained immense popularity. It is a romance in verse,—the life of a priest, who, in the first blush of manhood, sets out upon the journey of life, intent upon self-sacrifice. It is the life of one who takes up the burning cross with eager, yet ignorant hands ; whose impassioned and tender spirit does not yet comprehend what depths it has to pass through, before the agonised soul may find rest at the feet of its Master. This is a subject with which such a nature as Lamartine's was well able to cope. Himself the apostle of love and the propounder of devotion, such a conception as that of Jocelyn was sure to come nobly from his hands. Jocelyn's first act, upon arriving at manhood, is one of the purest self-devotion. With no particular vocation for the life of a priest, rather, indeed, gifted with those strong affections which, if not our deepest blessing, may turn to be our heaviest scourge, he, nevertheless, resolves upon entering the cloister, that his only sister may enjoy the happiness he denies to himself. With a heart burning with the deepest emotions and torn inwardly with grief, while all sleep around him, he leaves his home and all that had hitherto made his happiness. He says,—

"Only to leave more peace behind I roam,
And part from those fond hearts and that dear home ;
May love and peace remain to fill my place,
And may my sacrifice at least bring grace !
Guard in my stead the loved ones' lone abode,
Bless night and day their life's unruffled road.
Be Thou Thyself, O Heavenly Father, Thou !
My mother's son, my sister's brother now !
Crown with Thy gifts, and lead them, Lord, I pray,
Through lengthened life, along a peaceful way ;
Till up to Thee to render thanks we go,
All gathered to Thy heart from here below.
I spoke ; and 'neath the woods that crowned the height,
The home-view sank for ever from my sight."

Jocelyn is now shut up within the stone walls of his cloister, preparing to take the vows that are to separate him for ever from the life of the affections. Henceforth,

as concerns himself, all is to be dead within ; he is to live only that his life may bless the life of others. Six years pass away ; he speaks,—

“The stones bear count how oft I softly trod,
The path that led me to the House of God,
My meditations, prayers, and thoughts profound
Have dulled my senses in the chilling round,
These heavy walls, these naves, these aisles’ long sweep,
Have on my brow their silent peace graved deep.
Till now, e’en in my dreams have scarce found place,
Memories that sting, regrets, or fancied face,
Of freedom, love, or nature’s laughing mood ;
All with the Lord’s own peace is deep imbued.
How blessed it is, in God one’s heart to hold,
Like sweet perfume fast kept in case of gold,
To have one’s aim so high, one’s course arranged,
Fit years to live, with the same thought unchanged,
Unstained is kept the record of my days.
Not mine the praise. God, whom I serve always,
May my whole life be thus a stainless page,
My heart for ever free from passing rage.”

So Jocelyn speaks and believes ; but this is not to be. At present it is but the lull before the storm : soon he will be plunged into the fiery furnace, only to emerge therefrom seared and scorched ; death more welcome than life ; no hope but in Him who trod the winepress before him.

The revolution of 1791 breaks out, and Jocelyn, with all others of his calling who have escaped the bloody massacre, seeks refuge in the rocky defiles of his country, and in their woody recesses hides his doomed head from his ruthless pursuers. A kind shepherd supplies him in secret with a scant subsistence, which he ekes out with snared game and netted fish. In these solitudes of nature, Jocelyn again finds a passive content and peace ; although he recognizes, alas, too keenly, that man was not made to live alone.

“And spite this sky and sweet spot free from strife,
This lone existence is but death in life ;
The joy is quenched that lit the path I trod,
O ! who can fill thee, Solitude, but God ?”

Tired of his solitude, he again dares the dangerous path, crosses the frail bridge that divides his hidden retreat from the world beneath, and gazes upon

the scene spread out before him,—a scene of lowing herds, of browsing sheep, of shepherd and shepherdess, whose happy companionship does but aggravate the feeling of his own loneliness. He returns to his solitudes, resolved never again to feed his heart with sights so destructive to his serenity of spirit. He is not, however, to be left long to his loneliness. One day as he is hanging idly over the dreadful ravine that separates him from the world beyond, watching the eddying waters, and his thoughts rising from nature to nature's God, he suddenly hears the report of a gun, and marks with overpowering interest the flight of a man and young boy before the pursuing soldiers. To help their flight he in a moment determines upon rushing to their aid. Crossing the dangerous bridge, with a loud shout he arrests the fugitives, who, with a dreadful terror, are surveying the chasm at their feet, equally appalled at the death before and the death behind. The elder man hands over the boy to Jocelyn, and prepares himself to arrest the steps of the soldiers. He points his gun ; and, as they reach the chasm, ready to spring the bridge, they fall lifeless and the reverberating echoes of their fall down the mighty rocks, fill the ears of the saved. But, alas, their guns also have done their work as surely, and the elder man falls heavily into the arms of Jocelyn, who scarce has time to drag him over to the slopes beyond. Jocelyn and the boy convey the wounded man to their safe retreat. The night passes away, the dying father confides the poor child to Jocelyn's care, and dies as the morn comes in. For a time all goes well. The boy learns to love Jocelyn as he had hitherto loved his father, and Jocelyn finds in his sweet companionship such happiness as he had never hoped to feel in this world again.

But this delicious cup of health, of strength, of sweetest friendship, is soon to be dashed from his lips. He has wondered many times in his secret heart at the boy's tenderness, loveliness, and angelic nature ; but his heart is satisfied, and with a grateful spirit, he drinks to the full the deep draught of satisfied feeling. Time passes on, and their Eden is complete. Jocelyn speaks—

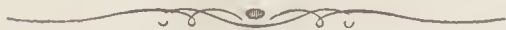
“When I return from distant chase, out-worn
At eve, with wounded feet and fingers torn,
With elk or chamois o'er my shoulders thrown ;
And see from some high peak, remote and lone,
My sweet blue lake, that lies shut in so calm,
Like pure, bright raindrops held in infant's palm ;
And catch deep down the grotto's smoky shade
The flicker of the fire by Lawrence made ;

I muse a moment ; ' there below,' I cry,
 ' By yon bright point that lynx eyes scarce could spy,
 I have a second self, my better part,
 A friend to wait my step with beating heart,
 An eye that looks for me, a smile of love,
 A soul left in my charge by heaven above ;
 My all !—and whose sole world I comprehend,
 His country, parent, sister, brother, friend ;
 Whose pulse-throbs count my steps ; who, when I stray,
 Cares for one instant only of the day,
 That instant when he sees me from below,
 And runs, his arms around my neck to throw,
 And, like young roebuck bounding on before,
 Draws me across the threshold of our door.
 Soon over mine the feeble arm is thrown,
 And each the day's events and toils makes known.
 Our home we enter, and he hastes to say
 How many young our doves have hatched this day,
 What store of milk from our black goat he gets,
 How many small fish may have filled his nets ;
 Then shows what leaves and mosses he has got,
 With which, ere winter comes, to line the grot ;
 Fruit from the bushes that these wilds adorn,
 His fingers bleeding from the piercing thorn ;
 And all our gentle, tame companions here,
 The forest birds, the elk, the mountain deer,
 Whether by habit it may be, or choice,
 Gather about him when they catch his voice.' ”

Alas, that such a sweet and happy life should end in misery unmentionable. But so it is, and so our readers will find for themselves, when they peruse this beautiful poem from which we have chosen our quotations,—not with the view of pointing out its chief beauties, but with the intent of carrying on the story as we proceeded. Its excellences our readers will find pleasure in searching out for themselves. Lamartine is equally at home in describing all the varied scenes of nature, or in portraying the various emotions and passions of the human heart. With his countrymen, this poem placed him at once in the foremost rank of poets. With us it is not much known ; it does not bear well its English dress, the delicacy and melody of the versification are much impaired by the translation. Lamartine's poetry does not translate easily or well ; he is much better known by his travels in the east—a splendid series of pictures, of reflections, of philosophical and devotional meditations ; the outpour-

ings of a poet's heart overflowing with love to God and to man. How paradoxical it now appears that the same hand that penned these travels, should have also written the famous history of the Girondists, in which Lamartine appears as the apologist and defender of the monster Robespierre, and of his bloody faction. Surely never was paradox more startling than this ; and there is little doubt that the advocacy of such a cause, by such a man as Lamartine, did no small mischief to his country. It inaugurated the revolution of 1847, into the struggles of which Lamartine threw himself. He it was that decided upon the rejection of the Orleans dynasty, and by so doing, and by uniting his name to the violent demagogues of the day, plunged France into a scene of confusion and anarchy, from which it has taken years of wisdom in her rulers to recover. In the sanguinary conflict that ensued, and for four days raged in the blood-stained streets of Paris, Lamartine disappeared, his name was heard no more ; and never again did he emerge from the obscurity in which he shrouded himself. It has, however, to be said for him, that when he saw the way in which his colleagues were to go, he withstood their violence and disorder with a heroism as great as ever animated his forefathers, he vindicated nobly the blood from which he sprang ; but the tide was too strong for him,—he was overpowered and disabled. He lived long enough to discover that what may be quite true and fine in theory, is not always what can be put into practice. A poet is not quite the man able to rule and intimidate an insensate mob. Lamartine opened the flood-gates of revolution, when he simply intended to open the door to freedom. The lesson which his life teaches us is, that great men often make great failures both of their own lives and of that of others. Let us hope that a world may open to all true spirits, where failure and disappointment are things unknown.

M. E. T.



“Evensong.”

NIGHT is falling, grey and still ;
 Quiet lies the darkening earth ;
 Hushed, all sounds of noisy mirth.
 From the folds upon the hill
 Float the sheep-bells' vespers faint,

Gently, subtly as a dream
Doth the soul with music fill.
Through the cloudy æther gleam
Bright small stars, that pulse and thrill,
As, before some cloistered saint,
On the jewelled shrine, the lamps
Glow and tremble, while around
All is void of light or sound ;
Or when, through midnight's ghostly damps,
Red watch-fires dot the sleeping camps.

In the churchyard, where the land
Heaves itself in mossy swellings
Over the last lowly dwellings
Of the village dead, a band
Of lads and maidens reverent stand,
With clasped hands, and lifted eyes ;
And from their lips, the simple words
Of evening prayer and praise arise
Up to the starred and cloud-flecked skies.
And, as they sing, the sleepy birds
Hear the soft notes, and twitter low
Their faint response, and sweet " Amen !"
Then settle in their nests again,
And to their leafy slumbers go.

The tree-tops, as the breezes pass,
Their hymnody of nightly praise
Whisper in stately tones—the grass
That rustles down among the graves,
And in the chance-shadow waves,
Unto those manifold-tongued lays
Joins its dim voice, and sways the while,
As in some great cathedral aisle
The choir-boys bend, when in the Creed
The priest the Holy Name may read.

The children cease—their hymn is sung ;
 And to their homes they quiet wend ;
 Yet still the tones of praise ascend
 From Nature's never-silent tongue—
 The notes the night-breeze bears along
 In rolling, floating harmony,—
 The all-pervading melody
 Of grateful Earth's sweet Evensong.

MAS ALTA.

“ A Day in the Iona.”

A VOYAGE in this steamer, whose praises we had often heard, had often been the subject of our hopes and aspirations ; and at last, while visiting some friends on the west coast, we found ourselves in a position to make out our long-looked-for excursion. It was agreed that we should embark in the “ Iona ” at Greenock, and go on as far as Ardrishaig, the turning-point in the “ Iona's ” course, and then coming back with her to Greenock, arrive there in time to get home by the last boat at night. It is of no importance to my narrative that my readers should know precisely where “ home ” was situated. On this point, therefore, I shall take the liberty of leaving them in the dark ; and shall merely assure them that “ home ” was sufficiently distant from Greenock to make the hour of starting in the morning a very unearthly one. Imagine, then, our cheerful position, when, at the aforesaid unearthly hour (it was so early, that I never precisely ascertained *what* it was), we were roused from refreshing slumbers and pleasant dreams, by the news that it was *quite* time to get up, and that it was a pouring wet morning !

A council of war (in extreme *déshabille*) met at the dining-room window, which commanded a sea-view, to consider our position and our prospects. Our party consisted of three ladies. The eldest, who is remarkable under all circumstances for unfailing cheerfulness and a determination to make the best of everything,—gave her opinion first, and at once declared in favour of the excursion ; being quite sure, she said, that the day would turn out better than it promised. The second lady,—whose leading characteristic is obstinacy of the most impenetrable type,—remarked that she

had no confidence whatever in the weather, but that having made up her mind to go to Ardrishaig, to Ardrishaig she intended to go. The third—who is seldom (if ever) able to make up her mind upon any subject at all,—observed that she felt herself to be in the hands of two energetic and self-willed females, and saw nothing for it but to submit; she also pathetically confessed that, having come through the ordeal of rising at that hour in the morning, fate had no further terrors for her, and she agreed to go.

So, after a hasty toilet, and a still more hasty breakfast, we started. The aspect of affairs out of doors was not calculated to raise our spirits. Though it was the middle of June, the morning was cold and raw, a strong east wind was blowing, and a thick, heavy, persistent rain was pouring down on our devoted heads. We had an all but inexhaustible fund of faith and hope within us; we had all excellent constitutions and high spirits, not to mention an enormous supply of shawls, waterproofs, and umbrellas; but truly we required all these advantages to enable us to adhere to our purpose, as we trudged along the muddy road to the pier, while the mist came down lower and lower on the hills, while the sulky Scotch rain poured heavily, obstinately down, and while every man we met greeted us with the one invariable salutation,—“A coorse mornin’, leddies!” The friends whom we met on board the steamer which conveyed us to Greenock made no attempt to conceal their astonishment and horror at what they politely termed our “madness.” “My dear Mrs Archer! Ardrishaig, of all places! To-day, of all days! You’ll have no view.—You’ll be drenched to the skin—You’ll catch your death of cold—You’ll lose the last boat at night—You’ll get sea-sick going round Ardlamont Point,” &c. &c. The only effect, however, that all these well-meant remonstrances had upon us, was that we felt the affair had now become personal—that our honour was concerned in making this excursion a successful and enjoyable one, and that we landed at Greenock determined to be neither cold, nor wet, nor hungry, nor tired, nor sea-sick, nor *ennuyées*, but to enjoy ourselves to the full extent of our capabilities; and I may just as well mention here that we succeeded. The day was never fine, but it was for the most part fair, driving showers and gleams of sunshine succeeding each other at intervals, which we all agreed was infinitely preferable to an entirely fine day, inasmuch as the “light and shade” effects were brought out so much more strongly, while the mists rolling up from the hill-sides greatly increased the picturesque aspect of the distant mountains. Scenery is at all times difficult to describe; and I think I shall on this occasion get rid of the difficulty by passing it over altogether. The faithful memories of those of my readers who

have made this voyage, and the lively imaginations of those who have not, will easily bring before their minds the lochs and mountains, glens and bays, past which the "Iona" holds her course, and whose beauty must be *seen* to be *appreciated*, for the most glowing words seem cold and poor beside the memory of their loveliness and grandeur. I shall therefore urge those of my readers who have a taste for the picturesque to make the voyage for themselves; and direct the attention of the accurate and statistical, who would like to know the names and populations of the ports at which we stopped, the height of the mountains we passed, &c., &c., to "Black's Picturesque Guide to Scotland," a work which I can confidently recommend; and I shall confine my remarks chiefly to the deck of the "Iona," and the various occurrences which came under our observation there.

Behold us, then, seated in what we agreed, after much consultation, to be the most comfortable situation on board—namely, close under the lee of the funnel! which kept us thoroughly warm, and sheltered us from the wind, while we were in a better position for enjoying the view than we could have obtained in the cabin. The weather was such as to shut out all considerations of personal appearances; so, adopting for our motto "ease before elegance," we transformed ourselves into moving mountains of shawls and waterproofs, and then each selecting a comfortable chair, we encamped close together under the funnel, and began to enjoy ourselves. We had not been there many moments, when we had a melancholy and instructive example of the selfishness of human nature. An elderly gentleman, having surveyed us for some moments with a very envious expression of countenance, began to come nearer and nearer to us, in a slow and cautious manner, till at last when close behind my sister's chair, he addressed her abruptly as follows—"Excuse me, miss, but your shawl's singeing." We endeavoured to discover some slight smell of singeing; but in vain, and my sister replied—"Indeed, sir, I think you're mistaken." Our friend withdrew, shaking his head; but not two minutes afterwards, when he thought we were occupied in conversation, he approached stealthily, carrying a chair, which he inserted just behind my sister's position, and there ensconced himself in the very situation he had condemned as dangerous, and from which he had endeavoured to oust us by stratagem! Soon after this, immense excitement was caused by an individual at our end of the vessel, who had utterly and totally forgotten the place where he had embarked in the "Iona," and had consequently got into difficulties about his fare. He was an Aberdonian, from his accent, but that didn't help the investigation much. A little crowd soon collected round him, in the midst of which he sat like a man in a trance,

offering a small premium to any one who should suggest the missing name to him. The good-natured mate of the vessel stood patting him on the back, and begging him to collect his thoughts ; but beyond a settled conviction that the place he came from was *not* Greenock, he could be sure of nothing. "'Twasna Greenock ; 'twas the tither place. Eh, sirs ! can ye no tell me the name o' yon itther place ?" I really forget what they did with him in the end ; I know he submitted without a murmur, but continued to shake his head at intervals, and say softly to himself,—“ Preserve me ! what *is* the name o' yon itther place ?” One circumstance which forced itself upon our attention very early in the day, was the extraordinary number of newly-married couples among our fellow passengers. It was impossible to mistake them, or to help observing them ; for though they presented every variety of age and circumstances, there was about them all a *je ne sais quoi* which at once betrayed them. Their conduct, too, was peculiar in the extreme ; indeed, I would go farther, and say inexcusable ; but, under the circumstances, of course, the greatest allowance must be made for them, and though “I could a tale unfold” which would make Mrs Grundy speechless with horror, I prefer to draw a veil over the eccentricities of these young people, and content myself with offering, as the results of that day's observation, one piece of advice “to persons about to marry.” The advice is—Don't walk up and down the deck of a steamer under an alpaca umbrella, in the fond delusion that you are screened from the intrusive gaze of an unsympathising public ; for alpaca is, alas, most treacherously transparent, and you remain distinctly visible to all your fellow-passengers. Further comment is, I am sure, superfluous.

Another very amusing element of the “Iona's” passenger freight was a large boarding-school, bent on a botanical excursion. We put them ashore at Tigh-na-bruaich, and picked them up again as we passed that point on our homeward route ; but we had the pleasure of their company for a considerable time, during which they afforded us infinite amusement. They were chaperoned, of course, by the school-mistress,—a nervous unhappy-looking lady, with blue spectacles and queer little bunchy curls, and were also accompanied by a stout elderly gentleman, the botanical master, I suppose, who acted as their “guide, philosopher, and friend,” carried all their tickets, and marshalled them with his umbrella in a very authoritative and imposing manner. A hard task he had, poor man ; for of all the riotous and unruly assemblages I ever saw or heard of, that boarding-school was the worst. Considering their situation, with the abundant provocation it afforded to mirth and mischief,—considering also how impossible it was for their blue-spectacled commander-in-chief and her stout aide-de-camp to keep them all under surveillance at the same time, one could

have excused a good deal of insubordination ; but words are poor to express the outrageous state of anarchy which prevailed among these young ladies during the whole time they remained on board the "Iona." They whispered, they giggled, they shrieked, they pointed at the other passengers, they upset each other's camp-stools, they chased each other about the deck, and came into violent and disastrous collision with unoffending strangers ; they tumbled down the cabin stairs, they quarrelled and pinched each other's arms, they peered under strangers' umbrellas, and listened undisguisedly to strangers' conversations,—in short, they conducted themselves more like a horde of savages than a party of civilized young ladies, and drove their miserable instructress (after a gallant struggle to enforce some degree of order), to take refuge in the cabin, and a flood of tears. I should give a very imperfect account of these damsels, did I omit mentioning the fearful state of disorder into which their garments, and more especially their head-gear, were reduced during the voyage. The weather being very boisterous, was not favourable to tidiness ; and I despair of conveying the slightest idea of the ruffled and rumped, tattered and weatherbeaten appearance presented by the entire boarding-school. That portion of the deck where they had their rendezvous, was positively strewn with hairpins, ends of ribbons, fragments of veils, &c., &c., while every fresh gust of wind produced a more deplorable phase of disorder among their ranks. This state of things had reached its climax when we took them on board again at Tigh-na-bruaich, in the last stage of dishevelment, on our homeward way ; by which time they conveyed to one's mind the compound idea of a savage and a scarecrow. A very sentimental lady, with limp curls and no crinoline, professed herself quite charmed, with what she was pleased to term the delightful *naïveté* and girlish freshness of the boarding-school misses ; and declared that they reminded her of the Abbess of St Hilda and her nuns, on board the vessel bound for Lindisfarne, in *Marmion*.

One party of English tourists afforded us much amusement—it consisted of a patriarchal-looking gentleman, his wife, a mild-featured old lady, much afflicted by the boisterous weather ; and his daughter, an elderly young lady of rather boisterous manners. The old gentleman's habitual tone in conversation was of the loudest and fiercest description ; and we noticed many people start and look round after one of his emphatic remarks, evidently thinking that he was violently enraged with his wife and daughter, while in reality he was addressing them in the most affectionate terms. Affectionate epithets, indeed, were most profusely scattered through his conversation ; he rarely made any observation to his companions, without prefacing it by "my darling !" or "my love !" at the top of his voice, and in a tone of the

utmost ferocity. They were going to Oban, or, as they called it, O-bann; and I am sure they might consider themselves fortunate if one-tenth of their baggage ever arrived there, for they were laden like pack-horses, with impedimenta of every description. The daughter, not content with heaping all her own share of the burden upon her father (whom she persisted in addressing as "pa"), finally established herself upon his knee, in a manner no doubt intended to be charmingly naïve, girlish, and affectionate, but which, considering that the young lady was far from sylph-like, that the father was seated on a very unsteady camp-stool, that the vessel was pitching a little, and that a very strong wind was blowing, must have been embarrassing, and certainly was the reverse of graceful.

There was a very magnificent man on board, got up in imitation of the popular idea of Roderick Dhu, but whose accent and general behaviour, combined with his evident feeling of discomfort in his Highland attire, unmistakeably revealed the Sassenach, if not the Cockney. He was, however, regarded with great admiration by his Southron fellow-passengers, and I have no doubt many of them looked upon him as the embodiment and representative of Rob Roy M'Gregor or Vich Ian Vohr. He was much disconcerted, upon our arrival at Ardrishaig, by the appearance of a *genuine* Highland chieftain, beside whom he showed to very poor advantage, and who bestowed upon the unfortunate pseudo-Celt a glance of most withering contempt.

Our homeward voyage was not in any way remarkable, save as regards the fresh eccentricities developed by the tourists who had come on board at Ardrishaig, and which supplied us with ample amusement the whole way back to Greenock. We still retained our place beside the funnel, in spite of the remonstrances of a lady who declared that spine complaint would be the inevitable consequence; and I am glad to be able to assure her, "if this should meet her eye," that her prediction is as yet unverified. It was with sincere regret that we bade adieu to the "Iona" at Greenock, and took up our station on the pier to wait for the evening boat which was to take us home; and when at last safely arrived at our "cottage by the sea," talking over our excursion beside a blazing fire, we all agreed that, for the artist or the author, the student of human nature or the connoisseur of human eccentricities, for those who admire nature in her most varied aspects, and those who merely desire to enjoy themselves and have something to laugh at, there can be no better way of gratifying their tastes than "A Day in the Iona."

DIDO.

Una Ferguson.

CHAPTER VI.

"I loved you, and my love had no return,
And therefore my true love has been my death."—*Tennyson.*

BEHOLD me in Lizzie's room, somewhat later in the day, with my head on my old nurse's knee. Her long service had made her more like a friend than a servant; and to me it was a great comfort, when suffering from a bad headache, to let down my hair, which was heavy, and increased the pain when fastened up, and listen to her quaint racy talk, in the first voice I had grown used to in my childhood.

"Miss Mary," quoth she, as she smoothed down my hair, "ye're unco like your mother the night."

"Like my mother, Lizzie," I replied, "every one says I am the image of papa. I can see it myself."

"Maybe, Miss Mary; but ye'll no deny that I that was her foster-sister, and kent her frae a bairn, should ken whether *her* bairn be like her or no. It's no ilka day ye're like her either, Miss Mary; it's times like this, when ye're in pain, and your eyes look heavy and dark, that I could maist think it was my Miss Mary come back again. Weel I wot she's better where she is, and where I hope to be or long. The Word says there's nae death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be ony mair pain." I felt a hot drop trickling down my cheek as she spoke. This mother, who was to me but a vision, so faintly remembered, so dimly descried, had she too suffered as I suffered now? I could not forbear a question.

"Why do I only remind you of my mother at such times as this, Lizzie?" I said. "Was mamma sad? Why did she suffer? what did she want?"

"Awcel, my dear, she wanted what many a woman wants a' her life, and lives her threescore and ten years without, but she couldna, and so she died."

"Tell me, Lizzie," I still pled, "I want to know about her, my own mother. You know best about her, you loved her more than anybody, execept papa, I suppose."

"I'll tell ye, Miss Mary," said Lizzie, after a pause, "be it for harm or for gude. It canna do ony harm noo, and ye'll promise me no to tell to any one what none knows but yoursel' and me."

Of course I promised, and what is, perhaps, more uncommon, I kept my promise, too; but you, O reader, shall be let into our confidence.

"I maun go baek many a year, Miss Mary," Lizzie began; "back to the place where I was reared, and where they made me servant to my dear mistress, your mother that's gone. I kenna what ails the lassies noo; they've nae suner got ae place than they're wild for anither, where there's mair men, or less wark, or better air, as they say, the giddy gomerals. I was a proud lass when they tauld me Miss Mary Ferguson wanted me for her maid. Ye ken she was your father's eousin, Miss Mary, though no his first eousin. And many's the time we had waded about the shore, and fished frae the rocks, and hunted for brambles thegither. My mother was her nurse, and she and I were nigh the same age; and she's often tauld me that in auld times foster-brothers and sisters were ilk ither's best friends. 'We suld aye be friends,' she said.

"'I have no sister, and you have none, Lizzie M'Pherson; but when I grow up, you shall be my bower maiden, like fair Annette's, you mind, Lizzie.

"Come to my bower, my bower-maidens,
And dress to me my hair.
Where'er ye laid a plait before,
See ye lay nine times mair."

Your hair and mine look well together, Lizzie.' And then she wad tak a lang look of my hair, that was lint-white then, Miss Mary, and glinted in the sun, and twist it wi' her ain, where the shadows aye lay deep and dark like the shadows in the pools at Hartly Linn, where she and I put rowans in our hair, and keeked in to see how bonnie they looked, langsyne. We were sae much thegither even when we were aulder, that the folks about Hartness used to ea' us Bessie Bell and Mary Gray. The auld laird, that's your mother's unele, ye ken, Miss Mary, was gey and angry anee when he heard our names joined thegither like that, and said his niece had lowered hersel' till ilka lass about the town might ea' her neebor.

"But I trow your mother eam round him at last, and gat me for her maid when we were baith aughteen. Weel I mind the day when I gaed up to Hartness Holmes, and my Miss Mary showed me her bonnie room, wi' her father's sword ower the mantel. He was killed, ye ken, Miss Mary, in India, when she was a year auld, and your grandmother followed him in a month. *Her* picture was there too, sweet and fair and bonnie, but no like my Miss Mary exept the een.

"And there I lived, Miss Mary, till the Holmes was anither hame to me. There I was the day they telt me that Rob Andrews' boat had gone down ae nicht like the last ane, and a' on board perished. I didna greet, Miss Mary, for I couldna think it was true, or that my Rob could be cauld and stark at the bottom o' the Firth, and me sitting in your mother's room wi' my hands afore me.

"Aye, I didna think ance that I suld be ca'd Lizzie M'Pherson till I deed ; but noo the years are bringing us nearer and nearer, Miss Mary, your mother and you, and Rob and me. Whiles I wonder if the sea of glass will ever be like the Firth on a sunny morning, wi' your mother sitting gathering shells, and the clear water wimpling to the shore, and Rob's boat, wi' the sunshine on the sails, when I strained my een to see him as it cam' in. Onyway, I had done wi' thinking of marriage frae that day, and I set my heart on my young mistress. And at last, Miss Mary, when I had been twa years at the Holmes, and the auld lady was dead, and Miss Mary keeping house for her unele, I heard frae the servants, and then frae your mother hersel', that her cousin James was coming hame frae India, and to stay at the Holmes. I dinna ken how it was, but even then I felt as if his coming was something by ordinar'. Your mother was unco quiet and still as she grew up ; but I could see, that kent her, that this visit pleased and excited her. Ye see she had lived a retired life, and never seen mony people, and she had heard about her cousin frae the time she was a bairn.

"He was left an orphan like hersel', a few years afore she was born, but his father left money eneuch to set him up and educate him ; and ance he was started in the world he was sure to get on. And he had a taste for India, and for being a doctor ; sae, though Hartness had a livin' and a kirk ready for him, he wadna tak it, but he took his degree, I think they ea' it, and to India he went. And noo he was comin' hame, and the auld laird was his next of kin, and sae he was to mak his hame at the Holmes. Servants hae their clashes and clavers, ye ken, Miss Mary, and a wheen o' them wad hae it that he was comin' hame for his cousin ; naething wad serve them but that Hartness had planned it a' to hae them twa settled thegither or he died. I winna say he had, and I winna say he hadna, but I was in a bleeze to hear them talk as if my mistress was to be handed frae ane to anither, ohn' her ain word or wish in the matter. Onyway he cam' ; and if Hartness had ony thoughts o' settlin' his niece on his cousin, it settled itsel'.

"The master's weel-faured yet, Miss Mary, but he was braw and bonnie when he was aucht-and-twenty, and cam' to Hartness."

"Tell me what he was like, Lizzie," said I eagerly.

"Aweel, ye ken ye're like him, Miss Mary, only he was tall, and broad in the shouthers, and his hair was light brown and curly, no half sae dark as yours, and his een were like a gled's, as they are yet. And when there are three in a house thegither, and ane o' them's ower auld to care for onything but a bick corner o' the fireside and his paper and his pipe, the ither twa 'll help ilk ither to pass the time, and

maybe lose their hearts afore they ken what they're doing. And I needna tell ye how the days passed, in the linn and in the woods, and in the gardens, till naebody but mysel' but thought and said in themselves it might be that it was a match, and Hartness's plan wad answer weel after a'.

"But I didna think sae, Miss Mary. Your mother looked young for her age; she had seen naething o' the warld, as folks say, and her eousin was a man while she was still a bairn; and noo and then it cam ower my mind that she was giving a' she had, and getting naething but kindness and eare instead.

"Weel, I had maist rather we had baith been drooned in the linn when we were blythe bairns and nae trouble was near us, than seen what was coming on my mistress, and I could do nocht. But I aye thought Mr James, as they ca'd him at the Holmes, might mean mair than he seemed to mean; and my mistress said nocht to me, but I saw her whiles sitting idle, her that had aye been busy, and eh! but she took lang looks ower the sea, and her een were wistfu' and heavy, like your ain, Miss Mary.

"At length the day cam',—weel I mind it,—when the master, your father I mean, had been awa at St Andrews for three weeks or sae, and your mother was unedowied wi' missing him, that a leddy came to see Hartness. She cam' frae St Andrews, and it wasna ilka day we had visitors at the Holmes, as ye may guess, sae she was pressed to stay a' night, and my Miss Mary and she had a lang talk. And when she was gane, foul fa' her chattering tongue, my mistress sat in her room as if she hadna the heart to stir. And I looked at her, and the end of it was, Miss Mary, that when I had seen her gang doon the stair to the wee room, where she and Mr James read and sang thegither, as if her heart made her very feet heavy, that used to be sae light, I gaed after her. Ye maun ken that this room I speak o' opened into a bit glass house, a conservatory ye ca't, and I saw her gang in there. She sat doon on the floor, and then she began to greet as if her heart wad break, and I couldna stand it, Miss Mary. Sae I said, 'gin she wadna tell me what ailed her, I could guess; and I had next to naebody in the world I lo'ed but the sel' of her, and it wad do her muckle gude 'gin she wad tell me, that wad tell ower as muckle o' what she tauld me as the wa' or thae geraniums, and maybe be able to help her some gate, whilk they couldna do. Sae at last she tauld me a'. How that yon elattering woman frae St Andrews' had said Mr James was unedowied ta'en up wi' a braw young English leddy there, and a' body thought it would do fine; an' she liked him.

"'She talked as if it were all settled, Lizzie,' said my mistress, 'and I had to

sit by and listen, with my heart breaking all the time. But he doesn't know, Lizzie, and he never shall. His bride shall be like a sister to me ; what am I that he should care for me, except as a brother might ? But oh ! she'll never love him better than I do ; will she ever love him as well ? Oh ! Lizzie, Lizzie, what shall I do ?' I mind every word she said, Miss Mary ; for while she said it, wi' her head on my breast, and the crimson up to her hair—sair shamed was she, puir lamb—I raised my een to the glass door atween Miss Mary's study and the greenhouse where we were, and I saw your father.

"And I saw, Miss Mary, I kent, he had heard a'. His face was as white as a sheet, and he caught my look, and then he reddened, for a' his sun-burn, as red as my puir mistress. I kenna how it was, but I saw it a' in a gliff. Your mother couldna see him, for her back was to the door, while I sat facing it ; and I signed to him as well as I could, without moving, though my heart was beating like a mell, your mother might hae felt it but for her ain sobs, and by the mercy o' God, he got out o' the room without her hearing a sound. He slippit out like a ghaist, Miss Mary, and I'll ne'er forget his face.

"I quieted your mother as weel's I could, and I gat her awa' to her ain room ; and she didna see the master till dinner, and then she thought he was but newly back.

"And the next day, Miss Mary, she cam up the stair flushing like a rose, and ran to her room ; and when she saw me she just stopped, and her een was shining like her ring that ye wear yet, Miss Mary. 'Oh Lizzie,' she said 'oh Lizzie,' and then I kenned it a'. She threw her arms round me, and grat like a bairn ; but I kenned it wasna as it had been the day before ; a' the world was changed for her, and your father had asked her to be his wife, and she never doubted, bless her sweet heart.

" 'You know, Lizzie,' she said 'that was all a story that I told you yesterday, the gossip of St Andrews ; why did I believe it for a minute ? It was me he loved all the time, how can I thank God enough ?'

"It took awa' my breath, Miss Mary, for I kent then that what had been the day before, was a secret between the master and me. He acted as a man of honour suld act, Miss Mary ; he is true as steel, though I needna tell ye that ; but he couldna gie what he hadna got, and his heart wasna his ain when he cam back frae St Andrews yon simmer afternoon.

"I had seen it a' in his face, but what could I do ; I never dared to speak to himsel', and could I break my mistress's heart by speaking to her ?

"The laird was unco weel pleased, and a' the bowls rowed right after that, and

they were wed. And my mistress wadna part frae me, and sae I lived wi' them still.

"And it was as if the laird had just keepit up to see them married, for he dwined awa' after that, and died that year, and the master had to live at the Holmes. And day by day, Miss Mary, I watched your mother, my dear mistress, to see if she fand out o' hersel' what I wad hae died afore telling her.

"And slowly, slowly, she fand it at last. It was like the waukin' frae a dream, like what I felt for years after Rob was lost. I wad be standing on the shore waiting on his boat, and see him as clear as I see you, coming closer, closer, and then as I felt his hands in mine at last, and heard his voice, a' at ance I wad wauken, and wish for death, for I was a rebellious and heart-broken lassie, and my pain was sairer than when I heard he was dead.

"And even sae, I think, when your mother did ken what she had done, her grief was waur to bear than it had been yon day in the greenhouse. She never said a word, but I could see. The master was kindness itsel'; but I saw, and eh but she sune saw too, that he gave her sae muckle kindness and care e'en because he had naething else to giv. And it brak her heart, Miss Mary. It wasna his wyte, and it wasna hers. I aye thought when ye came, Miss Mary, that it would mak a' the difference. There are women who can live in their bairns and ask for nac mair, but she wasna ane o' them. She lo'ed ye e'en mair for his sake than for your ain; and though I saw her een light up when she saw how proud he was of you, year after year everything that held her here seemed to grow looser, and she died when ye were five years auld. But she ne'er tauld me what she was thinking o' again, Miss Mary, though I could read her face like a book. An' she died, Miss Mary, in spite of a' the master's kindness and reverence, for the love of him, as surely as yon puir lassie Elaine, that Miss Una read to me about, died for Sir Lancelot; as surely as she wad hae died 'gin he had left her for yon leddy at St Andrews, that was married a month after him.

"She loved him better than her life, better than anything in the world. Many's the time I sat and grat by mysel', and thought how the Lord could mak it up to my puir mistress in the life to come.

"The master was spared ae thing, he never kent that she had found out the truth. He thought she died thinking hersel' a beloved and cherished wife, as she was, Miss Mary, except that a memory of some one else was mair to him than her living presence. 'Ye'll never die that way, Miss Mary,' said old Lizzie, pausing suddenly. 'Ye might suffer, and your spirit might be broken, bnt your heart is stronger than

your mother's. Ye're mair like the master, after a'." I bowed my head ; I could not cry. No, I was not to be killed by such sorrow, but had there not been a time when death seemed the best friend that could have come to me, when my wild weary heart had longed for it as for great good ! Lizzie knew nothing of that. She may have guessed at something, but that was all.

"Aweel, Miss Mary, the master grieved sorely and sadly for my mistress. I mind when she sent for me the day she died. I cam' to the door afore she was ready to speak to me, and the curtains hid me from her and the master, sae I heard her words before I thought. 'Good-bye, James,' she said ; and though her voice was weak, it grew stronger, as if her love had leapt up last of a' in her puir heart to tell itsel' afore she died. 'You'll marry again, James, and she may be dear and good. I shall love her because you do ; but oh ! my darling, she'll not love you as I have loved. That was all, dear. I wasn't beautiful or clever or good enough for you, but I love you better than my life.' Then her voice grew fainter and fainter, Miss Mary, and she kissed him and lay down and sent for you. Do ye mind ?"

"Only as if it were a dream, Lizzie, but I do remember. Poor mamma ! oh, poor mamma !"

"And syne, Miss Mary, as ye ken, the master sauld the Holmes and went to the Indies again ; and when he cam' hame, he met the sister o' his auld love at General Hilary's, and he married her, for a' the difference in age. Eh ! but she was bonnie and weel-liked, bonnier than Miss Una, dear lamb, and ye ken the rest."

And Lizzie went on knitting, and I sat and pondered.

How strange it is to feel, at such times, that the hearts we think of as calmly at rest have beaten as wildly as our own ! I sat thinking in the firelight, till all at once I saw Una's bright head flash along the pine-shaded path that led to the garden, and it struck me that a cup of tea would seem to her a necessary of life when she came in. Accordingly I twisted up my hair, and asked Lizzie to go and see about it, coming back with an effort from my mother's life into my own, while I went to the front-door to meet my child.

O. M.



“It is well with the Child.”

'Tis well with thee, dear child, for thou art sleeping,
 All free from pain in quiet rest,—
 Safe in the good and tender Saviour's keeping,
 Who little children loved and blest.

'Tis well with thee, thy short sweet life has ended
 While still each look thou mett'st was love ;
 From thy kind earthly home thou hast ascended
 To the most loving home above.

'Tis well with thee, no care, or sin, or sadness
 Can ever make thee shed a tear ;
 No sounds but those of love and heavenly gladness
 Shall ever fall upon thine ear.

'Tis well with *us*, for the same gracious Spirit,
 Who made thee pure from every stain,
 Shall make us, one day, meet, through Jesus' merit,
 To see thy face, dear child, again.

VERONICA.

Psychology.

PSYCHOLOGY is that part of mental science which relates to the mind itself, and its faculties ; and thus it is the necessary foundation on which all mental science, and therefore all science whatever, rests.

According to its derivation, the word Psychology literally means a discourse about the soul, or the science of the soul. But this must not lead us to suppose that what we are to study in Psychology is either exactly what we understand by our word *soul*, or exactly what the Greeks understood by that word of theirs which we translate by *soul*. We should be liable to suppose, in the first ease, that all we have to do with

is the higher spiritual part of man's nature, with regard to which he is the likeness of God ; and, in the second, that we have only to do with that principle of life which man shares with the lower animals, and even with vegetables. Instead of confining itself to either of these sides of man's nature, psychology rather aims ultimately at a true theory of the union of the two.

It is necessary, then, for the sake of clearness, to give a fuller and somewhat more technical definition of Psychology. It may be called "the science of the states of the conscious self in man." The advantage of using such an expression as "the conscious self" is, that without making any statement as to the *nature* of the object of our study, it makes quite plain what it *is*, by appealing to a distinction universally felt and acknowledged,—the distinction between the Self or Ego, and the Not-Self or Non-Ego, the subjective and the objective, the internal and the external.

This is our earliest philosophical discovery, without which all knowledge would be impossible for us. "The baby new to earth and sky," has to learn "by degrees—"

" ——— the use of 'I' and 'Me,'
 And find, 'I am not what I see,
 And other than the things I touch'—
 So rounds he to a separate mind,
 From whence clear memory may begin,
 As through the frame that binds him in
 His isolation grows defined."

This earliest distinction, which makes the beginning of consciousness, goes on defining itself more clearly as the mind looks more out into the external world ; and it is one which is taken for granted in all our after observations and judgments.

When we have got our distinction, we have next to find out what the things distinguished are. For the present, we have only to do with the self which feels, and thinks, and acts. This conscious self or mind can only be studied, like everything else, by the observation of its phenomena, or, as we have called them in our definition, its states ; and in this respect psychology does not differ from any of the other empirical sciences, which are concerned with the external world.

There are, however, some conditions under which psychology has to work, whereby it does greatly differ from the sciences which are occupied with matter ; conditions arising from the fact that in this science the object observed and the observing subject are the same. On the one hand, this is a disadvantage, for the state of the mind as observing, and the state of mind which we wish to observe, mutually act upon and

interfere with each other. On the other hand, it is an advantage ; for, while we can only know the phenomena of matter at second-hand, through the medium of the senses, the phenomena of consciousness, of our own minds, are known to us directly, at first-hand. Thus one possible cause of mistakes—the sense-medium—is absent, and psychology ought for this reason to be the most certain of all sciences.

But psychology does not consist merely in the observation and collection of phenomena, for *that* is not science. Science looks at all individual facts as part of a system ; it takes up each isolated phenomenon that has been observed, and refers it to its proper place in the system, and to the laws by which it is governed. And so psychology must take all the isolated phenomena of consciousness, when they have been ascertained by careful observation, and endeavour to find out the laws by which they are governed, and the ultimate facts to which they are to be referred.

It is when we come to this point—the deductions which may be drawn from the facts of consciousness, and the systems into which these deductions may be formed—that we find the greatest possible difference among psychologists.

Some philosophers, observing the great influence exerted on each other by the body and the mind, have endeavoured to resolve all mental phenomena into nerve-motion, making all impressions from without to consist in currents passing along the nerves to the brain, and all the thoughts, desires, and volitions of the mind merely the equal and opposite reaction, producing currents from the brain outwards.

What will always be, for most of us, the strongest argument against such a theory as this, lies in the appeal to feeling—the intense natural repugnance which the theory rouses in the mind. “ Let science prove we are ” such mere “ magnetic mockeries,” we feel inclined to say—

“ And then

What matters science unto men ? ”

If science is going to take out of existence all that makes it worth having, we will let science go, for we can do without her ; but we cannot do without the hopes and beliefs which make our true lives and our true selves. But can science prove it ? It is a subject which one cannot discuss without having studied it ; but it strikes even an outsider, that the physiological psychologists, on entering the charmed circle of metaphysics, have caught a little of the infection of that *a priori* reasoning of which they are always so bitterly accusing their “ transcendental ” opponents.

They seem to begin with two *a priori* assumptions : that there can only be *one*

basis for human phenomena, and that that basis must be a material one ; and this original prejudice seems to lead them to prefer the second-hand, or rather third-hand testimony of physiology concerning mental phenomena to the direct testimony of consciousness.

This resolution of psychology into physiology is the extreme form of one of the two great schools into which philosophy has always been, and is now, divided ; a school which generally goes by the name of Empiricism, or Sensationalism, as opposed to Transcendentalism, or, as the French call it, Spiritualism, though it is unfortunately impossible, because of other associations, to use that word in English. The best known leader of the "Sensational" School in this country at present is Mr Mill, whose great popularity and influence in our day are perhaps owing to this,—that he has offered to an age, pre-determined to believe only in material facts, and yet with spiritual longings which it is unable to stifle, the highest and most nearly spiritual form of the great materialistic theories of Utilitarianism and Sensationalism.

According to Mr Mill, all our mental states of knowledge, feeling, or volition, are derived from experience, either directly, or as inductions from the facts with which experience furnishes us. There is no other way in which we can become possessed of them ; there is "nothing in the intellect which was not first in the senses," and as all we have in the senses is a series of feelings, mind is thus finally resolved into a series of feelings, though a series, as Mr Mill admits, with the extraordinary property of knowing that it is a series, and making reflections on that fact. In making this admission, Mr Mill seems to me to yield his whole position. What is it, in the great "bundle of sensations," that holds them together, and gives them somewhat of unity, connecting remembered past sensations with present ones, and with possible imagined sensations in the future? What is it that can take from the bundle any two sensations, perhaps exactly alike and following one immediately after the other, and hold them apart and compare them, so that they shall be known to be two and not one ; or which, taking two separated by time and different in kind, can combine them, so as in thought to be one? Such questions seem to drive us to the other alternative which Mr Mill sets before us—that of "believing that the Mind or Ego is something different from any series of feelings, or possibilities of them."

This is the alternative which is accepted by what is called the Transcendental School, at the head of which are the great philosophers of Germany. Leibnitz struck the key-note of the opposition to the sensationalists, when, to their celebrated maxim—"nothing is in the intellect which was not first in the senses," he added the words "except the intellect itself ;" and this view was more fully worked out by

Kant, and by later philosophers, both in Germany and England. It is here that the true answer to Sensationalism lies ; not in making a list of our beliefs, and then classifying some as intuitive and some as acquired—for this way of proceeding is always open to attack—but by showing that what the mind does possess *a priori* are its own forms of thought and its own powers. It is true that it is by contact with the external world, through the medium of sensation, that the mind awakes to the consciousness, first of its own existence, and then of its own powers, and then learns the right use of them ; but the possibilities of existence, thought, and action, must all have been in the mind from the first,—the contact with externality could never have produced them.

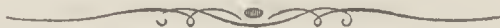
In beginning the study of Psychology, after having got some idea of what it is, one naturally enquires why it should be studied, and if the answer is given that it is the necessary foundation of mental science—of philosophy—the question returns,—why engage in the study of philosophy at all, when all the natural sciences seem to offer an easier process and more certain results ? We may answer—study natural science, study physics first if you will, and you will find that it will drive you to metaphysics in the end. For it is the desire for the knowledge which philosophy alone can really give, that impels us to the study of nature, and can only be satisfied when it reaches that ultimate truth which nature cannot reveal. There are indeed many in the present day, who, “with a false and criminal heroism,” renounce the true food of their spirit, and try to satisfy its hunger with the dry husks of material facts, but that is spiritual starvation. If we would only believe it, the longing which is trying to lead us through and past nature, knows the right way well.

“Nine-tenths of our knowledge, if not all of it, are owing to that thirst after knowledge, which is like searching after the road which leads to our home : we perceive it not from the foreign place in which we find ourselves—

“Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai in una selva oscura
Che la dritta via era smarrita,”—

But we know there is a home, and a way to it.”

GRACE.



“Sleep on till Day.”

WORDS TO A VERY OLD SKYE AIR OF THE SAME NAME.

“OH, sleep on, my warrior—sleep on till day,
Till fled are night’s shades from the mountain-tops grey,—
Then thine arm shall be rested, and strong for the fray.

Too swift is returning

The tumult of morning,—

At dawn thy brief slumbers the war-pipe will break—
Then sleep on, my love, nor till daylight awake.

Oh, sleep on, my chieftain—oh, sleep on till day ;
For dread on the morrow will be the array
Of the foemen, all mustered on corrie and brae.

Thy blade must be lightning,

O’er battle-dust bright’ning,

Thy voice must be thunder to sound through the fight,—
Then sleep on, my lord, till the rising of light.

Oh, sleep on, my darling—oh, sleep on till day ;
Oh calmly and fearlessly rest while you may,—
But I cannot sleep—I must watch, weep, and pray,

And wait with heart breaking,

Until thine awaking ;

Then kiss thee, and arm thee, and speed thee away ;
Oh sleep, then, my own one, oh sleep on till day.

Oh sleep on, my husband—oh, sleep while you may ;
To-morrow, thy sleep may be deep and for aye,
And thy head lying low ’neath the broom blossoms gay.

And I, in the gloaming,

May watch for thy coming,

And watch till I die—ah, woe’s me, who can say ?
Then sleep on, my dearest—oh sleep on till day !”

MAS ALTA.

Society as a Profession.

WE mean it seriously—we do not intend to indulge in any of the fashionable sneers at morning calls and afternoon teas as a kind of slow poison for the tyrant of the scythe and forelock, neither is it our purpose to hurl any anathemas at the more special profession whose field is the ball-room, the drawing-room, and the promenade,—we refer to the matrimonial profession, which is made a reproach to young ladies compelled too often by necessity to make choice of some means of earning a livelihood, and excluded by etiquette from all means but one. We do not defend the scheming mothers and daughters of our gay circles: there is both folly and fault in the life they lead, and we frankly acknowledge it. But let the well meaning moralisers who condemn husband-hunting girls, remember that the principles on which they act have been instilled into them from their earliest infancy. It has been carefully impressed upon them that matrimony is woman's true profession; and that no lady can earn an honest independence by any other means without losing caste in society. They are taught to believe that polite circles will not offer the right hand of fellowship to a lady, who, in any way, and for any cause, earns her bread from day to day,—literature being the sole exception to this rule. And one consequence of this stern law of etiquette might have been foretold long ere now,—the gradually increasing numbers and influence of ladies in all branches of literature for which general information and desultory reading can be any preparation.

Both matrimony and literature, be it remembered, are professions, in the proper sense of the term; a certain pecuniary gain being expected in return for a certain expenditure of time, energy, and money. The young lady who exerts her power of pleasing, and cultivates social and domestic qualities, in the hope of making what the world will call a good match, is often moved purely by the desire to render herself independent of the support of relatives or friends. Her profession involves probably the same amount of preparation and of expense as the lawyer's or the physician's, with, moreover, a greater risk of failure. And what does failure mean here? With a man, it may mean the career of a Hamilton, a Scott, or a Jeffrey; the grasp and energy of the mind spurning the drudgery of technicalities. With a woman, it means disappointment, fretfulness, and gossiping old maidenhood; the object of a life lost, and a stigma cast on a class that has numbered, and we think will number in

its ranks, womanhood's noblest and most useful. It is malecontents of that type, possessing neither the energy nor the capacity to create for themselves an interest in life, who bring discredit and contempt on the name of old maid. Hard, doubly hard,—for if the sick are to be tended, the sad comforted, the poor assisted, to whom does the world turn but to the despised old maid.

Charity is acknowledged to be a perfectly genteel occupation for a lady. Whether as parish visitor or Sunday school teacher, she is becomingly and usefully employed in working among the poor. These occupations are unremunerative, hence their gentility. No matter whether a lady have a vocation for parish visiting or Sunday school teaching, it is expected she will take her share of the one or the other, and she does it. We do not wish to speak with disrespect of such charitable work : we have seen too much of the unselfish and unobtrusive usefulness of many whose lives have been devoted to it, to wish to despise either the work or the workers. But is it not too often the case, especially with Sunday school teaching, that the work is carried on in obedience to the expressed wish of society, and for the sake of not appearing singular, rather than from any love for it in itself? Is it not performed often by unloving and inefficient hands, from a mistaken idea that it is part of a lady's duty as a member of society? We are anxious not to be misunderstood. We do not forget that it is a blessing and a privilege for man to serve and assist his fellow-men. We know that "whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." But we do not like that this highest and most sacred of duties should be lightly and thoughtlessly undertaken, should be regarded as requiring less natural fitness or preparatory training than any other. A young lady has a little leisure which she would like to employ profitably. "Take a district to visit," cries one friend. "Teach a class at the Sunday school," urges another; "it is quite easy, a thing anybody could do." We submit that if charity means anything at all, it must mean more than this.

From all the occupations above named, matrimony, literature, and charity, society, as a profession in its own right, is easily distinguished. Each of these cultivates society so far, and only so far, as society may advance its own special interests. On them, therefore, society has no pressing claims. It is the profession of the unprofessional; and by the unprofessional, that is, by the fair sex, its duties have hitherto been discharged. And so cheerfully have ladies accepted their lot, and so gracefully and conscientiously have they performed the tasks allotted them, that these are now looked upon as woman's sphere *par excellence*; and men, released from social obligations, do not dream of even offering a vote of thanks to their hard-wrought

substitutes, who make calls, write letters, and study civilities, to fill up the failing measure of father, husband, or brother.

Now, however, when labour is no longer a monopoly of the sterner sex, when woman's sphere is to be extended, and woman's intellect developed, a most natural question seems to be—"What will become of the claims of society?" The question has hardly received due attention from those whom it most nearly concerns. To the lords of creation it is surely of no small moment that, on the number of professional ladies being so greatly increased, duties which have hitherto devolved upon one sex must now be shared by the other. We know that the domestic view has struck home to the hearts of unprotected males all over the country, for our ears have been open to the cries of "Who will sew on our shirt-buttons, order our dinners, attend to our household comforts, if ladies are to be professional?" Possibly the social duties have not appeared of sufficient consequence to enter into serious debate.

Among ladies, it has certainly been too much the custom of late to ridicule the duties of society as the last resource of vacant minds, or to fret at them as an unnecessary interruption of the more serious business of life. And on none of the amenities of life has more wholesale abuse been showered than on the morning call. The arguments for the putting down of this useful institution are various. It is said to be a waste of time, a frittering away of the intellect on ephemeral or frivolous topics, a mutual infliction endured for politeness' sake. This takes for granted that we have the good fortune (or the misfortune) to find our friends at home. But we do not mend our cause by replying, that in all probability our friends are out on the same errand as ourselves; or, as they are well entitled to be, otherwise engaged at home. "Worse and worse," cries the cynic; "what good can be served by the handing in of a printed card? It is an unmeaning form, and you have your trouble for nothing." Not for nothing, though there were no further advantage than the exercise itself. Do we not all know the weariness to mind and body of a constitutional? But, suppose the custom exploded, would the time be better spent? Those who can spend it more usefully do so, and are readily excused by the world; and for the rest, who are not too busy to make calls at the orthodox time of day, what better opportunity could there be for the exchange of ideas? The conversation is not necessarily either ephemeral or frivolous, and is it not pleasant to feel that our friends have not forgotten us?

It is but fair, however, to ask what substitute would be proposed for the ten minutes' intercourse felt to be so severe a tax on the time? Some allege that no

substitute is required, that the idea of keeping up one's connection with the outer world is an entire absurdity. Such Timons we hope and believe are few ; and if they do not care for the world, why, the world will not care for them. But some would propose, as a remedy, the enlarging of our circle of familiar friends, who are invited and expected to "come in by chance" any evening. We appeal to all who may read these remarks,—to the domestic, who have household tasks they wish to perform ; to the studious, who desire to have some portion of the day secure from interruption ; to the professional, who have but a small part of each day for domestic intercourse and repose ; how would they relish this breaking up of their peace and privacy ? Would not the waste of time be infinitely greater ? for the system, as it at present stands, limits the time for the formal reception of chance visitors to three or four hours in the middle of the day, leaving the greater intimacy and ease of unceremonious visits in the option of each man to grant or to withhold.

It should also be taken into account, that these three or four hours include often the whole exercise and shopping of the day, and that it is but rarely they are entirely spent in making calls. There is no denying that morning calls, like all other social customs, may be carried too far ; there is no denying that by many people they are carried too far. It is surely unnecessary to remind the enlightened nineteenth century that the abuse of a thing is no argument against its use. And is not this exaggeration by some of the importance of social duties, the natural result of the unqualified contempt expressed for them by others ?

The afternoon tea is too extensive a subject to be entered on here. It includes all varieties, from the indiscriminate gatherings of forty or fifty (we do not profess accuracy in numbers, not having had much experience of this variety) to the social *tete-a-tete* of intimate friends.

But those who feel it their duty to run down the fraction of three hours spent by a lady in making morning calls, ought to enter a still more decided protest against the three hours' eating and drinking that goes by the name of a state dinner. We fear, however, all protest is in vain. As long as gentlemen refuse to lend their countenance to evening meetings where the creature comforts are not on so extensive a scale, so long will those entertainments where good eating and drinking form the chief attraction continue, to the detriment of the health and wealth of entertainers and entertained. And so long, we are sorry to say, will the quiet tea party be too often a failure. The wider interests, the more varied experience of the world, and the more active occupations of most gentlemen, give them, in general conversation,

advantages enjoyed by few ladies, and appreciated by few gentlemen. The quiet domestic routine in which so many ladies pass their whole lives is spoken of and thought of as pleasantest and most natural to them. Here, however, as everywhere else, the golden rule is a safe guide ; for although we have heard many gentlemen declare that ladies were well off, if they only knew it, we never recollect hearing any express their willingness to exchange their life for a lady's. Nor, after all, is there any likelihood of this exchange being too often called for. If the desultory, unprofessional life of which we have spoken, be a life of sacrifice, then be assured it will fall to the lot of the unselfish of the world—unselfish by habit, rather than by nature, for the first and the last lesson learned by a woman is that of self-abnegation. And is it not the grandest lesson ; is not the life of sacrifice the noblest life ?

For whose sake, moreover, is this constant cultivation of society by the mother, the wife, the sister, the daughter ? Who is the gainer by it ? Is it not often the son, the husband, the brother, the father ? To what does the lawyer or the doctor owe the extension of his circle of acquaintance, the increase of his business, the wider spread of his name and fame ? To what, if not to the social bond, formed, preserved, and from day to day strengthened and extended, by the unprofessional part of his household ?

We do not claim for woman either the power or the responsibility cast upon her by the great artificiality of the day. We wish it were only true, as Mr Ruskin declares, that the fiat of woman could beat swords into ploughshares, and make an end of war and bloodshed. We wonder if Mr Ruskin's idea was suggested by Schiller. According to the latter, the relative positions of man and woman are self-destruction on the one side, and prevention on the other ; man ever on the verge of a precipice, woman ever restraining him from the fatal leap. There is, however, a slight difference in the treatment of the subject by the two authors. Schiller's theory seems to be that woman would exert an influence for peace, if she could ; Ruskin's, that she could if she would. Not approving of unqualified assertions and sweeping conclusions, we do not like either the one view or the other. Moreover, we think it hard that those who have already sufficient responsibility, in the early education and the moral training of the human race, as well as the spending and saving of the hard-won money of the busy, should have the additional anxiety of keeping the consciences and answering for the sins of the stronger and fiercer sex. Mr Ruskin's theory savours too strongly of the poetico-pastoral view of the social relations of men and women, so strangely inconsistent with our matter-of-fact century.

We must draw to a close ; yet much has been left unsaid. No mention has been made of the art of letter-writing, one of the great blessings of the world, a principal bond of society, and a chief accusation brought against ladies. The length of ladies' letters, the unnecessary information they give, the inevitable postscripts and the illegible crossing ; all these, though now rather stale, are still fruitful sources of amusement and of conversation. So also we might speak at length of balls, pic-nics, and promenades, all which are phases of social life, branches of the profession whose importance we have been advocating. But space and time forbid ; and we lay down the pen, merely hoping that our readers, if we have exhausted their patience, will at least not, through our dulness, be led to condemn or to scorn Society as a profession.

SANCT REWLE.



The Legend of Jubal,

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

It has been often said of Sir Walter Scott, that had he not been so great a novelist, he would have been a still greater poet ; in other words, that his fame as a poet is swallowed up by his still greater reputation as a novelist. In Sir Walter Scott's case this may possibly be true ; for "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake" are poems of undoubted power and beauty, and their author may well claim to take his stand among the "sacred few." We are now told that such also are the claims of the authoress of the "Spanish Gipsy" and of the "Legend of Jubal ;" and that had she been unknown as a novelist, as a poet she would have deserved well of posterity. This is the verdict of the critics ; but will the reading public subscribe to this opinion ? We think not ; we believe, indeed, that did the claims of the authoress of "Romola" rest upon these two poems alone, her celebrity would be very different from that which she has acquired by her performances as a novelist. We remember at this moment the caustic advice given by one of our living authors to a fledgling poet, who submitted his effusions to the ordeal of his criticism. "Go on," said he, in return, "go on writing bad poetry, it may in the end teach you to write good prose." This advice contains more wit and wisdom

than appears on the surface ; for, in submitting our thoughts and emotions to the higher and more stringent law of composition which poetry demands, we may eventually learn freedom and concentration sufficient for good expression in the more facile region of prose. We do not think, however, that the converse of this holds true ; so far is the composition of inferior prose from leading up to good poetry, that not even the finest and most studied of prose compositions will transform an author into a poet, if nature has not endowed him with the "divine afflatus." It is seldom, indeed, that in the annals of literature we meet with an author whose powers are equally great in whatever path he may essay. Is Shakespeare himself at all times ? and would Milton be the glory of our literature, if his controversial writings were all we had to judge him by ?

Has, then, the authoress of "Romola" added another leaf to her literary laurels by the production of the "Spanish Gipsy" and the "Legend of Jubal" ? In judging this question, we must remember how high her place is among novelists. It is among the first. Do these two poems entitle her to the same eminence among poets ? We believe not. As music adapts itself to words, and words to music, so should thought clothe itself in suitable and harmonious expression ; and prose rises into poetry when the elevation of the feeling is equalled by the beauty of the language in which it is clothed. It is not to be contested but that there are many passages of poetical beauty in the "Legend of Jubal." We could quote several ; but isolated passages of harmonious diction, or even of impassioned eloquence, do not make a great poem. The "Legend of Jubal," as a whole, is somewhat long and tedious, and with little interest in its details to enlist the reader's sympathy. It is a description of patriarchal life in the beginning of time. The poem opens thus :—

"When Cain was driven from Jehovah's land,
He wandered eastward, seeking some far strand
Ruled by kind gods who asked no offerings
Save pure field-fruits, as aromatic things
To feed the subtler sense of frames divine
That lived on fragrance for their food and wine ;
Wild joyous gods, who winked at faults and folly,
And could be pitiful and melancholy.
He never had a doubt that such gods were ;
He looked within and saw them mirrored there.
Some think he came at last to Tartary
And some to Ind ; but howsoever it be,

His staff he planted where sweet waters ran,
And in that home of Cain the arts began."

This is a very charming opening ; and although contrary to all our preconceived notions of Cain, expresses well the truth conveyed in the tenth line, that we rush readily to that belief to which our nature inclines us. Cain believes in pleasant deities, because his own nature possess possibilities that attest their existence ; but this, though well conveyed, is not historically true. What does the Bible tell us of Cain ?—that he went out from the presence of the Lord a fugitive and a vagabond upon the earth. "And Cain said, my punishment is greater than I can bear !" Who does not here recall Byron's magnificent poem upon Cain, and the lines beginning—

"——— Why do I exist ?
Why art thou wretched ? why are all things so ?
Ev'n he who made us must be, as the maker
Of things unhappy ! To produce destruction
Can surely never be the task of joy,
And yet my sire says he's omnipotent ;
Then why is evil—he being good ?"

We ask which of these two renderings is the one most in accordance with the Scriptural idea of the first murderer. We would not, however, be captious, and the finest passages of the poem lie in the opening scenes, where Cain and his descendants are presented to us in these and following lines—

"Man's life was spacious in the early world ;
It paused like some slow ship with sail unfurled
Waiting in seas by scarce a wavelet curled ;
Beheld the slow star-paces of the skies,
And grew from strength to strength through centuries ;
Saw infant trees fill out their giant limbs,
And heard a thousand times the sweet birds' marriage hymns."

With the exception of the fourth line, we think this passage very charming ; and so indeed are many succeeding ones, portraying a state of pleasant idleness and calm enjoyment of the simple pleasures of nature :—

"Thus generations in glad idlesse throve,
Nor hunted prey, nor with each other strove ;
For clearest springs were plenteous in the land,
And gourds for cups ; the ripe fruit sought the hand,

Bending the laden boughs with fragrant gold ;
 And for their roofs and garments wealth untold
 Lay everywhere in grasses and broad leaves ;
 They laboured gently, as a maid who weaves
 Her hair in mimic mats, and pauses oft
 And strokes across her hand the tresses soft,
 Then peeps to watch the poised butterfly,
 Or little burthened ants that homeward hie.
 Time was but leisure to their lingering thought,
 There was no need for haste to finish aught ;
 But sweet beginnings were repeated still,
 Like infant babblings that no task fulfil ;
 For love, that loved not change, constrained the simple will."

Thus, according to the author's view, these old heathens were very joyous people, and Cain himself leads a comfortable life. However, with them, as with their descendants, "pleasure endureth but for a while." Death steps in, of which attendant of humanity, Cain, for reasons of his own, had kept them entirely ignorant. Lamech, with careless aim, has "struck and killed his fairest boy," and Cain steps in among the amazed and wondering throng and tells them Jehovah has tracked their steps, and thus all must die. This changes entirely, for these careless idle beings, the face of everything ; and out of this fear of death springs new life and activity. They are roused to value life and to understand its capabilities, now that they stand in dread of death. This is a true and subtle thought ; although it might be objected that, in the course of six hundred years and more, death must have made himself known in the lower creation, if unknown among men. We cannot suppose that the patriarchal sheep and dogs lived also six hundred years and more. This indeed was the objection that Jeffrey urged against Cain's ignorance of death, when Byron makes him declare his incapacity even to understand it. He must have known it, Jeffrey says, by the burnt offerings of Abel, of which he was a daily witness. However, this is the keystone of the whole poem ; for now that the knowledge of that death has come upon them, the face of all things is changed, and each man seeks his appointed task in the world. This is a very fine idea, for although, as Cain darkly says—

"He walks unseen, but leaves a track of pain,
 Pale Death His footprint is, and He will come again !"

Cain's descendants learn that pain is the precursor and the fount of all human blessings. They now rise to a higher existence than that of mere passive enjoyment of the bounties of nature. We are told—

“ And a new spirit from that time came o'er
 The race of Cain : soft idlesse was no more.
 Now Jabal learned to tame the lowing kine,
 And from their udders drew the snow-white wine,
 That stirs the innocent joy, and makes the stream
 Of elemental life with fulness teem ;
 The star-browed calves he nursed with feeding hand,
 And sheltered them, till all the little band
 Stood mustered, gazing at the sunset way
 Whence he would come with store at close of day.”

These are very pretty lines, and give a pleasant picture of Jabal, the shepherd of the flock. There are also some good lines descriptive of Tubal Cain, the artificer of iron, which we have not space to quote.

Jubal, the hero of the poem, the father of music, now comes upon the scene. Like many another hero, this Jubal, although the father of song, is himself a failure. The verse that tells us of his melody is rasping, inharmonious, and inefficient ; and, with the exception of an occasional line here and there, and of the passage in which the first dance is described, which reminds us strongly of a somewhat similar scene in the “ Spanish Gipsy,” where the heroine dances before the people, we think the last part of the poem quite inferior in beauty of description and in harmony of verse to the opening portions. We will quote the passage we refer to :—

“ The youths and maidens both alike long-tressed,
 By grace-inspiring melody possessed,
 Rose in slow dance, with beauteous floating swerve
 Of limbs and hair, and many a melting curve
 Of ringed feet, swayed by each close-linked palm ;
 Then Jubal poured more rapture in his psalm,
 The dance fired music, music fired the dance,
 The glow diffusive lit each countenance,
 Till all the circling tribe arose and stood
 With glad yet awful shock of that mysterious good.
 Even Tubal caught the sound, and wondering came,
 Urging his sooty bulk like smoke-wrapt flame,
 Till he could see his brother with the lyre,
 The work for which he lent his furnace-fire
 And diligent hammer, witting nought of this—
 This power in metal shape which made strange bliss,
 Entering within him like a dream full-fraught
 With new creations finished in a thought.”

Jubal thus reveals music to his race, and then he longs to reveal it to other lands. He hies him forth and travels far, even to the land of Seth ; but at last, in his wandering, he comes to the ocean, he hears

“ — its multitudinous roar,
The plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore ;
Then Jubal silent sat, and touched his lyre no more.”

Jubal is overpowered by the sight and sounds of the ocean ; he now resolves to return to his own people, a wearied and worn-out old man. There is here a very fine description of despised old age. So far from welcoming him, his people put him from them. Jubal's name they reverence, because it is the name of one who has bestowed upon them a pleasure that a god might have been pleased to bestow ; but Jubal's self, his old and worn-out self, they spurn from them with contempt and ignominy, and with the sound of the instruments in his ears that he had himself taught them to fashion, he lays himself down to die, alone and unheeded.

“ The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,
While Jubal lonely laid him down to die.”

A kind of mysterious presence however, comes to visit him in his last moments. What it really is, it is hard to make out ; and, as if the author were also undecided as to its real nature, it is described in verse as incomprehensible as itself. In the closing scene of Jubal's life, there is little harmony or meaning. If the death of Jubal had been described in the space of six lines instead of sixty, it would have been a great improvement to the poem.

Our readers can now judge of its merits from these extracts. That the execution falls short of the conception is not a matter of surprise. With many beauties both of thought and expression, it seldom gets beyond a certain dead level of quiet interest, and we have not a dozen lines in succession without some rasping word that breaks the continuity of harmony, and brings down the imagination with a sudden swoop into the mud. Let it, however, be understood that we are criticising this poem with the ever present consciousness of the hand that wrote it. The prose works of the author are so full of beauty, and of so high an excellence, that we must be allowed to carp somewhat, if upon entering upon a new path in literature, the work does not altogether come up to the expectations that must necessarily arise in our minds, upon hearing of a new poem from the author of the “ *Mill on the Floss* ” and of “ *Romola*.”

M. E. T.

Una Ferguson.

CHAPTER VII.

“Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee ;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o’ men adore thee.”—*Burns.*

“My darling Molly,” began Una ; “how are you ? Oh, give me my tea, and I’ll tell you all the news that could be got out of Père Haslam—limited in quantity, but valuable in quality.”

“What about,” said I, as Sarah appeared, bearing the desired beverage, which she set forth on the smallest of tables near the fire. “Take off your hat and your jacket, and let us have it by all means.”

“Well, give me lots of sugar, and don’t spare the cream ; and you’ve got another of those celestial cakes ; what a good child you are ! Let me think ; oh yes, I have heard all about young Mr Hilary.”

But upon enquiry, her information only amounted to this, that the young man in question had had some difference with his father six years before, and had ever since been wandering about the world, till last night’s misfortune had cast him back upon his native land.

“What the difference was about I’ve no idea,” said Una, “but this savours of gossip ; however, you’re not Mrs Glynne. Oh ! Molly asthore, talk of some people and you see their—chignons.”

Surely two figures were seen approaching through the twilight, and a soft and subdued voice asked for Miss Ferguson. So we welcomed Miss Glynne and Miss Rosa Glynne, rang for two more cups, and proceeded. I will just sketch our visitors while Sarah brings the cups, and they sit bending forward on cosy chairs near the fire, their short costumes showing their well booted feet, and the soft pervading whisper of one, and the boisterous bravura tones of the other, filling the fire-lit room.

In the first place, the Miss Glynnes are far less obviously of the sugar, sugary, than their brother. His features are softened away in them, and so are his idiosyncrasies. His thick lips are in them full, ripe and rosy ; his low forehead is shaded by thick brown hair, cut short in front and frizzled down to the eye-brows ; nature

having given them the fashionable brow, art has caused it to disappear altogether, and make no sign.

Their figures, though rather short, are rounded and graceful enough in their own way. In short, they are by no means swans, but very nice, plump, comfortable looking little ducks. Just now, in their grebe collarettes and muffs, with their little hats, and dainty boots trimmed to correspond, they answer to the description admirably.

Violet, the eldest, is clerical to a degree. Before the early dawn has peeped into her chamber, does she spring from her "feathery" couch in haste, and hurry to the neighbouring shrine of St Ursula's, where she kneels on the hardest hassock she can find, with her eyes devoutly fixed on the youthful priest who conducts the service, and who blushes beneath her gaze, though unnaturally pale from fasting, and feels as if they were alone in the church, which indeed is almost the case. A few, a very few ladies of St Michael's are as much given to early church as Violet Glynne; none are so regular.

Penetrate into her bedroom, and you will find it lined with illuminations, with little crosses in marble and ivory, with small shrine-like erections. Look into her work-basket, and lo, slippers with crosses decorating their toes, and segments of altar-cloths, also, I am bound to say, coarse work for the poor, of which Violet gets through a great deal. She is a good girl and a sensible girl in many ways; but curates are her weakness,—and an amiable weakness it is, as Sam Weller said of the gentleman who was arrested for beating his wife to excess when inebriated.

Now picture to yourself her contrast,—one who differs from her as widely as the North Pole from the South. Rose is not by any means a rose that shrinks into its leaves, and only desires a residence

"In desert where no men abide."

She is a rattling, open-hearted, loud-spoken flirt. Where Violet whispers, Rose shouts, at least it seems a shout in comparison with the tones of her sister. Rose plays croquet, and sends the young "director's" ball flying to the verge of the green, with a laugh that shows all her white teeth; and tells him she has croqueted Violet there on purpose for him, that they might have some serious conversation, she knew they'd like it. Rose is "the life of the house," the organiser of pic-nics, rowing and yachting parties, on which latter occasions she appears in ravishing little jackets and sailor hats, with the short skirts displaying her neat little lace-up sea-boots. She is the best lady-swimmer in

St Michael's, with the exception of Una, who fairly earned her name by her proficiency in all matters aquatic; in fact, Rose is as secular as Violet is "dévoté."

And there they sit, prepared to discuss all about last night. They are the kind of girls who call you by your christian name after a fortnight's acquaintance, and so we were long ago Mary and Una, and Rose and Violet.

"*Dear Mary,*" Violet began, "I *never* was so astonished as when I heard you were out last night. How fatigued you must be! Really such an adventure; Rose and I could not rest till we had seen you, and heard all about it. Of course, Harry (Harry is 'Arry with his mother, but his sisters know better) told us what he could, but that wasn't much, and Captain Maryon made light of it altogether; lay—I mean military men, always do that."

Here Rose broke in upon the measured tones of her sister. "Tell us all how and about it, Una. It's always so with me, if any fun is going, I miss it is sure as a gun. Didn't I say last night I would take a cigarette with Maryon and Harry when they went out. Violet's pet was there, and nothing but chant practising going on. They could have dispensed with me, I've no doubt, though the pets *have* an unaccountable taste for my company. It's a variety, I suppose, and they know what a brick I am for decorations. But my mother was in a wax, well, fume, if you like the word better (*I see you, Molly*), and wouldn't hear of it, so instead I took to chaffing the Reverend Ambrose. Oh! didn't I give it him about his fastings and scourgings and hair-shirts. I declared I saw a corner of one below his white choker, though he does blacken himself nearly up to the chin. And just as I had dismissed him with a benediction, and driven the mother to the verge of frenzy, in they came and told us about the wreck. And I said I'd have given the hair off my head to have seen it (N.B., it's all my own)—so tell us all about it, like a good child."

Hitherto the introduction of a word edgewise had been quite out of the question; but now we began to relate our experiences, dwelling much on Captain Maryon's coolness and courage. "If it hadn't been for him, even those poor fellows would have been lost," said Una.

"Ah yes, he's no end of a good fellow," quoth the unblushing Rose. "We never saw him till a few days ago, but I'm in love with him now, and so would Vi be, if she could spare time from the clericals. Do you know his mother was Spanish, so I suppose he inherits his hair and complexion from her, and the blue eyes look so incongruously delightful. Hal won't allow that he's good-looking at all, of course. 'Not your style, my dear Harry,' I said, 'but handsome in his own way."

Tall men are always awkward, and we all know you wouldn't add a cubit to your stature if you could ; and dark men are always satanic ; but, for my part, being fair, I admire them.' Go on, though ; now for Mr Hilary. Ah ! you thought we didn't know about that, but it was all over St Michael's this morning. There's nothing for it now but that the knight who came in the storm by water,—not by land, unluckily, should make it up with Undine."

I was angry ; but no one minded Rose Glynné's rattle, though I was not surprised, as the fire-light leapt up, to see a red glow, redder than its reflection, on what was visible of Una's face. But she seized the flagging end of the thread of conversation, carrying it resolutely on, laughing about the Corsair, and so on, till the Miss Glynnés got up and looked for their muffs, and arranged their collarettes, and pulled on their gloves, and were ready to start. " The Corsair would fain have come with us," said Rose, tarrying at the door, " but I told him you had had enough of him last night and this morning. Addio, Una ; to-morrow at eleven."

So forth they sallied ; and Una and I, pleased with the comparative lull, sat silent for a few minutes before the fire, and then went up the wide stairs to dress. I let down my hair before the glass, and paused to think as I brushed it out. Lizzie's story had drifted back my thoughts far from the troubles and pleasures of to-day. Had not God been good, in that He had caused such a blossom of love and delight, as Una was to me, to spring from the grave of my lost mother's hopes and happiness. " Mother, mother," I sighed, " you know the end from the beginning now—you see the dark and the light." After all, why had that horror come over me to-day ? A fancied likeness between two pairs of eyes which had probably no real connection with each other, a look of over-bold and open admiration at Una. Why, who did not admire Una ? The young doctor who drove the high-stepping horse in a professional gig, and cultivated an unprofessional and unpromising moustache, had discovered a hacking and chronic cough in the case of Sarah Porter, and managed to visit her twice a week, that he might get a glimpse of Una before seeing his patient. General Hilary could hardly take his eyes off her when she sat down to sing to him. There was not a fisherman on the shore but gazed after her, and blessed her as she went by ;

" Through the whole town,
The children seemed gladder that pulled at her gown."

And was I to be surprised at the Corsair for thinking as the rest did, or angry or shocked ? In fact, I reasoned out the whole matter ; proved to myself, as clear as

the rule of three, that there was no cause for apprehension or trouble, and felt, woman-like, as distrustful as ever. I "shuddered,"—

"As the village wife who says,
I shudder, some one steps across my grave."

And so reasoning against my instincts, I dressed and went downstairs. The evening passed quietly away. It appeared, from Papa's account, that Mr Brand Hilary had been on his way from Mexico in a Spanish ship, when they were driven out of their course by storms, and so cast ashore. His father and he were now quite reconciled, and indeed would have been so long before; but for years Brand Hilary had been leading a Bohemian life without once visiting England. Anything of the cause which made him a wanderer, my father did not seem to know; at least he said nothing of it. I could not help thinking of what he had said when he first opened his eyes, which only Una and I had heard.

How long I have been in telling of a night and a day. But have you never noticed how sometimes a crowd of events seem to be compressed into some such brief period, making a sudden change in your life, which will then flow calmly on, undisturbed for a long time by anything out of its usual course? That evening I spoke of Frank Laurie; and my father told me to invite him to come to us as soon as they could spare him at home. "That will be some time in May, and you can show him how to row, Una," said he.

The eleven o'clock appointment with Una, that the Glynnnes had made, related to a ride to be taken next morning; and punctual to the hour Rose cantered up to the gate with her brother, and, yes—the Corsair in attendance. Una was ready. A horse for her was one of the indulgences my father permitted us at St Michael's, and my quieter tastes were consulted by the gift of the most charming of small pony carriages. Mr Glynnne threw himself off his steed in headlong haste, blushing like a peony as Una asked after his health, with a little mischievous solicitude which amused me. The "lovely Rose" called out in dulcet tones, as he helped Una into the saddle,—

"You needn't suppose he is restored, Mary. This morning we should never have got him up but for my sending him a message that Captain Maryon would escort us both unless he bestirred himself. And look at him now, the pale spectre of his former self. Mightn't it be better for you not to try going on, Harry; this hectic flush is so deceptive? Ha, ha, ha!" Rose's laugh was not exactly a soft musical trill of mirth; it was a good hearty roar, expanding her lungs in the most salubrious

way, but not particularly delightful to those who excited it. Even her patient brother gave her a look which could not be described as amiable, while he put Una's foot into the stirrup and remounted. But Una had a natural gift for putting people at their ease, and I saw she succeeded in healing the slight wound the thorny Rose had inflicted. Henry Glynne was chattering contentedly to her, and laughing at her sallies as they rode off. I mentally wondered how long the two couples would continue in their present order,—the Corsair and Rose in the front rank, and Una and her little cavalier bringing up the rear; and I wished it might last till their return. The Corsair had looked eagerly for a moment at Una, as she stood in the porch, with the long heavy dark-blue folds of her habit setting off her noble figure and her wavy hair. Would that be enough for him?

When I heard the clatter of hoofs as the party returned, I looked from my window, Sister Ann-like, to see the conclusion of the matter. As I expected and feared,—Harry trotting somewhat sullenly along beside his sister, and Una and the Corsair finishing off at a sharp canter in front, he talking easily as to an old friend, and Una listening and smiling as she did to many. No one could help noticing how well he rode, either. I acknowledged that, as I saw his perfect seat and hand, and wished him, with all his attractions, anywhere but at Una's side. He got off to help her down, and Una, who often anticipated Mr Glynne's politeness by throwing herself off, accepted his assistance, smiled again as she shook hands with her companions, and came "stately stepping" in her long skirt into Lawrence Lodge.

Meantime the foreign sailors had gone down to the village, where quarters had been found for them, till a subscription could be collected to furnish them with some necessaries and send them to London, thence to find their way home; and the one who would never leave St Michael's, was to be buried that afternoon in the churchyard near the sea, where the waves sang dirges all the day long.

"How did you like the Corsair, Una?" I said, trying to speak carelessly, and succeeding as well, perhaps, as most people do when they are trembling with anxiety for the answer to a question.

"Oh, he has twice the fun of any man I have met here," she answered. "Lots to say, and yet he doesn't bore you. Dear Molly, riding and talking and laughing are three of the most appetising things I know of. Did you see our order of battle as we came back?"

"Yes, how was that managed?"

"It wasn't my management, dear Molly; the Corsair did it, I don't know how.

Oh yes, he came up to us and told Mr Glynne his sister wished to speak to him ; and when he went back, Captain Maryon said he was sure Rose would keep him a long time. and so she did. I daresay it was all a ruse, Molly, at least you seem to think so ; but I can't say I was sorry. Sweets to the sweet, but a little sugar goes a great way with me."

" Well, Una, sugar may be a drug in the market," I said ; " but stupid as poor Henry Glynne is, I like him better than the Corsair. Mind, this is all a mere matter of first impressions, but I didn't like his face."

Una looked *consideringly* at me, then at the fire, as if she saw fancied Corsairs in the red heart of the coals, then again at me. " Neither do I," she said slowly. We were both silent after that, till we adjourned to the drawing-room. Later on we went down to the pier, to feel the keen blast from the sea ; meeting some people we knew by the way, invalids creeping home as the wind grew raw, and Violet Glynne, as we passed the church wicket, coming out from an extra service.

We spoke no more of Captain Maryon that night ; but oblivion of his existence was impossible. Expeditions had to be made into the country to get the first snowdrops and daffodils, and the great moonlight-coloured primroses that were to be found as April went on, in the green lanes and woods inland, though among our sandy pleasure grounds and winding elms, nothing told of spring but the golden gorse-heaps and curling bracken buds among the pines. My little pony-carriage came into requisition to carry luncheon-baskets, to be emptied and filled again with flowers, and Rose Glynne and Henry would ride, and Una would do the same, though she often took a place beside Violet and me instead. And into all these quiet amusements, these spring twilight drives, and gossips, and songs, did Captain Maryon, of the 11th Hussars, enter with an apparent measure of enjoyment, no man saying him nay. He was going to London in May, and so were the Glynnes, and so—

" The present moment is our ain,
The niest we never saw,"

seemed to be the motto of the whole party, and with it this chapter must end.

O. M.



Railway and River.

THOU breathless emblem of a breathless age,
Fly on thy swift, straight, steam-encircled way,
Frantic until thou reach the wished-for stage,
Puffing impatience, groaning at delay.

Speed ever onward with the whirlwind's pace,
And utter now again that pained spent cry ;
Even like an athlete worsted in the race,
And no more conscious of the gazer's eye.

In vain for thee wind Scotia's silver streams ;
Thou dost not care to linger or to look.
In vain upon her towers the sunlight gleams,
Or on yon cottage in the valley's crook.

Thou car'st not, thou, for cottage, stream, or tower,
Their tranquil beauty has no charms for thee ;
The bright allurements of a passing hour
Disturb not thy unswerving energy.

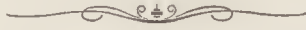
Yet look not with contempt on yonder stream,
Scorn not its constant, unobtrusive flow ;
Thunder thou o'er the bridge with eddying steam,
A surer, stronger agent glides below.

Swifter thy pace and noisier is thy tread,
Think'st thou, for that, thou may'st despise the slow ?
Straight as a shaft by skilful archer sped,
Dost thou condemn the river's winding flow ?

Know that, before thy clamour shook our rest
Yon stream's smooth current glided on the same ;
By many generations loved and blest,
That guessed not at thee, had not heard thy name.

The hand of man can regulate thy power,
 Thy future fate depends on Time's decree ;
 Unurged, unchecked, unceasing, hour by hour,
 The stream runs whispering towards the unfathomed sea.

SANCT REWLE.



Picnics.

THERE is no description of social amusement regarding which there is a greater diversity of opinion than Picnics ; not, like many other social enjoyments, as to whether they are harmless, for that, I think, is admitted by every one, but as to whether they are pleasant. I suppose this arises very much from the fact that picnics, more than any kind of entertainment, stand in need of good management ; and while I am a great admirer of picnics, and would place them very high indeed in the scale of social enjoyment, I readily admit that an ill-managed and ill-assorted picnic is a bore of the first magnitude, and a grievance of the darkest dye. When you join the party in the morning, expecting a drive made merry with talk and laughter, a ramble through wood or glen, by mountain or loch, and then the consummation and crown of all picnics—a comfortable lunch ; when you come confidently expecting all these things, and find that the Fates and the chaperons have allotted you a place in a carriage filled with all the bores of your acquaintance ; that after alighting you have to struggle to the scene of action through a marsh, along a hill-side where you are scorched by the sun, and over half-a-dozen all but impassible fences ; when you then encamp in a sort of Arabia Petrea, where no water can be had for love or money, and find that the salt has been forgotten, that the sandwiches won't go round the party, that the bottle of raspberry vinegar has discharged its contents into the pigeon-pie, and that the leg of lamb is thoroughly saturated with the juice from the cherry-tart ; and when finally you have to drag your weary limbs back to the spot where the carriages await you, and struggle all the way home to be cheerful and think you have enjoyed yourself ; *then*,—I admit, you have indeed reason to complain. But let your complaints be levelled at the management and circumstances of the particular picnic, and not at the Institution of the Picnic in general, which in good hands and under favourable auspices, is capable of affording more fun and genuine enjoyment than any other sort of entertainment.

I would divide picnics into three great classes—of all of which I have had considerable experience,—each of which possesses its own peculiar advantages, and possibly its own peculiar drawbacks. These three classes I would designate as the Picnic Undeveloped, the Picnic Proper, and the Picnic Grand. The Picnic Undeveloped would by many people be considered as scarcely deserving the name of a picnic at all. We all know the sort of thing : a walking expedition to some neighbouring locality, sufficiently distant to make rest and refreshment *at* the said locality highly desirable, if not necessary ; an early start, with papers of sandwiches secreted about one member of the party, a flask of sherry in the possession of another, and a few other little *etceteras* distributed among the rest of the company ; the day spent in the open air ; then the walk home, and an evening of delicious and well-earned laziness. This style of picnic, from its unpretending simplicity, is not nearly such a hazardous business as the more ambitious attempts of the Picnic Proper and the Picnic Grand. If the weather is fine, and if none of the party are over fatigued, the Picnic Undeveloped is pretty certain to be a success. It is a very simple sort of affair ; and if those who join will just take it for what it is, and not sigh after the unattainable in any form, they are pretty certain to enjoy themselves. One great element of success in the Picnic Undeveloped is that it is always, or almost always, undertaken with an object. You get it up because you wish to see some waterfall, to explore some ruin, to climb some hill, which could not be seen or explored or climbed without the the intervention of the Picnic Undeveloped ; or else you have botanical, entomological, or geological proclivities, and fix this expedition to enable you to gratify your tastes. So that at the Picnic Undeveloped there is nearly always something to do, something to talk and think about, which keeps *ennui* effectually aloof. And then at a simple affair like the Picnic Undeveloped, the various members are nearly always intimate friends. You don't ask strangers to take part in so unceremonious an expedition, and so there is seldom any of the stiffness apt to attach to a picnic party whose component members are but slightly known to each other. The Picnic Undeveloped is generally essentially feminine in its construction ; gentlemen don't care for the "much ado about nothing," as they are apt to consider the preparation and arrangement necessary even for a Picnic Undeveloped. They look with contempt on the simplicity of the affair, and vote that *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle* ; and so it comes that at this style of picnic the fair sex generally find themselves in the proportion of two to one. I remember one appalling instance of this female preponderance, at a picnic of the undeveloped class at which I had the honour of being present, when twelve ladies started on the expedition

under the escort of—one gentleman! It was at St Andrews, where the fierce intensity of the Golf Mania is held sufficient to excuse any amount of ungallant behaviour. I am happy to say, however, that our solitary cavalier behaved with a courage and a presence of mind marvellous to behold; distributing his attentions with the utmost gallantry and impartiality, and, with a wisdom beyond his years, keeping always in close attendance upon the chaperone. He was an undergraduate of Trin. Coll. Cam.; and I am happy to avail myself of this public opportunity of testifying my admiration for his gallant behaviour. The most trying incident of the day occurred when the ordeal seemed almost over, and we were within a mile of home. At this point a heavy shower of rain came on. The chaperone had an umbrella; so had the undergraduate; but among the eleven young ladies of the party, not one had even a parasol. At this terrible discovery, the unfortunate young man for the first time realised the full horror of his position; he cast a despairing glance along the row of hats and feathers, muslin dresses and gossamer *fichus*, and at last placing his umbrella in the hands of the plainest and most uninteresting damsel of the party, he walked off at a rapid pace beside the chaperone.

But it is high time that I had come to the second division of my subject—the Picnic Proper. This, when well managed, is, in my opinion, the most enjoyable of the three classes I have mentioned. It should be larger than the Picnic Undeveloped, and should be engineered by the joint efforts of several families. The Picnic Proper, too, must not be a walking expedition; the place of the celebration must be reached either per carriage or per train; and in the proper disposition of the party in the different vehicles lies one of the most formidable difficulties of the Picnic Proper. It won't do to let Aunt Betsy go in the same carriage as young Adolphus Arlington, for he enrages her with his "airs," and she makes him miserable with her very visible contempt. Then if George Smith and his sister Mary should be sent off along with the Misses Arlington, they will arrive at the scene of action in an agony of awkwardness and shyness, crimson with blushes, and miserable with the crushing sense of their inferiority to the high and mighty young damsels who have been industriously snubbing them all the way to the picnic. Then if Charley Chester is not allowed to go in the carriage with Janey Johnston, he will be sulky, and she will be out of spirits for the rest of the day; and, on the other hand, if they are satisfactorily disposed of, it is at the imminent risk of offending Captain Carton of the Horse Marines, who admires Janey Johnston next to himself, and studiously ignores the existence of Charley Chester. So a little, indeed *not* a little diplomacy is required to manage this part of the Picnic Proper. This class of picnic may have

an object or it may not ; but, as in the Picnic Undeveloped, the lunch was a consequence of the object, and quite a secondary consideration, so in the Picnic Proper the lunch is the great business of the day, and the waterfall, the ruined castle or abbey, the fern collection, or the sketch-books, are mere accessories and incidental circumstances. There are certain features about this part of the Picnic Proper common to almost all festivities of the kind. Who does not know the struggles that are gone through in engineering a gipsy fire and tripod to boil the potatoes, and the enterprising gentleman who achieves the object, after burning all his fingers and singeing two large holes in his pocket handkerchief? Who does not know the awkward individual who spills the cream over his neighbour's dress, and breaks three plates while carrying them to be washed in the river? the funny man who makes puns on all the eatables, and mixes a salad which no one can eat but himself? the stout lady who hates sitting on the ground, and requires the assistance of two gentlemen before she can regain the perpendicular? the extraordinary attitudes assumed by the whole party, in the hope of combining ease and elegance ; and the inevitable wasp, who always makes his appearance towards the end of the performances, and creates a sensation of the most terrific description?

The Picnic Proper is pre-eminently adapted to bring out people's true characters ; and, if space permitted, I could dwell long on this part of the subject, for it would take hours to enumerate the various ways in which self-denial, cheerfulness, ingenuity, patience, and unselfishness, may be brought out at a Picnic Proper. I have seen many individuals, whose excellence I should never have noticed in everyday life, come out at a picnic in such colours that I felt disposed to canonise them on the spot. Principally, I am bound to state, do these good qualities abound among the chaperones ; and indeed the very fact that so many ladies arrived at that stage of life which thoroughly appreciates a good luncheon, a comfortable chair, and a half hour of repose in the afternoon, are ready to abandon the advantages of civilisation, and go forth to the hardships and fatigues of a picnic, to act as guardians to a very unruly and often very ungrateful band of young people, and partake of a meal *al fresco*, seated upon the root of a tree, with a wasp's nest in the immediate vicinity, and yet continue cheerful, good-humoured, and energetic,—the very fact, I say, that such ladies exist and abound, redounds to the immortal glory of the British matron. For there is no denying that as regards picnics (and most other pleasant things) "the days of our youth are the days of our glory," and that after middle age, picnics are seldom productive of keen enjoyment, and pretty generally result in rheumatism.

But I have left myself but little space for any remarks on the third division of

my subject—the Picnic Grand. It is difficult to trace the exact limit at which the Picnic Proper becomes merged in the Picnic Grand; but in the advanced stages of the latter species there is a marked difference from the former. The Picnic Grand *must* be very large, and the scene of action should be at a considerable distance from the residences of the picnickers. The luncheon must be complete in all details—cucumber for the salmon, mint-sauce for the cold lamb, ice for the wine and water, &c., &c., are indispensable at the Picnic Grand. There must also be a certain amount of attendance—the ladies and gentlemen of the party may be allowed to light the fire, roast the potatoes, and boil the water for tea; but the prosaic and easy duties of unpacking and packing, laying the cloth, washing the dishes, and counting the spoons, are at the Picnic Grand always performed by servants. Servants, I may remark, entertain as a rule the utmost contempt and abhorrence for picnics. It is to them simply incomprehensible how individuals, who might lunch quietly and comfortably at home, sitting upon chairs beside tables, should of their own free will give up the comforts of home, and live for the day like gipsies. The romance of the thing has no charms for them; and I remember how my old nurse once put an anti-climax upon an enthusiastic description I had been giving her of the delights of a day in the woods, by remarking drily—“Ou aye, I daursay it’s a’ very true, but it’s an awfu’ ruination to your clothes.”

The object of the Picnic Grand is always very hazy and undefined; unless its promoters are honest enough to confess that their object is the picnic itself. In fact, this style of expedition is generally got up because people want to have a picnic; and after all the guests are invited, and all the preparations made, some sort of pretext is devised and put forward as the moving cause of the whole. It may be of the very flimsiest kind, but it does quite well for a peg on which to fasten the fabric of the Picnic Grand. This kind of picnic, unless the company are specially well assorted, and the place of the expedition particularly attractive, is apt to be a little formal and stiff; though there is no sort of social gathering which literally and figuratively takes the starch out of the company so quickly as a picnic. Still, very often, the merriest part of a Picnic Grand is the drive home, when everybody’s shyness has worn off, and, under cover of the deepening twilight, no one is afraid to speak, and most people even venture to sing. The Picnic Grand, too, is not complete unless finished off by a dance at the house of its chief promoter; and unless the fatigues of the day have been extreme, this is pretty certain to be a success.

But I must hasten to conclude this long paper by wishing all my readers may, during the summer of 1870, experience the pleasures of many successful picnics. Dido.

The Child at the Grave of its Mother.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Within that little room of thine
Thou sleepest peacefully ;
Oh ! mother, dearest mother mine,
Take me within that room of thine,
Oh ! shut it not from me.

So gladly would I come to thee
To be thy child again ;
'Tis stormy here, and cold, and chill,
With thee 'tis warm, and calm, and still,
Ah ! let me, let me in.

Thou ledd'st me once so lovingly,
So gladly held'st my hand ;
Now it is lone and sad with me,
Lead me yet once again with thee
To the fair heavenly land.

VERONICA.

Serpent Worship.

At first sight, few things appear so strange as the adoration so generally paid to the serpent. If not the oldest, it ranks at least among the earliest forms through which the human race endeavoured to propitiate the superior powers ; and traces of it are to be found in almost every country of the world, and, even at the present day, it may be met lurking in out-of-the-way corners of the globe.

Attempts are made to connect this form of idolatry with the temptation and fall of man described in Genesis. But it is difficult to see why the descendants of Eve should pay divine honours to a creature which the Mosaic narrative distinctly states was degraded to the form of a serpent on account of its complicity in that transaction.

We read that "the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head;" and it is curious to observe how many allusions there are among the ancient myths to the vanquishing of Evil under the form of this creature. In Egypt, we hear of Horus, son of Osiris, conquering a serpent. In Hindu mythology, Vishnu, in his 8th Avatar or incarnation, under the name of Krishna, destroys the serpent who was killing the herds with his poisoned breath. In Germany, we read of Siegfried; in Poland, we find Crac; in Greece, Hercules, Apollo, and Jupiter—all conquering serpents. But these accounts do not explain the fact of worship being paid to it—probably its peculiar habits may have conduced to its universal adoration. Men were early struck with its anomalous locomotive powers. Sanchoniathou quotes an earlier writer, who says—"The serpent, alone of all animals without legs or arms, still moves with singular celerity,"—he might have added grace, for as it moves with head erect, its body, apparently without exertion, falls into the most graceful curves. The colours of the snake tribe are frequently vivid, and their eyes bright and piercing. Then, too, they live an indefinite time without food; they periodically cast their skins—and were thus fabled to renew their youth; their longevity is, moreover, great, and they were easily believed to be immortal. But it is probable that they would never have been worshipped but for their exceptional strength and poisonous qualities. The deadly spring and crushing embrace of the boa, the fearful poison-fang of the cobra, alike caused the serpent race to be feared; and with savages it appears that religion springs from fear, and a desire to propitiate the powers than can inflict injury.

But this fear seems to have changed into the opposite extreme of love and admiration before we have any record of the worship, wherever we find it. In the wilderness of Sinai, the groves of Epidaurus, or the Sarmatian huts, the serpent is always the Agathodæmon—the bringer of health and good fortune, the teacher of wisdom, the oracle of future events.

Ophiolatry seems to have originated about the Lower Euphrates, and to have spread thence as from a centre. Apparently no Semitic race ever adopted it; for the spirit of serpent worship is diametrically opposed to the spirit of the Bible and the Veda, and these works pervade the religions of the Semitic or Aryan nations. Although ophiolatry is met with in Judea, Greece, Scandinavia, yet it is only as the tares springing among the wheat.

Human sacrifices seem to have been constantly associated with serpent worship; in Judea, so long as traces of it remained, the idea of human sacrifice seems familiar; and after Hezekiah's time, we simultaneously lose sight of both. So long

as Greece was Pelasgic, the two went hand in hand, but after the return of the Heraclidæ, human sacrifices went out of fashion although ophiolatry lingered.

In Mexico and Dahomey, where human sacrifices are frequent, serpent worship is the typical form of propitiation ; and in India the two existed at an early period, although the mild doctrines of the Buddhist abolished the human sacrifice, and only the worship of the serpent remained. Notwithstanding these coincidences, there is no direct connection between the two forms of faith :—the human sacrifice was not made to propitiate the snake god, nor was the victim devoured by the serpent. Indeed, this deity was nowhere sought to be appeased by blood offerings.

It is natural, in examining the early religions, to turn first to Egypt, for this was the earliest civilised country, and pre-eminently the parent of all idolatries. The Egyptians worshipped all nature, “from bulls to beetles, from crocodiles to cats”—all came alike. Little wonder that, in such a pantheon, serpents should be included ; yet the Egyptians cannot be classed as a nation of serpent worshippers. The evil power Typhon is represented under this form, and Osiris, the supreme sun-god himself, occurs in the sculptures as a serpent with two human legs, or with a lion's head. It is difficult to reconcile the representation of the two opposite powers of good and evil by the same symbol.

In Jewish history we meet no reference to ophiolatry in connection with Abraham or his immediate descendants. The brazen serpent (Numbers xxi. 9) is the first mention of actual adoration ; and it is worthy of note that this worship is said to have been paid to the serpent on account of its healing powers. Since this explanation seems to have been readily adopted by the Jews, we may infer that they were accustomed to attribute this characteristic to the snake tribe ; but we now learn it for the first time, though it afterwards becomes so familiar in Greek mythology, where the serpent is the indispensable concomitant of Hygieia. We find no further mention of this worship until the time of Hezekiah, when we read (2 Kings xviii. 4) that “unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it.” Then, after six centuries of toleration, it was resolved to put an end to this idolatry. Nothing in either the Bible or Talmud justifies the assertion that ophiolatry prevailed again among the Jews, unless the passage—“They worshipped serpents *void of reason*,” which occurs in Wisdom xi. 15, may be taken as proof. The text is in curious contrast to Matthew x. 16,—“Be ye *wise* as serpents.” After the Christian era, this form of worship cropped up again among the Nicolaitans and Gnostics, especially the sect of Ophites, but in this case it was probably derived from Persia. Of the Ophites, Tertullian tells us—“They even preferred the serpent to Christ, because the former

brought the knowledge of good and evil into the world." They even quote the Gospels to prove that Christ was an imitation of the serpent, because it is said—"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up." They keep a living serpent in a chest, and at the time of the mysteries, entice him out by placing bread before him. He issues forth, and having ascended the table, folds himself above the bread. This they call a perfect sacrifice. They not only break and distribute this among the votaries, but whoever wishes may kiss the serpent. This the wretched people call the Eucharist."

Probably this worship continued to prevail in Syria, until the Mahomedan invasion swept away the mass of superstitions which had fastened themselves upon Christianity. The Tyrian coins and other monuments suffice to prove that the Phœnicians were addicted to this idolatry; but the only direct proof of its prevailing in Babylon, is the part of Daniel now printed separately in the Apochrypha, the story of Bel and the Dragon.

It is difficult to understand how a nation speaking a language so purely Aryan as the Greek, could so completely have relapsed into the Turanian ancestral serpent worship. It seems probable that the two antagonistic races, Pelasgi and Hellenes, inhabited the country at the same period, and thus the Pelasgic-Turanian form of worship remained among the people. The earlier myths refer to the destruction of serpents and serpent races. One of the oldest is the destruction of the Python by Apollo. Cadmus fought and killed the dragon that devoured his men, and having, by order of Minerva, sowed its teeth, there sprang forth at once armed men. The conversion of Cadmus and his wife into serpents, as a cure for ills that were become unbearable, and the respect with which they were regarded, point to a form of faith that must have been familiar to the inhabitants of Greece. Hercules was the great destroyer of serpents, strangling two while yet in his cradle. His adventures with the guardian dragon of the Garden of the Hesperides, and with the many-headed Hydra, are too well-known to need more than a passing reference.

We meet a kindlier feeling to the serpent race after the return of the Heraclidæ, when Hellenic supremacy was assured. Then the serpent became the oracle, the guardian, the healing god. These creatures were kept both at Delphi and at the cave of Trophonius; but the great centre of serpent worship was Epidaurus, where stood the famous temple of Æsculapius and its grove, where serpents were kept and fed down to the time of Pausanius, according to whom they attained an enormous size, some measuring thirty cubits. It is not clear from whence the myth of Æsculapius came. There was a temple to him in Alexandria,

and there a serpent was kept ; but the Greeks are as likely to have taken the myth to Egypt as to have borrowed it thence. In 462 the Romans sent an embassy to Epidaurus, who brought back a serpent, which was received with divine honours by the Roman populace, and its advent was believed to have stayed the plague. From this time this worship was established at Rome. Minerva was believed to have committed the care of Athens to the serpent god Erechthonios—sometimes represented as half-man half-serpent. He was more popularly believed to be a true serpent ; for Herodotus states that when the Persians were approaching Athens, the inhabitants, though warned by the oracle, refused to leave until they learned that the great serpent guardian of the citadel had refused its food and left its place.

The ancient Tree and Serpent Temple stood where the Erechtheum now stands, and being destroyed by the Persians, was rebuilt in its present form.

The influence of the snake in Grecian history is most remarkable. We find that Philip himself believed in the possibility of the serpent being the real father of Alexander ; and Cicero does not discountenance the story which he tells us, that one of Alexander's generals having a poisoned wound, the serpent of Olympias appeared to him in a dream with a root in its mouth. The context shows that this serpent was the father of Alexander, and it pointed out where the root grew which healed the wound.

It is not known to what extent ophiolatry prevailed in Italy. It is probable that the Etruscans practised it, but their inscriptions cannot now be read, and their existing temples are all of late date, when this form of worship may have been given up.

At Lanuvium, sixteen miles south of Rome, there existed a large, dark grove near the temple of the Argive Juno. Here there was a vast and deep cave, the abode of a great serpent.

Ovid's *Metamorphoses* are full of passages referring to the important part which the serpent performed in classic mythology : and there are many allusions to it in the other poets. One may be quoted, where it is ordered—" Two serpents be painted on the wall, to indicate that the place is sacred." And in pictures at Pompeii and Herculaneum there are portrayed serpents approaching an altar. It is said the Emperor Hadrian procured a large one from India, and placed it in the temple of Jupiter Olympius, at Athens, which he had just rebuilt.

Among a people so essentially Aryan as the Germans, there is no trace of this worship ; nor was there in Germany, as in Greece, an underlying race of Turanians, who, less intellectual, were everywhere given to this idolatry. These ophite races

seem never to have penetrated far inland. They swarmed up the rivers of France and the shores of the Baltic. They were adepts at draining land, and fish was their chief food. But such a people was wholly incompetent to deal with the forests that covered Germany, and were incapable of steady labour, without which, especially in so rigorous a climate, success in agriculture was impossible. Accordingly, there is no trace of serpent worship among the purely Teutonic races.

EINNA.

(To be continued.)

Charles Dickens.

SINCE the June number of this Magazine was issued, a great loss has been sustained. Charles Dickens is dead. How short the announcement, how simple the words that tell us, in one little sentence, the chain is unloosed, the link gone, that bound Charles Dickens and the world in such loving communion together. He died at his post; the hand had scarce let go the pen, when the eyes were closed for ever, never again to look out upon a world he loved so well, and in which he had worked so long and so nobly,—silently, suddenly the summons came, unlooked for even by those who knew him best. His life was too vigilant, too active, too earnest, for any to suspect that death was lurking near. To all alike comes death—and the chair is empty, and the house desolate. For Charles Dickens' death all Europe mourned. Beyond the seas and across the ocean, lamentation has been made over our common loss. Whatever place posterity may assign to him in the noble army to which he belonged; whether it be foremost in the van, or simply in the ranks; one place at least he has gained, which destroying time has no power to obliterate—in the hearts of the men and women of his own age and day he was first and foremost, for never was author more beloved, never was man more lamented in the whole annals of authorship. There is no name more popular than that of Charles Dickens; and yet who can say it was his pre-eminence in literary talent, or his superiority in moral elevation, that gave to him this unparalleled influence over the hearts of men? None would venture to arrogate for him either the one or the other. We have had, and have still, greater writers and better men. What, then, was the key with which he unlocked the hearts of his fellow men? Every page that he wrote tells us the secret of his power. Few, indeed, had a keener insight into the faults and the follies, the vices

and the crimes of the world around him ; and his pen is sometimes as incisive as the surgeon's knife ; but there rings always through his laughter a touch of tender pity,—the sound of an honest heart goes always along with his satire ; and his sense of humour, however great, is not greater than his sense of sympathy. If he laughed he also loved ; if he condemned, he never forgot to pity ; and it is this feeling of true and manly fellowship, in the weakness as well as in the greatness of humanity, that makes Charles Dickens' place so sure in the hearts of his readers.

Dickens possessed a rare faculty of adequately conveying to the minds of others the impressions that were made upon his own. The creations of his fancy, of his imagination, brought out from the store-house of his memory, live, move, and have their being in the minds of his readers as truly and as really as in his own. In this respect, and in the strength of his dramatic fire, he resembles Shakespeare. Certainly his range was limited to what he saw and knew of his own experience of life, while the range of Shakespeare's creations extends from the king on his throne to the serf of the soil, and is limited only by life itself. Who now can tell the sources of Shakespeare's knowledge ? Like Dickens, he was a man of middle class origin, tastes, and predilections, and yet he soared where none have ever followed. Nature's eldest sons are for ever eldest sons,—each one has his own heritage of greatness, not to be infringed upon. No doubt the world will again and again have good and genial and pleasant rulers in literary labour, but never again will she have a Charles Dickens. We have one Shakespeare, one Milton, one Byron ; we have our great and noble pioneers in science, in philosophy, in social ethics ; God does not let us want ; again and again does the right man rise up to fill the right place.

In all his writings, Charles Dickens had one serious aim in view. With a firm yet elastic foot he was for ever stepping over the social palings that separate man from man. He placed side by side the man in the moleskin jacket and the man of birth and breeding, and made them feel as brothers. He told the strong and the wise that the weak and the foolish have equal rights to happiness and respect. The poor besmudged infant, dragged up to life by a hand scarce older than its own, was to Dickens as direct a gift from God, as the smiling innocent lying in the arms of its proud and happy mother. Each he declared to be the wonderful gift of God, and to have an equal right to the good and loving offices of men and women. He tells us also that happiness and misery are not so far divided as are our sympathies. Dickens was a great preacher. By the mouth of little Nell and of poor little Paul he preached to us of the sacred innocence of

helpless childhood. Tom-all-alone warned us of retribution to come. But we do not intend here to discuss his merits as an author. It is in quite another aspect that we are now looking at him ; the memory of his loss is as yet too green to allow us to speak of him in any critical spirit. It is as an earnest reformer of his day and age that we are now looking upon him ; and as a true and sound well-wisher of the good and happiness of his fellow-men.

Dickens made little account of the universal equality of mankind, but he made much of the universal brotherhood. In all he ever wrote or spoke, he insisted upon the good feeling that is due from man to man—upon the mutual forbearance, the mutual kindness. He insisted upon the dignity of labour, upon the real nothingness of all social distinctions. In these respects he laboured in the same path as the great philosopher Jean Jacques Rousseau, of whom, indeed, in community of views of life and men, he frequently reminds his readers. Like Rousseau he was something more, higher, better, truer than a mere social or political reformer. Dickens would have all men true and just towards each other. It was not the rights of parties he advocated, it was the rights of humanity. In these things Rousseau and Dickens worked with a common understanding. In other respects our pure minded and English-hearted novelist was far superior to the multifarious and many-sided Frenchman, whose principles were as loose and uncertain as his views were clear and far-sighted. Each knew better than to suppose that equality of social position or distinction is the point to aim at. It is equality of rights, equality of justice, and equality of labour that is wanted. It is the knowledge that to trample upon our fellow-men, and to despise their happiness, is to bring destruction upon the whole community. Certainly the lesson is no new one ; it was taught upon Calvary eighteen hundred years ago, and good men are for ever teaching it ; but the practice of the world is to forget its best teachings,—and those who remind us of the truth are those who best deserve our love and gratitude. Shakespeare teaches a great lesson when he tells us that there is good in everything, but Dickens teaches a greater when he tells us there is good in every man ; and it is because his works have always this in view that men are now mourning his loss as that of a friend and of a brother.

There may be, and there is, much diversity of opinion as to the true and ultimate place of Charles Dickens as an English Novelist, but there is no diversity of opinion as to his place among all true-hearted Englishmen.

M. E. T.

Among the Butterflies.

THE sunbeams were playing about upon a little marsh that lay half hidden below a willow-tree. A few flowers grew in it; a green mossy bank rose upwards from it, and a little stream gurgled down on the further side. There was nothing uncommon visible; had you passed it you would not even have said—"It is pretty!" But I will tell you something of the fairy folks that made it their home. The largest being there, crouched at its outposts, was a dragon, fabled as of old, to guard all fairy homes. But no fierce look had the monster, not even in its flashing diamond and emerald eye, that rose brightly from amid the other shades of green and gold. Very varied, in size and form and hue, were the inhabitants of that little spot. There were warriors among them, who had their dwelling in the sheaths of the bark of the willow-tree. They were cased in complete and flexible coats of mail, and I heard them called Armadilloes. "I am so happy! what joyous things are life and sunshine!" hummed the fair Egeria to herself, as she alighted upon a stalk of grass to smooth her ruffled robes, tossed by the scented breeze. Most lovely and joyous did she seem, as, her crystal eyes beaming with full content, she turned to pat down the spangles on her transparent wings, that caught the sunbeams as she moved, and reflected them back in many a varied array of mimic rainbows. "What a happy world," repeated she, "yet do I hear a sigh? Can one so beauteous know grief?" And the tiny frolic gazed on a form more rich and gorgeous than her own; of greater size and higher order. She recognised at last in the mourner, the proud dame Arctia Caja, who for some cycles had looked scornfully down on the whole district, from amid her rich robes of black and gold and crimson velvet pile! Yet her answer came now sadly and humbly enough. "Yes, I sigh! for I am dying!"

"Dying, my sister, and you yet so beautiful!" exclaimed a passer-by.

"Your sister!" and a momentary flash of wounded vanity roused the tones, to sink once more into a long-drawn—"Ah! alas!"

"Your sister?" laughed Egeria; "get along with you! You are just like a bear, but have not even a bear's legs to walk with—crawling in that ungainly way in the wind! You our Beauty's sister? The proud Arctia Caja wouldn't acknowledge such poor relations, even if she had them!"

"Hush, hush, Egeria, though I thank you for your kind intentions. My day of pride is over—the approach of death makes one wondrous wise. He is indeed my

brother ! When I am gone, you may live to see him far more beautiful than I am. But now I mourn for my orphan family, whom I must leave untended. When they arise from their cradles to enter the world, they will have no mother's care. And they will be for a space doomed to wear a shape like unto that creeping worm, for such is the law of our nature. But they will not remain so for ever. I told them how to weave for themselves a cradle of silk and gold, wherein they may lie and dream their fairest dreams—to wake and find them real. For when our king smiles on them long enough, they burst their bonds, and rise winged like their parents towards the sky. It is ever thus ! Alas, to leave the sunshine ! I die !” and the proud wings folded themselves in death. Sadly Egeria gazed upon one who had been almost too haughty to be her friend, but who now in death had won her heart ; and she smoothed the death form in its last sleep, and tried to cover her with hare-bell blossom.

“ How very beautiful she is,” said the tiny Egeria, as she soared away to visit some friends that dwelt in the leaves of the tree above, and wove fairy robes of true gossamer green, like their leafy homes.

On the way she met an old acquaintance, called Adela de Guerella, whose beauty, though milder and less dazzling than that of the deceased Aretia Caja, was not less perfect. She wore an upper mantle of refulgent gold, set with gems, while through its fringes and openings peeped an under garment of bright rainbow hues. “ Ah, my pet,” cried she, “ come and take a trip with me ! I’ve had such fun all day—prancing about upon my musk-beetle’s back. He’s a true fairy-charger ; and far nobler-hued than your great horned stag-beetle. I cannot see why you value him so for his horns, for he does nothing with them ; neither does he carry perfume about with him, as sweet as the flowers, as my *protégé* does !”

“ Everything may be as you say ; and yet I like my horned animal, though he is inclined to be a little rebellious and saucy at times, even to us flying creatures—for he will boast he is as good as we are, with false pretences of wings,” said Egeria.

“ I wish to tell you of our poor cousin Atalanta’s fright ; and her escape from one of those horrid gigantic monsters that have no wings, and can do nothing but walk and roar, and seek amongst us whom they may devour. We have often seen them, when they were nimble enough to catch any of our inhabitants, take great spears and thrust them through them, and carry them away in triumph in mighty hampers of bleeding victims—so we all know we ought to avoid them. Atalanta was fanning herself upon a sweet-scented corolla, when one of these ogres

came by, and roared out—"What a beauty! scarlet and white, and azure upon black! I must have it!" And he chased her. While she, in her excitement, became quite blind and giddy, and knew not where to fly. More than once she felt a blow, which, for a time, stunned her; but, with the struggles of despair, she again and again escaped. Panting with fear, she slipped behind the tree, and tried to hide herself—she could fly no further: his dreadful eye was upon her; she was spell-bound, and gave herself up for lost. What was her thankful astonishment to see him turn away, and, in his terrific growl, to hear the pleasant assurance—"She has escaped me this time! Where can she have hidden? I did not think I could have lost sight of such lovely hues amid these dark green leaves!" She was staring at him all the time, and it was not until he had gone, and she had somewhat recovered her senses, that she found she had folded up her wings so closely in her fear, that nothing but the soft brown lining could have been seen, and he could not have recognised it in the shadow. She will be wiser the next time she is chased, and give up at once! What a palpitation she must still have! Poor thing—yet I cannot understand these monsters. They are so stupid, for though they may chase some of us, they shriek and run away quite frightened from our little cousins, though one of their big feet could crush thousands of them. They fancy they are ugly, because their great goggling eyes cannot see anything beautiful if it is small; they don't even see the beautiful jewelled plumes we often wear, without sticking on another great and more projecting eye. They think themselves beautiful forsooth, when their skin is yellow and gray, and coarse and shaggy. Why, if we were as large as they are, they would worship us for our beauty alone!"

"No wonder then they wrap themselves up in so many coverings though they are but the cast-off garments of other animals less fierce than they. I thought they peeped through a long reed with a water-bell at the end. I did not know it helped them to see better!"

"Oh, they cannot see at all—for often when they have been seeking for some of our friends on a leaf, they will fling it away saying,—“There are none!” though I saw thousands. They hear as badly, and call us dumb, because their great ears cannot understand the fine vibrations of our high-set voices. And the best of it all is, they call themselves the Lords of creation, as if the very name of Lord does not remind us of one who can see all things, and hear all sounds, and love all creatures!"

"You must be speaking of the giant they call man."

"Yes, they call themselves so, and have so fixed the names of the things they see, that they call us butterflies."

LUTEA RESEDA.

Una Ferguson.

CHAPTER VIII.

“Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in May,
Balls and masques begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-day,
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say?”—*R. Browning.*

GENERAL HILARY and my father sometimes joined in our excursions, and by that time Brand Hilary had become a friend, and was rapidly becoming an intimate one, rather of mine than of Una's. My headaches sometimes kept me at home on those spring days, and Mr Hilary would be announced and come into the drawing-room, and sit and talk, or be silent if he thought I looked weary. His company became a pleasure to me; it seemed as if he never could do enough to show his gratitude for the very common humanity with which we had treated him on the night of the shipwreck; and as he grew more at his ease, and the slight rust of his wanderings was rubbed off, and a little shyness of ladies' society overcome, his manners became charming; and so handsome and noble he looked, that, like 'the bonnie Earl o' Moray'

“He nicht hae been a king.”

His father's life had certainly had twenty years added to it since his return; and I often wondered what cause of alienation could have kept them so long apart. At length I learned it, and then I understood that look of eager half-awakened tenderness with which his eyes had first opened on Una. It was one day when he had strolled down from the Hall with a paper I had wished to see, and was sitting with me in the twilight, while Una was busy helping a band of decorators in the church to prepare for Easter Sunday, near at hand, that he began, in a tone of doubt and hesitation,—

“Miss Ferguson, have you never wondered why my father and I were apart so long?”

“I may have done so now and then,” I said, “but no doubt there are good reasons, which don't concern me, except in as far as I take a great interest in the son of my father's friend.”

“Now, if you were like other women,” he said, “that would be an effort to draw out the reason, but from you it simply means what it says. No, except in

that way it does not concern you ; but you saved my life among you, and I feel you have a sort of right to know what I was doing in that galley, and how I came to grief, and I can believe that you will say nothing of it, and besides, you may hear—you may have heard it already—a wrong version of the story. I know at the time there must have been heaps of reports, and so I'll make you my saint and shrive myself once for all.

“ ‘ Now do thine office, friar grey,
And see thou shrive me free.’ ”

“ You had better look into the greenhouse, and under the sofa, for listeners first,” said I. “ I'm not accustomed to State secrets, and whatever it was, it happened a good while before we came here, and I never heard of it.” He looked keenly at me, and then began, looking out of the window to where a late gleam of sunset was falling on a peep of the sea.

“ I declare I'm like the ancient mariner, only you are the very first person I ever felt inclined to teach my tale to. You have a story in your face. I don't ask what it is. God forbid I should intrude into a heart that has been so kind to me ; but I see it, somehow. A story like mine is a dictionary, and one can read other people's stories by it.”

“ Mine has not been so very sad,” I said, “ and for yours, your story, your life is still before you, you can make it what you will. A dream is not a life.”

He murmured to himself words from a song,

“ I would I could awaken,
For I dream I know not how.”

“ You are right, I'm wide-awake now, and have been for a good while ; but I wanted to talk of six years ago, when I was at Oxford, and had come home for the long vacation. My mother died when I was a child ; and from all I can hear, I am much more like my father than like her, and then I was wilful and hot-headed. Well, you may smile, I can see you, but I've been soused in seas and rivers, and have shivered in swamps, and wandered through sands since then, and my head is cooler by long odds. Well, when I came home I took to the sea. I was never out of boats,—rowing, sailing, fishing, learning all I could pick up from the men in the village ; and though I had hardly even seen the sea before, except on the voyage from India, when I was small, for it is about ten years since my father inherited the property, and I had never lived here till I was twenty, I got to be good at all that sort of thing.

"Well, one of the fishermen had a daughter, and I—well, I fell in love with her."

He paused, the last light of sunset had passed away, and the gray, or what Dante would call the brown, of the evening filled the room. I could only see the outline of his face, set and stern, looking ten years older, and a life-time wearier and sadder. The pain it gave me I cannot tell. He grew dear to me as a younger brother might have been in those few minutes, by that mysterious sympathy which arises between those who bear alike the signs and tokens of

"Our Lady of pain."

"Don't tell me of it," I said. "Why should we dig up our old troubles out of their graves? new ones are born to us every day."

"It would ease my mind," he said, "you don't know how much. Have patience with me, and don't reject my confidence; I have a reason for what I am going to say. I fell in love with Mary Evans, and was always hiring her father's boat, and going out with him, just that I might see her come down to the shore to meet him, and wade into the surf with her little white feet shining on the sand. She will never wade to meet him again, never any more. She was lovely and she was good, Miss Ferguson, and as sweet and pure as a blossom on a tree,—a girl for a man to love and treasure all his life. No one could say anything against her but that she was a fisherman's daughter, who should have married a fisherman, I suppose, a stupid brute, who would fling her what he had brought in to sell, and then go to sleep with a curse, thrash her when he was drunk, and neglect her when he was sober. I don't say they all do that; many of them do. Mary had plenty of wooers, but she cared for none of them, and before very long I saw she did care for me. How I used to watch for her coming out of that dark old hole of a cottage, with the sunshine in her hair, and her blue eyes lighting up like lamps. I worshipped her more than I might have done a girl of my own station. I worshipped her innocence, her ignorance, her tenderness; everything she did or said seemed beautiful to me, and we were both so young. For a while we seemed to think of nothing beyond our love; no one knew anything of it, and we used to meet in the evenings in a place among the cliffs that no one knew, as we thought, but ourselves. I used to tell her no lady would ever be so lovely as mine, and repeat poetry to her, and in fact, we were as blest and as foolish, I suppose, as most lovers; till one day my father and I were sitting after dinner, I meaning to slip out later, though it was a rainy night, on the chance that Mary might get out to the tryst, when my father began,—'I say, Brand, my boy, by the time you leave old Oxon you will have to

be looking out for a wife. You're young yet, and there's plenty of time, but I daresay I've kept you too much at home with me, and you haven't had the chance of seeing the sort of girl that would suit you. One like your mother, my boy, with a sweet voice and a fair face. She would have helped you to choose a wife better than an old soldier like me, but God's will be done.'

"Mind, I was young and ignorant, Miss Ferguson, and had an idea that the woman you loved was the woman for you; in my stupidity, I didn't know that she was precisely the one whom you couldn't, shouldn't, and might not have. So I looked straight at my father, and said—'I've chosen my wife.'

"The governor opened his eyes, as well he might, knowing that since I came home I had not seen a lady except the clergyman's wife. 'And where has your choice lighted, my son?' he said, 'I don't know a single suitable match within twenty miles, and you are too young, besides, to choose well.'

"Then of course it all came out, like the cork of a bottle of champagne. 'It's Mary Evans, father,' I said, 'old James Evans' daughter.'

"What else I said I can't remember, but no doubt my father thought it very little to the purpose. The great fact was out.

"'You've made a fool of yourself, Brand,' he said, 'a very great fool. We all do the same at some time of our lives. I did the same when I was a poor sub, with my pay on my back, and went hankering after a woman who would as soon have married a drill-sergeant; only I went too high, and you've gone the other way, I'm glad of what you say about her parents knowing nothing of it, they are too honest to try to trick you into a low marriage; and as for the poor child herself, she is a child and you are a boy, and you will forget each other in a month or two. Therefore you will promise, on your honour as a gentleman, before you leave this room, never to see her again.'

"Of course you can guess what I said, but my father is not made of wax; and though I was too like him to be afraid of him, I began to feel he had the best of it, the dream was melting away. Still I held on to it; I said I should be of age in two months, and then might do what I liked. To which he replied, that I might not only do what I liked, but live where I liked after that, but that I must be aware, that if I chose to marry against his wish, he was not bound to provide for me. At length he paused, and then said—'The fact is, that knowing you to be an obstinate boy, I have been trying to talk as if you were a reasonable man. The girl's parents are the people for me to go to, they are as proud in their own way as anybody, and will take more pains to keep her out of your way

than you will to get into hers. I've no doubt they have a respectable husband of her own rank in their eye for her, and the sooner she takes him the better. Now, mind, it is your own obstinate folly that forces me to appeal to them, which I had much rather not do.'

"Well, I got away at last, and off I went through the drizzle to the tryst. I thought I would try and see her once more, though I began to feel desperate. But though I waited and waited till late at night, there was no sign of her; some one had seen us together, and told her father and mother, and there was no further need of my father's interference. For she was a dutiful little soul, and I believe had almost forgotten the difference of rank between us; and it was a matter of course that a fisherman's courtship should begin with the girl and end with her parents. Well, I tried all I could to see her, but in vain; she was watched over and kept at home. Only one day I saw her face just for a moment at the window of the cottage, as it was getting dark, and I was coming home from a hard day's shooting,—I tried to weary myself out in body, as I was weary and sick at heart, God knows,—and there was hardly any light outside, but everything inside was as clear as day with a turf fire, and Mary was standing near the window, with the light in her face. It was the last time I was ever to see her alive, and oh, how changed she was, her blue eyes had great wan circles under them, and her cheeks looked pale even in the red firelight. I looked and looked till my heart ached,—she wasn't a child any longer, but a woman, with all her womanhood turned into pain. Oh, to see her, and be so near her, and yet divided! I saw her mother was asleep, and her father was out with the boat, and I couldn't help going to the window and beckoning.

"She saw me and sprang to the window, my poor little darling, with all the light coming back to her eyes, and even the colour to her face. I had just time to whisper, for there was only a chink of the window open, and I dared not make any noise. I told her my birthday was the next week, there would be a great to-do, but all I cared for was that then I should be my own master; that night she was to meet me at the tryst, and next morning we should be married at C——, and be off to America. I had hardly time to speak, and she had none to answer; she put her dear hand through the chink and I kissed it. I must hurry over the rest, for I shall tire you, and it's not a pleasant tale. My birthday came, and a wild wet day it was. There was to be a dinner of the tenantry, and all manner of rejoicings, and I remember poor old Grace coming in to waken me in the morning, and bless me; in short, I remember the whole day as a charming and blessed anniversary. The dinner came off, and they drank my health, and might I live long and prosper,

and they wished me a good wife. The rain was driving against the window, and the wind whistling and howling like mad the whole time, and I was thinking how the fast-sailing vessel, the "Orion," destined to sail from Liverpool for the United States the evening after next, would creak and lurch while my little bride and I were sailing to the New World. I declare I was 'fey,' as the Scotch call it, only it was not my death that my goings on portended. I got up and returned thanks when my health was drunk, though I had never done such a thing in my life before as make a speech of any kind. I never stopped for a word. I filled my glass and drank it off to my future bride, whoever she might be, and I laughed and joked with the farmers about my destiny being settled for me so soon. I saw my governor staring at me. I had been as dull as ditch-water for weeks, sitting silent for hours, so I suppose he thought I had taken rather too much. At length things came to a conclusion, and it was quite dark when I started off for the tryst. I've been to the place since I came home, it isn't far from the Devil's Elbow ; by the way, that is a rock of good omen for me. It was a hollow among the rocks, open towards the sea, but inaccessible unless you knew the way along the cliffs. I knew my way well, and I went along whistling. When I got there the rain was falling pretty heavily, and the wind had gone down. Well, I waited and waited, till I thought Mary would never come. I strained my eyes along the path that led from the village, but not a sign of her could be seen ; she had gone a longer journey and made another tryst. At last I saw, as I thought, something white on the shore, just at the edge of the waves, for the tide was rising. It was so dark that I risked my life going down, as I did almost head-foremost, but I was not to die then. I got to the shore in a few minutes, how I don't know, for I was half wild with a sort of vague fear, and then I saw the white thing was a woman, and the foremost waves were lifting her, and wandering round her. I needn't tell you who it was, Miss Ferguson, you must know by this time. She had fallen off the cliffs in the dark on her way to meet me. I must have been half mad. I felt for her heart, and it had stopped beating, she had fallen on a sharp stone, and I could see the wound on her brow. I kept saying to myself, 'She is dead, she is dead,' like a child trying to learn a hard lesson, for I could not believe it.

"You must remember how young I was ; and when I thought of living without her, I could not bear it. I lay down beside her, and let the waves wash over us both, and I knew no more till I awoke in the cottage of one of the fishermen, who had picked me up in his boat,—found us both floating, one living and one dead."

"Don't tell me any more," I said, for indeed up to that time, though he had paused now and then as if in pain, I had felt he was relieving himself, the very tones of his voice told me what his past suffering had been. "I haven't much more to tell," he said, "only when I came to myself, I resolved, may God forgive me, never to see my father again. I felt as if his interference had wrecked my happiness, and I sailed for America as soon as I was able, not, however, without seeing him once more. He was so melted at my sorrow that he bore much from me, but my whole heart was full of bitterness, and I told him I could bear home no longer. I knew my mother had a brother settled in New York, and there I went. Since then I have wandered about, now here, now there, and now"—he stopped, and then we heard a step, Una was come back. "I told you I had a reason for letting you know my history, Miss Ferguson," he said, "but I can't tell you what it is just now. Will you believe that it is a good one, for I can't speak of it at present?" "I will," said I; "in return, will you do me a favour. Call me Mary, and let me be what your sister might have been if you had had one." "How good you are to me," he said; "oh, Mary"—and here he stopped in good earnest, for Una came in, and soon after he went home. From that day I felt we were friends in reality, Brand Hilary and I. I have said that Captain Maryon remembered him as a school-fellow at Harrow, and their acquaintance was soon renewed. They met at our house one evening, which I remember well; it was the first opportunity I had of contrasting then.

Brand Hilary was sitting near me, beside the window, Una at a table at one side of the room, engaged in making tea for us and Elsie Harper, an old school-friend of hers who was staying with us, when Sarah the capless announced Mr Glynne and Captain Maryon. We rose, and I introduced the young men to each other. It was not till I had said—"I believe you have met before," and Captain Maryon had held out his hand with the greeting—"Well, Hilary, have you forgotten Harrow, old fellow?" that Brand Hilary's face seemed to light up, and he returned the other's grasp of the hand heartily and kindly. I, remembering that he owed his life in some measure to the efforts of Captain Maryon, of which fact he was quite ignorant, was beginning to explain the same, without noticing the sound of a cab approaching, or a quick step up the walk, till all of a sudden, seeing Captain Maryon, who faced the window, open his eyes as if in astonishment, I turned round and beheld a chesnut-hued face, two very blue eyes, a middle-sized young man of merry countenance—in fact, Frank Laurie coolly stepping in at the open French casement behind me. I gave a scream of surprise and delight, "Oh! my dear

Frank, how glad I am to see you." "And I to see you, Molly," said he, shaking hands warmly. "Mama told me I was invited here, in fact I knew that where you were I was welcome, and I thought if I stayed much longer at home, Miss Lindsay, the thinnest one, you know, would marry me *volens volens*. So I came off by night, telling mother that when the coast was clear I would come back, and here I am, bag and baggage. The syce, oh I mean the fellow with the cab, is bringing up the plunder; please introduce me to cousin Una." So, while Brand Hilary began to talk to his old schoolfellow, I took Frank across the room to where Una and Elsie were sitting, assisted by the Heir of Glynne, as Una sometimes called him, who was so nervous that the water he aimed at the tea-pot flooded the tray, and in short was on the point of being dismissed as incapable. Una rose to greet Frank, and held out her hand so cordially, that I saw a shade of resentment on the countenance of her unlucky little lover beside the table, that is to say, he looked rather aggrieved; and when Frank had taken the white fingers in his brown ones, and made the unusually brilliant remark—"How d'ye do?" I got absorbed in inquiries about dear old Redmains and the boys, and Frank's Indian experiences, and then my father came in, so I was taken up till the time for leave-taking came. Brand Hilary and the Captain shook hands, and made some appointment for next day, then both came to Una's corner to say good evening.

Mr Glynne also rose. "Good evening, Miss Una (Una hated him for calling her so, but he was all unconscious); Rose was talking of a ride to-morrow, you couldn't come, could you?"

"Not in this heat," said Una, "I have no desire for a sun-stroke. Good-bye Captain Maryon, goodbye, Mr Hilary."

"Why not go boating to-morrow if we can't ride?" said the Captain. "I want to see how Miss Undine enjoys the water herself, since she is so ready to send others upon it. Perhaps you are not aware, Hilary, that had it not been for her efforts in your behalf, you might have been 'full fathom five' by this time."

"My efforts," said Una, "what were they? If you thank any one for saving you, Mr Hilary, it ought to be Captain Maryon." But the latter would not allow her to explain, and they went away, leaving me to think over the contrast they presented, and think anxiously and with a troubled mind.

O. M.



Serpent Worship.

PART II.

IF a line were drawn from the shores of the Caspian Sea, north of the Caucasus, to the mouth of the Vistula, it would be coincident with one of the oldest routes of communication between the east and the west ; and by this route serpent worship was probably introduced into the north of Europe. It was near the Caucasus that Hercules met the serpent-maiden Echidna, and it is from their union that the race of serpent-worshipping Scythians trace their descent. Here, too, resided the Amazons, whose institutions seem so mysteriously connected with this form of worship. In Sarmatia the people adored trees and serpents ; and we are told that “the Samogitæ, when adversity befel them, concluded that their domestic snake-gods had been negligently worshipped.” In Lithuania, the people “believed vipers and serpents to be gods, and worshipped them with great veneration.” We read that, in the 15th century, Jerome of Prague saw these idolaters offer sacrifice to their gods ; and Cromer charges the Wends with the same idolatry ; and it is added that in Livonia, the most beautiful captives were sacrificed to the snake-gods. Although these statements are perhaps scarcely sufficiently authenticated, yet the impression they leave is that serpent worship prevailed in Eastern Europe during the middle ages. So many authors, especially a writer of such authority as Olaus Magnus, would scarcely preserve, much less give evidence to such anecdotes, were there no foundation for their belief, especially in a country where the snake tribe is inconsiderable, and represented by nothing larger than a viper or adder ?

There would be less surprise at finding this idolatry in Scandinavia, were it proved that Woden and Buddha were one and the same deity, as is affirmed by some scholars. Between the sanguinary Thor and Woden drinking blood from the skulls of their enemies, and the mild doctrines of Buddha, there is certainly a wide difference ; nevertheless, the serpent figures in Scandinavian mythology, and unless this faith were imported from the east, how can it be accounted for in a climate so severe that scarce any members of the snake tribe exist ?

The traces of Ophiolatry in Gaul are few. The Celts certainly practised human sacrifices, and the two are commonly found together ; but the subject has been little examined by French archæologists. The Druids are believed to have been serpent worshippers, and antiquarians have maintained that the numerous

upright stones and circles found in Britain are all Druidical remains and Ophite temples. Fergusson considers this very doubtful : he denies that there is any proof that the Druids remained in England at the period of the Roman invasion, and states that this race had then already been driven into the fastnesses of the Welsh hills, and it is from the Welsh bards alone that we hear of the Druids and serpent worship ; and further, that there is absolutely no evidence for the Druidical origin of such monuments as Stonehenge, and no proof that Ophiolatry was practised in these temples. North of the Forth there exist a great number of Megalithic stones covered with sculptures, among which the serpent so prominently appears, as to leave no doubt that it was an object of worship to those who reared the stones. The period when these were raised is uncertain ; but since many bear the cross or some other Christian emblem, it is believed that their date is subsequent to the preaching of St Columba in 563.

Africa has always been the congenial home both of the serpent and of its worship. One of the best known examples of this faith in modern times is at the tomb of Sheik Haredi, a Mahomedan saint in Upper Egypt. Should a sick person require his service, a priestess is sent to the serpent, and, if favourable, his god-ship issues forth, lung about the neck of the virgin, and is thus carried to the sick man's dwelling. Here he abides for a period varying probably with the amount and value of the offerings, and then returns alone. Women visit him annually, and he is said to twine himself round the neck of the most beautiful. This superstition prevailed in Abyssinia, and the serpent and his progeny begin the regal genealogy of this country. We are further told that in the year 340 "one part of the people of Ethiopia worshipped the serpent, and the rest followed the law of Moses." This ancestral worship is still found at Dahomey on a lavish scale, together with human sacrifices. Here also exists the institution of a female warrior class in all its hideous savagery, reminding us of the Greek Amazonian fictions. These people worship serpents, trees, and the ocean, the same trinity as was established in the Erechtheum in the Acropolis of Athens. The dank gbwe or earthly serpent is the first. "It is esteemed the supreme bliss and general good. It has a thousand dank-si or snake-wives, married and single votaries, and its influence can not be meddled with by the two others, which are subject to it." Women touched by the serpent become "possessed," they are seized with hysteria, and after seclusion in hospitals prepared for the purpose, become priestesses when restored to civil life. They are brought up in the temple, and taught like the nautch-girls of India ; and are marked with the image of the god pricked into the skin with a dye, which is said to be done by

the god himself. Besides this earthly serpent, there is the heavenly one, called *dank*, which is the rainbow, and confers wealth upon mankind.

It seems certain that long before the discovery of America there existed there a strong veneration for the serpent; but the accounts of the rites practised are not entirely trustworthy, for the Catholic historians seem only to have sought to magnify their own powers of proselytising, and have endeavoured to make the ancient faith an object of horror, rather than to give a veritable history of the religion practised in the country. The principal deity of the Aztec Pantheon was *Tezcatlipoca*, literally sun-serpent, his wife the primitive goddess was *Cihuacohuatl*, the female serpent or female sun. According to the Mexicans, she gave birth to a male and a female child, and to these is referred the origin of mankind. A more remarkable myth is that of the *Quetzalcoatl*, literally the feathered serpent, the civilizer of the inhabitants of *Anahuac*. He taught them religion, arts, laws, agriculture, and the use of metals, and finally withdrew by the sea with a promise of return, which was so entirely credited that when the Spaniards appeared they were joyfully hailed as the returning god and his companions. The antiquarians of the United States assert that there are serpent mounds of earth, a thousand feet long, which seem to prove that a race of serpent worshippers existed in Ohio and Iowa before the Toltecs or Red Indians; but so many mistakes have been made about serpent mounds and temples, that these accounts should be received with caution. The Mohican Indians reverence the rattle-snake as their grandfather, and it is worthy of remark that everywhere it is the species of snake indigenous to the country that is worshipped; throughout America it is the rattle-snake. Bernal Diaz states that living rattle-snakes were kept in the great temple of Mexico, and were fed with the bodies of victims.

Until the recent discoveries in Cambodia and at Amravati, our knowledge of Eastern mythology has been but scanty. With the exception of the *Zend-Avesta*, there is little native Persian history, and this book is of small service in the examination of the question of serpent worship, since it embodies the religious belief of the Aryan, or, as it is here called, Iranian, branch of the Persian people, while ophiolatry is essentially the religion of the Turanian, or at least Non-Aryan races. At the time when the Greeks make us acquainted with the Persians, they acknowledged Zoroasterism, and their previous mythology must be gathered from Mahomedan historians. *Zohák* is one of their most interesting and important personages. He was descended from the *Taj* or serpent race of the Arabians, and is represented as having two snakes growing at his back, for whom it was necessary to sacrifice daily

two young men, in order that their brains might satisfy the cravings of these monsters. Zohák was conquered by Feridún, now identified with Thraêtaona of the Zend-Avesta, and also celebrated as the destroyer of the three-headed serpent Daháka, who was the creation of the evil power Ahriman. In this mythology we find the serpent races hated and conquered, and never revered and worshipped as the Greeks honoured Æsculapius. At Persepolis there is a bas-relief representing Ormuzd crowning Ardishir king of the Sassanians, while trampling under his horse's feet Ardevan, the last of the Parthians, round whose head are twisted two writhing snakes, showing that the sculptor intended to represent the hated race of Zohák, followers of the accursed Ahriman, as conquered by the beneficent Ormuzd, while he bestows a crown upon the king of the fire-worshipping Sassanians. A remnant of the race of Zohák survived in Cabul, and seems to form a connecting link between Persian and Indian serpent worship.

Cashmere has always been considered as a centre of ophiolatriy in India ; and from the legends of that country has been gathered what is known of the Nagas or snake gods. These legends are very numerous, and, like those of most countries, point to the union of the human and serpent races. For example, a member of the family of Buddha fell in love with the snake-king's daughter, and was married to her. Although she obtained and kept possession of a human body, yet a nine-headed snake sometimes appeared at the back of her neck. Upon one occasion her husband cut it off with a single blow while she slept, and by this rash action caused her total blindness. The legend goes on to relate that she was cured after the lapse of some time, through her husband's care and skill. We are told that in the reign of Akbar (1556-1605), there were in Cashmere 45 places dedicated to the worship of Siva, 64 to Vishnu, 3 to Brahmâ, while there were 700 where the serpent was adored. This is fully confirmed by the architecture of the temples ; these are found standing in courts, some of which can only be approached by wading, and others are capable of being easily flooded, and are crossed by light stone bridges. In these sanctuaries are no images, which is usually the case where the deity is a living god, and thus antiquarians were long unable to discover to what form of faith these ruins belonged. On the other side of the Bay of Bengal, we find serpent worship in its fullest development. There seems to be no doubt that the great temple of Nakhov Vat, in Cambodia, was dedicated to this idolatry. Every angle of every roof is adorned with a grim seven-headed serpent, with a magnificent crest ; every cornice is ornamented with a row of these seven headed deities, but without the crest. All the arrangements of the temple are suitable for

serpent worship. There is no image; all the courts are tanks to contain water, and every thing recalls the temples of Cashmere, but with greater magnificence. No other temple equals this; it is 600 feet square at the base, and rises to the height of 180 feet in the centre, while every part is covered with elaborate carvings. It is startling to find that, simultaneously with the erection of the great cathedrals of York, Amiens, and Cologne, a larger and more magnificent temple than either was being erected, and dedicated to a religion of which the western builders knew nothing. It seems equally strange that all memory of the people and all knowledge of their buildings should so completely have passed away, that until the last twelve years no European suspected their existence. A Cambodian legend relates that a banished prince was driven by the sea upon an island, and there he ascended the branches of a Talok tree. Like the famous beanstalk of Jack, this tree grew with extreme rapidity, and when at last the prince was able to descend, he found himself in a grotto in a hollow of the tree, where he met the daughter of the dragon or serpent king, and presently was married to her. The serpent king built the city of Nakhou Thom for a residence for the young couple, but they seem to have repaid him with ingratitude.

The universal employment of the dragon in Chinese temples, leads to the supposition that the symbol must have a religious meaning; but unfortunately little is known of Chinese worship before Buddhism prevailed. We meet with a story of two heaven-sent serpents watching over the first washing of Confucius, and it would be interesting to know if this be a Chinese tradition, or whether it was imported from India, since Confucius and Buddha were nearly contemporaneous, and in China their doctrines are much mixed together. Among the plates of a Chinese Buddhist standard book, is a view of the temple with a serpent god. This Naga has a human head and serpentine extremities, and has a number of serpents behind his head. Long or the winged dragon is in Chinese mythology the being who excels in intelligence. Ophiolatry in one form or another seems to have prevailed throughout the Pacific Islands: in the Feejees the principal god Degei is supposed to exist in the form of a serpent coiled up in a cave on a high mountain. The savages of Australia believe in the existence of a gigantic serpent, who created the world by a blow with his tail, and who is the cause of earthquakes. They carefully conceal their rites from strangers, but are believed still to offer sacrifices to the serpent. There are traces of this superstition in Java and the Marquesas, and in Ceylon the three and seven-headed Nagas are found adorning every sacred place, and Naga legends are numerous. The great Hindhu epic poem, the Mahâbhârata, which may be considered as one

book of the Hindhu Bible, begins, like the Pentateuch, with a curse upon the serpent, and the early part is occupied with the transactions of the Naga race. The scene of many of these legends is laid at Manipur, where, at the present day, the peculiar god of the royal family is a snake called Pa-kung-ba, from which the family claims descent. This snake appears, they say, sometimes of great size, and this is indicative of displeasure; so long as he remains diminutive it is a sign of good humour. In the neighbourhood of Manipur are numerous tribes of aborigines, still called Nagas, and believed to be serpent worshippers. As late as 1766 some travellers record that they went to see a great snake that had been worshipped at Sumbulpore since the world began! They saw him emerge from his cave, which he does every seventh day, and devour a goat provided by his worshippers; his length was considerable, and his diameter estimated at two feet. He was still alive in 1836.

The population of India seems to have been originally Turanian, an unwarlike and unintellectual race, who fell an easy prey to the hardier tribes from Bokhara and Afghanistan. Hence horde after horde of these have successively overrun India; and by degrees, partly from the enervating climate, but more from inter-marriages, have sunk to the level of the inferior race, and have been in their turn conquered by fresh hordes from north of the Indus. Buddhism was little more than a revival of the coarse superstitions of the aboriginal nations, though elevated by an admixture of Aryan morality. Buddha himself was an Aryan, and it appears that serpent worship was rejected by him and his earlier followers, but cropped up again, and became an important element in Buddhist mythology. Buddha began his reformation about 600 B.C.; he taught an absolute renunciation of sensual enjoyment, and asceticism became the path to salvation. The sculptures at Sanchi and Amravati show the wide difference between the earlier and the later Buddhism. In the earlier, Buddha is never represented as an object of worship, and the serpent appears rarely; in the later, 300 years after, we find Buddha worshipped, and the Naga his co-equal. It is worth while to observe the many singular coincidences between Christianity and Buddhism. Three hundred years after its founder, Asoka did for Buddhism what Constantine did for Christianity. Six hundred years after Buddha, Nâgârjuna did for the eastern faith what Gregory the Great did for the western,—created a church with a hierarchy. In the 16th century after Christ came the Reformation; in the 16th century after Buddha came also a reformation, but one of extermination, so far as concerned India. Sankara Acharya was the eastern Luther, but he introduced a faith much less pure and more idolatrous than that which it superseded. He preached the religion of

Siva, which had no connection with serpent worship ; although Siva is represented occasionally holding a cobra in his hand, and with serpents twined in his hair, yet these are only implements of terror, and are not for worship. Contemporaneously with the Sivite religion arose that of Vishnu, and here the Naga appears everywhere. The commonest representation of Vishnu is when reposing on the Sesha or seven-headed snake, contemplating the creation of the world ; in all his avatars it is the seven-headed heavenly Naga, and not the earthly cobra of Siva. The worship of Vishnu is full of sensuality, and whenever grossly sensual images are found in temples, they may certainly be expected to be those devoted to the adoration of Vishnu, in one or other of his avatars.

Serpent worship still flourishes in India. In the great temple of Seringham are two golden statues of the seven-headed Naga, richly jewelled, and similar images exist at Madura. A modern traveller mentions that at the serpent well at Benares the Nag or serpent is worshipped, and this faith is believed to exist in Cashmere, Nepaul, and the hills generally, though not in the plains. The symbol of the serpent has been frequently overlooked through the incorrect or uncertain drawing of many of the sculptures ; but now that photography lends its aid, the Naga is discovered in many sculptures where its existence had been wholly unsuspected, and its cobra hood had been mistaken for a mere head-dress. EINNA.

NOTE.—The facts in this paper are chiefly taken from Fergusson's "Tree and Serpent Worship."

Brother or Title?

" ON Castle Dacre's rugged walls the evening sun is bright,
 Like molten gold the windows flame beneath his yellow light ;
 From the tall elms the shadows gray fall longer and more long,
 And faintly from the distance comes the shepherds' vesper song.
 All is so calm, so sweet, so still, such rest is everywhere,
 Save in my heart ; and oh, what deep and sad unrest is there !
 On Castle Dacre's highest tower to-night alone I stand,
 And all around me, green and still, lies the broad pleasant land ;
 Wide fields, dark woods, and leafy lanes, parks stretching far and free ;
 The silver river treading soft its pathway to the sea ;

And dim and soft, the hill-tops blue, and to their farthest line,
Parks, meadows, copses, upland fields, and hill-sides,—all are mine.
In Castle Dacre's ancient halls I stand the master now,
The shadow of a coronet is resting on my brow ;
Men call me by a title proud, an old and noble name,
That oft of yore through England wide has rung with knightly fame.
All this ! and yet my head is bowed, my eyes with tears are dim,
All this ! would God it were not mine—'twas gained by losing *him* !
In one still room he lies alone—he lies alone at rest,—
His cold hands folded quietly above his pulseless breast,
His bright eyes closed, and glazed, and dark, his silky hair unstirred,
His white lips shut for evermore to each dear pleasant word,
The peace of death upon his brow, a smile upon his face,
His face, my brother and my friend ; and I am in his place.
Oh, for the days of long ago, when we were boys at play !
Oh, for the sunshine of his smile, his ringing laugh so gay !
Oh, for his lordly courtesy, his gallant bearing high !
Oh, for the clasping of his hand, the greeting of his eye !
And oh, the later, dearer years of manhood's friendship deep,
The stedfast love, now lying dead with him in dreamless sleep !
Oh, for the gentle, winning ways, the tender, manly heart !
Oh, for the sweet companionship of our two selves apart ;
The woodland walk at sunset dim, when all the leaves were still,
The breezy stroll at silent dawn, over the broom-clad hill,
The gallop on the heathery moor, the saunter by the stream ;
All over-past most utterly, like night's forgotten dream !
And all that now remains of him is that still face so dear,
While I, in solitude forlorn, am friendless—and a peer !
Oh, brother dear ! oh, brother mine ! oh, first, best, only friend !
Is this, of all our early love, so close and sweet, the end ?
I am so lonely, so forlorn, it surely cannot be
That we are parted evermore, we two, my friend and me.
Take back, take back the coronet, the castle, and the land,
And look once more into my face, and clasp me by the hand.
I only want to see you smile, I want to hear you speak,
I want to see the colour flush into your wan white cheek ;

And oh, how gladly would I give back to your hand again
 Proud Castle Dacre's stately towers, and thronging menial train.
 It will not be, it cannot be, he never more will come
 To lighten with his brave, bright face our childhood's ancient home.
 Once more from out his own fair halls, so quietly and slow
 He will pass forth, and to his last dark, silent place will go.
 And I may sit and weep alone—ah me, alone for aye!
 I am a peer—ah, what of that? we buried him to-day." MAS ALTA.

The Edinburgh Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

I.

THE question of pauperism is one of the most important and interesting of the present day. The causes which have produced it, and the various schemes which have been proposed for its prevention and cure, have occupied the attention of many in all grades of society. That poverty will continue to exist is undoubted, but that it should have increased to its present extent in our native land, is surely cause for deep anxiety. It will be a fitting introduction to the subject of these papers, to lay before our readers some facts and statistics about pauperism and its state in our city.

It is a generally accepted fact that poor laws, though allowed to be necessary, increase the evil they are intended to relieve. The legal title to demand support, when the applicant is unable, from age or sickness, to work for it, acts as an encouragement to improvident habits among the poor, and weakens the sense of obligation on the young and able-bodied to support the aged and helpless.

In the old Scotch Poor Law Acts the poor are divided into two classes—1st, “the aged sick, and impotent;” and 2d, “strong and masterful beggars.” The earliest provision for the former was a legal permission to beg, in proof whereof they were furnished with a token or badge. In 1597 the kirk session were charged to look after and relieve the poor of the parish, the funds for distribution being collected at the church doors, and supplemented, when necessary, by an assessment levied equally

on landlords and tenants. These funds were distributed personally by the elders, after careful investigation of every case. If the pauper was dissatisfied, he could appeal from the decision of the kirk session to the Court of Session ; but this step was rarely taken. Licensed begging was still allowed ; but, by a clause of the Act of 1672, it could only be practised in the parish in which the pauper was born. For the suppression of the “strong and masterful beggars,” viz., those who were able but unwilling to work, stringent measures were adopted ; and the many and increasingly severe Acts passed relating to them,—one even ordaining that continued offence should be punished by death,—show to what an extent they had increased, and how heavily the burden was felt. In 1672 an Act was passed, by which it was ordered that houses of correction should be built, in which they were to be confined and forced to work. In case of any refractoriness, the masters were empowered “to use all manner of severity and correction, by whipping or otherwise (except torture), to detain them within the said correction house or close thereof.” Unfortunately this enactment was but partially carried out, and soon fell into disuse.

As time went on, pauperism, and, as a natural consequence, the expense of relieving it, increased. This became a matter of anxious thought to many, and among others to Dr Chalmers, who was of opinion that the system of assessment was essentially injurious, and actually unnecessary. He maintained that assessment gave the poor a legal right to assistance ; and that the funds voluntarily given at the church door should, by a more thorough investigation of every case, and more judicious dispensation of aid, be amply sufficient to support the poor of each parish. Many ridiculed this theory, but he made it more than a theory, he made it an actual and successful experiment. He accepted the parish of St John’s in Glasgow (one of the poorest in that city), mainly in the hope of having the independent management of the poor. This being granted him, he speedily organised his plan of work. The population of the parish was 10,000 ; the average annual cost of its pauperism, £14,000 ; and the average annual collection at the church-door £480. Dr Chalmers put the work into the hands of deacons, to each of whom was allotted a district, with whose inhabitants and their circumstances he was expected to become intimately acquainted. The instructions for their guidance were :—“When one applies for admittance through his deacon upon our funds, the first thing to be inquired into is, if there be any kind of work that he can yet do, so as either to keep him altogether off, or as to make a partial allowance serve for his necessities ; the second, what his relatives and friends are willing to do for him ; the third, whether he is a hearer in any dissenting place of worship, and whether

its session will contribute to his relief. And if after these previous inquiries it be found that further relief is necessary, then there must be a strict ascertainment of his term of residence in Glasgow, and whether he be yet on the funds of the Town Hospital, or is obtaining relief from any other parish. If upon all these points being ascertained the deacon of the proportion where he resides still conceives him an object for our assistance, he will inquire whether a small temporary aid will meet the occasion, and state this to the first ordinary meeting. But if instead of this he conceives him a fit subject for a regular allowance, he will receive the assistance of another deacon to complete and confirm his inquiries by the next ordinary meeting thereafter, at which time the applicant, if they still think him a fit object, is brought before us, and received upon the fund at such a rate of allowance as upon all the circumstances of the case the meeting of deacons shall judge proper. Of course pending these examinations the deacon is empowered to grant the same sort of discretionary aid that is customary in other parishes."

Dr Chalmers' ministry in Glasgow lasted three years and nine months, and the practical result of his experiment was, that the average yearly expense of the pauperism of the parish was reduced from £14,000 to £280, and this not by driving away the poor, as many supposed, for the imported poor actually exceeded the exported by fourteen. This last fact Dr Chalmers attributed to the charm of personal ministration and interest, the poor thinking this more than an equivalent for the larger allowance of money they could get in other parishes. Nor did the scheme cease to be successful when deprived of Dr Chalmers' supervision, as was confidently predicted. It lasted for eighteen years, a triumphant proof of the soundness of the principles on which it was based, and only ceased to exist from a combination of circumstances against which it was in vain to struggle. One of the chief of these was that the parish continued to be assessed, although taking no share of the funds thus derived. Dr Chalmers considered it one of the first essentials to the permanent success of his scheme, that any parish ceasing to draw upon funds derived from assessment should be released from the burden of paying them. This was not acceded to, and the consequence was that St John's finally relapsed into the state of the other assessed parishes.

The opinion of Dr Chalmers' successor, the Rev. Dr Macfarlane, as to the state of the parish during the experiment, was as follows—"The experience of sixteen months during which I was minister of St John's confirmed the favourable opinion which I previously entertained of the system: it worked well in all respects. With an income from collections not much exceeding £300, we kept down the pauperism

of a parish containing a population of 10,000, and I know from actual observation that the poor were in better condition, and, excepting the worthless and profligate, who applied and were refused assistance, were more contented and happy than the poor in the other parishes of Glasgow. I was also agreeably disappointed at finding that Dr Chalmers was not the only person having sufficient influence to obtain the aid of the respectable members of his congregation in administering the affairs of the poor; I had not the smallest difficulty in procuring a sufficient number of deacons for that purpose." An English poor law commissioner, E. C. Tufnell, Esq., drew up a report upon the management of the poor in St John's parish, and gave testimony to the thorough efficiency and success of the scheme. He says further, "This personal attention of the rich to the poor, seems to be one of the most efficient modes of preventing pauperism."

In course of time the funds provided under the old Acts for the relief of pauperism were found to be insufficient, and in 1843 a commission was appointed to enquire into the state of the poor, and the working of the poor laws in Scotland. The consequence of their investigations was the Bill "for the Amendment and better Administration of the Laws relating to the Relief of the Poor in Scotland," brought in by the Lord Advocate, Duncan M'Neill. The principal benefits he expected to accrue to the poor from the passing of this Bill were:—

"1st. Compelling periodical and constant attention to their condition, and preserving a record of what had been done or refused to be done.

2d. Giving speedy and effectual redress against wrongous refusal of relief.

3d. Also against illusory or inadequate compliance with the right of relief.

4th. Requiring relief to be given in the parish where the pauper was found; leaving to the parish, not to the pauper, to find out the liability of another parish.

5th. Authorising the poor-funds to be applied for procuring medical relief.

6th. And for the education of poor children.

7th. And for the relief of occasional claims.

8th. Facilitating compulsory assessments for all those purposes.

9th. Authorising assessments for the erection of poorhouses.

10th. Uniting burghal parishes, so that settlement by residence shall not be interrupted by removal from one parish to another in the same town, and by which other advantages will also be gained.

11th. Requiring that insane paupers shall be sent to asylums, except in special cases."

This Bill was passed on the 4th of August 1845. By a clause in it, the Board of Supervision was appointed, and in each parish an inspector and parochial board. Thus the distribution of the funds for the poor was taken out of the hands of the church officers, and put into those of paid officials,—a change which must have been distasteful alike to the purses of the ratepayers and the hearts of the poor. The mode of managing pauperism prior to the passing of the Act is generally called “the old system,” that subsequent to it, “the new system.” Under the latter, pauperism continued to increase immensely. It is stated by some that in Scotland pauperism can only increase in proportion to the population, as there can only be a certain percentage of “aged, sick, and impotent,” who alone are entitled to relief. But this is not borne out by facts, as it is actually shown that between 1845 and 1868 the population has only increased 17 per cent., while the registered poor have increased 27 per cent., and casual poor 41 per cent. In the latter year, paupers were at the rate of 1 to every $13\frac{1}{2}$ of the population. Then as to the expense, it has increased in a still greater ratio. Whereas, in the 19 years ending 1839, the poor’s fund increased only about one-third, from £114,000 to £155,000, of which £27,000 was from assessment,—from the year 1845 to 1868, there was an increase of 146 per cent., and of the expenses of management, legal and medical aid, &c., an increase of 400 per cent.

Then another heavy expense arose in the shape of poorhouses. These, although permitted by the Act of 1775, existed only in the form of almshouses,—homes for those who had none to care for them. But fresh provision being made for their creation by the Act of 1845, they sprang up with great rapidity, and at an enormous expense. In Edinburgh, the united cost of the two newly erected poorhouses of Craiglockhart and Craighleith, is estimated as not under £90,000. If these were even full (the number of inmates they each receive being 1600), the average house accommodation for each individual would be £56. This should be considered with the fact that good houses for tradesmen and their families can be built for £120, which is a much lower rate per head than accommodation in the poorhouse. The poor law officials consider that a most important benefit accruing from these institutions is the power to offer applicants the “poorhouse test,” that is to say to them, that if they want aid they may go into the “house.” This test, while acting as a preventive to imposition, also hinders in many cases the more respectable from getting the temporary aid they may stand in need of, as many of these would rather starve than enter the poorhouse. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider that the almshouses or homes for “the aged, sick, or impotent,” and the houses of correction

for the "strong and masterful beggars," no longer exist as separate institutions, but are united in the poorhouse, in which we find promiseously herded together all classes, from the deserving who have fallen into poverty from causes apart from themselves, to the most dissolute and disreputable, who have lived in rioting and drunkenness, secure of an asylum from the State when reduced to indigence and helplessness by their own misdeeds, and who in the poorhouse contaminate those associated with them.

The Scotch law of settlement brings a large number of English and Irish, especially the latter, upon our roll. In England and Ireland the pauper can only obtain relief from his native parish. In Scotland, five years' residence in the same parish entitles applicants, Scotch, English, or Irish, coming under the definition of pauper, to obtain relief. It is disputed claims of settlement that make law expenses so large an item in our pauper expenditure.

It has become very common for country proprietors to pull down cottages without replacing them, in order to avoid poor-rates, thus driving them into towns, there to gain a settlement and become chargeable on the poor-rates.

There are many other causes to which the vast increase of pauperism is attributable, besides the existence and working of the poor laws. The principal cause generally assigned for the really fearful state our Edinburgh poor have fallen into, is drunkenness, which even those whose knowledge of the poor and their ways is limited can fully corroborate. On all sides we hear that there are few cases of degradation and misery among the poor of which drink has not been the chief, if not the only cause. The number and size of drinking shops in the poorer parts of the town, show how great the demand must be. Besides these, there are numberless shebeens—unlicensed houses—where drink is obtainable by the initiated at all hours, lawful and unlawful. It is stated that in the manufacture of alcohol, more grain is used than all that grows in Scotland; and that in the United Kingdom, £120,000,000 are annually spent upon tobacco and alcohol.

The dram-shop and the pawn-shop have been called "The Devil's Siamese Twins," and they are rarely found separate. The first pawn-shop in Scotland was opened in 1806. They have increased with great rapidity. In Edinburgh there are now 33 licensed pawn-shops, and 219 "wee pawns." Of the articles pledged, a large proportion are bed and body clothes. The facility these places offer for raising money, is considered to be a most powerful encouragement to drink. Although, in many cases, the deserving poor may be enabled by aid of the pawn-shop to tide over a hard time, it is not they who principally support these institutions. It is the

drunken and the dissolute, who, in the greedy craving for drink, do not consider the misery they bring on themselves and their dependants. The state of pawnbroking has become so unsatisfactory that a committee of the House of Commons has been appointed to consider the subject, and it is proposed that the system of licensing should be altered, a list kept of all articles pledged, under as well as over 10s., and that pawn-shops should be placed more under control. It is the opinion of many who visit the poor that it would be very beneficial to prevent the pawning of bed and body clothes, these being comparatively rarely pledged by the respectable, but constantly by those who wish the money to convert it into drink; and the misery thus entailed is beyond description. Mr Heeter of Pollockshaws, who gave evidence before the committee, states that pawnbroking, drunkenness, and crime, increase in an equal ratio.

The over-crowding of the town, and the state of the dwellings of the poor, help to cause their wretched state. No one who has read descriptions of various parts of the Old Town, can fail to be filled with horror and astonishment that such dens should be allowed to exist in a civilised country. Our readers will find some account of them in "The Poor of Edinburgh and their Homes," by William Anderson, and in "Notes on Old Edinburgh," by the author of "The Englishwoman in America." By the census of 1861, it appears that upwards of 13,000 families, or about one-third of the population, were living in houses of one room; of these some opened out of other rooms, some had no windows, and some were cellars. An English clergyman, who visited some of the closes in the High Street one Saturday night, writes in the Church of England Temperance Magazine:—"We can but say that all we saw that night has left upon our mind the painful feeling, that of all the dark and desolate places of the earth, the Old Town is about the darkest and most desolate." The wretched state of the dwellings, want of water, bad ventilation, and defective sanitary arrangements, cannot fail to do much in sending customers to the whisky shops. Nay, more, they are the origin, and cause the spread of disease to a most fearful extent. The rapacity of the landlords of these dens is well known. While many of them clear from 40 to 100 per cent a year, they can hardly be induced to make the slightest repair on their property, and even when they do, almost uniformly raise the rent.

The insufficiency of both religious and secular instruction is another cause of the sinking of the poor. In the year 1850, it was estimated that upwards of 60,000 of the inhabitants of Edinburgh were unconnected with any place of worship, and were living in a state of heathenish ignorance and godlessness. Attendance

upon secular instruction can, under the age of fourteen, be legally enforced ; but how could it be enforced when the parents were indifferent, and there was no one else to move in the matter ?

Indiscriminate charity has done much evil among the poor. As a rule, it is the "strong and masterful beggars," the idle and dissipated, who, refusing to work, gain a livelihood by preying upon the generous, but too often inconsiderate sympathy, of the rich. It has been said that "the whisky shops of the Old Town are supported by the charity of the New." It is estimated that the charities of London alone amount to about five millions a-year ; and those of Edinburgh may be safely supposed to be in proportion. Each charitable institution has its own circle of recipients, and these often get help from several other charities, which thus overlap each other. Indeed, cases are known in which, by adapting the mode of application to the nature of each society applied to, as much as £4 or £5 a-week has been obtained by one individual under false pretences.

It had long been felt that something must be done, and that speedily, to cope with the monstrous evils about and in the midst of us. United effort could alone achieve it. The public mind was at last awakened to the necessity of action. On the 15th of April 1867, a meeting was called by Lord Provost Chambers, and held in the Council Chamber, to consider what should be done. A committee was appointed to draw up a report on the state of the poorer classes of Edinburgh. This report was prepared, and, at a meeting held on the 28th February 1868, was adopted and ordered to be published. The next step taken was the organisation of the "Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor."

ETA.

AUTHORITIES.—"A Digest of the Law of Scotland relating to the Poor," by Guthrie Smith ; "History of the Scotch Poor-law," by Sir George Nicholls ; "Pauperism and the Poor-laws," edited by T. Ivory, Esq. ; "Memoirs of Dr Chalmers," by Dr Hanna ; "Report on the Condition of the Poorer Classes of Edinburgh ;" &c.



The Edinburgh Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

II.

IN the publications of the Association, the following are stated to be its objects :—

- “ 1. To improve the temporal condition and physical well-being of the poor.
2. To encourage the education of the young.
3. To foster habits of temperance, economy, and cleanliness.
4. To discourage mendicancy, idleness, and dissipation.
5. To remove physical and moral nuisances from the abodes and neighbourhood of the poor.
6. To endeavour to aid the unemployed in procuring remunerative labour.
7. To meet cases of peculiar trial and sudden privation, and, by kindly assistance, to prevent the poor from making the fatal descent into pauperism.
8. To advance small sums of money, repayable in weekly instalments, to meet special cases of necessity.”

To achieve these, a “thorough, systematic and sustained house-to-house visitation” was indispensable. For this purpose, the city was divided into twenty-eight sections, embracing the various localities where poverty is to be found. To each of these sections there was appointed a committee, with a chairman and secretary, who, with the assistance of a staff of visitors, were expected to work out the plan of the Association.

Upwards of one thousand volunteers having sent in their names, a number of families, varying from five to twelve, was assigned to each. Each ordinary visitor has a district; each special or consulting visitor (in charge of a set of ordinary visitors), a division; the local Committee, a section; and the Acting Committee, which meets once a-week, superintends the whole. The finance, educational, and other special Committees, are composed of members of the Acting Committee, which is chosen yearly, and of which not less than one-fourth must consist of chairmen, secretaries, or members of Local Committees.

The Association does not profess to interfere with pauperism, which falls to be dealt with by the Poor-Law Board. Its main object is, by giving timely and judicious help, to prevent the poorer section of the working classes from lapsing into

pauperism. The various measures which such an undertaking implies, cannot of course all be taken at once ; but sufficient has already been achieved to justify the expectation of great things in the future.

The personal intercourse between the rich and the poor, as brought about by the working of the Association, is considered to be a most effective means of improvement. The presence and interest of a person of superior education and position has, apart from any tangible benefit conferred, been found to have a humanising and elevating tendency among the poor. One visitor, whose district is in one of the lowest closes of the Grassmarket, states that several women have repeatedly expressed a sense of shame at having been seen in a state of intoxication, one of them adding that she always tried to keep sober when he was likely to come. This of itself is a step gained ; as, by judicious management, the feeling of shame may eventually be converted into a desire to improve. It is, however, generally felt that but little can be done for those who are habitual drunkards. It is to the children of such that the Association, through its visitors, specially devotes attention, in the hope that by securing for them a suitable education, and, in cases of flagrant neglect and injurious influence, by removing them to a healthier atmosphere, the sins of the parents may not be visited upon the children, and that these rescued ones may become useful members of the community, instead of falling into the ranks of the vicious and the criminal.

As the providing of really nourishing food, at a cheap rate, is a powerful means of discouraging drunkenness, and as it is a well-known fact that insufficient and bad food often causes a craving for stimulant, and leads many to the dram shop, the Association has opened a Workman's Dining Hall in Chalmers Close, High Street, where, for 1d. and 2d. a sufficient and comfortable dinner may be obtained, which may be either eaten on the premises or carried away.

In the report on the Condition of the Poorer Classes of Edinburgh, alluded to in our last number, among the means proposed for lessening the temptations to drink, is that of calling out the feelings of prudence and economy by explaining the benefits of Savings Banks, Friendly, Provident, and Building Societies, &c., and thus diverting money, in many cases, from the whisky shop to these beneficial channels. The visitors have induced many of the poor to lay a little by in the Penny or larger Savings Banks as a provision for the future, and it is wonderful how much self respect is increased by the fact of being a Bank depositor. These Penny Banks seem to be comparatively little known among the poorer classes, perhaps because, unlike the Friendly and other Societies, they do not employ agents

to canvass for depositors. A large proportion of respectable working people subscribe to one or more of the Friendly Societies, and thus by a small weekly payment secure a certain sum to be allowed during illness or at death.

With regard to Building Societies, the Association has not yet been able to do much more than draw attention to them. The Acting Committee has been gathering information regarding the practicability of erecting a Workman's Village near Edinburgh, to and from which the inhabitants might be carried for $\frac{1}{2}$ d. or 1d. by rail. To pay for the erection of this, is not within the province of the Association; but were the preliminaries arranged for such a scheme, there is every probability that the necessary funds would be forthcoming,—a considerable sum being already promised. It is proposed that the houses should be built to meet the wants of a lower class than those for whom model dwelling-houses have been erected in Edinburgh, as it has not been found that the erection of these has either reduced the rents or relieved the crowding in the dens of the Old Town. It is tenants paying from 6d. to 2s. a-week who chiefly suffer by the pulling down of the old houses, which are replaced by others of a more expensive class.

The experiment of a workman's village has proved eminently successful at Mulhouse, in Alsace; an account of it will be found in an interesting work, entitled "Lending a Hand." The Company who originated this scheme, started with a capital of £14,200; and the shareholders agreed to forego any other profit than 4 per cent., any surplus being devoted to public works and improvements. The Emperor presented £12,000 from the State, which sum has been devoted to the public works of the place, sewerage, gas-lighting, wash-houses, bake-houses, &c. The dwelling-houses are generally laid out in blocks of four, standing back to back, each having a small garden in front, in each of which the Company has planted two fruit trees. The smaller houses contain three apartments, and cost £96; the larger contain six apartments, and cost £120. They are sold at cost price. A workman desirous of purchasing, is expected to pay down an instalment of £12 or £16, to cover the expenses of contract and transfer. If he is unable to do this, the Company generally allows the purchaser, in lieu of this, to pay a few shillings extra monthly, until this sum is made up. By paying 15s. a month for the smaller house, or 19s. 2d. a month for the larger, the workman becomes, in fourteen years, the proprietor, subject to certain reasonable conditions, among which are—keeping the house in order, and not sub-letting it. Until purchasers come forward, the Company is entitled to let the houses, but the rental must not exceed 8 per cent. on the cost. No father of a family can either rent or purchase a house without undertaking to

send his children to school. There is a building erected for the accommodation of unmarried men, in which a workman may obtain a room, with attendance and house linen, for 5s. 10d. a-month.

In the space of twelve years, from the formation of the Company to 1865, six hundred and fourteen of these houses were sold to workmen, and, for part of these, the whole purchase money was paid up. The success of this scheme is most encouraging to those who desire to establish a similar one for Edinburgh.

Meanwhile, the Association has taken such steps as are in its power, towards rectifying existing evils in the houses occupied by the poorer classes. The Acting Committee memorialized the Town Council on the subject of insanitary dwellings, and urged that they should refrain from pulling down more houses, till others, adapted to the means of the ejected population, should be provided to receive them. Furthermore, the visitors are directed to report all cases of dwellings coming under the denomination "insanitary"—(printed directions being furnished on this point), and the Association takes every means in its power to have these either improved or shut up.

The most efficient way of preventing the deserving poor from lapsing, is to find work for the unemployed; and to this the Association pays special attention, though it has been as yet able only partially to supply the want. The Acting Committee has in view the establishment of a register of the unemployed, from which a demand from other places for labourers may be supplied, thereby saving the workman and his family many a futile wandering in search of employment, resulting frequently in temporary, if not permanent, pauperism. Various hindrances have prevented the accomplishment of this valuable work; and, meanwhile, it chiefly rests with the visitors to do what they can to get work for the unemployed who come under their notice. There are various means by which a great deal may be accomplished in this way, particularly for young persons, who may often be helped to a situation or apprenticeship by the visitors canvassing among their tradespeople, or even by watching for and enquiring about the vacant situations advertised in our daily papers; and if the visitor is fortunate enough to have a respectable charwoman in the district, it is often a mutual boon to recommend her to friends.

An experiment is being made by some private individuals of having a supply of knitted under-vests made by poor women during the summer months for sale in winter. These have already given employment to many who were out of work, or on half-work; and if the sale of the vests justifies the expectations of those who promote the scheme, they will be encouraged to repeat it next season. The vests

are advertised in the Advertising Sheet of the "*Attempt*" for this month. It may here be remarked, that the war at present waging on the Continent, has already affected some of our manufactures, and a portion of work-people are in consequence thrown out of employment.

In many cases of want of work which come under the notice of the visitors, it is difficult to ascertain whether it is the will or the opportunity to work that is wanting. To meet this difficulty, and to enable those who are really anxious to earn at any rate small wages, a manufactory for fire-lighters has been established at Mr Swan's, 15 Leith Walk. As the work is not very remunerative, the employment acts as a labour test, showing whether or not the applicant is willing to take what work he can get, until something better turns up. It is hoped that this branch of industry will be patronised by the public, as upon the encouragement received, its continuance and efficiency must depend. It is under consideration to find something corresponding for women and girls, but nothing definite has been resolved upon. It has been proposed to establish a Washing-House, Laundry, and Bleaching-Green.

An important part of the Association's work is in the hands of the Loan and Finance Committee. The sum of £400 was given to the Association for the express purpose of giving loans to poor people in times of temporary and special need. These loans are intended "to enable a respectable tradesman or working man to recover a position he may have lost, or may be in danger of losing, by accident, family distress, or other sudden calamity; to give him, for example, the means of paying rent, of recovering or replacing tools, clothes, or other articles parted with, or otherwise to enable him to reap some legitimate advantage in his business or occupation, which straightened circumstances place beyond his reach. In short, to afford needful help to the industrious and provident, willing to help themselves." These loans range from 10s. to £5. The applicant is required to fill a printed form, find two respectable securities, and undertake to repay the sum in weekly instalments. In the second report of the Association, it is stated that 85 loans have been given, and are being repaid with varying regularity. An interesting experiment has been tried by one of the special visitors, in connection with the giving of loans for the purpose of redeeming articles in pawn. Believing that the probability of repayment of loans often depended upon the borrowers finding it to be for their interest to be regular in the payment of their instalments, the visitor, instead of advancing such a sum as would redeem at once all the articles pledged, resolved to limit his loans to 10s., that sum being sufficient to enable the borrowers to redcem

from pawn such articles as were most pressingly required, or were liable to be forfeited. He at the same time intimated that as soon as the first loan was repaid, he would give a second on similar terms, and so on, until the borrowers were enabled to redeem the whole of the articles which they had in pawn, and make a fresh start. One important fact, which goes far to account for the regularity with which the visitor was repaid, is that he arranged always to visit his district and receive the instalments on Saturday, just when the men came home with their wages, and before they found their way to the public-house.

The Acting Committee has proposed that where persons of good character have got clear of the pawnbroker, it should be made known to them that, in the event of their being again placed in difficulties through want of employment, illness, or other legitimate cause, instead of again pledging their clothes, they should apply to the Association, when such aid would be given, as would enable them to tide over their temporary difficulties.

In winter, the Association lends blankets to such of the poor as are found to be necessitous and deserving. These blankets are stamped and numbered, and the Edinburgh pawnbrokers have undertaken not to receive them in pledge; and if offered, to send information to the Superintendent of the Association, at the office 69 North Hanover Street.

Cast-off clothes are gladly received at the office, and are under the charge of the Ladies' Committee, who, in cases recommended by the visitors and Local Committees, give what is requisite. This has been found very useful, as many have been enabled to obtain work by this judicious aid. As the supply of clothes sent in by no means equals the demand for them, the Acting Committee has twice voted money to be spent by the Ladies' Committee in materials for warm clothing for distribution in winter. The poor are generally expected to make up these garments for themselves; in some cases they are anxious to pay part, and occasionally the whole, of the value of the materials.

Many children have been enabled to attend school by receiving necessary clothing. But even this supply some of the poor make a stepping-stone to further demands. A widow, who professed to be in a state of semi-starvation, asked for clothes to enable two of her children to attend school. After investigation of the case, the clothes were given, and the visitor ascertained that they were duly worn at school. Shortly afterwards, the visitor was informed that an examination was coming on, and that she was expected to get new dresses for the children for the occasion, white muslin and pink ribbons being preferred!

The means of education are now brought within the power of almost every one, and when parents cannot afford even the almost nominal sum charged, the Association is prepared to pay the school fees for the children.

A most important object of the Association is the suppression of street begging, and much has been done towards the achievement of this. The public is constantly urged to abstain from promiscuous charity ; and the charitable are invited to ascertain the character and condition of beggars applying to them for help, through the medium of the Association, which undertakes, when necessary, to supply their wants. Those whose characters are thus enquired into, are almost invariably found to be idle and worthless, it being only in very exceptional cases that the deserving solicit charity.

A committee was appointed, with the view of inducing the existing charities of Edinburgh to amalgamate, whereby much imposition would be avoided ; but the scheme has not hitherto met with much success.

The Association being desirous of interesting the public in its objects, is always ready to avail itself of opportunities of giving information on all subjects connected with it. Several of its members took part in a recent course of lectures on the Poor Law, under the auspices of the Chalmers Association. One of the members has given an interesting account of the management of the poor at Elberfeld. It is one of the many German towns which adopt the same system. There the funds for aiding the poor are all managed by unpaid agency. Every man who has a vote is expected to take his share of the work, and few refuse to do so. To the charge of each visitor four families are committed ; he is expected to visit them at least once a fortnight, and to submit to his Committee all cases requiring relief. The actual expense per head of relief given is not found to be much less than in this country. But the ratio of pauperism to the population is much less ; the expenses of paid officials, law, &c., are saved ; and the public is satisfied that the poor are thoroughly cared for. It is hoped that the day may come when the general funds for the poor in Edinburgh will be administered by a similar agency.

Associations similar to that established in Edinburgh, exist in London, Liverpool, and Aberdeen. One in Glasgow ceased to exist, from want of a sufficient number of visitors, but is reviving under a new form. Information regarding the organisation of the Edinburgh Association has been asked for by Birkenhead, Lincoln, Bristol, Douglas, Kensington, Paisley, Newburgh, Berks, Newcastle, Forfar, Cardiff, Clifton, and Nairn.

The two essentials for carrying on the work of the Association are money and

visitors. To appeals for the former the public has liberally responded ; but four hundred more visitors are still required to overtake the whole area of work. Without these, the machinery is imperfect and hampered. As the ranks may find recruits among our readers and their friends, the next paper of this series will be devoted to the special duties and sphere of the ordinary visitor. ETA.

(To be continued.)

Shadows of Marriage.

TO MARGUERITE.

FAREWELL, my daisy, lonely you leave me ;
 I do not murmur, I would not grieve thee ;
 Kind is the hand that transplanteth thee now,—
 From a land where we know all the wild flowers that grow,
 To a far-away clime where we do not know one,
 But the daisy of all flowers must follow its sun,—
 So self-thoughts are silenced, to smile on thy lot,
 That may make thee forget me—thou still unforget.
 Farewell, dear, farewell.

Farewell, my pearl-gem,—is it all over,
 That time when to each we were both friend and lover ?
 Through dear days of youth how I clung to thy side,
 As dispart from the world as we'd lived 'neath the tide ;
 Gem-like, thou show'st to me, pure in thy ray,
 Brightening my young heart, and lighting my way ;
 But a diver experienced, who plunged through our tide,
 Hath won thee by loving,—to wear thee, his bride.

Leila, dear one, farewell.

LUTEA RESEDA.

Una Ferguson.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ Oh were we young, as we ance hae been,
 We suld hae been galloping down on yon green,
 And linking it o'er the lily white lea,
 And werena my heart licht I wad dee.”—*Old Song.*

THE more I thought of Brand Hilary and Louis Maryon (for such was the gallant hussar's name) together, the more strongly my preference turned towards the former. True, he was not so ready of speech, nor seemingly so alert in action, but there was an earnestness of purpose, a frankness of expression in his face utterly wanting in the other, handsome and gay and bold as it was. And Hilary's face was handsome too, with true Saxon beauty; fair of complexion though sunburnt, with hazel eyes that won upon you more and more daily by their truthful brightness, a square forehead and a firmly-set mouth, as sweet in its smiling as Una's own, and that great beauty, a well-formed chin. His was a quiet face, though it could light up, and often did; but the other face was never still, never allowed you to look through the windows freely into the moods and tenses of the mind within. It was possible for it to inspire admiration, nay, affection, but confidence never, or so it seemed to me. And, as day by day I saw the eyes that were to me a memory and a fear settling more eagerly on Una, a dull dread of coming misfortune seemed to come over me. That evening of Frank's arrival, though Brand Hilary had tried to seem occupied with other things, I had seen how he, too, seemed to feel, even when he did not see, Una's every movement. Truly

“ Like the moon, she made
 The ever-varying currents of the blood,
 According to her humour, ebb and flow,”

and I trembled to think that she held in her soft hands unconsciously, the happiness of the life her urgency had helped to save, and of the other that had been risked for its safety.

I heard her laugh as Elsie and she ran lightly upstairs, having gathered some geraniums for their hair in the little greenhouse. Elsie was twitting her with little Mr Glynn's devotion, which, indeed, I saw was drawing to its natural close, *i.e.*, an

offer and a rejection. Una had shown him, as plainly as she could, the real state of the case, but I felt sure his elastic temperament would not be thoroughly discouraged by anything short of a point-blank "No," which there was every likelihood of his receiving before long. But Una would only have laughed if I had told her that Brand Hilary who hardly spoke to her, who left the Corsair to hand her chair and search for her glove, was setting his heart upon her with a devotion which I could not but think would be true and lasting.

Well, just then I had not much time for meditation, for it struck me that the dinner ought to be suited to Frank's peculiar tastes ; and then I remembered that seeing the days when Cousin Mary's tarts and cheese-cakes were objects eagerly coveted and devoured were gone by, possibly an extra good curry would be more to the purpose. This I commissioned Lizzie particularly to see after, as there was just time, and then came dinner, and many remembrances of old days, as I saw how the boy's face had changed into a man's, and yet kept the old expression in a bewildering way that confused my ideas every now and then. Then in the evening Una and Elsie sang the duets they had learned at Hampstead, in what they called "old times," and Frank sat down by my work-table to talk, and tell me of his life and prospects, which last seemed to be decidedly bright. About nine o'clock there was a ring, and what Frank would have called "a chit" was brought in for me from Mr Glynne, saying he and Captain Maryon had managed to engage a large sailing-boat, big enough to hold their party and ours with all safety, and they hoped we would join them in a sail to Ilsley Bank, a pretty place on the coast several miles away. Mr Hilary had volunteered to assist in the navigation of said boat, and all would be in readiness about ten next morning, if we could come. Una and Elsie hastily left the piano, and the Ilsley Bank motion was carried *nem. con.*

"I suppose I must go, were it only as chaperone," I put in.

"Of course, Molly, it wouldn't be really fun without you," said Una, and she went to the window. "There is going to be a gale," she said, "what fun."

"There is going to be nothing of the kind," said Frank. "Molly, are you as much afraid of the sea as you were long ago, or has familiarity bred contempt?"

"I shall never be a good sailor," I said, "I leave that to Una ; but if you'll drop a line to the clerk of the weather-office to let us have a dead calm, I don't mind."

"A dead calm, and a painted ship upon a painted ocean," said Una, "how delightful ! Screw your courage to the sticking-point, darling, and it will be all right, and do answer the note. I see the emerald plush of the Glynne's servitor in

front, must he tarry till we have settled whether 'a wet sheet and a flowing sea,' or a dead sea calm is to be our portion? A verbal answer will do." So I sent one, and next morning all was bustle. We should be away all day; so our quota of the luncheon had to be prepared, and Lizzy was up with the dawn making that subtle pastry which melts away in the mouth of the fortunate recipient, and packing up delicate sandwiches, and a flask or two of Moselle, and "making all things ready."

General Hilary had asked Papa to ride with him to look at some cottages he was building on a distant part of his estate, and he would not return till late in the afternoon. So, precisely a quarter before ten on that 26th morning of April, we started off, with Gordon to carry the baskets to the pier, where we found the Glynne family, the Corsair, and Brand Hilary awaiting us. The morning was perfect, with just a light breeze, and as warm and sunny as June would have been further north. And so we stepped into the "Oudinny" with great anticipations of pleasure. The singular name of the boat deserves attention, as it was an act of homage to Una. The possessor of said craft had obtained permission to christen his newly built boat after "Miss Una," and had spelt the name after his own fashion. We never had the heart to represent to him that there was a slight mistake in the orthography, and Una had had many a trip in her namesake. As soon as we got in, I noticed Mr Glynne's state of mind, which was certainly peculiar. They say love invariably transforms a man into the reverse of his usual self, makes the talker silent, the taciturn eloquent, and from as good-natured and easy going a little fellow as ever lived, it had on this occasion changed our worthy friend into a gloomy misanthrope, who seemed like Mr Toots, to be contemplating the silent tomb as his abode at no distant date, and to regard any one who spoke to Una in the light of an interloper.

A savage frown passed over his rather narrow forehead, a most needless contraction of that which was already contracted, when the Corsair took Una's hand to help her into the boat; true, he could not have reached it from where he stood, but that was nothing. I could not help observing how different he was from his ordinary self, and, indeed, he drew upon his devoted head a cloud of comparisons from Rose. Violet was detained by a pressing and special service, and had, as her sister remarked, "henned off" at the last moment, at the gate of the church. *The church, par excellence*, no one took much note of the quiet little building about half-a-mile from St Michael's, where Mr Haslam presided, though Una and I went there nearly every Sunday, to hear our old friend preach.

"Dear Hal, 'away with melancholy.' Your face would bring down a storm upon us ; you will drive away all the 'birds of peace,' from the 'charmed wave.' Do try to look less like an embodied funeral, there's a dear fellow. Oh, well, if you can't, I for one don't want my own or my friends' obsequies forced upon my attention just at this moment," with which she turned her back upon the head of the family, whose most unheard-of melancholy was by no means lightened by her remarks. Una was standing up in the stern, which had been brought close to the steps of the quay, taking our mufflings from Frank. How lovely she looked, with her upturned face, and the simple lines of her boating dress, a plain blue serge jacket and skirt, falling around her as she stood, one little foot just visible on the gunwale. Una's feet, by the way, were rather like those of the Queen of Spain, or the little feet which once

"Crept in and out,
As if they feared the light."

But I am stopping the whole boating-party in order to describe them. They descended into the stern, and the baskets were stored away, with loud calls for a kettle. "Mary brought one," said Una ; "half the fun is making afternoon tea at Ilsley Bank, all the smoke will go down the spout, and then how enjoyable it will be."

"Of course you've forgotten the cork-screw" said Captain Maryon, "if not, pray let some one drop it into the water ; no good ever came of a pic-nic party that had a cork-screw."

"Mind the bottles, Frank, you as nearly as possible set down that basket with a violence that would have smashed them altogether." This from me, while Frank protested his home-made ginger-beer, that nobody else would drink, was good enough for me in the old times, that were better than these.

"There goes the salt into the sea, coals to Newcastle," said Rose, as the unthrifty heir of Glynne, taking the last mentioned useful article from Una, let it drop over the side in a slight agitation which was rather to his credit than otherwise, instead of putting it into one of the baskets. After which, he retreated further into the bow of the "Oudinny," and seemed to refuse to be comforted.

Well, it was a charming day, and as the sails filled and we swept along, even I, bad sailor though I was and am, thoroughly enjoyed it. The owner of the boat, a boy who was with him, and Mr Hilary, managed the vessel admirably ; Rose, Una, and Elsie, joined in choruses and glees ; Una especially seemed half-wild with enjoy-

ment, and thoroughly in her element, laughing with Elsie over old school stories and jokes, singing like a mermaid, and making fun of everything and everybody.

"This is what I call thorough and entire enjoyment," she said at last, as she turned up the sleeve of her jacket, and held her hand and wrist in the eddies beside the boat. "What a comfort to be able to say that every time I look at Elsie I feel anew the joys of emancipation. Do you feel the same, Elsie? Well, it was a pleasant time at Hampstead after all, but when I see you, old lady, it brings back the second last morning of the half, when nothing more could be done to one in the way of marks of disapprobation, and we threw pillows at each others' heads. Dear me, how old I feel!" Saying which, she drew up her hand from the water, white and glistening, and demurely sprinkled some drops on the face of Rose, who was pretending to go to sleep, and whose little dimpled chin, downy cheeks, and tumbled hair, showed to great advantage under the shadow of her tilted sailor's hat, which almost hid her closed eyes and dark eye-lashes. "I beg everybody's pardon," she exclaimed, feigning to start from slumber, "but Hal was so lively, and Captain Maryon so depressingly cheerful, that it altogether lulled me into oblivion, and I dreamt I was at church, and Violet's pet was intoning, and then that he threw some holy water over me to make me more fit to be there. Was that you, Una?"

"Yours was a waking dream, I suspect, Miss Rose," said Captain Maryon, "at least you kept opening your eyes every now and then, for fear we should forget what they were like."

"As if nobody ever slept with their eyes open," retorted Rose, "why you have kept yours open ever since you favoured us with your company on board, and if you haven't been asleep, you might have been, for all the entertainment you have afforded."

"How unjust; I was listening to those divine strains of yours, and then to your equally charming conversation, and for the last few minutes I've been wondering how I manage to feel young, when Miss Undine declares she feels old."

"I shall grow young again as I get up in life," said Una. "I saw Miss Screwbury, senior, yesterday, and she was evidently not more than twenty, nor so much, I should say; I felt inclined to ask her to come and make sand-houses on the beach, she appeared so juvenile. Didn't she, Elsie?"

"For my part," said Frank, "I feel so old that for any one else to talk of being aged in my presence is presumption. Go on, Cousin Una, sing something else and don't talk nonsense. Sing the Canadian boat song." So Una began, and the others chimed in, and I sat listening, thinking of merry days long ago, when we had rowed

home in the twilight singing that very song, along the river that flowed near Red-mains. Then followed "Santa Lucia,"—and amid songs and talk and laughter we drew near Ilsley Bank, and were landed in a small boat, together with the luncheon, which we proceeded to unpack. The Corsair contrived, by one of his manœuvres, to sit next Una, and attend to her in various ways, Frank devoted himself to me, and Henry Glynne, uncheered by the soothing influence of the viands or the wine, sat pretending to help Elsie, who, had it not been for Brand Hilary dividing her from Rose, would have fared badly.

"The salt can't all have been lost, Miss Glynne," Elsie said at last, "for your brother has flavoured this sweet sandwich with it to perfection. I never knew how nice it was with raspberry jam before; just a touch of mustard and cayenne, Mr Glyne, and it will be all I could wish."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Harper, what a stupid idiot I am, pray throw it away, I really—what can I have been thinking of?"

"Never mind," said Elsie, "here is great store of eatables and drinkables, without any mingling of tastes; *chacun à son goût*, perhaps this highly flavoured and rare compound may suit somebody else." Henry Glynne's embarrassment and *gaucherie* were painfully increased when he felt they had been observed, as I saw; so I begged him to look for one of the baskets which I thought had been forgotten, and when he returned to say it was not to be found, he looked quieter,—but at the same time I saw a sort of resolute look in his face which told me his mind was made up, and when we began to stroll about, he told Una he wished to show her a view from a rock which rose behind a wood at a little distance.

"It is the prettiest look-out hereabouts, Miss Una; do come and see it."

"Very well, but I am not so selfish as to wish to see it alone," said Una, "will no one else come?"

"I would with pleasure, Miss Undine," said Captain Maryon, who was the only one near, "but I find I've very stupidly left my cigar-case on board, and your cousin wanted one, I think; yes, he certainly did, so I won't deprive Mr Glynne of the pleasure of showing you the view by himself."

"That's all an excuse, you want a quiet smoke," said Una, "however, it must pass for once. Come, Mr Glyne, I won't attempt to rival the delicious weed." And so off they went; and when they came back, Una's bright face was so sober, and her poor little lover's so utterly cast down, though he seemed trying to keep up appearances, that I felt for both of them. The best thing I could do was to begin to make

a great fuss about tea, and in the boiling of the kettle, and the going to and fro seeking for sticks, &c., to occupy every one as much as possible.

Mr Glynne came up to me as I was stooping over the fire. "I've been a great fool, Miss Ferguson," he said ; "of course you see how it is. I thought in time I might make her like me, but it seems it's of no use."

"We need not leave off being friends," I said ; "I am very, very sorry." And then the others came up ; Captain Maryon having filled the kettle at a brook near by, and comparing the whole scene to any absurd thing he could think of as he carried it along, and Una, with the other girls, bringing cups and saucers and all things needful, assisted by Brand Hilary and Frank. Una seemed afraid to stop talking, and rattled away to hide her confusion till we were all seated, and I was dispensing the tea, then she suddenly became silent, and the sail home was much quieter than that of the morning. Rose, with her sharp eyes, had evidently discovered the state of affairs, and even she was quieted, but I had no chance of speaking to Una alone till just before she was going to bed, when I went into her room. She had been crying, and looked so grieved, that for one moment I wondered whether she repented her decision.

"Oh, Molly darling, how horrid it all was," she said, "who was to guess that he would choose to spoil such a nice day in that way?"

"Any one who looked at him," I said, "but your eyes were otherwise employed."

"Well, it was a shame, just when I thought we were getting to be friends. I hope nobody will ever ask me again.

"Till Hülbrand comes?"

"Hülbrand will never come. You are the best, Molly, worth twenty Hülbrands. And I feel as if I had done wrong, and yet I never pretended to like him, you know I didn't. Well, I'll go to bed and try to forget about it."

And so she did, and next morning was herself again ; and in the course of the day we heard that the Glynne family was preparing to go to London. The girls came to say good-bye ; they were not quite at their ease at first, but became quite cordial before they left. Captain Maryon, it seemed, was going too.

"But not quite so soon," said Rose. "General Hilary has asked him to the Hall. If you'll believe me, it was only the other day that he heard the whole story of how his son was saved, and he came down at once to thank Maryon, and can't make enough of him." This was no good news for me. I had looked forward to the Glynne's departure, chiefly because I thought it would involve that of their friend, and here

was he at the Hall, between which and Lawrence Lodge there was continued coming and going, nor could there be any possibility of changing this. Nor, I was sorry to see, could there be any doubt that the Captain meant to lay siege to Una, though he had more control over himself than the luckless heir of the Glynnnes, and would not be rash. What I feared came upon me, for hardly a morning passed in that bright May weather, without the two young men from the Hall coming in to devise some plan for passing the day. The Glynnnes had departed bodily, the girls in high spirits apparently, and General Hilary seemed much pleased with his guest. One day he was talking him over with me.

"He is well connected, though he seems pretty much alone in the world ; his father was a brother of Sir Charles Maythorpe, who it seems changed his name on inheriting his estate, and his mother was Spanish ; it is evident he has some foreign blood in his veins from his appearance. His father was stationed at Gibraltar, offended all his relations by his marriage, and then died ; so this lad was brought up in Spain, living at some sea-port town with his mother, till his uncle landed there by accident from his yacht, saw the boy, and recognised him by the family likeness."

"And what did he do ?" said I. Luckily it was nearly dark, for the familiar name, so long unheard, and once so dear above all others, had sent the hot blood to my cheeks and brow as in the old time. No need to ask why Captain Maryon's face had moved me so strangely now. The ghost of my old trouble had come back in the shape of a new one.

"What did he do ? why, he found the boy living with a penurious old uncle of his mother's, she having died a month or two before, and so brought him home and educated him, and got him a commission, I suppose, and there he is. Now I must be going ; why, Mary, I must get the doctor to prescribe for you, your hand is like ice, and shaking too. What *is* the matter ?"

"Nothing," I answered hastily, "my hands are usually cold, it is no bad sign with me." And then I went upstairs to think. "Maythorpe, Charles Maythorpe." How the name brought back old times, that it was only pain to remember now. Was my feeling towards Maryon mere prejudice, an instinct I ought to disregard, or an intuition ? "Well," I thought, "at any rate he and Brand are coming to dinner, but I hope, I do hope, he won't be here long."

And that night Captain Maryon left the group at the piano and came up to me.

"You don't know how sorry I am, these pleasant evenings are at an end for me," he said, "but my leave is up, and I have some affairs to attend to in London. Hilary has kindly asked me here again in September, for the shooting, so perhaps

I may see you again then, if I can get away." He hesitated, and then said,—“Can you not guess what makes it doubly hard for me to leave St Michael's? Oh, Miss Ferguson, do you think your sister would allow me to see her alone before I go? I can't leave without knowing whether I have any chance or not.”

It was out, and he stood looking half proud, half ashamed, and a whole tide of feelings came over me as I saw the look in his eyes, when they wandered half involuntarily over to Una. Then I saw Brand Hilary glance towards us, and start as if a new light had broken in upon him, and then rise abruptly and lean on the piano, talking to Elsie.

I knew that *he* knew, ‘by tact of love,’ what his friend was talking of, but there were Charles Maythorpe's eyes waiting for an answer,—restless, unsteady, but eager and evidently earnest, not to be evaded. “I can tell you nothing,” I said; “pardon me, but you are almost a stranger, and though I cannot pretend not to have remarked your attention to Una, she is, I am sure, that is, I am nearly sure——” here I came to a full stop.

“She has no thoughts of me, that's likely enough,” he said, “and yet——may I not see her to-morrow morning if I come?” I managed to bring out a sort of conditional acquiescence, and soon after Brand and Captain Maryon left, and I, in great trouble of mind, went to Una's room when I heard Elsie leave it.

O. M.

Comfort in Tears.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

AND how is it that thou art sad,
When all around are gay?
For by thine eyes I well can see
That thou hast wept to-day.

And what though I have lonely wept?
My grief was all my own;
And since those softening tears I've shed,
My heart is lighter grown.

Thy happy friends are calling thee—
“Come, lean upon our breast!
And whatsoever thou hast lost,
To us be it confessed.”

Ye talk and stir—but cannot guess
The grief that tortures me—
Ah no! 'tis not a *loss* I mourn
Though deep my longings be.

Then rouse thee, thou art young and bold,
 And shouldst not quail nor tire,
 At thy young years a man has strength
 And courage to aspire.

Alas ! I dare not *here* aspire,
 My hopes are fixed so far ;
 She dwells as high, she shines as fair
 As yonder distant star !

The stars !—we men *desire* them not,
 We glory in their light,
 We gaze on them in wondering joy
 Through many a summer night.

And I have gazed in wondering joy,
 Through many a happy day—
 Now let me weep the weary night,
 My tears will have their way.

DIDO.



Croquet.

FOR the last eight or nine years we have been of the opinion that Croquet should take a much higher standing among our national games than that which was at first accorded to it by a frivolous public, who, though willing to spend hours in knocking about the balls amid laughter and conversation, failed to see any of the true merits of the game. However, the time and attention which have been bestowed upon it now for some years past, go far towards making amends for the ill-usage with which it met in the early stage of its existence.

We are not here going to enter into a minute examination of the laws of the game, as that would require much space ; besides which, our noble contemporary, *The Field*, generously opens its columns for a free discussion of these, and, in a spirit of fair play, lets every one have his turn, either in pointing out objections to, or in proposing improvements on, the laws. Therefore, we shall confine ourselves more immediately to the tactics of the game.

One great advantage which croquet has over most other games, is its adaptability to all sizes of grounds. It may be played with a certain amount of interest and skill on the back-green of a town house, though to be seen in its full glory, with its splitting strokes, its following strokes, its rushing strokes, and its long shots, it needs the wider dimensions of a lawn. There is much diversity of opinion as regards the proper limits of a croquet ground ; we consider that in order to have perfection, the distance from peg to peg should be from forty-five to fifty yards, and that there should be an area of twenty yards beyond each peg and beyond the side hoops, though on a ground much smaller than this, very beautiful play may be seen. The arrangement of

the hoops is also a subject of much discussion, and though we ourselves are satisfied with the usual setting of two hoops (not crossed) in the centre, we can see the force of the argument that, on a ground not sufficiently large to allow of constant changing of the hoops, the grass around the two in the centre becomes worn and slippery, from the constant play going on in their neighbourhood, and that many a good break is spoiled by this fact. This being the case, there is some discussion going on among the best players as to what new arrangement should be adopted ; and while they are on the subject of changes, it is not improbable that they may alter the position of one of the two hoops before each peg, which are indeed rather too simply set, it being almost as easy to run the two as the one. Many players will be sorry to think of the old arrangement of the hoops being put aside for some newer mode, but when they remember how many players there are now-a-days who, on a smooth ground, can run all the hoops in one turn by the help of a ball to croquet, they will see that something a little more difficult is needed for advanced players. As regards the colouring of the balls, we must give our strongest testimony in favour of those distinguished by the number of their stripes, all those belonging to one side having red stripes, and those on the other blue, as being a far more intelligible plan than that of distinguishing them by eight different colours. Before proceeding to the tactics of the game, there is one remark more to make, and that in regard to the mallets. After much serious consideration, and throwing aside of all prejudice, we think that the All-England Croquet Club did right in removing all restriction as to the size, weight, or shape of the mallets, leaving each player to select that with which he can play best. There was something taking in the idea of a player accustoming himself to no particular mallet, but being able to acquit himself creditably on any ground with the implements there provided, but experience teaches us that the best players are those who always have their own mallets with them, whether at home or abroad ; therefore, as good play and not an abstract principle is what is wanted, we give in our adhesion to this law of liberty.

Having said so much to clear the way, as it were, let us imagine to ourselves a perfect game, and examine its tactics to a certain degree. It is a fine still day, with just sufficient breeze to prevent the heat of the sun from being oppressive, and two good equal players have met for a game, on a ground of the dimensions already specified, the turf of which has been watered by showers during the night, and had a good heavy roller passed over it in the early morning. We shall call our players Red and Blue, and Red's balls we shall call 1 and 3, and Blue's 2 and 4. Red having gained the toss, he leads off with 1, making the first and second hoops with ease,—but

now comes the first point for consideration,—shall he take up his position before the third hoop, and so run the risk, not only of being croqueted by blue, but of being of immense service to him in the making of his hoops? On a smooth ground, and with good players such as we are imagining, we should advise his not taking up position, at least not just in front of the hoop, but at a distance of about 12 or 15 yards back from it. Then Blue plays with 2, and is in some perplexity as to his best move after having made the first and second hoops. It is difficult to say what he should do; if he is tolerably certain of his long shots, he might try one at the ball already in the game, but we should rather advise him to take up position at the third hoop, for then when Red starts the third ball, he will, if he be at all a cautious player, prefer joining his other ball to risking a shot at 2; this will leave Blue the choice of either trying a shot at his own ball with 4, or of trying a still longer one at his adversary's balls, should they be lying in such a position as to give him a broad aim. The game being thus opened, we should say the chances in favour of either side getting the best of it are pretty even. And now the play begins in earnest, and we have an opportunity of observing the characteristic tactics of the two players. Red plays a very cautious game. Except on occasions of great necessity, he risks taking no ball beyond the distance of 10 yards, always preferring to join his other ball, if there should be no ball or point to make within this distance. But what he chiefly excels in are his splitting strokes. If his enemy's balls have got together, and are lying within 50 yards of him, he can count on splitting accurately to within two or three feet of them; his usual style of play then is to croquet the next player away, and make a long break with the help of the other; but he is always careful at the end of his turn to let his two balls be together again. Blue's tactics are somewhat different. He is more inclined to make long shots, considerable practice in which has given him such confidence, that it is nearly as likely as not that he will hit anything within 25 yards of him, and occasionally he hits at a distance of 40 yards. This often enables him to regain the break after his opponent thought he had banished him to a safe distance, but at the same time it tells against him sometimes, in that it makes him rather careless as to keeping his two balls together, and tempts him to rely too much on his long shots, so that when he does miss, it may take him some time to get his balls again into good position. A stroke in which both players excel is the rushing stroke,—*i.e.*, in splitting or in running a hoop, they so measure their distance as to lay their own ball just behind that at which they are next going to aim, so that they can “rush” it into the exact spot where they wish to be, and then can have their croquet

or split shot, or whatever they please. It is only of late years that this shot has been brought to perfection. By means of it a player may easily make breaks of eleven or twelve points, or if no accident happen, may make the whole round should he think it desirable to do so. Another point of resemblance between our two players is their dislike to long croquets or banishings, merely as such. Of course, at the close of a game, a certain amount of such play is necessary, and throughout, the ball next to play must be dealt with carefully; but as a rule, our players prefer using the balls to dismissing them. At one time, banishing to a great distance was considered an important part of croquet, but as the science of the game has developed itself, such a mode of play has been more and more abandoned, till indeed a rule has been lately made in an influential quarter, abolishing putting the foot on the ball at all. If this rule should be universally accepted, it will do much towards putting an end to the banishing style of play.

People who play croquet rightly become so much in earnest over it, that they think of it not only as a game but as an occupation, in the pursuit of which more is involved than the mere pleasure of a few hours, and they bring to bear on it their own ideas of right and wrong, as they would on any other work. This is partly what modifies the tactics of different players: thus A thinks it a shabby style of play to put his adversary's ball right behind a wire, where its next shot must be lost, in merely getting to such a spot as he can play from next turn, whereas B considers this one of the most skilful parts of the game, as it is certainly no easy matter to lay the ball in the exact spot necessary for wiring it; and B, in his turn, thinks A a little shabby in his perpetual practice of sending one of his adversary's balls to lie for the next ball of his own which is to play. These instances might be multiplied, but they are sufficient for our purpose, which is merely to say, that if people play in a frank open spirit, rather foregoing a possible advantage than running the risk of favouring their own side, they need not suspect themselves or their neighbours of a shabby intention. But while we are thus moralizing, our two players have nearly finished their game, and if we would see that most exciting part of the whole, we must hurry back to the ground. Blue has got both his balls rovers, and has them lying within three yards of the winning peg, whereas Red has still a few hoops to make. It is Blue's turn to play with his second ball—what shall he do? There are just two kinds of tactics which come into play at this part of the game, and each kind has its numerous and influential advocates. Blue may either make a gentle but firm rolling stroke to the peg, and risk getting both his

balls out this turn, or he may split to the enemy, in the hope of banishing both his balls and of returning to his position near the peg. There can be no positive rule laid down for this, as each player must be guided, to a certain degree, by the style of shot in which he most excels, but on the whole we sympathise with the general who endeavours to get out at once, or who, failing in this, remains near the peg, leaving his adversary to split up to him, for many games are lost by the player who is in advance scattering his own balls in endeavouring to disperse the enemy. But of course it is impossible to say, without seeing the exact game, what should be the tactics, at this part, we only say that as a general principle, it is better for the player in advance to trust to his adversary failing in splitting to him, than to spoil his own position by splitting down to his adversary, for if he fails, his balls are separated without his opponent taking any trouble in the matter, who, seeing what has happened, has only to play carefully to come in and win. It is just this question which is puzzling Blue. At last he determines to split to Red's balls, which are lying at a distance of about twenty yards from him, and are three yards separate from one another. In doing this, he wires himself from the nearest ball, tries a shot at the other, but has got nervous and fails. Red takes courage at this, and works his balls careful through their remaining hoops up to the winning peg, for Blue having separated his own balls, Red is not distracted from his hoops in order to split up to him, as must have been the case had Blue remained near the peg. Red ends his turn by banishing Blue's 4 ball (he scorns to kill it, though such a mode of playing is still permitted by the otherwise excellent code of laws drawn up by the All-England Croquet Club), and by laying his own balls within a few feet of the winning peg. Blue then tries a long shot at Red's balls, but misses them by a few inches, whereupon Red wins the game. Perhaps the above parenthesis regarding killing reads rather sharply, but we suppose there is no point in the game on which it is more to be deplored that players cannot be agreed. To those who never, from their earliest croquet playing days, looked upon "killing" their adversary, actually putting him out of the game, as otherwise than an act utterly unworthy of croquet, it must cause sincere regret to see so many scientific players upholding such a law. Why should one shot, even though a good one, have the power of utterly disabling your adversary? Making a fine break of twelve or fourteen points is surely better play than killing your adversary, even in one beautiful straight croquet of twenty yards? Yet the first piece of play does not ensure you the game, whereas the last so cripples your adversary, that he need scarcely cherish the faintest hope of victory. We wish to stigmatise no play as mean or cruel which stops short of killing, but that once done, the game

is no longer a good stand-up fight, but an ignominious struggle of two against one. We know of no analogous rule in cricket, golf, or billiards, which can be quoted in defence of this extraordinary law, which we think would never have crept into croquet, had the game been better understood when its first elementary rules were drawn up (who knows by whom?) years ago.

The game we have above attempted partly to describe, was between two equal players ; but as it often happens that two players, equally warm in their admiration of the game, but unequal in the skill and science which they can bring to bear upon it, meet and wish to have a game, we must say a few words as to the best means of arranging such a match. When two such players meet, it generally happens that the superior player, anxious to encourage his adversary, plays but a poor game, contenting himself for the most part with making his hoops without splitting to his adversary's balls, and even plays his strokes carelessly. This being alike demoralising to his own play and unsatisfactory to his adversary, various other plans have been tried, such as the weaker player being given some hoops as odds, or the stronger player, if accustomed to play with two hands, being compelled to play with one only ; but there are many good reasons against both of these plans, and we think the only good remedy is that proposed lately by a writer in *The Field*, viz., *bisques*. A *bisque* is an extra turn taken by the weaker player at any part of the game ; if the *bisque* be judiciously timed, it may be turned to great account. We have made the experiment of playing with *bisques*, and feel we cannot recommend them too highly to our readers, as the only means of saving a good player from falling into a slovenly kind-hearted play, and at the same time as being a thoroughly honourable plan as regards the weaker player. We ourselves should no more hesitate to accept a *bisque*, or, if necessary, two or three, from a superior player, than we should to accept odds at chess. This plan being once discovered, we consider no weak player justified in insisting on one stronger than himself playing him on equal terms.

It is rather the custom to say that a game of six balls is not scientific, and perhaps it is not so much so as one of four ; but as a game of tactics, it is admirable. A leader of his side in such a game has need of a clear head, a sound judgment, and a quickness of viewing a position, whereas a game of four balls is less complicated and may sooner be understood. A six game should always be played on a large ground, otherwise, with so many balls lying about, a bad shot often hits one by chance, and so may upset the carefully laid plans of the best captain. We have not space to go minutely into the examination of a six game, and shall therefore content ourselves with merely noticing the peculiar trials and difficulties which the players of

such a game must expect to encounter. First, as regards the captain of a side, he must be prepared often to have much of his best work spoilt by a bad stroke from one of his players, and he must set himself patiently to work to get all the balls into a good working position again ; and then, worse than this, he must be prepared to see his side sometimes discontented with his tactics, and unable to see that if they had not failed in the execution of his orders, all would have been right. If he is a wise captain, he will sometimes let his players have their own way, that by experience they may learn to trust him. Secondly, as regards the players under a captain, they must be prepared often to forego a shot in which they feel pretty certain they would succeed, rather than, by going against their captain, to spoil the unity of their side ; for one tolerable leader is better than two, even should he sometimes make a mistake. Also, they should endeavour, by remembering to what hoop they are going (when clips are not in use), and by being at their ball when their turn comes round, to lighten the work of their captain. With an able captain on each side, and two intelligent good-tempered players under them, a six game seems to us to rank only second to what we have already styled a perfect game, viz., two good equal players with two balls each.

With a few remarks as to the best means of playing matches for prizes, we must close this paper. After some experience of different modes, we think the usual plan of drawing the competitors in pairs, and then throwing aside the vanquished, and drawing the victors again in pairs, and so on till there remains but one player in, is the best. Should an unequal number of players present themselves for competition, one player draws a bye—*i.e.*, he is supposed to have beaten an imaginary player. In matches for prizes, we do not think *bisques* should ever be permitted, though, as we have already said, we highly approve of them in ordinary games.

Now that the All-England Croquet Club is fairly established, surely Scotland will not fail to found some national club of the sort. Should such a club be started, no better place than our own metropolis could be selected for its centre, and doubtless a field, capable of being formed into several large croquet lawns, could be procured a little beyond the west side of our city. In some future number we hope to tell our readers of the inauguration of a Scottish National Croquet Club, and of its first annual match against that of the All-England.

DES EAUX.



The Edinburgh Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

III.

AGREEABLY to the statement in our last number, we now proceed to indicate the position and duties of an *ordinary* visitor.

When intimation is given to the Superintendent of the Association of the willingness of any suitable person to become a visitor, he takes measures to have a district allotted to the applicant as speedily as possible, endeavouring, at the same time, to ensure the suitability of the district to his residence and other circumstances. The new visitor is placed under the superintendence of a special visitor, who is expected to have a general knowledge of the division under his care, and by whom the newly-appointed visitor is introduced to the families allotted to him, and is also supplied with a "Directory for Visitors," and a Roll-book, in which to enter all information gained about the families. The ordinary visitor can at all times apply to his special visitor for information and advice; and it is only with his sanction, or that of another member of the Local Committee, that he can dispense relief. In every instance in which relief is given, the case must be reported at the periodical meetings of the Local Committee.

Hitherto the mode of procedure in the different Local Committees has not been quite uniform, it having been deemed advisable to allow a certain latitude to each, until it was ascertained what system worked best. In some sections the special visitors have called their ordinary visitors together periodically, and received their detailed reports, which were subsequently communicated to the committees consisting of special visitors only. In others, the ordinary lady and gentlemen visitors alternately attend the committee meetings, to give in their reports and submit their cases in person.

The "Directory for Visitors" is a compendium of information required in order efficiently to befriend and help the poor. It is arranged under the following heads:—

"The Objects of the Association; Organization and Directions; General Rules; Relief in Provisions; Clothing Loans; Employment; Schools; Sickness; Charitable Institutions; Sanitary; Parochial Relief; Provident Habits; Mendicancy."

There are also valuable "Hints to Visitors" appended to the first Annual Report of the Association. With so much assistance and information, the visitors, by the exercise of good sense, tact, and perseverance, can hardly fail to meet the various contingencies.

There is one point on which the principles of the Association seem not to be generally understood. We refer to the subject of religion. The Association was organized to combat a great evil, common alike to Protestants and Roman Catholics ; it is essentially secular in its objects ; its members are of various creeds and denominations : hence it is necessary that not only all proselytizing, but even the appearance of it, should be avoided. The Directory contains the following intimation on this subject:—

"As the sole object of the Association is to ameliorate the temporal and social condition of the poor, you are not required to do more for their religious interests than to endeavour to persuade those who are living in utter neglect of Christian ordinances to attend some place of worship, and to represent the ease of those who may seem to be neglected to their own clergyman or missionary. You will do nothing, on the one hand, to obstruct or oppose any efforts that are being made in your district by others for the spiritual benefit of its families ; and nothing, on the other, having the appearance of favouritism to any religious denomination, or of proselytism to any one particular church."

It is satisfactory to think that the Association has indirectly been the means of achieving one great good, viz., the bringing together so many persons of various opinions, creeds, and denominations, to work in unison and harmony for the good of their fellow-creatures. Many who were already working either separately, or in connection with existing establishments, have also joined the Association, thereby not only adding to the unity and completeness of its work, but gaining additional means of helping the poor under their charge. Among the most useful visitors of the Association are members of the working class, who, being well acquainted with the wants and temptations of those immediately below them, can best point out the most efficient modes of rendering assistance.

As it may interest some of our readers to hear how the work is actually done, one of the lady visitors has been requested to furnish an account of her district ; this we now subjoin.

"Last winter, hearing much of the want of visitors for the Association, I was induced to offer my services, not from a feeling of being competent for the work, but with the desire of filling a gap until more visitors came forward. A district

was allotted to me in a close in the Grassmarket, and the special visitor introduced me to the various families. At first, from my being new to the work, it was very uphill, and in spite of a really cordial reception, I felt considerable constraint. In the course of a few visits, however, this wore off, and I soon became on friendly terms with them all, and heartily interested in the work. My district consisted of ten families, afterwards augmented, by taking a second district, to twenty. The heads of two of these families are landladies, or more correctly factors, who collect the rents. Neither is in such circumstances as to require aid from the Association, but both entertain a very friendly feeling towards it, and have been of great help in giving me useful information about the people, and advising how to aid them. Of the remaining eighteen, none have more than one room, and that in some cases a very small one; most of the families are Irish, and all are willing to talk as long as, ay and far longer than the most patient listener could attend. I shall give some notes of a few of the families.

“Granny H. is nearly eighty, and decrepit; still she tries to earn something in summer by buying a few vegetables at the market, and selling them at a little stall. She had not money to make a beginning in spring, so, with the sanction of the committee, I lent her some shillings, which she has since gradually repaid. Her daughter Margaret is a charwoman, industrious, sober, and honest. Her name was, at the expense of the Association, put upon the books of the Society for the Employment of Women (37 George Street), through which means, and by private exertions, she has had much more constant work than formerly. Last summer many of her employers left town, and she was glad to get some knitting, provided by a visitor belonging to our section. Having advised her to become a depositor in the Penny Savings Bank, I was glad to find that she willingly did so, and that she has from time to time laid by small sums. On becoming better acquainted with her, I found that she had one constant source of mortification, viz.,—that she could neither read nor write. She said she “would feel shame to go to school among lassies,” so I took her as my own pupil, and arranged that whenever she was not at work she should come to me at home between nine and ten in the morning, and get a lesson. Ten minutes suffice to hear her reading lesson, and five more to correct her slate of writing and set her another copy; she has got on remarkably well. The family consists further of two grandchildren, a boy of fourteen and a girl of twelve. The former is an orphan. He would not learn, ran away repeatedly from school, and got among idle companions, to the great grief of his grandmother and aunt. The latter mentioned, as the climax of his misdeeds, that he had even shirked the

administration of her "taws," in the efficacy of which she professed great faith. I talked to him about the necessity of behaving better, and doing something for a livelihood, in both of which he readily concurred. But on my return next day with the offer of a place as apprentice to a painter who would take him on trial, he frankly stated that if he bound himself to anything he would just run away! His aunt has tried to coerce him by refusing to give him food, but he seems not to care, and runs errand or holds horses for pence enough to buy food. Unfortunately, for such services he is often paid with a glass of whisky or a drink of beer. He is over fourteen, consequently too old to be forced to attend school, and as he has neither stolen nor begged, he cannot be sent to a Reformatory, which seems the only suitable place for him. Little Mary, the granddaughter, has proved a more hopeful subject. Her father, having gone to the country for work, left her with her grandmother. Mary's bright smile was hardly visible through the coating of dirt which covered her face at our first meeting. A hint that this might with advantage be removed was acted upon, and at my next visit I found she was a rosy-cheeked comely little maiden. She was anxious to get work, but had not proper clothes to enable her to look for a place. The committee gave her an order for some old clothes from the Association Office, and lent her money to buy a cotton dress. A green grocer engaged her as message girl, but finding her unsuitable from being unable to read or write, transferred her with a good character to a laundress, who was to teach her to wash and iron. Here too, however, her engagement came to an untimely end, for being set to turn a heavy mangle, the work brought on spitting of blood, which disabled her for some time. Her next start was more satisfactory. Our milkwoman has engaged her, and is much pleased with her. This winter she is to attend the Apprentices' evening classes for reading and writing, for which she is to pay 6d. a month out of her own earnings, the Association paying a similar sum. She has already paid all the money for her dress.

"Samuel H. and his wife are the most respectable looking couple in my district; their room is a model of cleanliness and tidiness. He earns 19s. a-week at a brewery, and has besides, as a retired soldier, a yearly pension of £4. When I first saw Mrs H., she was recovering from an attack of bronchitis, and looked very wan and delicate. For some time she always assured me they wanted nothing, but on my urging an explanation of her not obeying the doctor's orders to take a daily walk, she told me her story.

"In consequence of an injury of the spine received in early life, she has never enjoyed good health, and suffers besides in winter from bronchitis. From these

causes she requires, not only extra nourishment, but occasional assistance, both of which cost money. As her husband has regular work for only eight months in the year, being dependent upon odd jobs during the remaining four, they have always during the latter period to incur heavy debt, which must be cleared off during the winter. They were obliged last winter, in consequence of her illness, to put most of their clothes, besides articles of household furniture, into pawn. Her inability to take a walk arose from the want of out-door clothes to put on. "For he is such a proud man," she said, "he canna bear the neighbours to know how hard up we are, for a' he has so good a wage." As their landlady spoke highly of them, and I got an excellent character of the man from his employer, the Committee empowered me to advance money gradually to redeem the articles pawned. They have been pretty regular in repaying the advances in weekly instalments. Last summer, S. H. was out of work for only one month, and some timely orders for provisions granted by the special visitor, saved their little possessions from returning to the pawnshop. I have strongly urged upon them the propriety of laying by in the Savings' Bank while in full employment, for the idle time, instead of getting into debt and being hampered afterwards. This winter they start clear of debt, so have every facility for saving. Mrs H. occasionally expresses her gratitude for the help she has received, in a truly Hibernian manner. "Sure, Miss," she said one day, "Miss L—— went among the poor just as you do, and when she died they all turned out to her burial; sure an' we'll all do the same for you." Samuel H. is a very intelligent man. The occasional loan of a book greatly pleases him, and he is ready in return to give a "full, true, and particular account" of all his battles and adventures.

"Widow G. had an infirm mother and four children. She received 5s. weekly from the parish, made a little by going out charing, and more by preying on the charitable. She was a confirmed drunkard; her room was always filthy, and the children squalid. For the two elder I procured some warm clothing, and they were sent to school, the Association paying the fees. My special visitor applied to the parochial authorities for an allowance for the grandmother, but they, knowing the character of the family, offered her "the house" instead, which she refused. Various persons from time to time applied to the Association on behalf of this family, but it was considered inexpedient to extend further aid to them, partly from the fact that they were in receipt of parish relief, and partly because it appeared that the charity bestowed on them had only led to further drinking. Before we knew them well, Widow G. came to me one night saying they were in a state of utter starvation. The special visitor, with the intention of inquiring into the circumstances of the case, went to them between

eight and nine next morning, earlier evidently than visitors were expected, for he found them enjoying a plentiful breakfast of liver and bacon, tea and buttered toast. Shortly afterwards they were turned out by their landlady, as being a disgrace to the place, and I fulfilled my last duty to them by giving in a report of all I knew of the family to our local Secretary.

"In a cellar below the level of the ground, and with but a small window, lived Widow M., her son, and a lodger. Her means of subsistence were not obvious. Her son, an apprentice, earned 4s. a-week, she herself was ill and confined to bed most of the winter, and the lodger, Anne —, got house-room in return for attendance on the invalid. There was considerable suspicion that Widow M. concealed spirits for a shebeen close at hand, but repeated searches by the landlady proved unsuccessful. At last, however, when the old woman was out for an airing, another search was instituted, and this time suspicion was verified by a number of bottles being found hidden in the bedding. Mrs M. and her son have since been obliged to change their place of abode, as the cellar they lived in was reported by me to be insanitary, and was closed by order of the authorities. Anne —, her lodger, was remarkable for the purity and "gct up" of her caps, and her appearance was altogether much in her favour. She informed me she had been confidential servant in a large farmhouse in Northumberland, where the mistress was an invalid and her son insane. She gave a circumstantial account of her position and duties. She further stated that the son attempted to shoot her; and, by the advice of a neighbouring clergyman, whose name she mentioned, she left her situation, and summoned her mistress for wages and board wages up to the ensuing term, which she obtained. This clergyman further told her, she said, that he would always befriend her; and gave her a written character, which she afterwards lost. She had since returned to Edinburgh, after an absence of thirty years, found all the people she had known dead or scattered; failed to obtain work; pawned her clothes; and finally sank to field work. I told this story to a friend who was in want of a confidential servant, and she said that if the story proved true she would at once engage her, and advance some of her wages to buy clothes. Upon this I obtained the clergyman's address from the Clergy List, and wrote to him enquiring about Anne. He replied that her whole story, so far as he was concerned, was a fabrication; that a person of her name had some time before resided near him in a wretched hovel, with a woman and her son, but that her character could not bear investigation. Having informed Anne that I had applied to the clergyman, she was not long in disappearing from my district, leaving no trace of herself.

“Widow M'C. and her son Robert come next on my list. The latter is a fine lad of seventeen, apprentice to a plasterer, and earns 6s. a-week. His employer has a very high opinion of him. Robert was suffering from a heavy cold when I first saw him, brought on by being insufficiently shod. The Committee gave him an order for a pair of strong boots, for which he has paid at the rate of sixpence a-week. Observing that he was fond of reading and anxious to improve himself, I lent him various educational works, which he valued highly, and this winter he is attending the Apprentices' classes, the Association defraying the expense of half of the fees. As his work is over at five o'clock, and an odd job after hours is a great boon to him, I have procured for him various little jobs of whitewashing, papering, plastering, &c. His mother is very clean and tidy-looking. She had little or no furniture when she first came, but has gradually collected what is necessary, and now her room has a comfortable and home-like look ; she has also a nice box of flowers at the window. A pair of blankets lent to her by the Association has added greatly to her comfort. I got for her the weekly cleaning of a shop, for which she receives 1s., and she has also had a good deal of knitting to do. She was easily persuaded to take a Penny Savings' Bank book, and lays by 1d. or 2d. as she can spare it. She told me she came from Dumfries to be with her son, as she did not think it good for a lad to be left alone in a town like this ; that no one took any interest in them or their concerns, till I came from the Association, “and oh, Miss,” she said, “folk little ken how much mischief wad be saved among puir folk, if the rich wad give them timely help and advice, and a kind word with it.” Her landlady, who lives in the next house, says she has never known her anything but quiet and respectable since she came, saving once, when she was a little “merry.” Her rent has been paid with great regularity. Passing one day near widow M'C.'s former landlord, I went in to enquire about her. He held up his hands in astonishment at my good opinion of her. “She was a dreadful woman,” said he, “always drunk and quarrelling ; she down tore all the plaster of her room, and left, owing nine months' rent to me, and money to other people besides ; but her son is a real decent lad.” It seemed hardly possible that he could be speaking of the respectable looking woman I knew, but some things he mentioned proved that it was the same. This was rather startling. I found it difficult either to believe in so sudden a reformation, or to reconcile his account with my own observation and experience of her ; and to this day I have been unable to do so.

“Next door to widow M'C. lived George H., seventy-five years of age, formerly a shoemaker. Mrs H. is his third wife, and the rest of the household consisted of

her daughter by a former marriage, and a girl of twelve, who was boarded with them. At my first visit I was much impressed by the piety of the old man. He quoted the bible freely, and said he waited for death with happy expectancy. I afterwards said to his landlady that he seemed to be very godly, and must be a great blessing to the place. She eyed me curiously, and said, "Ye're easy taken in. He's just an auld heepocryte, and speaks ye fair to get from you as from his ain kirk folk. For a' he can talk that gate, he's unco fond o' a drappie, and mony a pair o' black c'en he gi'es his wife when he's had ower muckle, and that's no seldom." This account I found to be quite true, and he soon ceased to draw upon his religious experiences, when I explained that the Association would not give him anything, as he was in receipt of both parish relief and private charity. His stepdaughter was glad to get knitting to occupy her while out of place; and for the little girl Annie, who reads and writes well, I got a warm dress, and a place as message girl in a draper's shop, where she is giving satisfaction.

"Other families have histories more or less resembling the preceding. Several widows and single women are in receipt of parish relief, which they eke out in various ways, one by raking over dust-heaps, another by carrying water, and so on. The Association does not assist recipients of parish relief, as the parish either does or ought to give what is sufficient; but a little tea and sugar occasionally given from private sources are most gratefully received. One woman is so fond of flowers that she hoards every scrap, artificial or real, fresh or faded, that she can find. A gift of a few flowers makes her quite happy. Indeed, I have found among the poor a great love of flowers, and a few packets of annual seeds distributed among the families in the close in which I visit, have given a lasting source of pleasure and interest. Several families have as yet required no assistance of any kind, but all give me a kindly reception, and I always find pleasure in going among them."

These notes give some idea of the work of an ordinary visitor of the Association. From the neglected state of education among the poor, and the various demoralizing influences surrounding them, the number of cases of imposition and deceit need cause no surprise. Indeed, the visitors who expect success to attend all their endeavours cannot fail to meet with much disappointment. But surely it is some reward for patient work, if, through the visitor's agency, a child is sent to school, a young person removed from injurious influences, work provided for the unemployed, or a deserving family helped over a time of trouble. It is indeed a noble object to aim at, that of ameliorating the condition of the poorer classes. Many, we are sure, could devote a small portion of their time to aid in this good work. Busy men have,

in numerous instances, given up a portion of their scanty leisure to work as visitors ; and surely there are many more, ladies as well as gentlemen, who could bestow a little time in personal ministration among the poor. Every visitor can choose how much or how little they will undertake. An hour or two in a week, or even in a fortnight, would aid in promoting the objects of the Association. The Secretary of the Ladies' Committee proposes that older or more experienced visitors should receive as assistants any new comers who shrink from at first undertaking the responsibility of a district. This plan would enable many to try the work who might otherwise hold back. We can assure our readers that visiting among the poor, as organized by the Association, becomes deeply interesting, and with the interest there is the high satisfaction of fulfilling a most important duty. ETA.

P.S.—Any further information that may be desired will be readily afforded at the office of the Association, 69 N. Hanover Street.

Una Ferguson.

CHAPTER X.

“You'll love me yet, and I can tarry
Your love's protracted growing,
June reared that bunch of flowers you carry,
From seeds of April's sowing.”—*Browning*.

INTO the room I went, and there was Una sitting on the window-sill, her white dressing-gown streaming down to the floor. Her brush was in her hand, but the flood of yellow hair, whitened by the moonlight, was still hanging loose, and she was evidently engaged in meditation.

“I've got something to say to you, darling,” said I. Whereupon Una put me into the great motherly arm-chair, and sat down on the arm, expectant. “Nothing's wrong, Molly?”

“Not wrong exactly,” said I, “but, dear Una, Captain Maryon said something to me to-night that troubled me very much. He wants—he wants to see you to-morrow.”

“Is that all !” laughed Una. “My dear Molly, tell him to pursue his usual

course, and it will be crowned with success. If he calls in the morning, just that Mr Hilary may bring a message from the General to Papa, or fetch you the "Saturday," and perhaps stays to luncheon, and strolls about in the afternoon, and then drops in to tea, surely on one of these occasions he may, by some rare accident, catch sight of me. Such things do happen."

"Hush, darling," I said, "and don't laugh. I'm afraid Lizzie's adage about laughing before morning and crying before night will be fulfilled. Una, he has fallen in love with you."

A sudden silence fell between us. Una's head drooped till the yellow hair coiled on my lap and over my knee. I waited for her to speak, but nothing came.

"I thought it was best to tell you, sweet, for he will certainly come to-morrow, and I wished you to have a little time to think. Do you need it, Una? Darling, speak to me."

I was so hungry for her answer, and yet so anxious to avoid biassing her decision by any prejudice which might be unfounded, that my heart was beating as it used to beat long ago. Still she was silent. Could she really care for him? I could not bear the suspense; no lover ever waited more eagerly to hear his fate. I put my arm round her, and said again, "Speak to me, Una."

Then the silence broke into sobs. Una rarely cried, but now I felt the hot tears falling on my hand, and felt her quivering, as if some sorrow never felt till now had suddenly broken forth.

"Leave me, please, dear Molly," she said at last. "No, I don't care for him; I never shall, in that way. Couldn't you tell him so, without my seeing him?"

Such a deep satisfaction thrilled through my heart, that I could hardly wonder after the cause of Una's tears. They fell faster and faster, however.

"Una, what is the matter?" I said. "You will melt away like your namesake."

But Una got up and walked to the glass, and there veiling herself in a cloud of hair, began to brush vigorously.

"Everything is the matter to-night," she said, "and nothing will be the matter to-morrow, perhaps. But I won't see him."

And I went away; suspecting, however, that if Captain Maryon had set his heart on a personal interview, he would by no means be satisfied with my mediation in the matter. Sure enough he came in next day, as eleven o'clock was striking. I had spirited Frank and Elsie out of the way, and we were alone.

"I came to say good-bye," he said. "Can I see your sister, Miss Ferguson?"

He was greatly excited, that was evident; his eyes were sparkling, and his dark

cheek was burning with a kind of southern glow I had never seen before. I paused, any woman would have paused, in keen pity and pain, before disappointing him.

"I am grieved to pain you, Captain Maryon," I said, "but the truth is kindest as well as best, and Una has spoken most decidedly in the matter, though she would prefer avoiding an interview with you, and wished me to say good-bye for her. She will always feel as a friend to you, and wish you well, but what you wish is impossible."

"Impossible!" he said, slowly. "Forgive me, Miss Ferguson, but I feel I have a right to hear Una's—Miss Undine's decision from her own lips. Without this I cannot be satisfied." What could I say, but that I would send Una to him, though I thought it would have been better otherwise.

I went up-stairs and knocked at her door. There was the faint sound of a sob within, but when Una opened to me, her fair face seemed almost undisturbed. She went down without speaking, and in a short time I saw Captain Maryon walk away with his cavalry swing, and blank disappointment, and I thought, fierce anger on his handsome face. I was standing at the book-room window when he passed near it, and was grieved and even terrified at his look. Could he think Una had given him encouragement? He had something in his hand, a blue glimmer against his dark morning coat; and Una had had a blue knot in front of her white dress that morning. Could she be so coquettish as to give him any thread of hope even in her refusal? He was the man to twist a cord out of such threads, strong enough to draw her where he would; unless, unless indeed, there was something within her that would resist; unless her affections, like Rosalind's, "took the part of a better wrestler than herself," and were fixed elsewhere.

Well, there was nothing but anger and bitterness in the half-mocking smile on Maryon's lips, and he crushed the ribbon, if ribbon it were, fiercely in his hand, seeming to have a sort of pleasure in defacing the sheeny silk that had risen and fallen on Una's white breast. Yes, it was the same, for before he turned the corner, he loosened his grasp, and suddenly lifted it to his lips, kissing it as if in compunction, and then I lost sight of him among the pines.

A moment after, the door opened, and Una came in. Her face was white, her head drooping, and there was a strange look of mingled fear and resolution about her brow and mouth. She stopped short on seeing me. "Una," I said, "you have refused him? Why did you give him anything to take away with him?"

"Give him—what could I give him?" said Una.

"The bow on your dress is gone," I said, "and I saw him pass with something blue in his hand."

Una put her hand up, and felt in front of the little cambric frill round her throat, and the colour that had been banished regained its place, and invaded the white neck, brow, and temples. "It must have fallen off," she said, "and he has picked it up. Oh, Molly, I am so sorry, he may have thought I meant him to have it, though I said No, as plainly as ever I could."

"He took it as No then, not as a No that he might change into Yes in the end?"

"I tried to make him understand, Molly, that what I felt could never change, but"——

"But what?"

"He said he would never give up till he saw me the wife of somebody else, that his love was stronger than my indifference. Oh, Molly, I can't tell you all he said, he frightened and vexed me so much. I'm not indifferent to him either, for when he spoke and looked as he did just now, I felt such a shrinking from him, a sort of horror and fear; I never could love him, never could marry him. He is not a good man; I saw that to-day when he looked at me, trying to make me change my mind."

As she spoke, there was a slight clatter of horse-hoofs, betokening the return of Frank and Elsie, who would seem to have returned prematurely from their early ride. The reason for this was made obvious by Elsie's entrance, with the announcement that it was such a morning for bathing, that it was a sin and a shame for any one to be on dry land, wherefore she had come back early, thinking to find Una all ready to go with her.

"I'll be ready enough by the time you have changed your habit," said Una, "come up stairs." The two proceeded up the staircase, and Frank came towards me where I sat. We had gone back to the drawing-room. "We passed Maryon," he said, "looking, till he took off his hat, as jolly as an undertaker. Has anything happened to him? You have jilted him, Molly, you young deceiver, I see it in your face." "I'm sure you don't," I replied, "nobody has jilted him."

"Well, he wouldn't look that way for nothing, and he is going off to-day, isn't he? La belle cousine is slaying her thousands. Where is my uncle?" "You next, Frank," I said, pretending to start. "Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again?" "No, don't be alarmed, I thought he might have done with the paper; you packed us off before I had time to read it this morning. You are as tyrannical as ever, Molly, and just in the old way. Wasn't I always your slave?" "You were always the best of boys," I said, "but though you may find the paper, you won't find Papa. Mr Haslam walked in and carried him off an hour ago."

Frank disappeared, and presently the fragrance of his cigar stole through the open window, as he walked past with the "Times," and then I heard Elsie and Una leave the house on their way to bathe, with Sarah in attendance. They came back glowing and bright to luncheon, and the shadow of the morning seemed gone from Una's face. What a day it was for beauty, that May day.

In the evening, Brand Hilary came in alone. There was a change in his manner, hard to define, yet unmistakeable in its presence, as he greeted us all, and he called me Miss Ferguson for the first time for several weeks, for he had quite got into the way of calling me by my Christian name. Una having just recovered from the unusual trouble of that day, was inclined to be rather in high spirits, thinking of course that Brand knew nothing of what had happened in the morning. But I knew better. I was almost certain he either knew or guessed that his friend's errand to our house had not been merely one of leave-taking; what more he thought I could not say.

"Captain Maryon is gone?" I said, by way of making conversation, while Una poured out the tea in her own peculiar place, and Frank and Elsie had something particular to say to each other in the bow-window. "Yes, I've just been seeing him off by the four o'clock train from Kingswood."

"You must have had a hot ride." "Yes, that road is like a furnace to-day, and I thought you would have refreshment for the weary, so I sent Tom on with the horses and came in."

"You will miss your friend," said Una, from her corner.

She did not speak quite naturally, neither did Brand, when he said he hoped for another visit from Maryon in September; and after a few more efforts at our old easy style of talk, he rose and said good evening, just as Papa and Mr Haslam appeared passing the window.

"Why, Brand," said my father, "are you off, my boy? You will be lonely without your friend; stay to dinner here."

But Brand said his father would be alone, and went off, leaving a strange feeling of discomfort behind him, as far as I was concerned.

After dinner Frank declared he would take Una and Elsie for a row; the long calm twilight was tempting, and when they were gone to look for a boat, I tired of sitting in the window, for Papa and Mr Haslam had some private affairs to discuss, and I thought I would enjoy the evening in my own way. So I put on my hat and shawl, and strolled out among the pines, as the bells rung for evening service at St Ursula's. Not to go to church, to that church at least; a wider, screner church

was all around me, its pillars the pine-stems lighted by the last evening glimmer ; its lamps the first peeping stars ; its incense the balmy fragrance of the scattered golden pollen from the blossoming pine-boughs. No sound was abroad but the far and faint breaking of the waves.

“ Sweet hour, that wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas,

and of those who linger on the land ; of those who are setting forth bright with hope on their life's voyage, and of those who are resting after its troubles.

My walk took me past the grave-yard near the sea, where the old Spanish sailor had been buried two months before. No marble monuments were shining there, like those in the statelier burying-ground near the new church, but it was hallowed by the tears of hearts that had broken, over the green mounds where they laid their treasures, wet from the sea, bruised from the cliffs, to rest till the last great day. And I leaned on the low turf-covered wall for a little while, listening to the distant plash of the “cruel crawling foam” that could do all this, and yet to-night would hardly stir the fronds of trailing sea-weed on the margin of the tide.

And as I listened I heard a sound like a sob, not far from me. It startled me at first, in so lonely a place, but presently, in the fading light, I saw a man's figure sitting on one of the long flat moss-grown slabs of stone, with his face bowed on his hands. There was something familiar about the form or the attitude, and I waited for a moment to see if I could discover who was there alone at that hour. Then I heard Brand Hilary's voice, and remembered that the little grey stone near him bore the name of Mary Evans, and I understood. “Mary, Mary,” I heard him say, “have you forgotten me, darling ; do you think I have forgotten you ? Am I faithless, because I let another hope come in between you and me ? I have suffered so long, dear, I thought no joy would ever come again, and now it is taken from me before I had tasted it. Oh, why did not the sea take us both ; am I never to find rest ?”

I could hear no more, but the despairing tones went to my heart. I moved to leave the place quietly, (did any one ever do so without creating some unwonted disturbance ?), and some fragment of lime and moss, disturbed by the motion of my arm, fell with a sound resembling in the silence a regular crash of masonry. Brand started up, and was beside me before I had time to recover from the shock of the sound myself had made.

"Mary! Miss Ferguson! By all that is peaceful how you startled me!—

'Silence herself seemed making a row,
Like a Quaker gone delirious.'

Why have you taken to ghostly rambles at this hour in the evening?"

"I might say the same to you," I rejoined. "Such an evening would tempt any one out, and as those giddy young people had gone for a row, I thought I might do what I liked." Here I stopped and felt at a loss; I could not bear to intrude upon his confidence, and the new trouble that had come upon him I could not comprehend.

It was not to be explained to me that night, for a sound of talking and laughter came breaking the stillness, and three figures were apparent in the dusk, who turned out to be Elsie, Una, and Frank. Their row had been most enjoyable, and it was getting late, and they laughed at Brand Hilary and me, and expressed themselves anxious for the evening meal. And when we got in and the lamps were lighted, and I saw the pleasant little budding tenderness between Elsie and my cousin, and heard Una chattering and joking, my walk by the churchyard seemed like a dream; a dream that haunted me though, for when I fell asleep that night, it was only to see Captain Maryon with that bow of blue ribbon, wearing it like an order,—crushing it in his hand; then came the low sound of the waves, and then Brand Hilary's voice, saying "Mary, Mary;" and then it changed to Lizzie's, who was trying to awake me, and I rose anxious and unrefreshed.

O. M.

"A Prisoner."

"God help me, for my heart is sore!
God pity me, my heart is weak!
Oh, could I only hear once more,
Only once more, my mother speak!
Oh, could I only see once more
The roses climbing up the door,
And watch the lights and shadows pass
Over the meadows' swaying grass;

And hear the blackbirds' mellow call
Soft from the hedge-row down the lane,
Blend with the rain-drops' pattering fall,
And feel—oh this is home again !
God help me, for it cannot be !
It may be never any more ;
Thank God, my mother cannot see
The anguish of the son she bore.
Oh, if they would but loose this rope !
It cuts me nearly to the bone ;
Is there, can there be any hope ?
Fool that I am ! I know there's none.
I cannot bear so young to die,
With such a short young life gone by ;
Life is so sweet, and mine, ah me !
Could any life more happy be
Than mine was, in my own old home,
Before that cursèd fever came,
To make me restless, long to roam
In far off lands in search of fame.
Fame ! is this burning thirst, this smart
Of wounds unclosed, of fame a part ?
Is this foul sunken earthen floor,
This window barred and guarded door,
This dread of death, so sure and soon—
Is all of this fame's promised boon ?
In far-off England, mother dear,
You long, and wait, and watch in vain,
Some tidings of your boy to hear ;
God knows—you ne'er may hear again !
Your dear sweet patient face will grow
More worn and white, more wan and still,
In ever dreading some great ill
You long, yet, shrinking, fear, to know.
You cannot tell that I am here,
A lonely captive sick and weak ;

You cannot see my prison drear,
You cannot kiss my hollow cheek ;
Yet still I think that to your heart,
Your mother's heart, some voice must speak,
And tell you, by love's magic art,
That somewhere pain and danger lie
About me—though you know not why.

Oh, when on Sunday, meek you kneel
In that old church where you were wed,
I think a tremor you must feel,
When those sweet pleading words are said—
“That pity thou be pleased to show
On prisoners and captives all ;”
You cannot tell, you do not know,
Why so more earnestly you pray ;
Is it because so far away,
Your boy lies bound in captive thrall ?

My heart is calmer, blessed thought,
I know that somewhere every day,
From some kind soul with true love fraught,
Heav'nward that sweet prayer takes its way ;
For me, although unknown, they pray,
By some unseen good angel taught.
Be brave, hope patiently, and wait ;
In God's good time will all come right,
The rough made smooth, the dark made light,
E'en though it only be at Heaven's gate !”

MAS ALTA.



The Holy Grail.

It is a pity that the exigencies of the press compel the appearance of critical articles immediately on the publication of a new work,—a custom which, in the case of volumes involving the necessity of study, impairs the correctness and limits the completeness of a review. In no case does this apply more than with poetical works, especially when, as is the case with our two great poets, their meaning does not lie loosely on the surface, but must be carefully gathered up by the reader from the polished line, as it has been quarried by the poet from the rough idea. How little this has been done by many of the reviewers of "The Holy Grail," a thoughtful student cannot fail to observe; but we confess it surprised us to find one who owns that he has been for years an ardent admirer of the Laureate, asking why the vision was vouchsafed to Sir Bors. We should have supposed that a critic who must have read, and, with his usual clear-sightedness, have thoroughly appreciated, the moral conveyed by "Two Years Ago," would have detected a similar lesson in the history of Sir Bors. That he has not done so, but, like his fellows, has picked out sundry striking passages for quotation, to the disregard of the aim and position of the work, is to be attributed to a too hasty perusal.

If anything could take from the lustre of their author's name, it would be the unfortunate mode in which the Arthurian poems have been published. No doubt the chief incidents were written first, and the poet could hardly be expected to reserve these till the entire series was finished; but for this natural haste he will suffer, at least in the estimation of the present generation, though not in the future, when the complete edition will be the one in use. It is as though a painter, seized with some great idea, were to sketch in the chief figures for his picture, and then, when these are familiar to his friends, should be disappointed that they cannot feel the same interest in the details of the background. Those on whom the Idylls burst like a revelation, forget that such a thrill as they then felt can hardly be experienced twice, and that this new volume is as the background which brings the central figures into harmony, and explains the perfectness of the design. As we understand the Laureate, the gist of what he wishes to inculcate is to be found in the words of the Great King, who here, as before, remains "the highest and most human too," the ideal of manliness and virtue, loving with a love far greater, because nobler, than the false "warmth and colour" of Lancelot's passion, ruling with

"great authority," and in his solitary comprehension of and endeavour after the right, conveying the double lesson that "narrow is the way, and few there be that find it." Further, his character is the key-note of the music, for he is the exemplar of the triumph of spirit over flesh, and of the practical over the visionary, which ideas are the *motif* recurring through the entire poem. We use this word in the singular, because, to continue the simile, the Arthurian series should be regarded as a sonata, in which we have portions, *andante*, *allegro*, as may be, but all subordinate parts making a musical whole.

And so the king tells his knights they "have seen what they have seen;" each man has gathered somewhat from the vision, but only according to his capacity, for "the eye only sees what the eye brings the power of seeing," as was said by other than the poet. But he, Arthur, his perceptions sharpened by his kingly labours, sees this chiefly, that the fulfilment of duty is the great requirement of this life; therefore, if he could, he would have prevented his knights from abandoning the plain path, the redressing of human wrongs, in order to seek perfection after some fashion of their own. Not that he despises visions: he has the deep reverence which shows him that what seems a vision is none, but a glimpse of divine reality vouchsafed in such form through regard to human weakness. Thus he works out his existence from his high-purposed youth, when he would fain have made the "dead world live" on, with an ever-increasing melancholy, as one by one his hopes fail, till at the last he asks bitterly—"What comfort is in me?" Yet, while he speaks, the bitterness passes away for ever, in the desire that God may accept his life, and, uttering those exquisite lines on prayer already familiar to us, he is borne to the island valley, where more than his bodily wound is to be healed. Most pathetic is the portion added to the "Morte d'Arthur," showing how once at the last the brave heart broke down under accumulated trials, and, troubled by hollow dreams and the ever-present recollection of "one lying in the dust at Almesbury," forgot the kingliness which, at a word of comfort from the faithful Bedivere, re-awoke to an effort worthy of the great past. In the closing lines, we recognise the impression of a coming day so often brought forward by the Laureate in his final stanzas, a habit which, if we mistake not, means more than at first sight appears,—for in the "awful rose of dawn," in "the August sunrise," in the "new sun and new year," are alike indicated the old faith in the progression of the world towards better things, the old certainty that "not in vain the distance beckons."

Of the Idylls it is hardly necessary now to speak, further than to recall briefly that Enid is the exponent of the duty of obedience and forbearance; Vivien, of the

triumph of sin, and its direful consequences in Merlin's enforced uselessness ; Elaine, of the ruin wrought by sin on others than the sinner ; and Guenevere, of the final victory of virtue, though the tardy acknowledgment of the truth cannot in this world efface the misery brought about by previous wrong-doing. In "Pelleas and Ettarre" this is again brought before us, when the wickedness of the Queen robs Pelleas of his last grain of faith. Indeed we see, in this latter poem, the reiteration of the facts that seem to have a strong hold of the poet's mind,—first, the unsatisfying nature of merely earthly love ; and secondly, the sorrowfulness of waste—the waste of intellect, of moral strength, even of physical power, which, being turned from their fitting use, become scourges "to lash the treason of the Table Round," so that the sin brings its own punishment. Before this utter destruction comes the vision of the Grail, to remind the knights of the existence of higher things, but because sin does not cease from among them, it cannot ward off the time of trouble, and is withdrawn entirely. The individual stories speak for themselves, though we cannot but answer the question to which we before alluded respecting Sir Bors. We are told that Percivale at first failed in the quest for want of humility. He had not "lost himself," but when he does this, when he surrendered his love for his vow's sake, the vision is accorded to him. Now Sir Bors is characterised most of all by his humility ; "If God would send the vision, well ;" he has scarcely asked it for himself, only goes with the others because it seems the best thing to be done, willing in his great self-abasement to see nothing, so that his well-beloved Lancelot might be blessed in his stead. He holds his simple faith staunchly, and answers the angry priests with calm trust. Is it any wonder that to his patient uncomplaining soul comes the "sweet Grail?" Even so as we said, the daring earnest Tom Thurnall can gain neither peace of mind, nor what he covets most on earth, till he has learnt the great lesson of unquestioning humbleness.

As to these poems from a poetical point of view, we repeat that they are the background of the picture ; and, though careful, as everything of Mr Tennyson's must be, they are less remarkable than the Idylls. Still there are numerous passages not inferior to our older favourites,—the finding of Arthur in "the dismal night," the "slender sound," growing "as from a distance beyond distance," the often-quoted expedition of Lancelot to the lonely castle, the battle-field where, on

"That day, when the great light of heaven
Burn'd at his lowest in the rolling year,
On the waste sand by the waste sea they closed."

In these, and many more, we perceive the power of the Laureate to produce a sense

of space and air, a sea breeze as it were, and a vivid picturing of nature such as no other writer has equalled. Rich as is Browning's imagery, he cannot in a few lines, with broad free touches, paint a whole landscape, such as will aid the effect and movements of the poem. We may remark, that though we have long known Tennyson's partiality for an extra-syllabled line as a means of breaking and enriching the monotony of blank verse, we think that here and there he has indulged it so as to leave an impression of roughness on the ear.

"Said, ye that so dishallow the holy sleep,"

is hardly pleasing, while the accentuation is decidedly awkward in

"The circlet of the tourney round her brows,
And the sword of the tourney across her throat."

Gawain's name, too, occurs with disagreeable irregularity in more than one instance, such as,

"Forth sprang Gawain, and loosed him from his bonds."

Among the miscellaneous poems, Lucretius has been sufficiently reviewed; "The Golden Supper" is well told, but has less definite point than is generally found in tales selected or written by Tennyson. We venture to think that "The Higher Pantheism" is too high to be so briefly treated, and yet we would not be without even these short stanzas. "Wages" commends itself least to us, for the "glory of going on and still to be" is less happy an expression than usual. "The Victim" has been altered from its original form, and, as almost always happens, for the better, Mr Tennyson has the discretion to make his later corrections improvements. We would only except the line,

"Me, me, not him, my darling no,"

which seems to be not only more emphatic, but more in accordance with the metre than in its present form. "The Northern Farmer—new style," if taken in connection with the old, is a humorous and clever description of the rising man of the period. He has lost all his respect for "quoloty," and his sense of the beauty of the "blessed fœalds;" his god is money, his creed that a man who cannot earn his "regular mœals" is bad, the only glimmering of good in him is his respect for honest labour. We confess to a tenderness for the older man, who, if his lights were feeble, at least acted up to them, and was of a kindlier and more tolerant nature than his successor.

Altogether, this volume will take its place well among its predecessors, and add one more leaf to the evergreen wreath which crowns the Laureate's brow.

ELSIE STRIVELYNE.

“Put Yourself in his Place.”

A NOVEL, BY CHARLES READE.

To call this age an age of transitions, has become the tritest of truisms. We speak of it as an age of doubt and uncertainty, of undeveloped change. As in the shifting scenes of a phantasmagoria, or in the ever changing, ever blending colours of the kaleidoscope, men and women, beliefs and opinions, seem to have no proper standpoint from which they can be fairly judged, classified, or arranged in their proper order, according to any pre-conceived ideas that we may have hitherto held, of what is right or wrong, proper or improper, suitable or unsuitable. On the one hand, woman is accused of intruding upon the sacred prerogatives of man; and man, on his side, is accused of pluming himself upon the exhibition of the weakness and delicacy of woman.

The physical, mental, and moral development of the two sexes seems to be, in the present day, in some measure changing places. Of what do we complain in our most popular poet, of him who bears the present generation up the smiling heights of Parnassus? Is it not that he is more sweet than strong, that if he gave us rugged paths to follow, and steeper heights to climb, it would be all the better for our mental strength and for our moral elevation? This is not the complaint we make against our great female lyricist. Her strong and rugged verses are positively dislocating to our sense of harmony; her depths are depths indeed, and her heights reach to where but few can follow.

Then our popular novelist,—he who now leads the van, whom all read and admire. We learn of him a great deal about good society,—all that are respectable, well educated, and of good repute, are to be met within his pages. He writes fluently, truthfully, almost eloquently, but his truths are but the truths of commonplaces; no great emotions, no high enthusiasm, is ever evolved by his pages. His heroes and his heroines are always pleasant and agreeable people; they take the world as it is, and are content to leave it as they find it. If we want startling incidents, sensational crimes, unruly passions, we must go to our female authors; they will give us all these.

Were we to pursue this subject further, we should see that still deeper lie the strange anomalies of present beliefs and opinions. We should find the discoveries of science *apparently* contradictory to our ancient beliefs; we should find our present

beliefs taking refuge in outward ceremonies and empty forms. But we will no longer dwell on this theme : we will hope for this tossed and troubled age, that this displacing of all our ancient landmarks, and rude substitution of untried changes, will result in a wiser freedom and in renewed steadfastness ; and that we shall not, like the nations of the past, sink into an effete decadence, but rather, like the fabled bird of old, renew our strength, and revive in our own ashes to fresh life and vitality.

It may possibly appear to our readers that the reflections we have been indulging in have little to do with the heading of our chapter ; nevertheless, it is the consideration of the merits and demerits of the author of the novel of " Put yourself in his Place," that has led us into this train of thought. We have been led to them by the consideration of the fact that Charles Reade is not a popular author. That he is valued and appreciated by the discriminating few, is quite true ; but, comparatively speaking, he is not popular, nor ever has been. Notwithstanding, there is no living author who possesses his genius or his power of writing. He is full of masculine vigour ; he thinks, speaks, writes as a man. Life is looked at by him from a man's point of view ; events take their proper places in his pages, and possess their true significance. His men and women marry when the time comes, as it is right and proper they should do ; but the end, aim, object, and subject of their lives is not marriage. Doing their work in life is the main business of their existence, and, as a natural consequence, they are well fitted to make good husbands and good wives when the time comes for them to do so. Since the days of Sir Walter Scott, we have had no such masculine writer as Charles Reade, though so dissimilar are these two authors, that comparison of their respective merits seems impossible. Charles Reade is no effeminised writer ; he never oscillates between two virtues, as though neither man nor woman. But if he has all the manly vigour that belongs to his sex, it must be confessed he has also something of its coarseness, and that his speech is sometimes so plain, that good taste is a little apt to desire it were less so. Let it however be said, he never soils the imagination of his readers, and though free, he is thoroughly wholesome.

The title of this novel is somewhat inapplicable to the main subject of the story, which is no other than an earnest and forcible protest against the lawless tyranny and the black cruelty exercised by the trades' unions in the manufacturing districts of England—embittering the relations between master and man, wasting thousands of pounds in unprofitable waste of labour, diverting industry from its channels in our own country to those of other countries, ruining our trade and crippling our re-

sources. Our readers may remember that in Mrs Gaskell's novel, "North and South," the same evil combinations among the trades hands are most graphically described.

Charles Reade's novel opens with a capital description of Hillsborough (Sheffield) and the surrounding country. A deserted church in a cleft of Cairnhope Hill, the scene of the chief incidents of the story, is admirably described. Henry Little, the hero, the unknown nephew of the Tory Squire of Cairnhope, is, by the force of circumstances, brought up as a tradesman. His mother is a lady, therefore Little has the home culture of a gentleman; he is also a man of great force of character, and of great natural ability, with indomitable courage. He is also exceedingly good-looking, so that our readers will at once perceive he deserves to be the hero of the book. He is a true man, because the author is a true man, understands a man's nature, and therefore is able to describe it. Little is a skilled workman; he is an admirable engraver on wood, besides being a first-rate maker of the finer kinds of tools. A wealthy manufacturer of Hillsborough brings him down from London to his own town, and Little soon experiences the deadly hostility of the trades—the grinders, the sawyers, and so on. He is pursued to the death, he is a marked man, his life is not worth one hour's purchase; added to which, the villain of the story makes use of Little's position with the trades to ensure his destruction. Of course he escapes all their machinations, or what would have been the use of writing those volumes about him? and of course he marries a real lady, Grace Carden, who would otherwise have become the wife of the gentleman villain, and all ends as it should do.

There is capital writing in this book. There is the hand of a master throughout; there are the touches of a real artist. He describes a glorious yeomaness, if we may coin the word,—Jael Dence, who also is in love with Henry Little. She fights for him, rescues him, all but dies for him, scolds him well, and then, like a sensible true-hearted woman, finds out life is good without this one thing she so desires, and marries the fine old squire, Little's uncle. There is a splendid description of the bursting of the floodgates of the pent-up waters, and the overwhelming of villages and of the low lying districts. Charles Reade's strength lies in scenes that would inevitably overtask the powers of a feebler writer. Our limits forbid us giving any adequate idea of the plot or the scope of this novel; our readers must read it for themselves. We shall hope, on a future occasion, to bring the author again under the notice of the readers of this Magazine. The novel of "Put yourself in his place," although the last, is not the best of the several works that have issued from the powerful pen of Charles Reade.

M. E. T.

Una Ferguson.

CHAPTER XI.

“Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields ;
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields ;
Rosy is the west,
Rosy is the south ;
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.”—*Maud*.

WELL, the morning rose gloriously over the sea, and the dusky churchyard seemed like a dream. And I went down and found every one before me, a most noteworthy circumstance.

“Molly late !” was Frank’s exclamation, as he got up from beside Elsie, to set me a chair, and Una declared she would make breakfast for once. “Molly late, and all sorts of plans afoot.”

“What are they ?” said I.

“Going to Kingswood in the pony-carriage, and lunching at the waterfall,” said Una. “Frank and Elsie will ride ; *pour moi*, beloved, I shall drive with you ; I haven’t the energy to ride to-day.”

“Couldn’t we get any one else to join us ?” said I.

“We are a *partie carrée*, and should be destroyed by a fifth,” said Frank. “We want to be strictly *en famille*.”

“Well, we’ll go on condition that no French words are used, for I won’t have them.”

Elsie had not spoken, but I saw more colour than she had worn for a few days stealing into her cheek as Frank spoke, and he turned round as if he had seen it, and looked at her. We set forth about eleven, and had not gone far when a clatter of horse’s feet before us told some one was coming fast, and we met Brand Hilary.

Still the same trouble on his face that had been there yesterday ; and then, suddenly, I noticed Una’s manner to him. It had changed from her usual frank courtesy to a sort of half-avoidance, which I could hardly understand.

He took off his hat ; coming to my side of the small conveyance.

"My father bade me say (I was just coming to Lawrence Lodge) that if you would all come to dinner this evening, without any ceremony, he would be so glad. Dr Ferguson is to be with him all day, you know. Won't you come, Miss Ferguson?"

He spoke to me, but I saw how he was watching Una, who had just drawn up the pony, and looked radiant,—at least she had been as bright as the morning till that moment, then I saw a change. She pretended to see some interesting object at a distance, among the woods.

"Una and I shall be very happy," I said, "and so, I am sure, will Miss Harper and my cousin. Will you come with us, or have you to give your message at the Hall?"

Brand did not answer for a minute or two; his left hand jerked the reins suddenly, and the horse started, and I saw, for his face was one of those that

"Cannot lie,

Whose thoughts are legible in the eye,"

the slight compression of the lips that spoke of impatience; and still he was looking at Una. It was not polite, but I forgave him,—he looked hurt, angry, and grieved.

"Miss Undine," he said, in a kind of desperate way, "my father gave me a special message for you." Una was obliged to look at him then, not having the excuse that he was directing his words to me.

"Indeed! What is it, Mr Hilary? Whatever Uncle Hilary wants," she said, in a softer voice, for the General was a distant connection of her mother's, and had always made a great pet of her.

"Only to bring your music with you," said Brand, and then he flushed angrily, I thought, at so trivial an excuse.

He had seen her face, and that was all it had gained him.

"Certainly," said Una.

And lifting his hat again, and saying Good-morning, away he went.

"The youth must have left his manners at home," said Una, "what rudeness!"

"He wasn't thinking," said I. "Why are you so unkind to him, Una?"

"I hate to be watched and scrutinized; and I hate all men, small and great, except the dear father, and Père Haslam, and the General."

"Take care, you forget the braw wooer and the lady who

"Said there was naething she hated like men,"

and lived to change her tune."

"No, there are one or two good ones," said Una, "and they are the most provoking of all, they are sure to be stupid or else dictatorial, on the strength of their superiority. Let them be, and let us talk of something else. There will be nobody at the Hall to-night but ourselves. Frank and Elsie won't thank us for accepting, will they? That is coming to a climax. Well, Frank is a good fellow, and deserves Elsie." Una paused, and we rattled along the quiet road, where the pines were getting thinner, and the country beginning to open out. The sky was shining, the birds, as we got further from St Michael's, were singing "so rarely," and Una's brow cleared, and she gave her head a little toss of pleasure, and threw the reins suddenly to me.

"Change seats like a darling, and let me enjoy this day," she said. "Oh, what a day! It is so delightful, oh, indescribably delicious, just to feel that one is young and happy, and well—free, on a day like this, and forget all one's absurd little troubles, and be with you. Tell me you love me, Molly. Tell me you always will, let me be as horrid as I can, till we are two old women together. What makes me think you are old. Why, darling, you are as young and pretty as any one; your hair is like satin, and your eyes are as soft and dark and bright as to-night will be. I wish we could wait and drive home late, and not have 'parade' at seven, and have to be got up in our best clothes. I hate it, even at the Hall."

"You hate everything to-day, child," I said, "is there any other pet detestation you would like to name?"

"Not just now. I'll sit quiet and think over my ways, if you'll take care Moth doesn't shy."

"Moth never shied in his life; if you were as steady going, Una, I should have an easy mind about you."

We were both pretty silent till Kingswood was reached.

Frank had already lifted Elsie off her horse, and she was standing in front of the little inn where the steeds were to be put up, looking rather flushed and excited; and Frank's face, when he came out, told me all, but Una was still a little pre-occupied, and did not observe him much. Indeed, he at once took possession of me and the basket of provisions, and walked us off at a tremendous pace along the road leading to the wood and the waterfall we had come to see. It was a lovely little wood of beeches; their silvery bark and tender emerald foliage softening the hot May sunshine. We crossed a stile, and were joined by Una and Elsie, both rather silent; in fact, we were a rather taciturn party as we wound among the beeches and traced the course of the stream to the fall, and when we reached the rocks, bounding the rush of green water

whitened with foam, and the dark pool into which it fell, we sat down about it—Frank and Elsie a little apart, and Una as near the edge as she could conveniently get, on the root of an old tree. She took her hat off and hung it on a branch, and leaned her head back on the mossy bark with a kind of caress, and the sunbeams came stealing through the leaves and cast their gold upon her. My darling, may the sunshine never fail, though the yellow hair should grow grey, and the glorious eyes wax dim.

Something of the long-ago day, when Frank and I went nutting, came back to my mind,—there it was being acted over again, the old play, and now I was the looker-on. I should never ery again as I cried that day, nor laugh as I laughed before it.

“Sing us something, Una,” said Frank at last.

“You’ve broken the spell,” said she; “why did you speak? It was so still, and the Loreleis in the water were singing to me.”

“Were they asking you to come back to them, fair Una? Well, if the spell is broken, singing’s the best thing to patch it up again. I want a real good old Scotch song. You can pronounce it, thanks to Molly. ‘My love is like a red red rose,’ that’s the song for to-day.”

Una’s voice rose into the air above the rush of the fall, yet mingling with it and with the merry-voiced May-day, and she sang. I knew, without glancing at them, how Frank was looking at Elsie, and saw the rose-flush answering his eyes. That loveliest of love songs, how Una sang it, half wrapped in her thoughts and unconscious of the music the two hearts near her were making between them in the sunshine! How full and clear her voice rang out in the first stanza, and how it softened and grew tender as she neared the close—

“And fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel awhile,”

till the bright re-assuring end came strengthening the tenderness into hope—

“Though it were ten thousand mile, my love,
Though it were ten thousand mile,
And I will come again, my dear,
Though it were ten thousand mile.”

It ceased, and Una turned round to look for a tribute to her melody.

“Encore,” came from Frank.

He was stretched on the turf, his head on a mossy stone, his hands, brown and thin, behind it; he was enjoying the *dolce far niente* most thoroughly, content with much happiness, and Elsie sat near him, her hands idle and gloveless in her lap, her

eyes on the grass, but with cheeks that rivalled Burns' rose of June, and caught Una's glance at once. Then Una looked at Frank, and then down again at the water, which seemed to be repeating to itself, as it leaped merrily from rock to rock,

“Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.”

We were quiet, still no encore came; Una went back into her own thoughts, till at length she rose and said she was going to explore, and would not disturb any one, and off she went among the beech trees; while I, under pretence of seeking for shade, went to sit where a rock and a great grey trunk hid me from Frank and Elsie, and them from me. There was a slight rustle, a little motion on the part of one of them directly after; as to me, what business was it of mine, or is it of yours, O, reader, what ensued on the green side of the beech tree? On the side where I sat, some storm, perhaps the memorable one that swept Brand Hilary's ship ashore, had broken a great branch, whose buds would never grow green in the spring again. That was my side now, I thought, as I noticed it; their's was the one where the leaves flickered in the sun and the stream was still singing that sweet old refrain. God bless them! I did not grudge them that happy day. So there I sat knitting, *pour passer le temps*, at what Una called my Penelope's web, a long stocking which had been delayed in its completion by various accidents, till I heard Una's laugh, and also an intimation that it was high time for lunch. “That is, if we are ever going home. Perhaps it would be better to pitch our tents and remain here altogether, eh, Elsie? That habit is too warm for a May day like this, isn't it,” she said mischievously, and she stooped to open the basket, while Frank roused himself by a mighty effort from a state of apparent lethargy, which Una declared was a pecuniary swoon brought on by thinking of the new line from Bogglychunderwallah to Musserlyfusserybad. He was not of so much use as usual, but the banquet was spread on the verge of the fall, and we were sitting down in various easy and elegant attitudes to partake, when we heard a step approaching, and a tall figure became visible among the trees. In a few minutes, Brand Hilary appeared, saying he had met his father and given the message that we were coming, and then tracked us like a redskin in the backwoods, thinking there was still time to join us.

“Still time and still some food,” I said; “we have not begun, and you have had a long hot ride. You'll come back with us?”

"I shall be very happy."

Una's talk had ceased the moment he appeared, and she sat perched on a large root employed in trying to make a soda-water bottle stand upright on the grass. We all shook hands, but the repast did not bid fair to be very convivial.

Now, if the party had consisted only of Frank and Elsie, to them it would have been as a feast of the gods ; or had they, together with Brand, been subtracted, Una and I could have enjoyed ourselves quietly, or—I can make no more combinations. Frank looked at Elsie, and Elsie looked at her sandwich, reminding me irresistibly, for a moment, of the immortal Mr Pecksniff, when he shook his head at the muffin on his knee, as if he mildly reproached it with being the cause of all his misfortunes. I tried to keep up a small chat with Brand, who in his turn was evidently troubled in his mind ; he seemed to have come with a purpose, and to feel that it was being unfulfilled. Frank tried every now and then to join in the conversation, but his efforts were not very successful. He twice called me Elsie, thereby confusing us all, till Una started up and pulled Elsie up also.

"Come along, and see the little waterfall at the top," she said, "there's time yet, and Frank may pack the basket, if he takes care not to throw the plates into the water by mistake, for tributary flowers, or something of that kind. I'm tired of sitting here." And Elsie yielded most willingly, and the blue print costume and the close drawn habit vanished among the beech boughs. Whereupon, the remnant left sitting by the fall waxed even more silent than before, and I made the discovery that four o'clock was approaching, and we ought to be going home. Frank undertook to summon the wanderers, and Brand and I were left alone.

He had evidently something to say ; it was long in coming, but at length he spoke.

"I have not had an opportunity of congratulating your sister, Miss Ferguson, but——"

"What *do* you mean, Mr Hilary?" said I, "and why have I gone back into Miss Ferguson. You haven't been like yourself for the last few days, and now you seem to me to be talking nonsense. What special subject for congratulation has turned up of late?"

"I see," he said, "you don't wish it made public, but I thought, being such old friends, I might take the liberty. I have spoken of it to no one!"

"Of it? of what? Don't let us go on mystifying each other. What is it you think Una ought to be congratulated on?"

"On her engagement," said Brand ; and, as he spoke, I saw a little involuntary

closing of the strong brown hands that rested on his knee as he sat. "On her engagement to Maryon."

I was so astonished, that I really could not speak for some moments. Brand saw this, and thought he had vexed me.

"Forgive me, Mary," he said.

"Forgive you," I managed to say, "you are utterly and entirely mistaken. What put it into your head that any such engagement existed? Tell me, I have a right to know."

"I am mistaken, that's enough," he said, drawing a long sigh of relief, one of those which

"Perfect Joy, perplexed for utterance,
Steals from her sister Sorrow."

What a change came over his face. The eyes grew radiant with hope and happiness, the bright rare smile came back to his lips, the strong active form straightened itself,—the whole man was different in a moment. I never had seen him look so handsome, such a look would have beautified and sanctified the homeliest, coarsest face, and Brand's was neither coarse nor homely. That glow of joy told his love-story more eloquently than any words could have done, and I knew at once what I had guessed for some time.

"You see, Mary," he said, "I needn't pretend to you that my congratulations would have been very sincere. I have loved your sister Una ever since that first night when I saw her as I wakened up from my ducking, and I shall never have the courage to tell her so. Don't say a word to her, mind; if she is ever told, I must tell her myself; but are you sure she refused Maryon?"

"Perfectly sure, what made you think otherwise?" I said.

"Oh, a mere nothing, a fancy. He is a fascinating fellow, at least most girls would think so, and your sister might, for all I could tell. I ought to speak well of him, at least."

Then the rest appeared, and we set off home, Frank and Elsie cantering in front, and Brand hovering round the pony-phaeton; and then came what Una called parade, and we drove up to the Hall and were ushered into the drawing-room.

The dinners there were always pleasant. General Hilary had the courtly manners and thorough kindness of heart which make a perfect host, and when Brand came in and stood beside him, father and son made a goodly picture.

The General offered me his arm, with his old courtly bow; my father escorted an elderly maiden, cousin of our host's, who was at the Hall; Frank quietly slipped

Elsie's hand under his arm, when he thought (sagacious creature) no one was looking, and Una was left for Brand. A nobler-looking couple than they made as they entered the lighted dining-room would have been hard to find. Tall as Una was, her head hardly reached Brand's shoulders, though to-night she was making the most of her height, and looking queenly indeed.

Dinner went on ; the General, my father, and Frank had plenty to say to each other, the General's cousin addressed herself to me, and deplored the degeneracy in the present day.

At length Papa and General Hilary got deep into some vexed question of Indian politics, often discussed before, and permitted Frank to lower his voice and talk to his left-hand neighbour, and meanwhile Brand was trying to talk to Una. Trying in vain, for when he picked up any subject of conversation, she pertinaciously let it drop after a few minutes. I heard him try Froude, Browning, our drive of that day, Mr Haslam's new school, where she had been teaching wood-carving, in which she had been taking lessons, till Lizzie was "clean driven daft wi' Miss Una's shavings and nonsense," but all vainly. At length he seemed to stop in despair, and sat drawing the ends of his long moustache into his mouth, and biting them as if in bitterness of spirit, while he recklessly refused *entrées* to which I knew from observation he was partial, and pretending to be absorbed in the discussion between his father and mine. As for Una, she looked intently at the trophy in the middle of the table, a piece of presentation plate something in the style of Colonel Newcome's cocoa-nut tree, which supported crystal vases and saucers running over with flowers from the Hall green-houses and gardens.

"Have you not observed, Miss Ferguson," quoth Miss Hilary (whose stream of talk, albeit it seldom swerved from its accustomed track, never ran dry), "the *marked*, the unavoidable falling off in young ladies' complexions now-a-days. These hats, exposing the face to sun and wind, how can it be otherwise? In my youth, we never went into the open air in weather like this, without being carefully shaded by a wide hat or bonnet, but now positively there is no distinction in point of appearance between one of those fisher-girls on the shore and a young lady. The features remain, of course, my dear Miss Ferguson, but the colouring, where is that?"

I thought she had two pretty good samples of it before her. Elsie's soft peach cheeks were blooming and glowing, contrasted by her white brow and golden brown waves of hair ; and Una's colour, usually rather faint, was far brighter than usual ; she looked veritably lovely, every slight motion revealing some new glitter in her shining hair, some fresh grace of her pliant figure. No wonder that Brand, for-

getting his interest in the question under consideration, turned his eyes upon her face so intently, that his very gaze, unseen, brought her glance from the *épergne* to meet his.

"How lively we are to-night," I heard her say, "I think we have forgotten we are at a dinner party. Let's be talking, as Mrs Kenwigs said, or people will say we have quarrelled."

"We shan't quarrel," said Brand, "we are not intimate enough. Friends may quarrel, but not mere acquaintances."

"I think you forget we are cousins," said Una. "Uncle Hilary," she said the next moment, taking advantage of a pause in the Indian argument. "I am your own niece, am I not?"

Brand bit his lips at being cut short in what he was going to say by this appeal, while his father answered heartily,

"Of course you are, my child, and always have been, ever since you toddled in with the ayah, and we drank your health. Nobody, I hope, was disputing that arrangement. Your very good health again, my dear," with which he bowed to her over his glass, with the pleasant protecting smile Brand had certainly inherited from him.

"Changed times, Ferguson," he said to my father, "the children are men and women."

"Some of them are not very thoroughly grown up yet," said papa, looking at Una, "very much the same as when they used to make our lives a burden to us long ago."

Dinner was over at last, and we swept out of the room, General Hilary superseding the young men and holding open the door. To the drawing-room we went, up the wide stairs. Mrs Sandyside had done her best to arrange some flowers about it, and it had a comfortable look, though one missed the appearance a room has when it is a woman's especial domain and kingdom wherein to reign. The needless wood-fire at one end brightened it up. Una went straight to the window. Well she might. The "young May moon," moon of the poets, queen of the sea, was pouring streams of light through the casement, and showed the old-fashioned garden, with its fantastic yews and quaintly cut flower-beds, plainly as by day; the trees were silvered as in that night of Verona, when Romeo's rare prize leaned out to him from her balcony, and Una stood as if fascinated, leaning her brow against the glass, and gazing out into the evening.

O. M.

The Christmas Tree.

THOU art far from the home thou hast known so long,
Thy nook in the forest free,
And a sentinel bold, for that rustling throng,
Again thou wilt never be !
Thou art saved, it is true, from the Winter's blast,
From the darkness and chill by the north sky cast,
From the sleet and the snow, as they whistle past ;
Thou art kept a sheltered tree, 'tis true,
Thou art kept a cherished tree.

But will that ever weigh in an even weight,
With thy free old life of yore ?
Wouldst thou choose for thyself here to cast thy fate,
In the shade of our cottage door ?
Wouldst thou leave for these walls the old greenwood fair,
All this glittering load of our gifts to bear ?
For the sun, and the shower, and the fanning air,
Thou wilt joy in nevermore poor tree,
Thou wilt welcome nevermore !

Nevermore will spring kindle the crimson buds,
Of thy rosy tassel-flowers ;
Nor summer's ripe sun tinge thy nut-brown cones,
Nor thy gum, breeze-blown in showers.
When we fill not our place, we reach not God's end,
And His quickening spirits He will not send,
With no fruit of His gift will thy branches bend,
But these tinsel toys of ours, for thee,
The loveless load of ours.

Though a glittering fate may thy present seem,
And an honoured end to thee,
To be set in our midst and the joyous theme,
Of our household mirth to be ;
Yet the sun, mid the glories of evening dies,
And our fairest of hopes through its brightness flies ;
So a gloomy future before thee lies,
Thou honoured Christmas Tree, ere long,
Thou fated Christmas Tree.

LUTEA RESEDA.



The Castle Rock.

ONE Sunday afternoon, in the early autumn, my friend and I were returning from a somewhat longer service than usual, that had been held in the little grey church that nestles so easily under the sheltering hill on the east side of the city. It was the first Sunday of the month, and according to Presbyterian custom, there had been administered the ordinance of baptism to a number of infants born in the parish,—eight infant souls had been this day admitted into the pastoral fold. The parish is populous, our minister is loved by his people, and holds them well together, the poor equally with the rich. My English friend was much struck with the blended simplicity and solemnity of this ordinance as administered in a Presbyterian church (he belongs himself to what is in England called the High Church); he admired the little white robed creatures lying so placidly in their mothers' arms ; he thought it a touching and solemn sight to see their little souls scaled, as it were, to Christ, in the presence of all the congregation, and when the fathers of the little ones stood forth, and with bowed heads listened with reverence to the solemn tones of their good old minister, as he laid the baptismal vows upon them, enjoining them, as members of Christ's church, to bring up their little ones "in the way they should go, and when they are old they will not depart from it," my friend was quite moved, and declared his opinion to be that the old Presbyterian forms of worship are admirable and worthy of all respect, and that our dear old Doctor, standing in the midst of his flock, looked and spoke as a true pastor of his people. "Of such stuff," said he, "must the old

Covenanters have been made ; and after all, I do believe it is this sincere form of worship that makes Scotland what she is, respected wherever she is known." I must here remark that he had been already much struck with the air of quiet and still repose that lay over the beautiful town, disturbed only by the outpouring of the people as they went to and fro, attending the different churches. My friend lives in one of the manufacturing towns of Lancashire, where there is no such quiet rest visible even on the Sabbath day ; only for a few hours, perhaps, a temporary cessation of toil. As we returned home, we passed through the beautiful grounds that lie in the very heart of the city. How silent and sweet everything was ; the noble trees that line the west walk were still thick and fragrant with their summer foliage, changing slowly into varying tints of dark greens, reds, and browns ; the crisp sharp atmosphere was lightened up, although not warmed or softened, by the slanting rays of an autumnal sun, throwing brilliant tints upon the numerous windows of the stately buildings that line the street to the right, while on our left the frowning battlements of the old grey castle rose up above the grassy slopes on inaccessible heights. A lovely scene of peaceful beauty and picturesque grandeur, that may be enjoyed any fine Sunday afternoon in the grey metropolis of the north. My friend was enchanted. It was a novel and charming contrast to anything he was accustomed to in the ugly and busy Lancashire town of which he was a denizen.

After having admired this peaceful and beautiful scene to our heart's content, we passed out at the west gate, turned the corner, and soon after began to ascend the slope that leads round the castle rock. By this time the smiling beauty of the scene had all vanished, the autumnal sun had set, an easterly law was swiftly rising and enveloping everything, while the grey mist had already settled down upon the topmost turrets of the old castle. We pushed on, and all at once a confused hubbub of voices burst upon our ears. Whence did it come ? what did it betoken ? We hurried forward, and saw, about a hundred yards in advance of us, an eager and excited crowd, principally composed of women and children. As we got up to them, we perceived that it consisted of the outpourings of the neighbouring closes that lie so thickly and so foully upon the side of the Castle Hill. The slope of the rock is, at this point, nearly perpendicular. It seems impossible that even a goat could obtain an upward footing ; what then was our amazement to see, clinging with naked feet upon an over-hanging ledge, not more than a foot in breadth, a little girl, her poor weak arms clasping the jagged sides of the rock overhead, and holding with the desperate tenacity of a hunted animal to her perilous footing. The slightest turn, even a gust of wind encountering this ragged puny object in its onward course,

would have been sufficient to have hurled her down at our feet, her little limbs crushed out of all semblance of humanity. I turned sick unto death, and could no longer gaze upward at the little creature.

"For God's sake," enquired my friend of the excited crowd around us, "How did she get there? what sort of hearts have you that you can stand there and see that wretched child in such terrible peril?"

"And what would you have us do?" enquired a decent mechanic. "We have hearts as well as you for the puir bairn; the lassie was enticed on and on, by you laddies, just on the hill you see, sir; she crept on and on, unknowing what she was to get to, and now that she sees where she is, she daurna stir either back or forrard."

Although the mist was gathering round so heavily as to make the surroundings indistinct, it was still possible to trace the child's course. She had gone out to play, uncared for and unwatched, with those cruel boys, and they had dared the poor infant to creep upwards round the rock. She, with a spirit as wild and thoughtless as their own, had done their bidding. Raising herself up, bit by bit, she had crept along that ledge, until, standing upright upon the extreme end of the narrow footing, she looked down, and found herself over a precipice so sheer, that even her child's instinct told her there was a dreadful death before her, unless she could find courage and strength to retrace her steps to the point from which she had started upon her perilous journey.

"Send for the police at once," cried my friend, "what are you about that you stand there like so many sheep, doing nothing to help."

"An' fricht the lassie oot o' her judgment," answered a woman out of the crowd. "Sheep yersel, Englisher! na' na', we ken better than that, we dinna want the police; but here's her mither, gude sake, she's that fou, she canna speak to her lassie." At this moment the crowd opened, to let forward a ragged loathsome object, a woman with a bedaged drunken face, disfigured by blows and sears; oh, what a mother to that wretched child. She staggered forward, and raising her skinny arm, and clenching her fist, she poured forth such a volley of passionate curses and drunken exclamations, that I shuddered to hear them. She yelled, she stamped, she vociferated, and it was hard to say whether it was love or hate that instigated the reproaches and commands that poured from her lips for her child to come down, and "she'd break all her bones for her, that she would." The crowd had the good sense to feel that such an interference as this could only do harm. They dragged the noxious wretch away, not before,

however, the child had heard and recognised her mother's voice.] She cautiously and slowly half turned round, and peered down through her black elfin looks. Was that a shrill laugh that burst from her lips, as she looked down at a safe distance, as she felt, from her mother's impotentrage? But oh, what was to be done, what could be done, to save the poor child in this awful peril? All this takes a long time to tell. A short half hour, however, was all the time that elapsed from our first entering upon the scene to the final catastrophe. Night was fast closing in, and in spite of the remonstrances of the bystanders, we felt that the assistance of the police ought to be called in—and my friend departed on this errand. One of the oldest among the ragged urchins congregated upon the slopes, watching Kate's rags fluttering in the breeze with anxiety equal to our own, a stout boy of about fourteen years of age, now made up his mind to try what he could do to help her back again. Leaving the secure position in which he had ensconced himself, he crept steadily upwards towards the rock, keeping in a slanting direction until he had approached nearer and nearer to the outermost ledge, at the other extreme end of which Kate was standing, and who was beginning to show palpable signs of great exhaustion. He leant his body forwards, over towards her, being now divided from her by the distance of perhaps from 20 to 30 feet.

"Katie, my woman," he called out in shrill distinct tones, "tak' na heed of yer mither, nor of thae folk doon there, the police are sent for, they'll gar ye come doon, if ye dinna come yersel'. Ye'll be in prison the nicht, lassie, if ye dinna try yersel' afore they are here!" Thus adjured, the poor child turned her head in the direction of the boy speaker. She looked cautiously round on every side, and it was wonderful to see, in so young a child, the amount of intelligent courage she displayed, now she had made up her mind to quit her perilous hold of the rock which jutted out just where she held by. As she stood at the extreme end, setting herself firmly against the face of the rock, grasping with her small fingers at every slight projection, moving her naked feet slightly—bit by bit, footfall after footfall, she slowly moves along sideways, looking neither to the right nor to the left. The tiny thing creeps along the face of the mighty rock with the cautious instinct of a climbing goat. The crowd beneath was breathless, motionless, watching the almost imperceptible progress with straining eyes; the perilous passage of this little one from the jaws of a horrid death to life and safety. I do believe that now all would have gone well with poor Katie, if only my friend had taken the sound advice of the crowd, who knew the child's habits sufficiently well to judge of the effect the presence of the police would have upon her already over-

strained nerves and exhausted powers. Often and often, in her slowly moving course, was the naked foot stretched out only to be drawn back again. The small hands clung with convulsive tenacity to every slight projection or even roughness. Often and often she stopped quite still, and a wailing tiny cry was heard, "Oh, mither, mither, tak' me doon ; I'll no come up again."

"Whisht, whisht, Katie, my woman," said her boy protector, "yer gettin' on brawly—ye'll sune be a' richt ; dinna greet, lassie, ye'll sup with us the nicht, and no gae to yer mither's till the morn's morn," and thus he cheered her to the best of his ability, with a wisdom beyond his years. Slowly, slowly she moved on ; thanks be to God, that frightful chasm is passed, the child may be saved if only she perseveres ; a few steps further, a few feet further on, and she will be beside the boy. The crowd below, to its credit be it said, remained silent, immoveable ; no sound, no word was heard, only the voice of the boy, "forrard, forrard, Katie, here are some whin busses ye can tak' hold on." The sidelong movement went on, almost she was safe, the desired "whin busses" were at hand. Whew ! but what is that that breaks the deep silence all around ; what measured tramp is that we hear, coming nearer and nearer ? Kate hears, she knows, she stops and turns her head in the direction of the sound ; all at once she catches sight of the blue-coated gentry walking two abreast, with ropes, ladders, and my friend beside them. Ah ! what is that also, a stretcher ! Will it be needed ? yes it will, for the poor little wretch, all but saved, yet not to be so, shrieks out in uncontrollable terror, "Bill, the Perlice, the Perlice." To her poor little wits, the police, eight or ten in number, the ropes, the ladders, only meant her speedy capture and imprisonment. They are the only living beings she has been taught to dread and to hide from. Things that to a happier child would have been things of horror and of deadly poison, were to her her daily food ; the company of thieves, of dreadful women—women but in name—were to her her constant associates, the sound of oaths and of imprecations were familiar to her ears, the presence of dirt, filth, even starvation and nakedness, these were but her natural surroundings, of these she was not afraid. But the police ! had she not seen big brawny men and loud-tongued defiant women cowering before them, and hiding from their sight, and now were these same dreaded beings come for her ? She shrieked loudly, threw up her arms wildly, swayed from side to side, tottered, threw herself against the rock, rebounded back, and thud, thud, thud, the poor little limbs hit against the cruel rock, and the senseless bleeding body lay at our feet, and found a bed upon the sharp stones that line the side of the road. It was with difficulty my friend and I escaped the ill-usage of the crowd, wound up

to intense feelings of mixed exasperation and pity by the trying scene they had witnessed. We waited, however, in spite of their objurgations, until the little body was removed upon the stretcher (brought by the especial desire of my friend, as he was tauntingly reminded of by the women around him) to the Royal Infirmary.

After all was over we returned home. "I shall gladly shake the dust of your city off my feet," said my friend, "and return a more contented man to my own institutions. I see it is the same all the world over; religion, like the rest of the good things of this life, is a luxury for the rich, the poor have to do without it, as without anything else that makes life endurable. If that little creature had lived upon the other side of the rock, she would have been safe at the kirk under her mother's wing, instead of meeting her death as the poor little wretch has done. You are a comfortable, pious, and well ordered people in the new town; but heaven save us all from the contaminations of the old town of Edinburgh."

"My dear friend," I replied, "we are as other towns and as other people, good and bad, religion and no religion, happiness and misery, are inextricably mingled."

"Well," said he, "to a certain extent it may be so, but never before did I see the peace of heaven and the turmoil of sin and misery, in such close proximity. That old castle of yours looks down upon a strange diversity of life."

"Not stranger than elsewhere," I again observed.

"The contrast seems stranger to me," he replied. "In that little church you seemed all of you saints upon earth, in simple brotherhood, rich and poor, but I see the brotherhood and the pastoral care have their limits. It stops at the point where it is most wanted."

"You are unjust, my friend, and reasonest not at all," said I, smiling, "but let us close the discussion by ringing for our tea."

"Well, well, be it north or be it south, human nature is of very mingled yarn."

It will perhaps interest my readers to learn, that poor little Kate still lives, crippled, disfigured, maimed and helpless as to her body. The spirit, however, has got better and different treatment than it would have done, had not the sad accident to her frame rescued her from her mother's den. She is my good friend's particular care. She has been carefully trained and put in the way to earn her own living, as far as her crippled condition will allow of her doing. She is a true and living heroine of a real incident that occurred some few years ago, and of which the narrator was an unwilling witness.

M. E. T.

[Our readers will be glad to know that the approach to this precipitous side of the rock is now enclosed by a wall, and it is no longer accessible.—ED. NOTE.]

A Curish House of Mercy.

It may not be unwelcome to those who are interested in the various charitable institutions and works of benevolence in our own country, to hear something of similar schemes for the alleviation of human suffering which are being prosecuted in more remote and less favoured quarters of Europe.

While in Mitau, chief town of the Baltic province of Courland, I had an opportunity of visiting a House of Mercy which had been established there within the last four years. This excellent institution chiefly owes its existence to the exertions of the Dowager Countess Elizabeth Medem, a lady distinguished in Curish society, as well for her benevolent projects as for the ancient name she bears. The object of this establishment, called the Mitau'sche Diakonissen Anstalt, is exclusively the care and tending of the sick, both within its walls and by furnishing competent nurses, trained in the Anstalt, to attend upon patients at their own dwellings.

When, in the month of June 1865, it was announced that a Committee of influential persons, headed by the Countess Elizabeth Medem, was desirous of founding an establishment for the training of sick-nurses and the care of the sick poor, a number of subscribers came forward, some of them guaranteeing annual sums for three years, that period being fixed as one of probation for the projected charity. A large house was purchased in an airy, healthy situation of the picturesque little town, two deaconesses were invited from the celebrated Diakonissen Anstalt in Dresden to undertake the active management, and the matter was fairly set in training. Although, as in all similar enterprises, numerous difficulties presented themselves, prosperity seemed to smile upon the work from the commencement. The house was furnished mainly by donations, and accommodation provided for twelve patients. Since then the resources having been increased by voluntary contributions and donations, more beds have been from time to time added and the adjoining house has been purchased; so that at present I believe I am correct in stating that thirty-two patients can be received.

All diseases are treated, with the exception of epilepsy and mental disorders, and the medical department is under the personal superintendence of an eminent practitioner, other physicians being called in, when necessary, for consultation. One feature of this institution deserves especial mention—it is unsectarian; and, in this respect, differs from all other charitable houses in Courland. Although the Lutheran faith, the established religion in the Baltic Provinces, is professed by all its

founders, and a Lutheran Pastor acts as chaplain, yet members of the Greek and Romish churches are admitted to a share in its benefits ; and even the Jew, despised and scouted in general by his Christian Curish neighbours, is not refused.

During the past three years, several ladies have enrolled themselves as sisters, and become efficient nurses. The highest testimony has been borne to their gentleness and skill by wealthy persons who have availed themselves of their services, and signified their satisfaction by handsome donations to the Institution. Latterly, however, the deaconesses have been too much occupied with in-door patients, to be able to undertake private cases. In the course of the last two winters, when famine has been heavily pressing upon the already impoverished land, the benefits of this Diakonissen-Haus have been very great.

The terms for being nursed in this House of Mercy are two roubles inclusive (about 5s.) weekly, in the common room, and one rouble per diem for a room apart. The magistrates of Mitau have volunteered a small sum daily on behalf of the poor of the parish ; and those who are unable to pay are nursed gratis.

In the month of December last, a Bazaar was arranged, and a sum realised of about eleven hundred roubles, which was set apart as capital.

The deaconesses perform a large portion of the menial duties, this being a part of the system. Whether such discipline be absolutely necessary to the well-being of the Society is, of course, an open question.

Each deaconess receives the sum of thirty roubles per annum, which suffices for the mere essentials of her wardrobe, &c. This seems an admirable arrangement, and one worthy of being copied by similar societies in our own country, for it places all upon an equal footing, and puts it in the power of those to follow this vocation, who are desirous of doing so, but who, without this stipend, would be unable to become deaconesses, having no fixed income, however, small, of their own, to meet personal expenses.

The interior arrangements of this establishment are admirable. On entering, a visitor cannot fail to be struck with the extreme order and scrupulous cleanliness which everywhere prevail ; and the neat costume of the sisters (similar to that of our English protestant sisters of mercy), together with their quiet, cheerful demeanour, produce a most pleasing impression.

One large apartment is fitted up in very simple style as a chapel, and service is celebrated there on Sundays, and on certain week-days. These services are thrown open to the public, and there is usually a numerous attendance of strangers in addition to those of the sisters and patients who are able to be present.

A small library, consisting of books of a religious and devotional character, has been formed for the use of the inmates. The total prohibition of secular reading seems unwise, for were a few good, standard works of history, fiction, &c., introduced, they would form a valuable resource at those moments in the intervals of nursing, when thorough relaxation of mind as well as body is so desirable, and even necessary.

A covered balcony extends the whole length of the house at the back ; and being fitted up with seats, forms an agreeable lounge for convalescents. A cheerful little garden is also attached to the premises, and considerable progress has been made in the cultivation of it.

It was my privilege to be present last year at the celebration of Christmas-eve, in the Diakonissen Haus ; and the scene was, to an English eye, novel and striking. A considerable number of persons assembled about six o'clock in the evening in the chapel, which was brilliantly lighted, and on each side of the altar stood a young fir-tree covered with many little tapers. After prayers, and the singing of carols, accompanied on a very good harmonium ; an address was delivered by Pastor Lambery, a distinguished preacher and high office-bearer in the Curish branch of the Lutheran Church. At the conclusion of this solemn and impressive service, all the assistants adjourned to another apartment, where a pleasing sight awaited them. On a table in the centre stood a tall Christmas tree, gaily lighted up, and adorned with pretty devices cut out of gilt and coloured paper, card, and so forth, while around were placed presents for the deaconesses, and every one of the patients, consisting of books, articles of clothing, and other acceptable gifts ; while for the children, toys and sweetmeats were provided in profusion. The happiness depicted on the faces of all present, adult as well as juvenile, was worth witnessing. One patient, a young Russian officer, who had been under treatment there for many weeks had made a great effort to be present at a scene as new to him as to me, and had actually donned his full dress uniform at an early hour that day in anticipation of the evening's celebration.

In concluding this short description of the Mitau Diakonissen Haus, mention should not be omitted of the praise due to Sister Lydia, the lady superior, for her judicious and efficient management of this large and important household. Her mild firmness and self-sacrificing amiability seem to have gained the esteem of all.

It is much to be hoped that this valuable institution may continue to prosper, so as to become a lasting boon to the inhabitants of the quaint little Curish capital.

JEANNIE.

In the Storm.

ALL through the long lone night, my waking ears
Have heard the loud waves beat upon the beach,
While from the sky the wild winds answering shrieked ;
And on the window-pane the rain-drops crashed,
As by the Storm Fiend's hand in sport exulting dashed !

And now the morn has come—but brings no rest ;
And powerless in the wind's resistless clasp,
And dripping all with ever-driving rain,
Along the storm-beat shore I take my way,
And wild as was the night, creeps on the dreary day.

Onward, in hurrying masses, roll the waves,
Swept by the screaming sea-bird's dipping wing
And from their crests the foam, snatched by the blast,
Is flung far up the cliff, and o'er the plain,
And falls, as falls the sower's widely scattered grain.

And on the inky sky-line flits a sail,
Alone upon the white-flecked wilderness ;
Around it roars the storm—no haven near ;
Poor weary boat, be mercy to thee shown—
Poor weary I—like thee—in life's storm I'm alone.

Last eve the sunset kissed a waveless sca,
And guardian stars watched o'er its tranquil sleep ;
But ere the midnight—hurling o'er the sky
His storm-clouds black, the tempest woke in might,
And night's deposed queen shrank terror-pale from sight.

But when the dark-browed Storm shall reign no more,
When winds again to wavelets whisper peace,
From out her silvery cave she'll beauteous sail,
Her blissful smile o'er all things will be thrown ;
The weary boat will rest—but I shall be alone !

MELENSA.

THE END.

A Prize is offered for the best Prose Article appearing in the January Number of "The Attempt."









